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HELL ON EARTH

Fred Jandt



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Deadlands: Hell on Earth D20

Written & Designed by: Fred Jandt.

Additional Material by: Original Hell on Earth text by Shane Hensley and John R. Hopler

Editing: Shane Hensley

Layout: Fred Jandt

Cover Art: Tom Fowler

Interior Art: Mike Chen, Kim DeMulder, Ashe Marler, Richard Pollard, Jay Rozen, Charles Ryan, Ron Spencer, Loston Wallace

Logo: Ron Spencer

Special Thanks to: Chris "the Lone Ranger" McGlothlin.

Deadlands created by Shane Lacy Hensley.

Dedicated to: My nephew Cameron, the only three-year-old I know who loves monsters more than mom.

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Welcome

Name's Jo. I'm lying in a bed talking into one of these freaky palmcoders, some geek-gadget my husband would have liked.

Why am I doing this? Yesterday, a trog ripped me open like an overcooked soufflé. I tried to heal it—I'm a Templar—but it didn't take. Now I figure I'm meat, but I'm gonna do some damage to the Reckoners before I go by telling someone else how to kill 'em.

You see, I owe the bastards.

Before yesterday, I was the baddest Templar you'd ever want to meet. I can shoot the eye out of a night terror at a hundred yards and turn a diablo into a tasty side of beef with my sword. I even kicked our Grandmaster's ass once—I'll tell you about it later if I live that long. Only reason I got ripped up by a trog was because the first 50 dulled my blade.

That's now. I was a different person 13 years ago, before the war. You'd never guess what I did.

I was a housewife.

I had a good husband. (He got drafted and died somewhere in Kansas.) I had two kids. But I don't want to talk about that.

These days I've replaced my spatula with a broadsword and my apron for a Templar's tabard—and I'm the baddest you've ever seen. I'm not bragging. I'm telling you that so you know I'm deadly serious about the crazy things I'm gonna tell you. 'Cause if you don't take me seriously, my ghost is gonna come back and rip out your heart.

So listen up, and pay attention. I'm going to record everything I know in this little geek-box. Every rumor, secret, legend, or fable I've ever heard. Run around the West stomping the Hell out of critters that spawn these tales, and you'll screw the Reckoners hard. With a little luck, a lot of work, and more blood than you can imagine, we might even destroy the bastards.

The Reckoners

Let's start with the Reckoners themselves.

There are a thousand rumors about the freaks, but no one *really* knows anything. I'll tell you what I think and what some other eggheads and wackos think, but don't take it too seriously. Most of it's probably wrong because the simple truth is that no one knows—at least no one on the good guys' side.

First off, not every survivor you meet believes in the Reckoners. See, after the Four Horsemen showed up, they mostly relied on armies they

created to fight for them. Folks who weren't in the hordes' way only heard the tales. While they probably believe the dead can walk, they're not ready to accept that the Four Horsemen are riding about the Earth. In an average settlement, I'd say about half the folks believe in the Reckoners. The other half know the tales but don't believe what they haven't seen with their own eyes. They may not openly *disbelieve*—they just don't think about it.

Even those who do believe don't know much about the Reckoners' history. They just know they appeared out of the ether one lousy morning and started raising undead hordes. But if you're gonna fight them and their creations, you need to know a little more, so I'm going to tell you everything I've learned in the last decade.

The Great Spirit War

It seems the Reckoners have been around for a long time. Maybe as long as time itself. To understand what's going on around here, you have to start over a thousand years back.

The Indians talk about a Great Spirit War that must have happened sometime after the Dark Ages. Evidently, things were pretty dismal back then—kind of like now. Monsters roamed the countryside, devils stalked the streets, and those fire-breathing dragons of myth might just have been real.

So all the greatest Indian witch doctors of the time (shamans to be more precise)—the Old Ones, they were called—decided to do something about it. There was no way they could stop the evil that men do, but they did figure out a way to get rid of most of the freaks.

The Old Ones knew that demons (manitous, to Indians) were the earthly servants of greater evils (the Reckoners) and that, without them, the Reckoners were powerless. So they looked for a way to destroy the demons. For that, they had to go into the Hunting Grounds, a sort of "spirit world" these things called home.

I don't know exactly what happened there, but the Old Ones found out they couldn't actually destroy the manitous—they could only keep them from coming to earth. And that required the Old Ones to stay in the Hunting Grounds as well. Raw deal, huh?

They did it by battling all the most powerful manitous one at a time, until each and every one had been defeated and forced into a binding contract. The agreement was that *all* the demons would not return to the lands of humanity as long as the shamans remained in the Hunting Grounds.

Enter Raven

Fast-forward several hundred years. Along came another Indian shaman named Raven. His whole village got wiped out by the white man, and he carried a grudge to Hell and back. Literally. Raven gathered up others who had suffered like him—the Last Sons—and set off for the Hunting Grounds through the very same portal that the Old Ones had used. (Notice it's almost always men who cause all the trouble. Damn testosterone junkies.)

The Last Sons hunted down and murdered the Old Ones, which freed the manitous from their curse. The demons said “thanks” by zipping back down to Earth to do what they always do: stir up trouble and cause fear. And it's that fear that feeds the Four Horsemen.

That was in 1863, just as the First Civil War was getting hot and heavy.

The Reckoners Return

The Reckoners must have noticed that their dinner was on the table just waiting for them. Only this time they weren't fooling around. They were gonna fill the Earth with fear, then walk upon it in the flesh. The problem was the Reckoners need a certain level of “fear energy” to survive, kind of like a fish needs water. That's why they began the long, slow process of “terrorforming” the Earth.

This time, they invested more of their precious energy to pepper the land with horrors. They didn't overdo it. That would have taken too much energy and just turned humans into fighters instead of cattle. So they just slowly created monsters here and there, stocking the darkness at the borders of civilization with critters drawn from humanity's nightmares.

The investment paid off as each new horror was created more fear, slowly building the perfect climate for their masters' eventual arrival.

The Harrowed

One side effect of all this Reckoning crap is that folks don't always stay dead. I'm not talking about plain, old zombies. I'm talking about the Harrowed. We Templars call 'em “deaders.”

See, when really tough hombres die, they are occasionally brought back to life by those same manitous I've been yapping about. It's not really “possession,” because the human soul inside is in charge most of the time. But occasionally the little demon inside takes over and causes no end of mischief and confusion.

If you wind up traveling with one of these freaks, keep a close eye on him. The Harrowed are tough as Hell and kill monsters like nobody's business. But every now and again, the demons make them do stuff you just won't believe.

If one ever gets really out of hand, you might have to put him down. The only way to do it is to destroy the brain. That sends both the soul and the demon inside to Hell. So I've been told.

The Good Guys

It's easy to understand why there weren't so many monsters in the world between the Great Spirit War and the start of the Reckoning. But what a lot of folks don't get is why all the good guys' powers seemed to come back as well.

Truthfully, I don't know, but I suspect it has something to do with independence. If you've ever raised a child, you know you want her to do things for herself most of the time. It's the only way she'll learn. But when things are impossible, or the odds are stacked against her, you give her a little help.

I suspect the powers of “good” are like that as well. When the Reckoners weren't messing with us, then God, Allah, the nature spirits, or whatever you believe in mostly left us alone. There were miracles, but they didn't happen every week like they do now. When the Reckoning started again, the good powers decided to help again. The priests of old could call down columns of Hellfire, and we Templars today can heal a wound with a touch.

That's one theory, anyway.

The Book of Revelations

A lot of folks are pretty curious about the Book of Revelations (that's a chapter in the Bible for all you heathens out there). According to the Bible, the Four Horsemen are supposed to be tools of God, riding about the Earth, mopping up the unfaithful who were left behind on Judgment Day (which most folks reckon as the day the bombs dropped—September 23, 2081).

That doesn't quite jibe with the “ultimate evil” tag most folks attach to the Reckoners. It also doesn't explain why Templars and the few preachers who are left get holy power to use against the Reckoners' minions. I mean, if they're God's tools, why does He give us power to fight them? And why are they so damn evil?

So what's the deal? I'm clueless, but here are a few of the theories I've heard.

Once I split a Doomsayer from crotch to chin (don't worry, he was one of the bad kind). He was

preaching to a pack of mutants when I caught him, and he was saying something about how the norms had it all wrong. The Four Horsemen aren't evil—they're just tools of "the gods," sent to destroy the old civilization (like Noah's flood) and give birth to the new. Sounds like Cult of Doom propaganda to me.

A Templar friend of mine says something similar, however. That the Reckoners aren't really evil—they're just doing the only thing they know how to do. It just seems evil when one of their minions is stuffing you down its gullet. In that case, Judgment Day was real, and those of us left here are forsaken. I punched out his lights for that one. Besides the fact that it just offends me to no end, it doesn't explain why the good guys are still getting power from the Heavens.

Screw both theories. The Reckoners aren't mindless forces of destruction—they're the sheer embodiment of cunning, diabolical *evil*. Trust me, I've fought enough of their creations and lost enough family to know. And they aren't mindless tools of some angry God. Those *monsters* know exactly what they're doing.

So what's my theory? Glad you asked.

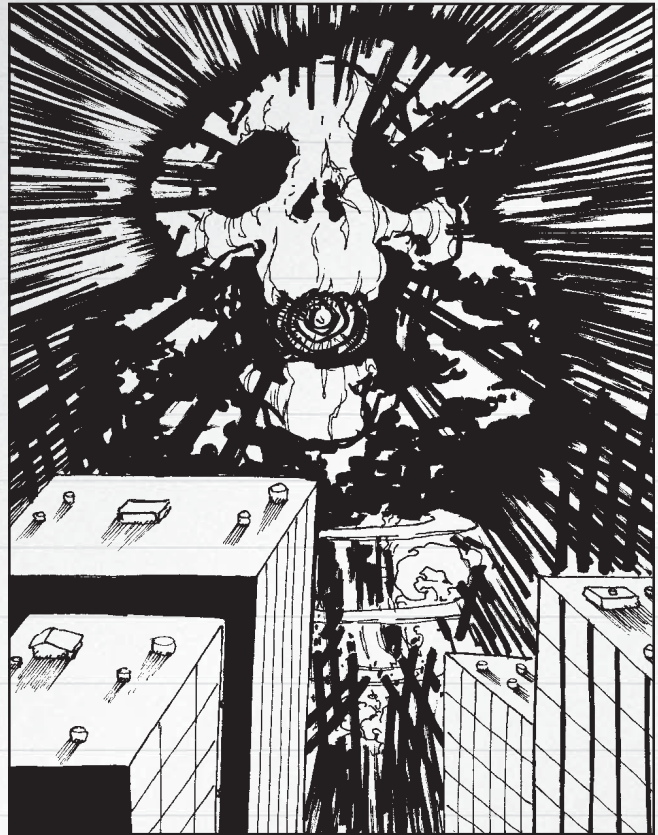
An old prospector I ran into said something about the Four Horsemen being tempted by the Devil. At the beginning of time, God created the four servants of destruction just as described in the Book of Revelations. But they weren't just tools—they were Angels just like the Devil. Lucifer told the Four Horsemen that Judgment Day was tens of thousands of years away, and that once they fulfilled their function, their Maker would just destroy them anyway. That didn't sound so good, so these freethinking beings rebelled and joined Satan in his fall.

The Fifth Horseman?

That's the scariest theory, because it means there's a fifth "Horsemen": Lucifer himself.

I don't know the truth, and no one else does either. Just remember one thing: the Reckoners turned our planet into Hell on Earth, and we've got to make them pay for it. That means tearing every one of those bastards a new ass-chute by killing off their creations and getting rid of the fear—'cause that's what they feed off of.

See, Reckoners without fear and destruction are like fish out of water. They start to "suffocate." Some folks think now that they're here, we might just be able to destroy them forever if we drain the water out of the pond, so to speak. That means killing off their monsters and giving people hope so their fear isn't feeding the Horsemen.



By the way, anybody who isn't part of the solution is part of the problem. If you can't get the locals to listen up, smack 'em around a little. Or tell them you won't wipe out whatever's threatening them if they don't help. They'll usually see the light.

The Last War

We used to live in a world of instant news. CNN and other stations beamed signals to satellites and down to our TV sets. Now kids don't even know what TV is, and it's up to folks like me to spread what news that gets around.

Even in the final months of the war, a lot of people in the battlezones went without power and news. These days, once I show my tabard, younger folks always ask me what happened in the final days of the war. Here's my memory. Remember I was watching soap operas 'til Roger got drafted, so get off my case if I get a few details wrong.

The Hauptman Survey

I don't know his first name, but Hauptman was some big-shot geologist who had studied rocks for half a century. (Ooh, that had to be exciting.) He claimed the world's supply of ghost rock would run out in 20 years. That's still a lot of rock, especially today when all you have to do is bring power to a few hundred folks in a town. But imagine if you were the leader of a superpower, responsible for billions.

The next decade saw scores of little wars break out over ghost rock deposits, mostly in Africa, South America, Asia Minor, and the Far East. Heavily industrialized nations could still get ghost rock from their own deposits as well as new ones that had been discovered in the distant Faraway system, so they stayed out of it for the most part. Of course, they had to pay Wasatch Industries to ship things to and from the alien system through the "Tunnel," but it was still well worth the expense. (The Tunnel's a gateway in space that leads to the Faraway system. It was opened in 2044, in case you're not familiar with it.)

In 2074, things in Faraway went to Hell. The aliens on the planet Banshee buddied up with a bunch of traitorous humans and attacked. Without getting into the details of the Faraway War here, let's just say it made it very expensive for anyone to ship ghost rock back home.

All eyes turned greedily to the areas richest in ghost rock. Out here in the West, that was the Black Hills, scattered veins in the Rockies, and the mother lode of them all: the Maze.

They used to say that whoever controlled the ghost rock controlled the world. I guess some folks took that to heart.

Viva Esmerelda!

You can imagine just how tense everyone was about ghost rock running out. I suppose it was inevitable—men being men and all—that the fighting would eventually involve most every nation on Earth.

The first real incident of the coming war occurred on Faraway. Besides the ghost rock mined on Banshee, folks used to mine ore from the asteroid belt as well. One day, around 2077 or so, a Latin American Alliance (LatAm) ore-trawler named the *Esmerelda* got in trouble far out in the system and signaled for help.

A Confederate ship relatively nearby, the *Dellinger*, received the SOS and communicated with the *Esmerelda* for a time, but then left without providing assistance. No one knows why

to this day. After beaming SOS transmissions to other ships, both vessels were hit by asteroids and destroyed.

The War Begins

The Latin Alliance protested the *Dellinger's* "murderous breach of interplanetary conduct" and petitioned the UN for sanctions. Some fishy stuff happened, but the UN never took a stand, and the Confederates went unpunished.

Things turned from bad to worse when a group of Mexican tourists were murdered in Texas. LatAm then petitioned the UN once more, this time demanding that the Confederate States of America pay "reparations" for their "many acts of cowardice and violence" by ceding Southern California, which they claimed had been stolen from them over 200 years ago anyway. I guess the Alliance figured if it couldn't get justice, it would get ghost rock.

Of course the UN said no, having about as much authority among its members as a minnow swimming with sharks.

The Silent War

The Last War started with a whimper, and no one guessed it would end with such a bang.

Months of mysterious sabotage, computer viruses, and other strangeness crippled the Rebels' defenses and spread their resources thin. Then, on February 22, 2078, LatAm launched a joint land, air, and sea attack.

Alliance paratroopers secured key CSA anti-air installations, allowing the air force to bomb Confederate military bases. I'm told this was quite an accomplishment and that the CSA's computerized defenses may have been hit with some kind of virus first.

Air superiority allowed the land force, made up of the huge Mexican Army, to move north virtually unopposed. Mexican motorized infantry and armored divisions rolled through Southern California and Texas before drawing their "line in the sand" at Phoenix, Arizona.

But it was the sea force that proved the most effective in actually conquering the SoCal Maze. A network of submarines, saboteurs, and seaplanes sunk CSA ships in their harbors just before dawn. Minutes later, missile boats took out coastal batteries on the outskirts of the Maze, then bombarded towns.

That cleared the way for the second land force: a fleet of hydrofoils loaded with thousands of LatAm troops.

General Ramirez

General Carlos Santa Anna Ramirez commanded the Mexican land force. If you know anything about history, you'll recognize Ramirez's middle names. (I didn't until Roger told me.) Santa Anna was the Mexican general who killed all those folks at the Alamo, got whipped in 1846, then invaded the Maze in 1877. It's strange how history repeats itself.

Anyway, the Mexicans had a 200-year-old chip on their shoulder, and they kicked serious ass in the first few months of the war. Then they hit what was supposed to be their last objective: Phoenix. Trouble was, no one told the people of Phoenix they were supposed to lose. They held out for months before Ramirez finally took the city in a bloody assault. And they accepted no quarter for their Pyrrhic victory.

The Siege of Lost Angels

Further west, the LatAm amphibious force went through SoCal like a hot knife through butter. But the butter had a lump of iron at the bottom: the City of Lost Angels.

I know you kids out there don't learn much history these days, so I'll tell you about the Holy City of Lost Angels later on. For now, all you need to know is that it was a "holy" city full of monks, priests, and so on (like the Vatican, if you know what that is). It even had its own army: the Guardian Angels.

I don't know what possessed the LatAm invaders to attack Lost Angels—the city wasn't part of the Confederacy—but they did. They went through the suburbs of southern LA with no problem, but they couldn't crack the inner city—the Citadel—so they besieged it.

Remember Phoenix!

While the western force tried to starve out the Angels and the Mexicans got bogged down in Phoenix, the Rebs got their act together. By May of 2078, the Confederate Army was ready for a counterattack. Their goal was to cut the land forces' overland lines of supply and communication.

General "Harley" Harlow commanded the Rebel force. (They called him that because he rode a big Harley everywhere.) The Mexicans were ready for hordes of Confederate troops, but they weren't ready for CSA troops in the newest generation of powered battlesuits. With cries of "Remember Phoenix!" the 1st Armored Infantry blasted through Phoenix and sent the Mexican Army retreating into SoCal and northern Mexico.

But Ramirez wasn't done yet. He had his LatAm allies abandon the siege of Lost Angels and move southeast to the Colorado River between Arizona and SoCal. The plan was for his fleeing troops to lead Harlow's force into an ambush.

The Battle of the Colorado

Harlow's soldiers rode smack into the trap and took it hard and fast. The 1st Armored Infantry took the brunt of the losses. Still, the Rebs were in a mean mood, and by the end of the day they had overrun the ambush. No quarter was expected or given on either side.

In the end, Ramirez managed to rally what was left of his forces and retreat before they could be completely annihilated by the angry CSA survivors.

Trail o' Blood

While the Confederate Air Force dueled the MAF in the skies and the two navies fought in the Pacific and in the narrow channels of the Maze, Harlow kept the Mexicans reeling. During a two-week-long running chase, Ramirez decided to get his kiester out of town.

LatAm hydrofoils picked up the remnants of the assault force and vamoosed. Unfortunately for them, the CAF had just won air superiority. The Rebel fighters went in low and chased the hydrofoils through the chasms of the Maze in a running battle that would have made one Hell of a movie. The "Channel of Doom" is now filled with sunken ships, wrecked planes, and the bloated corpses of all those fleeing Mexican troops.

Ramirez's Secret

One of the small groups that was captured—to everyone's surprise—held General Ramirez himself. You got to give the man a few points for loyalty. He stayed until all his troops were on board transports, but then got cut off and surrounded before he could escape. Even worse for him—and maybe the world too—he didn't manage to get himself killed.

Confederate interrogators didn't care much that Ramirez had done his own troops right. All they remembered was the massacre at Phoenix and the bloody battles they had fought at the Colorado and Lost Angels. They "extracted" information from him and discovered a secret only a few had guessed.

Though the Latin American Alliance had fared well in the 21st Century, the real money and technology for their invasion had come from a coalition of nations led by the United States—the

so-called "Northern Alliance." Even more outrageous, the NA had been conducting a covert war on SoCal for years—especially since President John Romero got in office. From spiking wells with strange drugs to creating mysterious creatures to frighten settlers out in the isolated towns, the NA had slowly been trying to drive the Confederates from the Maze and reclaim all of California—and its valuable ghost rock deposits—for itself. The whole *Esmerelda-Dellinger* incident had been a convenient spark.

Welcome to World War III

Roger and I lived in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Like most every other Northerner, we were none too pleased to find out our government, particularly President Romero, an ex-movie director of all things, was behind all this. So we impeached the son-of-a-bitch just before the '78 election.

The new president, our sixth female Commander-in-Chief, was Mary Rose Tremane. She tried to make peace, but it was too late. The Rebs borrowed an idea from the LatAm Alliance and decided they wanted all of California as "repayment." To back it up, they said they wouldn't leave northern LA, a Union city, until their demands were met.

Every Rose has Its Thorn

Mary Rose showed her mettle and ordered a strike on a CSA supply depot and cruise missile site in Oklahoma. I guess she figured the Southerners would take her seriously without getting too pissed off since the facilities were unstaffed, but the damn Rebs are nothing if not hot-headed. The missile strike just kindled their fire. The CSA President, Allen Sothby, was already under pressure to declare war on us "Northern instigators," so he did.

His troops just over the border in NorCal threw out all the Union civilians in LA and started setting up defenses. Both sides mobilized and gathered troops on either side of the Mason-Dixon Wall, all across the country. It didn't take long for some trigger-happy fighter-jockeys to start launching missiles at each other, and the next thing you know, the next Civil War was on.

It didn't stop there. Both the USA and the CSA had treaties all over the world. During earlier conflicts between the Northern American neighbors, other nations had stayed out of our way. This time, ghost rock was getting scarce, and everyone wanted a piece. I can't remember which way every nation went.

Oh, I just figured out how to use the hyperlinks on this gizmo. Touch the vidpad on the link right

here, and it'll take you to some extra notes I've made. Ain't technology grand? I'll list what nations I do remember. [For More Information](#)

Few foreign troops actually landed in North America in the first year, but some did. The rest fought all over the globe. The NA and the SA fought anywhere they rubbed borders or there was a big supply of ghost rock.

You should have seen the carnage. Hover tanks, armored battlesuits, nerve gas, bioweapons, and killer satellites. Humanity's ability to kill had never been greater.

The first year was far and away the worst, and they were all pretty bad. By the time everyone figured out how devastating all the new secret weapons were casualties per unit averaged out at 50%. Civilian casualties were even higher in towns and cities near the borders and next to the Mason-Dixon Wall.

Roger got drafted in late '79. I would have been drafted too—women got the draft starting in 2020, I think—but I lucked out. Roger didn't. He died in Kansas in March of '81. I don't know the day. They found him several days after the Battle of Lawrence. His body had been shredded too badly to send home, so all they sent me was his dog tags and a little American flag. Thanks for that.

I buried his tags in a coffin that wiped out our life savings. It's funny, but that's why I'm still here. I was out at his family cemetery in the country when the bombs fell.

Rest in peace, Roger.

More

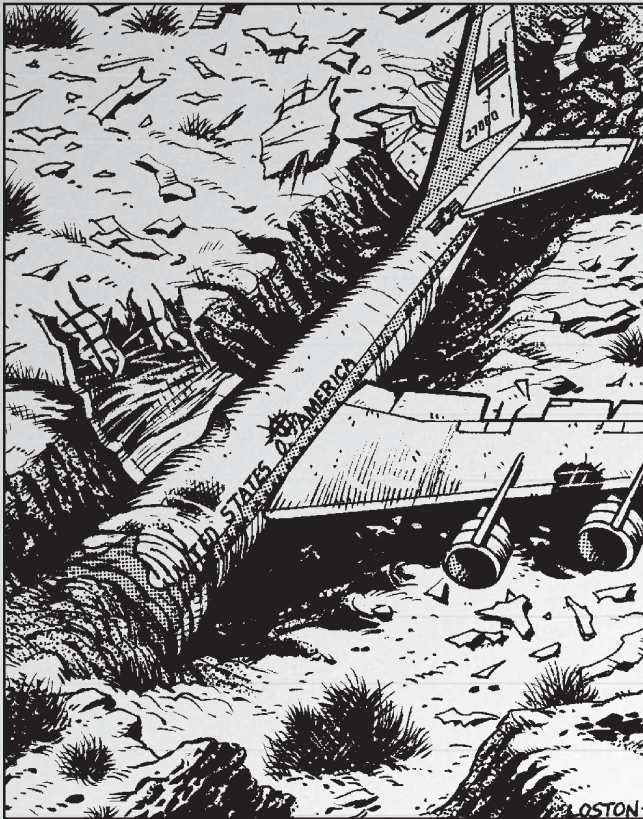
Alliances

The Northern Alliance

Peoples Republic of China
Deseret (late in the war)
France
The Latin American Alliance
South Africa
United States of America

The Southern Alliance

The Warsaw Pact
Great Britain
Canada
Japan
Germany
Russia
Confederate States of America



Tremane's Assassination

Just before Christmas of 2080, President Tremane of the US and President Sothby of the CSA agreed to a cease-fire. Most of the other nations took the time off too. Sure they were regrouping instead of celebrating, but at least there was a week of peace.

During that time, I think all the leaders had a little time to realize just what they'd done. Everybody could see how bad things were. Talks were underway for a real peace when things went to Hell in a handbasket. The way the story goes, President Tremane spent her holiday touring the US and assessing the damage. Shortly after leaving Denver, Colorado, on January 1, 2081, Air Force One disappeared over the Rockies. They never found her plane. Roger wrote me a letter and said that it was impossible for a plane to just disappear, even with most of the spy satellites out, but it happened.

Operation Overkill

Tremane's Vice President was Andrew Bates. He had barely figured out where the Capitol toilets were when Tremane went missing. Congress waited a week to make sure she didn't turn up, then swore Bates in sometime in January, 2081.

Bates had been a peacenik like Tremane, but he flipped out when the Pres went down. He said the Rebs shot Air Force One down during the cease-fire, but he couldn't prove it. When the peace talks understandably broke down, he swore he'd nuke a Southern city a week until they ceded SoCal as payment for Tremane's death.

That's when everyone started calling him "A-Bomb Andy." That was the first time anyone had seriously threatened using the awesome power of a ghost rock bomb.

The Invasion of Mexico

The next thing you know, the damn Germans were landing in Mexico City. I guess they figured the cease-fire was over and they'd get in a cheap shot at the head of the LatAm Alliance before everyone picked up their guns again.

The Germans took the capital in days and then mixed it up with French troops guarding their embassy. The French made a courageous seven-day stand against overwhelming odds but were eventually overrun. The embarrassed Germans massacred the French Guards on the steps and left the French ambassador's head spiked on the front gate. Not too tactful, those Germans.

Beginning of the End

This was the beginning of the last phase of the war. Troops from the major powers had fought in the third world and North America, but none of them had actually battled invaders on their home turf. Days after the "Mexico City Massacre," the French crossed the Rhine and invaded Germany.

Two weeks later, the British landed at Normandy and battled their way onto the beaches with hovercrafts and dreadnought battleships. This happened once before, in 1944 during World War II, but this time the Brits battled the French instead of the Germans, and this time they lost.

After that, there were huge battles in Asia, Africa, and South America. Russia and Japan invaded China. South Africa moved north against all the smaller nations before butting heads with Egypt. The oil fields of the Middle East caught fire as Iran and Iraq renewed their age-old feud.

The whole world was swallowed by war—or, come to think of it, *War*. I guess the Horsemen did most of his dirty work before the Reckoners appeared in the flesh.

Still, no one had dropped a real ghost rock bomb. A-Bomb Andy started generals talking about it, but no one actually had the nerve to do

it. Then Pakistan launched a single tac-nuke at their longtime enemy, India. The Pakistanis, in a fit of prophetic irony, nicknamed their weapon "Shiva," (the destroyer of worlds in Indian mythology).

Shiva hit an Indian Air Force base at the border, giving the Pakistanis air superiority. The attack didn't do them much good, though. The Indian ground forces fought like devils and chased the invading infantry back to Pakistan. But the real damage had been done.

The Road to Hell

The road to Hell was paved with that lone missile. The unspoken rule had been broken.

A few weeks later, Great Britain, angry at having been repulsed from the beaches of Normandy, nuked the French coastal defenses and landed again, this time as the Germans staged a massive counterattack through Belgium and deep into the heart of France. Russia came to the Frenchies' aid, and all of Europe erupted in flame.

Hell at Home

The first tac-nuke used in North America was launched by the damn Canadians (and you thought they were all polite). They threw in with the Southerners and attacked the North through New England and Washington State—after taking out the border defenses with tac-nukes. Within two days or so, they had taken Boston and were moving south fast. Things were pretty bad, but no one really expected what would come next.

The Big Bang

The bombs fell at 6:17 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, on September 23, 2081. Folks call it the Big Bang, the Apocalypse, the End, the End of the World, the Bomb, or simply Judgment Day.

As far as I know, every important target on Earth was hit. No one really knows, but estimates are that six of the seven billion people living on Earth died that day. And that was only the beginning.

City-Busters

Let's talk a little about the ghost-rock bombs themselves. Then you'll understand how anyone survived. Most of the bombs were "city-busters," designed to kill everyone in a city without totally destroying the buildings and the ability to later reclaim and occupy the target. Think of them as neutron bombs, only with a couple thousand screaming demons inside.

In case you don't know anything about the bombs' effects, here's a quick primer. From ground zero out to five miles is a wash. All but the biggest, toughest buildings turn to piles of rubble. Around this area a "ghost storm" forms.

From the walls of the maelstrom out to another 30 miles, the blast doesn't do much to the landscape, but it kills about half the population. Even hiding in a bomb shelter won't save you, because what kills most folks outside of ground zero is the thousands of screaming, damned souls released by the irradiated ghost rock. These demons, manitous, or whatever you want to call them whirl around the blast site like a hurricane. Those who aren't warped or mutated by the supernatural and radioactive energy.

After everyone's stopped dying and mutating, the storm remains. The spirits still swirl about the black clouds, but they no longer instantly kill or mutate anyone who passes through the 10-foot-thick walls. This still hurts a lot, and some folks don't survive, but most can. Personally, I eat the little bastards for breakfast.

The Deadlands

Of course the worst part is the land around the blast site becomes what is called a "Deadland." The plants die, the critters mutate into monsters, and horrors are plucked right out of humanity's nightmares and come to life.

That's what a city-buster does. There were bigger bombs used in the Last War, and smaller ones too. Even a couple of regular nukes were detonated—like the one in Kansas City, MO. (President Bates wasn't a Chief's fan.)

All together, all these detonations occurring within the space of a few hours created thousands of Deadlands. They linked together, turning the Earth into one great, big pit of fear.

That's what the Reckoners were waiting for.

The Four Horsemen

You might think fighting all over the world followed by a nuclear war would be punishment enough for whatever sins humanity committed, but it was really only the beginning.

Sometime after the dust settled, the Four Horsemen themselves appeared on Earth. Specifically, they appeared here in the American West. I don't know why. Maybe it's the climate, or maybe they like the cuisine. All I know is they showed up, raised armies from the dead, and set about decimating any large group of folks with the audacity to keep breathing.

By the way, take any physical description you get of the Horsemen with a grain of salt. These bastards can change the way they look just by thinking about it.

War

The first Horseman anyone knew about appeared in Kansas. It was war. "He" appeared as a massive corpse wielding a massive sword that can cleave a tank in two.

He rode about the war-torn state on his red charger, and every battlefield he crossed gave up its dead to join his merciless army. Thousands of dead soldiers most still with their arms and armor, spread out from Kansas to devastate the West in their master's name. (Thank God there was nothing left of Roger to raise. If I ever thought he'd become one of the walkin' dead, I'd rip my own jugular out.)

Some of War's minions were more powerful than others, and I'm told a few even merged with the wrecks of old military vehicles to become incredible war machines.

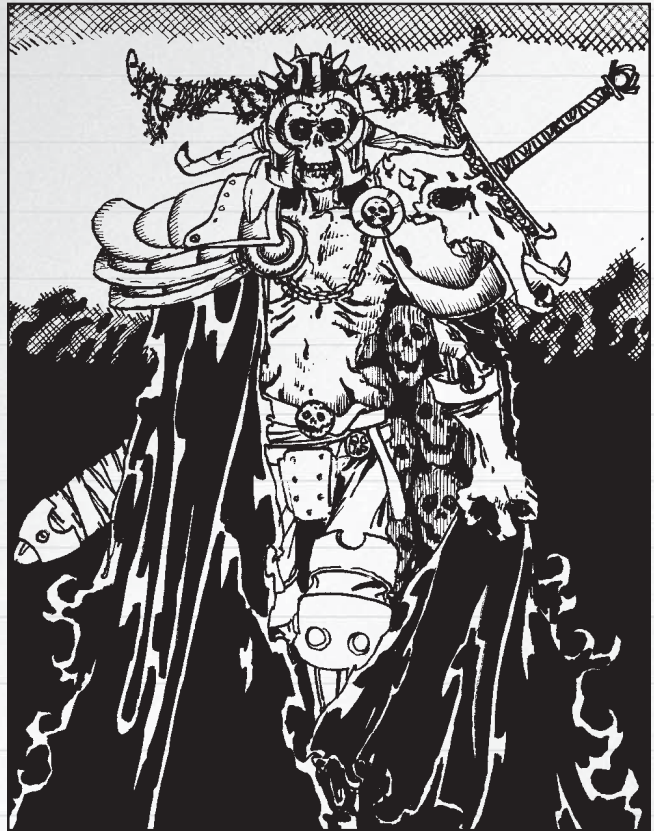
After he got through Kansas, War stomped into the Dakotas and fought the Sioux. I hear they did a number on his army, but lost thousands of braves in the process.

Eventually, War tired of his easy victories and was the first of the Reckoners to cross the Mississippi. (The Sioux claim they ran him off.) His minions fought on for years, but most were eventually worn down by the Sioux or hard-fighting militias of towns in their path.

Famine

The second Horseman appeared as a gaunt woman somewhere out in the Maze. Famine rode her black steed right on top of the waters of Prosperity Bay. An army of those cursed by her touch followed behind, walking out of Purgatory, the part of the Maze set on fire by the ghost-rock bombs.

Famine's most common troops are called "faminites." I understand these things were encountered many years ago, but they weren't undead. I don't know what changed, or if the old legends were just wrong. The way it works—and I've seen it plenty now—is that these unfortunate souls get infected with a disease that literally starves them to death. As they're dying, they become wild and ravenous, but don't usually try to eat their friends if they can get other food instead. Once they come back as undead, it's a different story. They aren't satisfied by anything but human flesh.



Anyway, the Free and Holy City of Lost Angels was in Famine's path. The High Priests put up a good fight, but Famine did in two days what the LatAm Alliance had been trying to do for months. More on what happened later.

Famine then walked out of California and eastward, leaving a trail of starvation wherever she went before finally disappearing. Unfortunately, faminite outbreaks still occur from time to time. Sometimes you can save those infected before it's too late, but most times the victims die less than a week after being infected, then come back as little more than a voracious monster that only looks like your Aunt Minnie.

Pestilence

It took a few weeks for anyone to figure out where Pestilence was. (He's sometimes called the "Conqueror" in the Bible.) I guess "he" had to let some folks waste away before he could raise them as his new army. The bastard finally appeared in Texas on a stark-white horse. I'm told his first "harvest" of dead came from a cemetery outside of Houston, where they'd buried the victims of a recent "tummy twister" outbreak.

Pestilence's undead are called "plague zombies." Like all the Horsemen, a few of his

horde warped into worse. Some of the most well known are disgusting creatures something like a starfish with slimy tentacles. I think they're a kind of full-grown tummy twister, because when they get hold of somebody they inject them with eggs that later give birth to the things.

Both plague zombies and the twisters—small and large—are still around. Their touch is extremely infectious, and they carry all sorts of nasty diseases. Get nicked by any of them, and you're screwed. You can save all of us Templars the trouble of killing you by jumping off a tall cliff.

Death

Death showed up in (of course) Death Valley, California. I get the feeling Death is the "leader" of the Four Horsemen. Regardless of whether you starve, die of disease, or get shot in battle, you still wind up in Death's arms.

Fortunately, his lowest minions are the least dangerous of the lot. I don't mean to play down the horror of a leering dead man trying to eat your brains, but compared to the other Horsemen's minions, they're easy. Shoot 'em in the head, and they drop like a sack of Idahos.

Death's greater minions make up for it, though. Huge robots, giant skeletons with scythes for arms. Bad stuff. I recommend rocket launchers. If you don't have one, try your shoes. Put 'em on your feet, and run like Hell 'cause you ain't gonna kill 'em with a popgun.

Let's not even talk about fighting Death itself. Anyone who gets a good look at this black-cloaked figure on a pale horse keels over dead as a doorknob. No fight; no second chance. You're just stone cold dead.

I'm only guessing at the cloak and the horse from the Bible, Blue Oyster Cult album covers, and old Bergman films. Anyone who's actually seen Death doesn't talk much afterward.

Servitors

The Librarians (a group of survivors dedicated to saving knowledge—more about those pains in my ass later), have compiled a great deal of information on the Reckoning and its horrors. One of the most startling things I've heard about recently is what the bookworms call the "servitors."

See, every now and again you'll run into some monster cut right from the cloth of Death, Famine, Pestilence, or Plague. Some look vaguely human, but most are pure nightmare. All of them are nearly unbeatable but were once as human as you and me.

Here's what the Librarians figure. Certain evil individuals can actually "sell their souls" and become direct servitors of the Reckoners. The Reckoners don't appear like the Devil in some Faustian drama and offer power for a signature on a contract (I don't think). The servitors just slowly transform into a living embodiment of the evil they do. Say a man hoards food from his neighbors. Over time, and given enough opportunities to choose selfishness and evil over good, he might become a servitor.

Then one day, after a particularly evil act, he actually transforms into some sort of horror of the Apocalypse. I'll describe the few I know about in **Hell's Atlas** (see page **XX**) so you'll have an idea what to look for, but remember they're all individuals and they're all different—even servitors of the same Horseman.

The really dangerous part is that they become nearly indestructible. Run across a servitor of Death, and you can't just plug him in the heart. You have to find some chink in his armor. Usually this is something from the servitor's human past, so plan on doing a little investigation before you get in a fight with one.

Fortunately, there aren't many of these things. There are maybe a dozen servitors for each of the Horsemen. I'll teach you about some of the people and creatures suspected of being servitors in my tour of the Wasted West. (Keep reading—you'll get there.)

Servants of Evil

The servitors I just told you about were all transformed after the Apocalypse, but it seems the Reckoners had a few allies on Earth before the bombs dropped as well. Each of the Horsemen had a servant here in the West—maybe elsewhere as well, but all I know about is here. These servants were twisted souls who prepared for the Horsemen's coming by instigating death, famine, pestilence, or war. They didn't physically transform like those who became servitors after the bomb, but they did a whole lot more damage. These bastards are traitors to the human race—Hell, to life itself. Fortunately, all but one of them died a long time ago. Well, technically they *all* died a long time ago, but one of them's still kicking. You'll see what I mean in a minute.

Here's what the Librarians have found out about each of them. You may find this stuff pointless now, but one day it may prove important.

Death

A gunfighter named Stone is definitely Death's favorite whipping boy. He's been Harrowed since the beginning of the Reckoning, so he's had a lot of time to kill. If he put a notch on his pistol for every man, woman, and child he's killed, he'd have nothing left but barrels to club people with.

Stone is the only one of the traitors left. From those who have seen him, he looks just like he did back in the old days, but meaner than ever.

Fortunately (in a strange way), when it comes to killing he's a big believer in quality over quantity. He doesn't ride into a town and gun down everyone in sight (too often). Instead, Stone goes after do-gooders. Law Dogs and Templars are favorite targets, but there are plenty of others as well. The last name on his hit list was a wendigo hunter up in Washington State.

I've heard some other weird rumors about Stone. Something about him going back in time and killing off heroes to make sure the Reckoners won. That's too much of a paradox for me to handle, but you can investigate it further if you want. Personally, I think it's a load of hooley made up by sissies who can't handle the way the world turned out.



Famine

This one's hard to prove, but the Librarians have an old report written by a Pinkerton named Hellman that says the beginning of the Church of Lost Angels was not all purity and light. This Hellman character actually lived in Lost Angels in the late 1800s, and he claimed that the founder of the Church, Reverend Grimme, was actually the leader of a cannibal cult!

That's pretty hard to swallow. I mean, it's like saying the Pope was the ringleader of a kiddie prostitution ring. Still, the notes were very specific. If they're true, then I'd guess Grimme was Famine's lieutenant in the food-starved Maze. Even in later years, there was always a food shortage, blight, or drought around the City of Lost Angels, so it certainly points to *someone* in the area being the Horseman's herald.

Grimme disappeared under mysterious circumstances sometime before the turn of the last century. I have no idea who might have taken over his role after his death, or even if someone had to replace him. Maybe he did all he needed. It's not like the Reckoners put out a rulebook on how these things work.

Don't ever mention what I said about Grimme to one of the wandering survivors of the Church, by the way. They're no likely to forgive you for blaspheming their holy organization.

Pestilence

I can't figure this one out. There was a fellow named Ernst Biren who spread plagues all over Europe, and he did eventually come to the US and settle near Louisiana, but the bookworms can't find any other references to him. They also can't find any information saying Biren was responsible for any of the big epidemics that rocked the South in later years. It's possible the creep was never caught, of course, but you'd think the Librarians would know something after 200 years.

Sorry I can't be more specific, but if Biren wasn't Pestilence's servant, I don't know who was. At any rate, he's been dead a long time now. Good riddance.

War

The most easily identifiable servant of the Reckoners is Raven, the shaman who started this whole mess. Raven prolonged the Civil War and caused numerous fights with the Indians, so it's a safe bet his master is War. He also triggered the Great Quake, revealing enough ghost rock to start the Great Rail Wars and, later on, the Last War.

Raven disappeared about a hundred years ago. He definitely didn't die of natural causes because he was already 200 years old when he went missing. How's that possible? Who knows? How'd he start the quake? Or get the Hunting Grounds? It's magic, brainer. Maybe the Rangers or the Agency got him (see the Law Dogs, in **Who's Who**, page 19). Or maybe the Old Way Sioux caught the son of a bitch. They still hate him for poisoning the world and starting the Order of the Raven, young Sioux braves who revolted against their elders. If that's the case, I'd hate to think what happened to him. The Indians aren't kind to hated enemies.

Whatever happened, I guess someone finally finished Raven for good. He hasn't been heard from in over a century.

A Tour of the Wasted West

I've traveled all over what's left of the West, and seen things you won't believe. I know you probably believe in a lot of things—having the walking dead creep through your city makes most things seem pretty tame. But there's far worse than even zombies out there, and I think the human mind just can't really believe in something until it sees the damn thing for itself.

That's fine. You don't have to believe in all the things I'm going to tell you—you just have to be prepared. That way you can kill the damn thing instead of denying that it just bit your head off.

Who's Who

I got a lot of weird places and things to tell you about, but before I do, you need to know who the movers and shakers are. For now, let's focus on the big boys.

The Combine

Mix an absolute bastard and warmonger with a threshing machine and you've got General Throckmorton's Combine. This ass was once a Confederate detention-camp commander. When the bombs fell, his mobile prison survived. He liberated his prisoners in exchange for their loyalty, confiscated all the captured equipment in his motor pool, and marched out of the Rockies and toward Denver.

When he got there, he found the city in ruins, just like everywhere else, except for one curious section on the outskirts of the Mile High City. That's where Dr. Darius Hellstromme had created his automated factories. Evidently, Hellstromme

had somehow shielded the factory here, just as he had his old haunts in Salt Lake City, Utah. More on that later, but in short, Throckmorton took over the factory and reprogrammed the automatons to be loyal to him.

Now the Combine recruits flesh-and-blood goons to supplement its growing automated army. Throckmorton says his goal is to "reunite" the West and then the world. I'd replace "reunite" with "conquer." Freakin' men. Every one of 'em thinks he's the next Napoleon.

Black Hats

The foot soldiers of the Combine are the Black Hats. They are by far the largest part of Throckmorton's army. They don't have uniforms, so they mark their station by wearing whatever kind of Black Hat they can scavenge.

Black Hats aren't the soldiers Throckmorton walked out of the Rockies with. They're wasteland scum who decided to join the Combine instead of fighting it. After a few weeks of "indoctrination" in Denver, they have a chip implanted in their head. This little chip senses when its host dies or ventures too far away from his equipment. You'll see whey when I get to **Booby Traps** (below).

After some brief training, new Black Hats are turned loose with weapons and plenty of ammo. Then they're formed into platoons of 20 or so and given a couple of vehicles powered by spook juice. (You'd think the Combine could make nuclear batteries like in the old days, but I guess they wouldn't be able to use their spoils to resupply in the field.)

From this point on, Black Hats are on their own. Their job is to simply go out into the wastes and force any settlements they come across to give them food, weapons, spook juice, or whatever else the patrol feels it needs. If the town refuses, the Black Hats attack.

Many of the patrols are wiped out. There are a lot of tough survivors out there. The only time Black Hats can count on reinforcements is when they make a deal with another Black Hat patrol. Even that's tough, because Combine radio messages don't travel any further than anyone else's.

Tribute Caravans

Very rich settlements, especially those with ghost rock, are often made to put together a "tribute" caravan and send it to Denver. The Combine might not care what happens to individual Black Hat patrols, but it doesn't tolerate losing a tribute caravan.

When that happens, Black Hats return and hold the town directly responsible. The reason doesn't matter. Even if muties wiped out the caravan, the Black Hats claim the town didn't protect it well enough.

Punishment for failing to pay tribute usually means the town leader is executed and everyone else has to pony up twice as much for a new caravan. If there's trouble in these situations, the Black Hats can usually count on reinforcements. Assuming they can contact them, that is.

Strike Forces

On rare occasions, I've seen helicopters full of troops and a few automatons show up when the Black Hats fail at some particularly important mission. Once when they were after a ghost-rock bomb, for instance, the Combine sent all kinds of Hell raining down on the folks who got in their way.

So why doesn't Throckmorton retaliate every time his Black Hats get wiped out? Here's what I figure. The General is preparing for an eventual invasion of the West by his real army: automatons, warbots, and the like. In the meantime, his thugs spread a little fear for him and "map out" the paths of most resistance by getting fragged. That way, when his legions of steel come tromping out of Denver, he knows which settlements to stomp on first.

The Rest of the Troops

Closer to Denver are Throckmorton's more elite soldiers. They don't have uniforms or other ways to mark their rank, so like the Black Hats, each type of troop notes its position by the color of their headgear.

The Red Hats are at the top of the food chain. These bozos were the original prisoners or guards who accompanied the General from the Rockies. (The rest are promoted up through the ranks.) These people are tough. Even I can only handle a dozen at a time. Think of them as super commandos.

Green Hats are technicians. I've only seen one once and he was huddling inside a helicopter just praying he didn't have to make any repairs. It didn't matter much after we shot it down.

Those human troops are nasty, but all of them together couldn't stand against a single platoon of automatons. These incredible devices are pure killing machines. They have the brain of a zombie, wired straight into a high-tech, heavily armed and armored chassis. Congratulations if you've seen one and lived.

Warbots are a lot like automatons. The factory techs take an undead brain and wire it into the



General Throckmorton, madman-in-chief of the Combine.

go-box of some massive vehicle or gun. Warbots are worse than the automatons for pure destruction, but are thankfully rare. The most famous warbots are the raptors, flying gunships that prowl the ruins of Denver looking for stray slaves.

There are probably other types of troops in the Combine's army. There are a lot of different colored hats and weird robots out there, after all, but these are the only ones I know about.

Booby Traps

Here's the worst part about fighting soldiers of the Combine: You can't get their stuff after you kill them. Their ammo is an odd caliber (9, 10, and 12 mm caseless), and their weapons explode if their owner dies or gets more than a few feet away from them (thanks to a chip in their skull called a "headbanger"—more later). That's also why you'll never catch one taking a leak without his gun on his back.

The Black Hats' vehicles are also rigged. Should someone without a chip try to get in (and the chip can't figure out whether or not the newbie's a prisoner), the rig detonates.

It's rare when one of the Combine's troops decides to desert, and even more rare that he

actually gets away—but a few do. At least one, Cole Ballard, is now a hero, but I wouldn't trust most of them as far as I could throw 'em.

Cyborgs

Remember I told you about deaders earlier? Good. Some of them, those who got snagged by the military, became something even more than Harrowed.

One of the last things to come out of the Last War were cyborgs. Both of the NA and SA had them at about the same time, so the militaries must have been working on them for a while. I don't know exactly what happens, but they implant bionic parts into the deader's corpse to make some sort of cross between a Harrowed and an automaton.

They're not quite as tough as an automaton, but since the human's soul is still in charge, they're usually smarter and more dangerous. The computers stuck in their heads must feed them data constantly, 'cause they're always arguing with them. I guess they're not fond of having backseat drivers jammed in their skulls.

Fortunately, of the two cyborgs I've met (one man and one woman), both of them were good guys. And they could mow through zombies like a hurricane through a wheat field. Even I was impressed.

The bad part is that the Combine fears them. The female cyborg I traveled with for a while holed up in Lynchburg (in the Maze) with me while we waited on our posse to heal up after a nasty fight. One week later, a raptor full of automatons landed nearby and headed right for her. As soon as she was a greasy spot, the automatons torched her body, got into their raptor, and left. I'm sad to say I only got two of the things before they took me to the brink of death's door as well.

Rest in peace, Tara. We'll make 'em pay someday.

Doomsayers

Total nutjobs. That's the first thing that comes to mind when I think of the Doomsayers—that and how their insides glow when you slice them open.

Doomsayers belong to something called the "Cult of Doom." They're mostly a collection of lunatics and mutants with delusions of grandeur operating out of Las Vegas, Nevada.

The vast majority of the Doomsayers are loyal to the head kook, Silas Rasmussen, the Mutant King. He holes up in the old Luxor hotel. (Roger

and I honeymooned there.) Rasmussen somehow figured out how to harness the power of radiation and use it like magic, then taught the technique to all the other loonies in Vegas.

His legions of mutants, trogs, Doomsayers, Doombringers, and Doom-whatevers believe "norms" are doomed and mutants are the next evolution. I guess they figure wiping out the norms will bring about the master race that much faster, 'cause they openly wage war on human settlements.

Fortunately, some of the Doomsayers turned against this wacko. Some chick named Joan started something called the "Schism." Others flocked to her side, and now several hundred Doomsayers wear the purple robes that marks them as heretics. (The loyal Doomsayers wear green robes.) Heretics still believe in all that mutant evolution nonsense, but don't actively try to wipe out humans. In fact, they often fight against mutants and Silas' legions to show the world how benevolent they are.

Right.

Still, the grape-flavored variety is good to have alongside you in a fight. One of their spells I think they call it *nuke*, is the biggest can of whoop-ass you can open without a rocket launcher. Just make sure it's use for you instead of against you.

Hellstromme

My journal wouldn't be complete if I didn't tell you about the infamous Dr. Darius Hellstromme. Some folks think he's just about single-handedly responsible for the Apocalypse. I happen to know there are others—like Raven—who share the blame, but Dr. Hellstromme definitely did more than his fair share when it came to destroying our world.

I don't know much about the doc, not as much as you'd find in an encyclopedia, but I can tell you the basics. Dr. Hellstromme was the Mormons of Deseret's most prominent citizen for over 200 years. That's right. Hellstromme was alive in Brigham's day! Through some kind of super-science, Hellstromme put his brain into a robot body shortly before his own body died. (Makes you wonder if all those stories about Hitler's brain being in a jar somewhere are true doesn't it?)

Hellstromme seems to have made most of his money back during the Great Rail Wars. That was definitely when he created the automatons: robots with human brains wired up inside, controlling the whole works. Check out my entry

on automatons in the **Denver** section for the whole story (page 43).

Years later, Hellstromme continued the work begun by a woman name Marie Curie. HE got so obsessed discovering the power of radiation that he seemed to have vanished for a while. Folks even though he was dead. He was getting pretty old, after all.

He reappeared in 1917, in the body of an automaton. He and the Mormons joined the American alliance against Germany with new tank designs and even offered an entire platoon of automatons (but not their blueprints) to help. That won him a lot of brownie points in both the USA and CSA, and he became the press's darling for the next half-century.

Through the 30s, when the world was marveling over every new technological wonder, Hellstromme became synonymous with progress. When World War II started up, he and the Mormons once again joined with the Allies. The stuff they invented was the only thing that kept the German geniuses' war-toys in check.

Hellstromme even won a Nobel Peace Prize. Talk about irony.

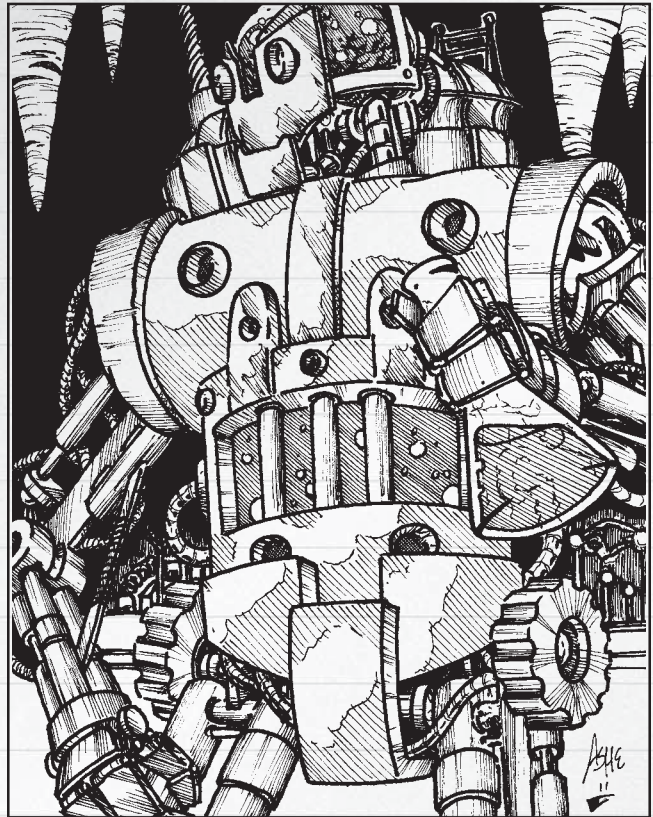
A Fickle Public

By the 1960s, the ungrateful public got tired of the good doctor. The peaceniks really threw a fit when he announced the perfection of a new type of atomic bomb: the ghost-rock bomb. In truth, Hellstromme was probably looking for something cleaner than the bombs the Allies had dropped on Japan, but the hippies were too stoned to notice and labeled him as a warmonger.

Hellstromme was never one to suffer fools, so he returned to his old habits, secretly engaging in criminal activities while publicly playing the hero. So why did the Mormons keep him around? Who knows? Maybe they thought they could change him. Or maybe they thought he did more good than harm. Whatever the reason, they finally got fed up with him shortly after he created the Tunnel and the Faraway system was discovered.

The Banshee Incident

Hellstromme Industries forces were, naturally enough, the first ones to explore the Faraway system. The planet his marines found, Banshee, was inhabited by a race of aliens called the Anouks. Hellstromme's marines slaughtered scores of them before determining they were mostly friendly. The Mormon President, James Snoddy, was horrified when he saw the battlevids, and he exiled Hellstromme from Deseret.



A rare photo of Dr. Hellstromme (or at least his robot body) at work.

The good doctor flew into a fit but fled to Denver without further incident. The US wasn't thrilled to have him, but I'm guessing the War Department talked the diplomats into pardoning the crimes he'd been accused of in the past. Of course, this also meant the USA got cheap rights to use the Tunnel. Other nations, including the CSA, could use it as well, but paid up to 10 times as much as the US ships.

In Denver, Hellstromme created the first of his famed automated factories. Many of these were built around the world, but the complex in Denver was by far the largest and most advanced.

When the bombs fell, both his old factories in Salt Lake City (now Junkyard), and his new ones in Denver were protected by some sort of shield. The Denver shield turned out to be a big mistake for the rest of us, 'cause that's what gave Throckmorton and the Combine all their power.

I don't know if Hellstromme died in the Apocalypse or not, but I doubt it. Slippery bastards like him have a way of hanging around. Either way, no one's seen him in the last 13 years. If I have a feeling, if we do see him again, something big will happen.

Law Dogs

Law Dogs are good guys, though they're not quite as smart as us Templars. See, knights in my order won't save just anyone. You have to convince us you're worth the blood we'll have to shed. Law Dogs are more forgiving. They've vowed to bring law and order to what's left of the world, and that applies to cretins just as well as honest folks.

Don't get me wrong. They'll draw down on a scavvie just as fast as I will (almost), but they usually warn them before yanking the trigger. I figure me being there is warning enough.

The Agency and the Texas Rangers

Sometime during the First Civil War, the governments of both the North and the South figured out something really weird was going on. In the North, President Grant contracted the Pinkertons to look into these things and keep them quiet. That lasted several years, but after a few agents went public with their stories, the government phased out the Pinkertons in favor of official operatives. The Pinkertons went on to sell their services to huge corporations around the world.

The new government group that took their place was named simply the Agency. They were even more secretive and ruthless than the Pinkertons had been, legend has it. The Agents were a small, close-knit group, and I don't think any of them have survived through today. At least I've never heard of anyone totally sane claiming to be from the Agency.

The Texas Rangers fulfilled the same function in the South. Though they were publicly in charge of stopping such things as counterfeiting, interstate fraud, and the like, their real purpose was to hunt down horrors and keep the public from finding out about them. I know all this because there's still a fair number of former Rangers around. Now they've joined the ranks of the Law Dogs.

They're more open than they used to be—they'll tell you things if they think you need to know—but they still don't like telling the public about all the things they fought. I guess they think "ghost stories" fill folks with fear. I've convinced a few that these tales help spread hope—assuming the heroes win—but most still keep their war stories to themselves. Old habits die hard I guess. Rangers, being solitary souls, don't like to talk much.

Librarians

I *hate* these people. Oh, they perform a valuable service. Hell, maybe the *most* valuable service of any of us. It's just the way they *act* that grates my cheese.

See, Librarians (I call 'em bookworms) collect old books, newspapers, data slugs, and oral tales. They scan all these things into handheld palmcorders like the one I'm using, and every now and then they make a pilgrimage to the Grand Library in Sacramento to upload the info.

What kills me is that these freaks think their task is more important than *anything* else. Once I had a band of motorcycle gangers trapped in the ruins of the Tucson public library. I had the doors chained and the windows covered by the militia. All I had to do was light a match, and the gangers were flaming history.

Then this mousy little bookworm—a chick by the name of Delilah—comes up and starts giving me Hell about all the books left inside. Like an idiot, I eventually gave in to her insane rantings, and we stormed the place instead of setting it on fire.

I caught a bullet in the hip for my troubles and two of the townfolk made final payments on their farms. To beat it all, most every book inside had already molded anyway.

Little twerp.

Anyway, all the Librarians carry palmcorder like mine. If you know how to use them, they can even scan and remember thousands of books. As a matter of fact, I got this one off the remains of a Librarian. Stupid twit—thinking trogs had a story to tell.

The Grand Library pays folks for palmcorder taken off their fallen, but only about \$50. Why so cheap? Because they don't want to encourage folks to kill them just to sell back their gear. But some do anyway.

Besides their backpack full of books and their palmcorders, you can tell Librarians by small pins they wear somewhere on their shirts. The pins look like books wrapped in chains. They make these things in Sacramento when the Librarians are "ordained" and given their equipment. I'll tell you more about that place later on.

Mutants

"Mutant, mutants, everywhere, and not a one can think." That's a kid's song I heard a few years back. While not true, it does reflect the way most norms think about mutants. Folks tend to forget all the good things they hear about others once

they hear something bad. Ask someone about mutants, and he'll tell you about that killer Shanghai in Shan Fan, or the Virginia City Massacre. He probably won't remember the unnamed group who fought alongside the norms at Carson City to prevent a similar massacre.

There's some truth to the fact that most mutants are violent, however. Many are deranged and violent thanks to their very mutations. It doesn't help that most were kicked out of the their settlements and into the savage wastes when their mutations were discovered. Such folks are easy prey for the Doomsayers and their anti-norm propaganda.

Twisted Genes

The one thing all muties have in common, of course, is some sort of mutation. Maybe their teeth and hair fell out, their bones deformed, or they've got ugly boils on their skin. Whatever the defect, most are just ugly or a little deranged. Very few develop any sort of weird power, but again, that's the kind everyone always thinks of.

Many mutants take up residence in the ruined cities. This is a bad idea, because most gain more mutations and become "troglodytes," or "troggs" for

short. These losers are so messed up there's no reasoning with them. I know. If you remember, that's what killed me.

A smaller percentage gains some weird power. I've seen jokers with three arms, tails, incredible strength, and even the ability to heal. These are the lucky ones. They won the genetic jackpot. But let me warn you about something. I've seen people voluntarily walk into a ghost storm hoping for some great mutation to make their miserable life better. That's like playing Russian roulette with five bullets in your six-shooter.

Old Ways

The Sioux have been preaching a return to the "Old Ways" since the Reckoning began. The movement basically tasks all members of the Sioux Nation to use only natural tools, weapons, clothes, transportation, and so on. Using any sort of mass-produced item, riding trains (and later cars), or drinking whiskey is taboo.

The elders claimed the nature spirits were unhappy with the "People" and demanded this sacrifice in return. That may be, but it's obvious with hindsight what someone was trying to tell the Sioux: Stay in teepees scattered across the Plains, and they won't drop nukes on your head.

That's just what happened. I guess no one hated them enough to spend money on enough nukes to track and wipe out all their villages.

The Sioux would have been the most concentrated population in North America after the Apocalypse—if they hadn't gone messing with War when he came racing through the Black Hills. Check my section on the Sioux's battle with the Horseman in the **High Plains** section of **Hell's Atlas** for the whole skinny.

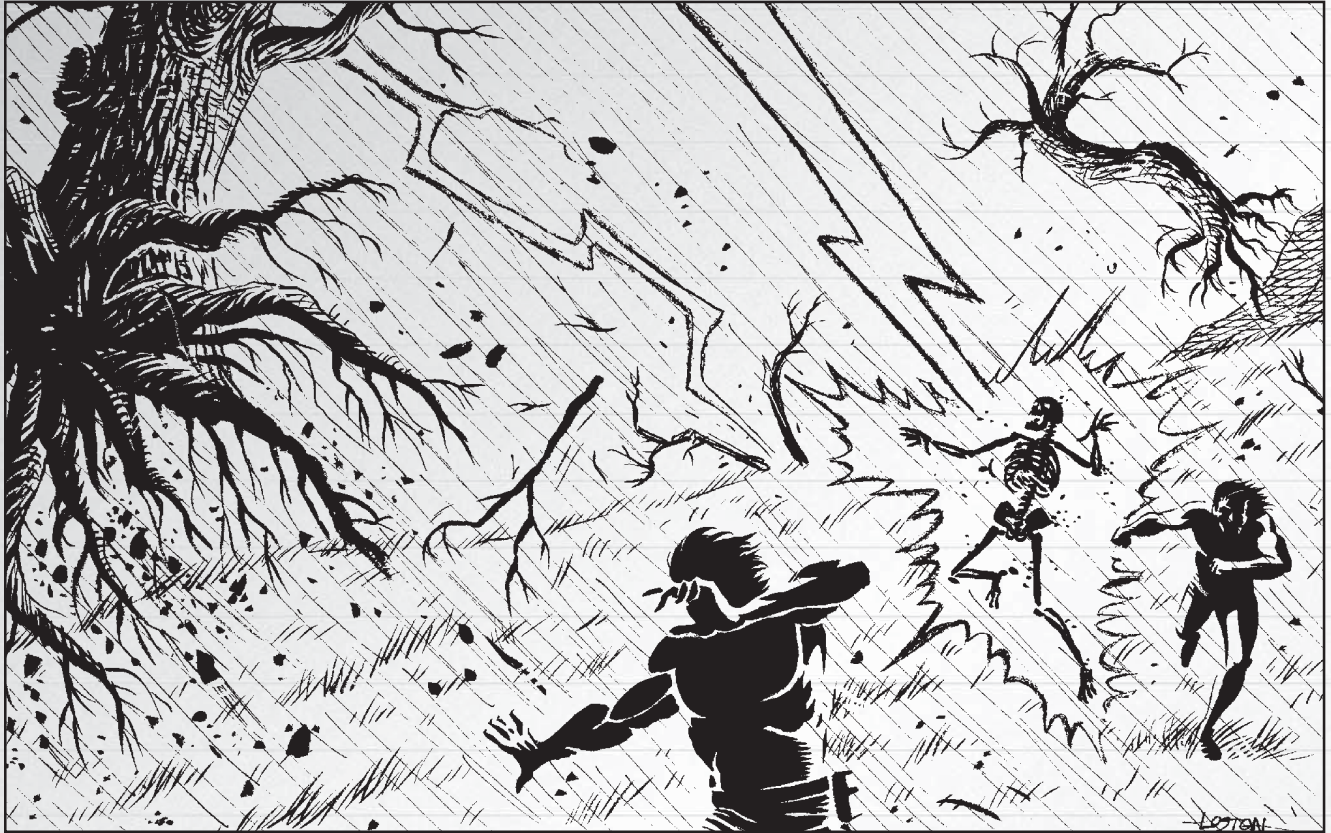
Ravenites

Not every Sioux bought into the Old Ways movement. In the old days, that bastard Raven quietly went among the Sioux and recruited disbelievers into a secret band he called the "Order of the Raven." Most of his recruits were young braves hungry for guns to help them fight the white man.

When the Sioux Wars broke out in the late 1800s, the militant "Ravenites" openly revolted and showed the elders their guns. This created a huge schism among the Sioux and caused them no end of grief in the first big fights. Eventually, the Sioux elders tossed all the Ravenites out, banishing them to the white man's "treaty" city of Deadwood.

Many Sioux lived by the Old Ways, even before the Last War.





Mother Nature's Fury: A Hellstorm wreaks havoc! Get under cover quick when you see one of these things approaching!

The Ravenites Get Rich

Years later, the Ravenites of Deadwood came to rule the roost. See, the Sioux handled all the claims to the lucrative ghost rock mines in the Black Hills, and as much as they disliked Ravenites, they disliked whites even more. So many prominent Ravenites got rich managing the mining interests of the very elders who had expelled them. Then they'd use their money to run saloons and brothels, sell arms to other Ravenites, and—in the late 20th century—open casinos.

By my time, Deadwood was a lot like Las Vegas. In fact, the Ravenites had an unspoken rivalry with the Vegas crime families to outdo each other in terms of money, power, and decadence. What you never saw in the TV ads were the alcoholic Indians huddling in the understreets of Deadwood, or the wars in the third world, instigated by the Ravenites to help them sell arms.

Check out the section on **Deadwood** if you want to know how it all turned out.

Spooks

You probably know Indian shamans communicate with nature spirits for their power. There's a controversial new movement going on (and not just in the Indian community) in which shamans communicate with all-new nature spirits that have evolved since the world changed. We call 'em spooks 'cause they use spook juice to get funky, but that's all I know.

The Templars

Now let's talk about the group I belong to: the Templars. We're the good guys. We try to save the world, but the rest of you losers are gonna help. Me and my friends aren't throwing our lives away on lost causes or wimps who won't pick up a stick to defend their own home. Screw the meek.

Our order was founded by Simon Mercer, the Grandmaster. I was one of his first students. Then I kicked his ass when he started getting fresh. Not that there's anything wrong with that, I just wasn't in the mood for about a decade after Roger died.

We Templars are taught to heal and to fight, in that order. Personally, I'm better at the latter. Guess that's why I'm laying here now.

I don't know where we get the power from. I think it's the spirits of warriors who have gone before us. Other Templars still believe in God. Some believe only in Simon or the order itself. Whatever. All that matters is that it works. Seems every time I beat the snot out of something big enough, I get rewarded with some new ability to kick ass. All of us can heal with a touch. Some get stronger; some get faster.

Me, I just get meaner.

The Weather

I'll get to the good stuff soon. Promise. But before you trek off across the Irradiated Plains, you should know about certain kinds of weather.

The end of the world made Mother Nature one mean bitch. Radioactive dust devils race across the desert, black rain pelts the High Plains, and toxic fumes gather whatever the wind fears to blow. That means you need to recognize when one of these dangers is coming and find shelter—fast.

Black Rain

Ghost-rock deposits are burning all over the West. Occasionally, huge, black clouds from these fires coalesce and mix with thunderclouds. Then they drift for hundreds or even thousands of miles until the clouds gather enough moisture to rain.

The black rain that falls from these terrible clouds makes a strange sound—like the sound of melting plastic over a campfire. Of course, if you're outside when you hear that sound, it's usually too late. See, those rain drops are full of damned spirits, and they don't like the living.

If you're caught outside, sealed armor protects completely. An umbrella or other covering might give you a few minutes, but I won't swear to it. Get to cover quick, friend.

Duststorms

Duststorms are whirlwinds filled with choking dust. Hence the name, brainer.

You can tell when one's about to hit if you're paying attention. They only happen in areas with lots of loose silt, dirt, sand, or—in the Northwest—volcanic ash. I don't know what causes them to swirl, but once they do, you're in trouble. All that dust can choke you faster than a garotte. And if you don't get under cover, you'll pass out, then slowly choke to death as the dust covers you. At least you saved someone the trouble of digging a hole for your corpse.

Hellstorms

Think of the worst thunderstorm you've ever experienced. That's what you'll pray for if you ever get caught in a Hellstorm. These things are the very embodiment of Hell on Earth. They've got it all: searing winds, blistering rain, and violent lightning.

Sounds nasty, doesn't it? It is. And there's no way to tell if a thunderstorm is going to be the regular variety of the kind that kills most everything caught under it. See either type, and you'd better find shelter. Hellstorms lay waste to the countryside and boil, rend, or electrocute every brainer who doesn't get under some cover. A car hulk works, but a concrete building is better. Don't even think about tents, trees, or the like. A Hellstorm'll rip right through those.

Radstorms

Radstorms are duststorms laden with radioactive fallout. This usually happens when a duststorm "bounces" off a ruined city and carries the fallout with it across its new path.

These things have all the dangers of a duststorm and a few hundred rads of death to boot. If you don't have a Geiger counter, figure any duststorm that rolls over you is radioactive. After you dig yourself out, find a town and take a clean show as soon as possible.

Toxic Clouds

It's probably not fair that there are wandering clouds of hurt just floating around the West, but not much is fair out there these days.

Fortunately, they dissipate on windy days and are pretty easy to avoid when the breeze is still. If you see a big cloud of green, yellow, orange, or red dust, stay out of it. That simple enough for you, brainer?

Handbook of Horror

I think the best way to tell you about all the creeps out there is to go region by region. There aren't really states anymore, but I'll still call them by their old name to make things easy for those of you who remember before the bomb. If you're too young for that, you'll find a map with this gadget. Assuming my body hasn't been looted that is.

The Cities

First, a word about cities. As I'm sure you know, most of them got hit with multiple city-busters. But go into Chicago and you'll still see the Sears Tower.

Why? Beats the Hell out of me, but I'd guess certain landmarks just "ought" to be there, so they are.

If you want to get metaphysical, you might say important landmarks have their own spiritual energy that protected them from the worst of the blasts. They're in ruins, of course, but they're still standing, and that's a miracle.

If you don't buy that theory, try this one. Maybe the buildings *were* demolished (if the were at ground zero), then just rebuilt themselves when the area became a Deadland. This time, though, they came back as darker, more sinister shadows of their former selves. If this is true, maybe all these incredible sites—the Sears Tower, the Space Needle, the Astrodome—are all just bait to lure curious heroes like me and you into the Deadlands.

There's some reason to think that's true. Most all these structures have something valuable left inside. And I'll be damned if I can find out how anyone even knows that. I think the Reckoners or their minions somehow spread rumors that some great treasure awaits anyone who can penetrate the ruins of "fill-in-the-blank." On the plus side, the rumors are often true. If they weren't, folks would quit biting on them.

Muties

Most cities are chuck full of muties. I guess they figure they're already mutated, so it doesn't hurt to hang out in radiation-filled ruins. That's bad logic, 'cause muties can suffer new mutations just like norms, and new mutations might kill them. Still, there they are, watching you from shattered windows and dark recesses.

The only reason I can figure is that mutants are outcasts and exiles, so building a whole new town might be tough. The cities offer plenty of shelter, some scavenging, and no one else wants them.

Survivor Settlements

Survivor settlements are folks who have banded together for their common defense. They come in all shapes and sizes. I've seen some built on water, others in the top floors of skyscrapers near the edge of a maelstrom, and a few in caves deep underground. Most are simply built straight from the ruins of an old town.

I'd guess 90% of the survivor settlements are walled. Some towns actually construct walls of brick and concrete, but most use old car hulks or other debris. Some put their backs up against the Mason-Dixon Wall and fence the rest in with whatever's on hand. Some are located so they don't need walls, such as towns on islands in the

Maze or the Mississippi, or the homes of the sky pirates high in the Rockies.

Besides keeping out prowling horrors, the walls or other borders also help defend against walls or other borders also help defend against raiders and disease. Don't be surprised if the guards ask for your gun and then tell you to strip.

Anyone suspected of spying for raiders or of knowingly bringing a serious disease into a town winds up hanging from the walls as a warning to others. And don't event think about trying to enter a town if you have obvious signs of contagious disease, such as boils or oozing sores. Most guards will shoot you on sight just to put you out of their misery.

Every survivor settlement has a leader of some sort, usually a mayor or a sheriff, but sometimes it's a council or committee of folks who think they know what they're doing. Sometimes leaders are elected, but most times, some natural leader who has proven his ability to keep the others safe just takes control and runs things until he gets killed.

Ghost Towns

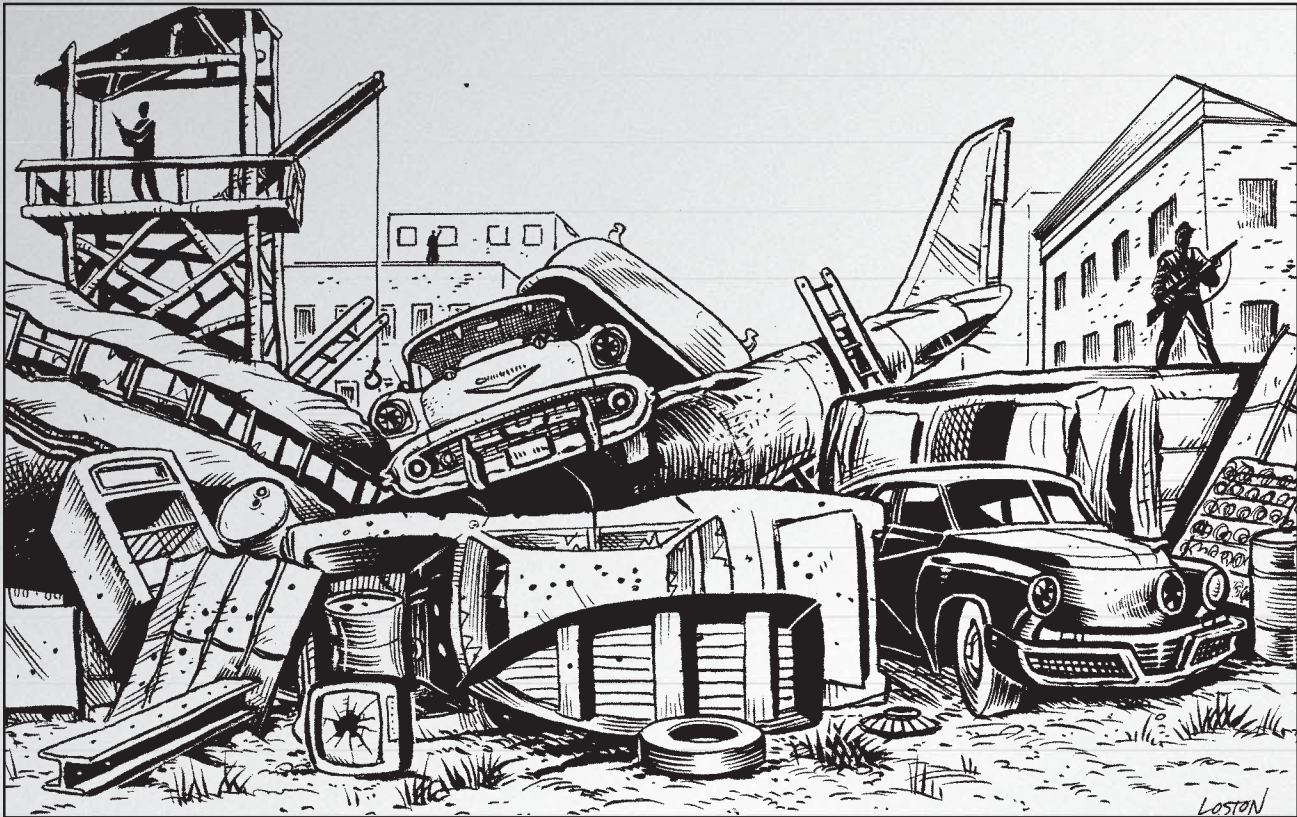
Ruined towns are usually in slightly better shape than the cities. They probably fell apart by fighting, looting, or abandonment instead of city-busters. We call these "ghost towns." Just remember, there's probably a family or some muties living in whatever structures are left. You may not see them, but they're there. If not, then some horror of the Apocalypse has a lair nearby. I haven't seen a town yet that was truly deserted.

Communications

Communication in the Wasted West blows. The electromagnetic pulses of the ghost-rock bombs knocked out most transmitters, computers, and the like. The blasts themselves destroyed telephone lines as well as routing offices. If you do find a working transmitter, you'll be lucky to get a radio signal more than a few thousand yards. Technical types say it has something to do with the storms.

Still, even short-range radios—especially hands-free headsets—can be a lifesaver. Snag some of these things whenever you can find them. There's nothing greater than being able to communicate with the rest of your posse, even when you're out of sight. Just don't spread out too far.

A few really powerful transmitters are able to broadcast radio waves. Of these, an even smaller portion are sometimes able to communicate with earth's only known remaining satellite. (Killer satellites wiped out all the others.)



A typical survivor settlement in the Wasted West. There are literally hundreds of towns like this scattered all over the corpse of America.

ComSat

The satellite calls itself ComSat. That's right. I said *it calls itself* ComSat. See, the thing's artificially aware. And it's lonely.

ComSat says it was a communications satellite for the military, but it won't say *which* military. When someone can get through to the thing (which is rare because of the atmospheric conditions), it buffers messages and allows its "friends" to read what's posted in its vast storage banks. Even its friends, known users who have made several contacts, have a hard time talking to the pettish AI. Big Baby.

On the plus side, ComSat has given us some basic information. A few posts from around the globe confirm the nuclear war was complete. Unfortunately, no one's been able to find out where the Four Horsemen are. It seems ComSat sometimes "edits" documents, and it doesn't like reference to "Reckoners" or the Horsemen themselves.

One last note. ComSat was either disguised as a commercial satellite, or it served a dual purpose. In any event, it's still loaded with old broadcast commercials. It's quite annoying to be trying to find out some crucial information when ComSat suddenly starts playing ads for breakfast cereal.

Mason-Dixon Wall

There are certain dates you never forget. Pearl Harbor, the day President Romero was impeached, you anniversary (unless you're Roger), or the day they completed the Mason-Dixon Wall. I got the first three, but I'll be damned if I can remember the fourth. That might not be so strange except that no one else can remember the date either. There's something damn fishy about that.

Oh, and let's not forget Judgment Day, of course. None of us will ever forget that.

Anyway, the Wall was completed sometime before 2000. Most folks agree on that.

It's two feet thick in most places. Across vast stretches of unoccupied desert, it becomes a once-electrified chainlink and razorwire fence.

They had a big celebration when the Wall was finished saying it was a way to keep the peace between the North and the South by keeping out troublemakers. Check the map if you don't know where it runs.

Anyway, there were gates along all the major highwalls, and most times, a person could get back and forth with a quick flip of the passport and a retinal scan. Sometimes things got tense

between the USA and the CSA, and they'd close the Wall, but most times it did actually keep civilians from causing trouble across the border, then running home and daring their own governments to extradite them.

Huge sections of the Wall got demolished in the Last War. As I mentioned earlier, a lot of towns put their backs to the Wall, then formed the rest of their barriers with car hulks, concrete, or other debris. We call these Wall towns. (Original, eh?)

You might think walking the Wall would be a good way to stay out of reach of all the nasty critters lurking between the Wall towns. It would be—except you have to jump off then climb back on at every road, it's easy to fall or have the wall crumble beneath your feet, and enough folks have done it by now that all sorts of critters lie in wait for just such an occasion.

East of the Mississippi

I'm focusing on the American West. Here's why. I've never been to Canada, and my experience in Mexico was as short and violent as the case of Montezuma's Revenge I brought back with me. There's an ocean to the West, so that only leaves the East. I was there a lot when I was younger, but no one goes there anymore. Why? Because you'll die if you do. That's not just scary campfire talk either.

Here's why. It's common knowledge that the heavily populated East Coast was devastated by bombs. Out West, targets were spread far and wide. Back East, targets were much closer. The death toll was much higher. All those dead folks mean lots of horrors and certainly scores of walking dead. But there are more than scores—more like hundreds of thousands.

That's right. Legions of walking dead cover the earth within a few hundred miles of the east bank of the Mississippi. Maybe farther. Maybe as far as the coast. No one knows. The high death toll would make lots of zombies, but not like this. Some brave souls who've been Back East speak of a city of the dead, called Necropolis, somewhere near the Mississippi.

These same folks have whispered about something—someone—creating and controlling this undead army. We need to find out who, and we desperately need to know what they're planning. A group called the River Watch is on top of this (keep reading), but their numbers are few, and the Mississippi is awfully damn long.

Trade Caravans

You'll find trade caravans crisscrossing every region of the Wasted West. Some use trucks, while others are trains of horses, mules, or oxen. A few are a weird mix of pickup-truck beds pulled by animals, wagons, or even aircraft.

Whatever the transports look like, the caravans provide supply and communication to the survivor settlements. Besides doing a lot of good, the caravans can also help get you from town to town. See, they're always needing guards, and you know they got the goods to pay you with. Sure there's a little more danger riding on top of a big, slow-moving target, but at least you've got other guards around—something you don't have if you travel alone.

Tribute Caravans

Within a few hundred miles of Denver, you might see caravans headed to or from the Combine. You can tell if they're returning *from* Denver, because unlike most caravans, they never bring anything back on their return trip.

I've seen Templars and Law Dogs alike talk tribute caravan masters into turning back and denying Throckmorton of supplies, but in general it's a bad idea. If you're not prepared to help the townspeople back home fight off an angry patrol of Black Hats, don't get them in trouble. Besides, the supplies taken to Denver are more for show than any real need. The Combine have crops of their own, more metal than they know what to do with, and can manufacture most anything else. The tribute caravans are just meant to show who's boss.

The one thing the Combine's always short on is ghost rock. If you're going to mess with any of the tribute caravans, start cutting off the Combine's supply of ghost rock. Then get ready for a war. Throckmorton doesn't always respond to an attack, even on a tribute caravan, unless it threatens his supply of ghost rock. When it does, expect to see the Black Hats, automatons, raptors, and all kinds of Hell.

Hell's Atlas

Here we go. This is the heart of it. I'm going to tell you about weird things I know of, then you can gather up a few of your friends and go stomp its guts into the dirt. Got it? Good. Get reading.

Great Basin

Deseret (Utah), Nevada

Let's kick off the meat of the Atlas with an area you'll probably travel to often: the Great Basin. Why will you travel here? Because this is the home of Junkyard, the most advanced city left in the Wasted West. Hell, as far as I know, it's the only city left in the West. Maybe in the world.

Before you get all jumpy to get there, make sure you bring a lot of water. This part of the country is about as hot as it gets, and you'll likely be hiking across hundreds of miles of God-forsaken desert to get anywhere. The Basin was bad enough before the ozone layer wiggled out. Now it's an oven.

Bloodsports

A long time ago, the people of Junkyard (what's left of Salt Lake City) engaged in violent athletics called bloodsports. I don't think they were usually fatal until the TV era. After that, they became big business, and folks wanted bigger, bolder, and bloodier games.

The teams that play them have high mortality rates, but if they get really good, they become the closest thing this world has to superstars. Watch the Mangler walk into a town and get swarmed by fans, and you'll see what I mean.

Bloodsports are played all over the Wasted West, but their home was and is Junkyard. It's also where the skullchucker championships are held each September 23—the anniversary of the Bomb.

Skullchucker

The most popular of all bloodsports is skullchucker. The object is simple: Two teams of five get in an arena and beat the snot out of each other while trying to get their team's skull in one of two baskets. One is in the center of the arena and is worth 1 point. The other's in the opposing team's starting area and is worth 3 points. There's quite a bit of strategy involved in a good game, but sometimes the teams forget about the game and start slicing each other up.

Pit

Another popular sport is simply called "Pit." Some fighter or group of fighters jump into this huge pit outside Junkyard and fight another bunch of folks or, more commonly, some capture horror of the Apocalypse. Both spectators and combatants make money by betting. The odds are usually straight up, but sometimes you'll see some desperate brainer fight something he can't



The Amazons, an all-female skullchucker team, kicking ass.

handle just to score big. It's sad really. I once saw a scrapper (someone with bionics) fight two trops just to make enough money to pay off the body docs who gave him a new arm. Body docs reclaim debtors' limbs by capturing the unfortunate soul amputating the unpaid-for equipment, leaving the victim limbless, eyeless, or whatever.

Pit is run by a Junkyarder named Judge Tolliver. He's crooked as a dog's leg, but he was a real judge before the war, so Ike Taylor and Cole Ballad (a Law Dog that patrols the area around Junkyard—more on that meathead in a moment) leave him alone for the most part.

Most of Pit's combatants are willing volunteers, fighting for a bounty equal to the danger of whatever they have to fight. But violent criminals are also sentenced to the Pit by Tolliver, who makes more money off these fights because the odds are usually hopeless. If the offender can manage to survive whatever's thrown at him, however, he gets a full pardon (but no pay).

Carson City

A few weeks after the massacre at Virginia City, the Cult o' Doom marched to nearby Carson



The Devil's Playground. Rest in peace, soldiers.

City. By this time, a hero named Teller was able to talk several other towns, road gangs, and even a mess of mutants into joining Carson City to stage a massive defense.

They succeeded, and the Cult was forced back to Las Vegas to nurse its wounds. That was the last time the Mutant King himself led an attack. Now he seems content to let his Doomsayers lead local rebellions against norm settlements all over the West. One day he'll likely concentrate his efforts and lead the Cult once again. Let's just hope he doesn't get ornery at the same time the Combine comes stomping out of Denver.

These days Carson City is a largish, well-defended survivor town, and their relations with the local mutants are better than in most places.

One more thing. I'm told if you're looking for Joan, the woman who started the schism within the Cult of Doom, there are folks here who might be able to help.

Cole Ballard

The Combine sits just on the other side of the Wasatch Mountains. One day, they'll come splitting through the mountain passes with legions of Black Hats backed by dreaded

automatons and cyborgs. It will happen, friend. Count on it.

Our only defense against them is Junkyard and its road-gang allies—and one mean son-of-a-bitch Law Dog named Cole Ballard. I can't imagine what kind of woman squirted something as big and rotten as Ballard out her baby-chute.

Personally, I can't stand this muscle-bound, trigger-happy maniac. He thinks he's God's gift to women but has all the charm of a rutting pig. And those are his good points.

Okay. In the name of fairness, Cole is good at one thing: killing. Cole was a US Army soldier, who was captured by the Rebels near the end of the Last War. But it's not just his army career that gives him his (fully deserved) reputation.

See, he used to be one of the Combine's fabled "Red Hats," the toughest veterans of Throckmorton's army. Most of them, like Cole, were with the General when he left the Rockies. He says Throckmorton was a good guy for a while. Even protected a few villages from mutie attacks. Then Throckmorton found Hellstromme's automated factories and everything changed. Throckmorton started wiping out towns that wouldn't knuckle under to him. And his new recruits, the Black Hats, were truly the scum of the desert. Cole wouldn't stand for it, so he took off—under fire.

Next thing you know, he's joined up with the Law Dogs. He rides the desert from the Rockies to Death Valley on his old military hoverbike looking for bad guys to use as target practice. Black Hat squads and spies for the Combine are in serious trouble if they cross Cole Ballard's path.

The road gangs hate him only a little worse than the Black Hats. Cole isn't interested in wiping them out—he knows they're part of the defense against the Combine when it comes stomping over the Rockies—but he leaves their bones bleaching in the desert when he catches their raiding parties in the act of chasing caravans.

The long short of it is Cole Ballard is a savior if your nose is clean. Let him catch you on the wrong side of right, and he'll shoot first and try to think up some questions later. (He's not all that bright.)

The Devil's Playground

Somewhere along old Confederate Interstate 40 is an area of the Mojave called the "Devil's Playground." I think it's called that because of all the strange rock formations. I don't know for sure. Tourist books weren't available when I was there looking for salvage.

Near the end of the Reckoning, Devil's Playground took on a whole new meaning. Give a place a bad name, and the Reckoners feel obligated to populate it with something evil. If you're ever given the opportunity to name something, please call it "Happy Valley" or "Place with no Monsters." Okay?

All right. Back to business. The Devil's Playground was actually the Confederate 1st Armored Infantry's playground. See, this is where the Rebels tested their latest powered body armor. And what do you think they tested it on? Mojave rattlers, of course. You can still see their bones lying about the desert nearby.

You might also see the ruins of the Confederate outpost. When General Harlow was chasing the LatAm troops to the coast, the 1st Armored Infantry stopped at their home base for recharge and repairs. The worms were waiting for them. A score of rattlers and hundreds of wormlings bust out of the desert and swarmed the surprised Rebels. No one escaped. I only know what happened because I pulled a slug out of one of the crushed battlesuits I found bleaching in the sun.

Dust Devils

The biggest road gang in the area is the Dust Devils. There are well over 100 fighters in the group, riding everything from motorcycles to pickups. Another 50 or so are kept in the big busses at the rear. These are mechanics, kids, and a couple of junkers they use to beef up their rigs.

The Dust Devils are always on the move, raiding as far away as Montana, California, and Mexico. Needless to say, that takes a lot of spook juice, so the gang has their very own tanker truck full of the stuff. I've seen them refuel this thing at Junkyard. It's got machine-guns in spiked nests up top, and there's always a complement of six motorcycles and two old Southern Alliance AFVs nearby to watch over it. Fuel is life to these gangs, after all.

The Devils are everything you'd think they'd be: mean, rotten, and murderous. The worst of the bunch is their leader, a scrawny but persuasive man who calls himself "Sirocco." He rides in a massive, heavily armored dump truck—one of those really big ones. The back has been turned into an armored command center/home for the jerk. There's a manned machine-gun nest on top of his "house" and a rocket launcher on the cab. Sirocco is well protected.

The head Devil's favorite punishment is to chain his enemies to the back of his dump truck and drag them across the desert while he watches from his "back porch."

Fort 51

For over 200 years, Fort 51 was the US Army's top-secret weapon's research laboratory. Everyone knew it existed; they just couldn't get close enough to see what was going on there. It's isolated in the southern deserts of Nevada, far enough away for some privacy, but close enough to keep an idea on the Confederate base at Roswell and occasionally conduct secret raids or experiments on them.

Fort 51 got hit hard when the bombs fell. It had some sort of defense—something like what Hellstromme had in place at Denver and Deseret—but the system failed. The place is mostly a crater surrounded by a maelstrom.

Still, an old Army captain I know says there were literally miles of underground laboratories beneath Fort 51. I don't know if they were deep enough to survive a direct-hit from a ghost rock bomb, but if they did, there's got to be some incredible loot down there.

There are still a few active defenses around the ruins. Besides a passel of walking dead, a number of functioning warbots keep curious scavengers a healthy distance from the ruins.

Joan's Silo

Joan and the schismatics. Sounds like an old punk bad, doesn't it?

This is the Joan who split from the Cult of Doom after the Virginia City Massacre. She and a handful of other schismatics holed up in an abandoned silo somewhere out here and founded a new sect of the Cult of Doom. They still believe norms are doomed to extinction, but they're not interested in hastening the process. In fact, they think evolution has run its normal course.

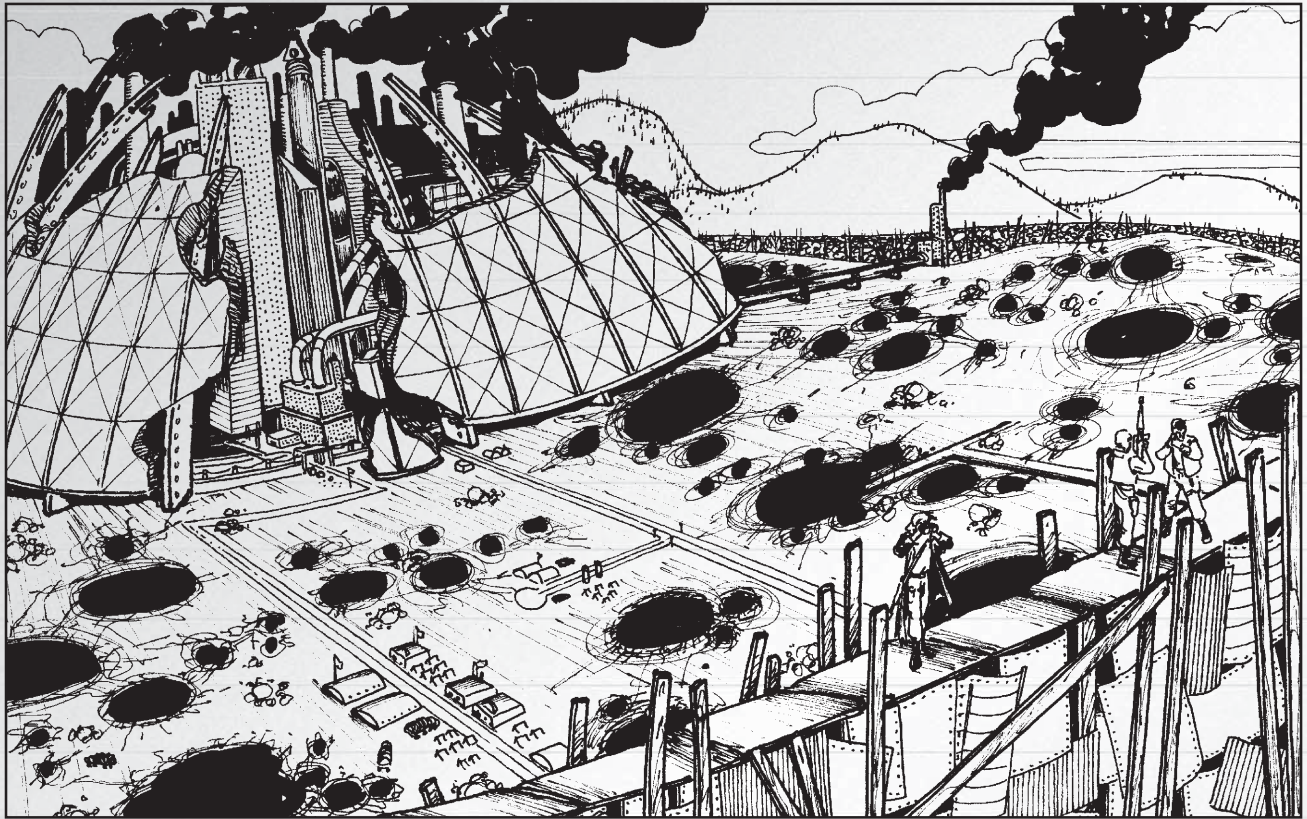
Joan's base is rumored to be in a secret bunker beneath of the old silos. She hasn't been seen by too many folks. New Doomsayers are trained by schismatic "missionaries" in the field (these are the ones you and I see).

As a consequence of Joan being here, there is a fair amount of Cult of Doom activity in the area. It seems Silas didn't take to well to Joan pulling a Martin Luther.

Junkyard

Get comfortable, amigo. This is a long story. But it's worth it.

The Mormons settled Utah in 1847, under a religious leader named Brigham Young. They traveled out there from the Midwest to escape religious persecution. A lot of folks didn't like the



The splendor of Junkyard. Dr. Hellstromme's shield protected most of his assets in the city, but the rest of it was devastated.

Mormons (or "Latter Day Saints" as they call themselves), and after some ugly incidents in Missouri and Illinois, the feeling was mutual.

The Saints were citizens of the United States until the Civil War came along and made Utah one of the "Disputed Lands." Then Brigham Young declared that Utah would become the sovereign state of Deseret until such time as the war was decided. Deseret remained its own country right up until the bombs fell.

Exodus

Hellstromme, who had been evicted a long time ago, had left some kind of weird shield in place over his factories. When the bombs fell, the part of Salt Lake City called Junkyard survived. The city proper, and about three-quarters of the Mormon population, vanished in a skull-shaped mushroom cloud.

The Mormons who survived were none-too-pleased about the "sinners" being saved while the "Saints" suffered. Some said God had forsaken them. Others claimed it was a sign that the purest of the Saints, those who had survived, were to move on and find a new, untainted place to live.

The latter argument won out. Every last surviving Mormon gathered what possessions he had left and formed a massive convoy. They disappeared North, and no one's heard from them since.

If You Can't Beat 'Em

That left a bunch of heathens in charge of Junkyard. They weren't the best apples to fall off the tree, and they sure weren't the shiniest.

When food ran out, most junkers (don't confuse them with "junker," brainer) left the city and joined the growing road gangs. Those who were left rallied around a tough old junker named Ike Taylor. Ike was a factory foreman before, and he quickly realized that his community would soon come under attack from the larger road gangs.

So he came up with a unique plan. Instead of fighting them, Ike decided to join them. The grizzled, bald-headed, factory-foreman and his right-hand man, Doc Schwartz (who is a *real* junker), converted some of the surviving factories into refineries. Then they hauled ghost rock in from the nearby Wasatch Mountains and distilled it into spook juice.

When the gangs inevitable came around, Ike invited them in and did the unthinkable—he actually showed them the city's defenses, including flamethrowers powered by spook juice, heavy machine guns, and even a few grenade and rocket launchers.

I'm sure he didn't show them everything, but all the local gang leaders have seen enough to know that taking the city will be incredibly costly. Ike then told them they didn't have to try. If they could bring the junkers food and other salvage, the junkers would trade them for spook juice to fuel their many vehicles. All the gangers eventually agreed, and Junkyard has become an iron oasis in the desert.

It's a foul, dirty place, and I can't say I approve of keeping raiders in business. But I do understand survival, and Ike's secured that for his people. Still, I'd have to bring them down except for one other factor in their favor.

Junkyard and its allies are all that's keeping the Combine from spilling over the Rockies and into the Great Basin. And that's far too great an advantage to pass over.

A Brief Tour of Junkyard

So what can you find in Junkyard? Lots of junkers, and I *do* mean the non-capitalized variety.

Junkyard has power, the electrical kind, that is, and therefore attracts scores of junkers looking for juice to power their bizarre experiments. A power outlet comes free with most apartments (which rent for about \$300 a month for a one room flat), or a brainer can rent a daily hookup at one of the factories for \$25 a day.

Not a bad deal, overall. It also helps Doc Schwartz and his friends keep an eye on visiting junkers and monitor their experiments. That way they can keep some loser from blowing the whole city to Kingdom Come from a failed experiment.

The other reason junkers love Junkyard so much is because of the trade goods that come into the city in exchange for its spook juice and other manufactured goods. Lost technology fetches a higher price here than most anywhere because there's always a buyer, and trade caravans full of junk arrive daily. Anything from toasters to highly experimental prewar government tech is a commodity in this busy place.

Bionics

Bionic augmentations were first pioneered here in Junkyard. A lot of junkers lost arms and legs in

the factories, and I guess replacing them with metallic constructs is preferable than going without.

Then there are losers who hack off their limbs on purpose just to get an arm strong enough to crack skulls like eggs. Most of these folks fight in Junkyard's second biggest industry: the bloodsports (see page 26, friend).

The Mormons had outlawed bionic augmentation for a while when it first appeared, but they got over it by the turn of the last century. The first augmentations were huge, ugly contraptions. By the time electronics became common, they got sleek and sexy. You could even hide bionic limbs beneath synthetic skin.

These days, a few of the old body docs survive, but the bionics they stick in people look like throwbacks to the 1800s. They're big and clunky and prone to jamming up just when you need them most. That's why they call folks with bionics "scrappers," because it looks like their augmentations were all made out of scrap metal. The docs must be low on high-tech parts.

If you lose a limb, I recommend you live without. If you can't handle that, make sure you can pay the bill. The body docs sometimes make "loans" to folks who have a good chance at making money off the augmentation (such as in a bloodsport). But those who don't pay find themselves hunted by the body docs' hired thugs. The unfortunate debtors' bionics are amputated, and they're left limbless and penniless in the understreets of Junkyard.

Omega Knights

The most gallant figure in the desert has to be Lancelot. Of course that's not his real name, but this Frenchman has a taste for the dramatic.

Lance (his real first name, I think) was one of those few foreign troops that came over here during the Last War. He got stranded and decided he didn't want to know how bad France got hit, so he stayed.

Lancelot doesn't look much like what you'd think—he's black and his "horse" is a motorcycle—but he is a handsome fellow. Oh, and did I mention he's a Templar? He's been playing the game a little longer than me, but I can still kick his tight ass if I want to.

Lancelot's "knights" are a ragtag collection of wasteland warriors he's gathered about him. One, I think his name is Samuel, is a squire. The others were simple biker scum who saw in Lance something better than raping and pillaging. I'm not much for reform—I'd just as soon skewer

somebody and clean the gene pool—but Lance has a real talent for bringing out the best in folks. Roger was like that. Maybe that's why I—uh. That's not important.

Anyway, Lance calls his group the Omega Knights because "omega" is the last letter in the Greek alphabet, and he figures his band are the last "knights" in the world. For such a smiling hero, Lancelot can be a little pessimistic when talking about the long term.

The gang's trademark is their lances. Yup. They actually carry around long, metal lances they use to spike bad guys and monsters with. They have guns too, of course, but a biker who sees his buddy impaled on a stick at 50 m.p.h. doesn't usually have the stomach left to fight.

Queens of the Road

As biker gangs go, the Queens of the Road aren't that bad. They do their fair share of raiding, but they never kill and usually only hit the wealthiest caravans. They get away with this because they're all incredibly beautiful women, and most of their victims—caravans coming to and from Junkyard—are typically guarded by men. And as we know, it's easy to make a man drop his gun by making him think about his other weapon. Know what I mean?

The leader of the Queens is Jenny Quaid. She's everything a male chauvinist pig looks for in a "biker babe." She's large-chested with a skinny waist and loves to wear corsets and tight vinyl pants. Back in my time, gals like her set women's rights back a hundred years. These days, I reckon she's proved she and her girls are the equal of any man.

Cole Ballard once told me he found one of the Queens staked out in the desert, left for dead. When he asked her why Quaid had deserted her, the biker said she'd shot a caravan driver after the Queens had robbed him. Quaid has a strange sense of honor, but it's better than none at all.

Virginia City

This is where Silas Rasmussen, the Mutant King and founder of the Cult of Doom, first began his war against the norms.

Virginia City sits high atop the Sierra Nevadas. It was a silver mining town ages ago. Once that dried up, it became an Old West tourist trap. Roger and I drove out there from our honeymoon in Vegas. It was a quaint little place.

That was a long time ago. Now there's nothing left of Virginia City but ruined buildings and the skeletons left from Silas' assault.

The Great Maze

NorCal, SoCal, The City of Lost Angels
Northern California is usually called "NorCal" by my lazy generation. Southern California is SoCal. I'm sure NorCal would have been "NoCal" if it hadn't sounded like a diet supplement. Anyway, the western part of NorCal is all Maze, a labyrinth of flooded sea canyons bordered by towering mesas.

In the very south, around the City of Lost Angels, it's a burning mess of ghost rock called Purgatory. (More on that hellhole in a minute.)

North of LA is a temperate place with rolling hills covered in short, brown grass most of the year. Not a bad place to be compared, to most other places.

The Bishop

Somewhere inside the choking smoke of Purgatory is a temple carved from the top of a rocky mesa. This vile sanctuary of evil is home to a creature that calls itself the "Bishop."

I can only guess that the thing's name is a cruel joke aimed at the selfless Bishop of Lost Angels who sacrificed himself and his Church in an attempt to destroy Famine. (See my notes on LA below.)

The Bishop wears a bishop's robes and commands an army of creatures, the bulk of which are undead faminites. This hideous collection of starving souls captures lone miners and scavengers and feasts upon their flesh. The bones wind up as part of the grim décor of their horrific abode.

You can bet the Bishop is a servitor of Famine. If you ever have to tangle with him, you'll need to find out who he really was before his transformation. That might give you a clue as to how to kill him.

Croakers

What would a ruined coastline be without some kind of horrible sea creatures to live along it? That's where the croakers come in. These savage fish-men must have been around a while, because they have customs, religion, rituals, spells, and supposedly, vast cities somewhere in the labyrinthine Maze.

The old *Tombstone Epitaph* used to report on these things all the time. I remember seeing headlines at the supermarket like "Hideous Fishmen Stole my Baby!" I laughed and skipped past that nonsense to the celebrity gossip page. If

me and a few million others had only paid attention to that rag.

Ah, well. Bloody water under the bridge, I suppose. Back to the croakers.

Their hunting parties occasionally raid human villages or towns. They try to capture folks alive and drag them underwater to drown. Seems odd to me. A friend of mine thinks they somehow keep their prey alive underwater. I don't know how that's possible, but weirder things have happened. What they do with them once they get beneath the surface is anyone's guess, but I'm sure it isn't pleasant.

Shraks

Shraks are another kind of monster folks sometimes report fighting alongside the croakers. They look something like a humanoid shark, and they're tough as Hell. I've heard rumors they were created by humans, but I don't have any details.

The Free and Holy City of Lost Angels

A long time ago, a fellow named Grimme founded the Church of Lost Angels. He disappeared under mysterious circumstances before 1900, but in his place the Church he had created became one of the most benevolent organizations in North America.

I'm not sure which came first, the transcontinental railroad or independence, but when Grimme saw the success of the Mormons in Deseret, and the destruction that would be caused were the North and South allowed to fight over the city, he declared it a "Free and Holy City." Just like the Vatican. The USA and CSA fought over it for a while, and that's when Grimme went missing amid a huge fight in the congregation.

In the end, Grimme and his most loyal followers were gone, and the new leader of the Church, Dominic D'Angelo, declared himself Bishop. He proved a popular fellow and was able to convince both governments to recognize the city's independence.

D'Angelo's biggest challenge was feeding folks. Grimme had always managed to provide free feasts to everyone on Sunday—a valuable service in the always blighted Maze. D'Angelo's new group had trouble for a long while, causing them no end of trouble with those who felt he was responsible for Grimme's disappearance. The Bishop finally got it all worked out, though, and his successors through the years usually managed to feed the hungry. When they didn't there were riots, so the Church maintained an armed force of "Guardian Angels."



All that remains of the Free and Holy City of Lost Angels.

During those early years, while they were still waiting on the resolution of the first Civil War and the coming of the railroads, the congregation built stone walls around the inner city. They made them of black obsidian—like the Cathedral at the center—and pretended it was for "decorative purposes," but they weren't fooling anyone. It was obvious they Church was preparing for trouble.

It paid off several times. I think I remember something from history class about the Church being besieged by hungry mobs in the 1800s, again in the early 1900s, and of course by the LatAm Alliance in 2078. I already told you that story.

When the Last War really got hot, both the Northern and Southern Alliances stayed clear of the Holy City of Lost Angels. Then the bombs dropped. Miraculously, everything inside the walls was left untouched, even though scores of city-busters leveled the surrounding city. I understand the Bishop and muckety-mucks prayed and fasted for days to pull this off.

The Sacrifice

Then Famine rode out of the burning Maze. The bitch merely sat outside the sanctum while her endless legions of faminites assaulted the walls. The priests fought to the last but realized Famine was sacrificing her army simply to starve out the priests. It didn't take long, since Famine spoiled all the food stores in the citadel.

The next thing you know, there was some kind of fight inside. I don't know what happened exactly, but Famine entered the city. Moments later, a tremendous gout of searing white flame roared down from the clouds above and blasted the citadel into ruins. Most folks figure the Bishop of Lost Angels and his surviving priests called down holy fire on the citadel themselves, sacrificing themselves in an attempt to destroy Famine.

One nasty side-effect was that the blast triggered a monster earthquake that dropped the sanctum and the surrounding city 10-15 feet. The ocean roared in and filled the sanctum. What little of the city that had survived the city-busters finished off for good.

You can imagine how the hearts of the few survivors must have sunk when Famine walked out of the water—which was forever after bloody and thick inside the sanctum. Famine's fabled horse was gone and was never seen again, but Famine herself started walking eastward, causing blight and starvation wherever she passed.

The City Today

Besides maybe killing Famine's horse, the only good the holy blast seems to have done was to snuff out the ghost-rock storms. None remain around the ruins of LA. You can go there if you want, but there are more dangerous things around the ruins than ghost rock storms. Thousands of bodies lie just beneath the dark surface of the flooded area around the citadel. Occasionally these blood-covered bones arise and devour foolish scavengers who don't heed warnings like this one.

The rest of the flooded ruins are favorite areas for numerous scavengers. Unfortunately, they make easy prey for patrolling croakers.

The Grand Library

This is the home of the Librarians. They hole up in a well-protected complex of buildings on the outskirts of Sacramento. Some of the buildings house the Librarians. The central building, an old bank, contains hundreds of data slugs filled with every subject you can possibly imagine. The slugs are kept in the bank's vault

and protected by several armed guards at all times.

Don't think of these guys as some kind of monks. They're deadly serious about saving the progress of humanity. (Some progress. Got us here, didn't it?)

Anyway, the Head Librarian is Marcus Liebowitz. He's a softhearted man who founded the order. The lady in charge of security, a Ravenite named Muriel Redwing, is the real bitch. She's also the reason the Library has such great security.

Using the Library

The Librarians don't allow visitors into the Library. You can, however, request information from them, and they'll assign a young librarian to try and find it. This can cost anywhere from \$10 to \$1,000, depending on how much time it takes them to find what you're looking for.

The Library has a working communications room and a transmitter capable of reaching ComSat. It only works about half the time, but that's better than the rest of the world. You can't pay to use this service. You have to get special permission from Marcus, and that usually requires a favor.

Books for Bucks

The Librarians also buy books, data slugs, and occasionally even stories. Pay is anywhere from \$10 to \$100. A very few rare textbooks have brought in \$1,000 or more.

They also buy stories. True stories, that is. The Librarians are collecting tales of heroism in this fetid cesspool that we call America. I think they're hoping to collect all the stories together someday and print 'em up. They pay about \$20 a story, but you have to have some proof that your tale is true.

Oh yeah. They also buy palmcoders taken from their fallen Librarians, but as I said earlier, the pay is only \$50.

Lynchburg

Lynchburg is an old mining town off in the middle part of the Maze. It didn't get any bombs (almost an insult, but no one's complaining), and so survived relatively intact.

The town's main business is as a supply depot and stopping-off point for salvagers and ghost rock miners. If you're out in the Maze, this is a good place to replenish your supplies, and maybe hire a guide to help find whatever it is you're looking for. The people here don't get many visitors, so they welcome outsiders more than

most places. Still, cause trouble, and Sheriff Vonda Wright will chuck your ass off the 100-foot mesa and into the sea.

Movie Town

Back in the 1920s or so, the first moving pictures were filmed in one of the growing SoCal suburbs around Lost Angels. I don't know the history, but the first movies were silent, then they added sound, then color. Later on they messed around with 3D effects, odors, and so forth. Around 2020, they stopped using actual film and started using magnetic digital rods, called slugs. You could play these things in massive theater systems or on your home monitors. Folks still call them films though, so don't get confused, junior.

If you're older than 20, you might remember some of the most successful films just before the war were *A Planet Too Far* (the story of the Faraway War), *Canyon o' Doom* (a Ronan Lynch action movie—mindless drivel), and *Gigantic* (the story of the first hydrofoil ocean liner that sunk around 2014 or so). You can still see these film



The enigmatic Director, the ruler of Movie Town.

titles on surviving marquees all over the Wasted West.

Sensoround

Some cities also had the new Sensoround Megaplex theaters where they wired you into the seat so you could feel, smell, and taste the slug as well, but these never really caught on except in the hardcore porno market. (You can imagine why.) You'll find one still active in Near Dallas, if you're interested.

Some Movie Town History

Back to Movie Town. The place where most of these epics were made was just outside Lost Angels in a series of massive studio lots. Some were in NorCal, others were just over the Mason-Dixon Wall in SoCal. Collectively, the lots contained about half a million workers at peak times. Most of the workers lived in squalid apartments right on the lots. The rest commuted in from the surrounding towns. The movie stars, who all made more money than God, lived in deluxe high-rises in Star City, an exclusive, heavily guarded area between the movie lots.

When the two countries were at peace, movie stars, directors, crews, and the like were able to pass back and forth fairly easily. That all ended in 2078 when the US government found out that renowned director, Emille DeSalonto was actually a Confederate agent. [For More Information](#)

During the War, both the Agency and the Rangers closed the borders and contracted several directors to create stirring propaganda films designed to educate soldiers, increase enlistment, and ensure there was no sympathy for the other side. Roger told me the silliest film they made him watch in the army was a documentary called *Saving Ryan's Privates*, which reminded soldiers of the dangers of "fraternizing" with the opposite sex when occupying enemy towns.

Movie Town Today

Only one of the movie lots suffered a direct hit by a city-buster. The rest got the usual storm of swirling destruction, followed by an invasion of faminites that finished off most of the survivors.

But old habits die hard. When things settled down, a group of surviving filmmakers regrouped in Star City and started making movies again.

These entrepreneurs trade slugs and refurbished viewers across the West in exchange for food and the like. Slugs usually cost \$500 each. Home-size players (monitor included) go for \$100. It's cheap because the filmmakers figure a town with a player has to buy films. You can sell

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Raid on Roswell

DeSalonto's last megahit was *Raid on Roswell*, a war movie about a little-known raid during the *Great Rail Wars*. It got banned in the US when the Agency discovered the "Northern" version of the film was coded in such a way that the light patterns and subliminal messages acted as a crude form of mind control.


You'll never guess what DeSalonto's message was. You'd think it be something to trigger an assassination against President Romero or destabilize the government. No. They wanted to convince more people to smoke so the South could export more tobacco up north. Pretty silly, huh? Maybe nuking the world wasn't such a bad idea after all.

The US president Romero might have triggered the Last War, but don't think the Rebs were all good either.

slugs to the town for \$100 if they already own a copy (most folks like to have backup copies), and \$500 if they don't. Salvaged players sell from \$10 to \$50, depending on their condition.

The slugs are actually delivered by private couriers or sold to trade caravans looking to sell them for a profit elsewhere. Some of the more-established towns also show the films in old theaters for about \$10 a seat.

The Director

The "mayor" of Movie Town is called the Director. No one knows his real name. He must have been pretty messed up by the War because he always wears bandages wrapped around his head to hide his face, and usually has wide sunglasses over his eyes. He's done his best to revive Movie Town, and continues to make new films, mostly semi-historical epics about things that have happened since the Apocalypse. I've listed some of his most notable projects in the hypertext thingamabob. 

Most of the other townsfolk are filmmaking flunkies such as camera operators, gaffers (whatever the Hell those are), or set makers. The actors are all temporary.

See, the Director always thought stars were a pampered, overrated lot, so he pays them next-to-nothing and never uses the same actor more than once. If you're wandering by Movie Town and

want to give it a go, you've got a decent chance of getting in a film. Once. Just be careful. The Director's pursuit of realism is downright dangerous sometimes.

The rest of Movie Town is made up of your standard mix of storekeepers, bartenders, traders, and their families. They're fairly successful, so you've got a good chance of finding important goods for sale here. Just expect to pay 10-20% more than anywhere else.

Everyone Hates a Critic

One thing you should definitely *not* do while in Movie Town is criticize the Director's films. Several folks who have done so have ended up dead, and in some pretty gruesome ways. I won't go into details here, but you'd be well advised to keep your opinions to yourself in Movie Town, at least as far as the Director is concerned.

A Law Dog I know looked into this once, figuring the Director and his cronies were obviously responsible, but she came up with nothing. In fact, she was quite convinced of the Director's complete innocence. I don't know why, but if you look into it, you can judge him for yourself.

Old Prosperi

Prosperi is a blind man who lives in the hills overlooking the ruins of LA. The locals say he can heal better than a Templar or a Doomsayer. I'd have to see it to believe it.


Anyway, if you're in the area and want to take a chance, you can find him in the ruins of an old Spanish mission. Be careful. I've found it's not too wise to sneak up on a blind man.

Purgatory

The first thing you should know about the Maze is that a good chunk of it is on fire. A city-buster intended for Lost Angels "missed" and landed in a spot once known as manitou Bluff. The blast cratered the mesa and set the ghost rock inside on fire. Within a few hours, the fire had spread outward, and today it burns about 100 miles in each direction except landward. The locals call the area that's still burning "Purgatory."

The fire burns along the seams in the middle of mesas, eventually causing them to collapse. It also burns in vast caves underwater, causing the ocean to roll and cook anyone who thinks the water will save them from the heat.

Since most of Purgatory is water or rock, there's plenty of places where a person can stay out of the fire and even tolerate the heat. What you can't survive is the fumes. That stuff poisons a person within a few hours—and that's assuming

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Director's Credits

Here's a list of some of the Director's best works to date. He's to be credited for trying to tell the true story of the way things are today, but you have to take some parts with a grain of salt.

Cole Ballad: Nemesis of Evil

A movie for men only. Lots of blood, big guns, and busty broads. You can see the testosterone dripping out of this one.

Law Dogs: Badges and Bullets

The founding of the Law Dogs by Jane Swindall. Good, but a little hard-to-believe in parts. Includes another piece on Cole Ballad. Geez, Director. Why don't you just ask him out?

The Templars: Born in Blood

The founding of the Templars. Includes a brief scene of me playing myself! Simon was played by a real wuss, though.

Virginia City Massacre

An anti-Cult o' Doom movie about the massacre at Virginia City. Famous for a massive slow-motion massacre at the end as the muties finally break through the walls.

Sky Pirates of the Sierras

A rather ridiculous movie about a gallant band of Sky Pirates defending a town from a massive Combine strike force. Pure fantasy.

you stay away from any really thick concentrations. Check out my notes on the "firemen" if you have to go poking around this little area of Purgatory.

The rest of the Maze is much like it was 200 years ago. Towns once connected with civilization by phones, TV, and satellites, not sit isolated. Many boomtowns still survive around active ghost-rock mines, and a ragtag collection of ships transports the ore from the towns to buyers on the mainland. Most of it goes to survivor

towns around the West, which need the fuel for power. A little less goes to the few towns who know how to make spook juice as fuel for cars (such as Junkyard).

The going rate on ghost rock around most of the West is \$10 an ounce. Since there is so much of it out here, you can get it a little cheaper in the Maze—around \$8 an ounce.

The Firemen

Anyplace this rich is eventually going to get plundered. And since this part of the Maze is on fire, there aren't too many folks who can manage. Those who did got a mess of suits from all the old firefighter outfits and headed off into the inferno.

The leader of this bunch is Jacob McCandles, a burly scavenger who doesn't put up with much foolishness. He claims his work's too dangerous to fool around. He'll get no argument from me there.

The firemen, sometimes called "silver suits" by the locals, ply fireproof boats through the Maze, looking for old boomtowns or other prime salvage spots. I reckon McCandles and his crew would be about as rich as folks can get these days if there weren't other things still managing to live out there in that burning hell.

Of course I'm talking about monsters. Remember, the Four Horsemen are walking across the Earth and the dead walk, so don't be too surprised when I tell you there are creatures of flame living in Purgatory. I don't know much of the specifics, but the firemen are always looking for new fighters to help, so you can ask them for details if you want.

Shan Fan

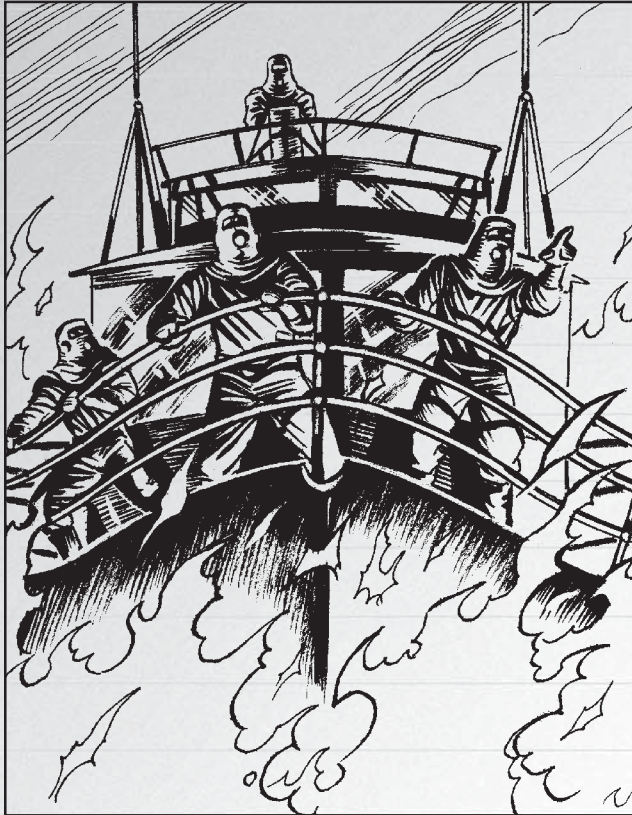
For those of you brainers who don't know anything about history, Shan Fan was founded in the wake of the Great Quake of 1868. All the ghost-rock mining in the area back then (starting with the Ghost Rush, as they called it) assured that Shan Fan's early years were prosperous ones.

This prosperity continued into the 20th and 21st centuries, and when the bombs fell, it was the most populous city on the West Coast. It got nuke proportionately, so not much survived.

Shanghai

A few years later, however, a large number of mutants took up residence in the ruins. These muties are loyal to the Doomsayers and kill any norms who cross through the maelstrom into their turf.

The leader of the muties is a deranged cannibal who calls himself Shanghai. This guy grew an extra head out of his shoulder, and



The Firemen, some of the craziest scavengers around.

though it's dead, he claims it makes him twice as smart as anyone else.

Yeah right. It's said he's one the meanest things on two legs. Of course, he never met me.

SoCal

Southern California was facing a serious overpopulation problem before the Last War started. The CSA didn't have a lot of space to cram all their Mazers in. Then the Mexican army moved through. They didn't dare cross over into Deseret, because the Mormon's Nauvoo Legion was one of the smallest but best armies in the world, especially with Hellstromme's leftover machines backing them up. So the Mexicans were forced to fight the Confederate forces in the narrow strip that was Southern California.

As you can imagine, having all the firepower of two high-tech armies in such a small space was like putting two exploding cats in a lunchbox. (Hey, cats *do* explode—I've seen it.) When they were done, from Utah west to the coast was a pockmarked ruin of bomb craters and rubble cities.

Thanks to the huge population that got in their way and died, SoCal has more than its fair share of walking dead these days. And a lot of these are the tough kind—former Mexican and

Confederate soldiers. They're well armed and armored, and can be a stone cold bitch to put down. The hordes mostly rise up at night, so travel only during the day if you have to pass through here. Even then, stay out of any large ruins and other close quarters where the things can surprise and overwhelm you.

Better yet, just stay out of SoCal altogether. Salvagers have already gotten most of the good stuff anyway. Still, if you have to go here, take plenty of ammo and aim for the head.

Turtle Isle

A long time ago, a Chinese warlord named Kang came to America with a dream—to establish a criminal empire the likes of which the world had never seen. At least that's how the movie *Kang* started. I watched it with Roger when we were dating.

Kang was a real person. I read that he took part in the Great Rail Wars, became a billionaire, and founded the three cities of Dragon's Breath, Lion's Roar, and Bear's Claw. All three got nuked, and Kang and his ancestors died out a long time ago. So why is he important?

Because before he died, he managed to create a whole new culture. See, Kang successfully merged Chinese, Japanese, Thai, Vietnamese, and other Oriental immigrants into his vast empire. That was quite an accomplishment. These folks used to fight like guests on a TV talk show, but Kang somehow got them all to get along. Mostly.

When that happened, all these different folks lost some of their original identities and became something new. The polite term for this new ethnic group was New Asian Americans, but everyone I knew called them kangers.

The kangers' cities got wiped out when the bombs fell. But Kang's floating city and casino, Turtle Isle, cleverly moved out of the way when the city-busters came calling. It used to travel up and down the coast to pick up gamblers and tourists. These days, the floating city continues this tradition. It slowly prowls the larger chasms of the Maze, visiting boomtowns and survivor settlements to dispense trade, gambling, prostitution, and other vices.

Lord of the Isle

The new warlord of Turtle Isle is a Laotian who calls himself "Manchu." I'm sure he got that name out of a comic book, but that doesn't make him any less deadly. He's your typical maniacal despot, feeding his enemies to the sharks that trail the city to feed off its garbage and sending his warriors out to raid the land for supplies and women when they don't feel like paying for them.

Mazers know how bad Manchu is, but most won't pass up an opportunity to taste of Turtle Isle's wicked temptations anyway. Pleasure of the flesh don't come easy these days.

The worst thing that the residents had to worry about before the Apocalypse was bad weather. These days, the shining lights of Turtle Isle seem an inviting target for the raiders that lurk in the Great Maze.

With that in mind, Manchu has overseen the fortification of his floating city. And raiders foolish enough to attack Turtle Isle have a rude shock awaiting them. To clueless folks, the place may look lightly defended, but Manchu managed to salvage quite a few military-grade weapons from a sunken USA destroyer after the bombs fell.

This is a good place to go if you need info on the Maze. The scum here know just about anything. We Templars like to travel about in disguise, so I've been on the Turtle Isle a couple dozen times looking for dirt.

It's pretty easy to mingle even if you're not a kanger—there's been enough monkey-business on the island (before and after the bombs) to give a wide range of looks and skin tones to the 2000+ population. There's also enough of a flow of people on and off the island that new faces aren't unusual. Just stay away from the Turtle Isle guards. They know all the martial arts stuff and carry submachine-guns to boot.

The Great Northwest

Oregon, Washington

Mother Nature must have been pretty pissed off when we humans nuked her. She responded with volcanoes, earthquakes, hurricanes, and tsunamis all over the world. In the Northwest, Mount St. Helens and Mt. Rainier erupted.

The eruptions lasted for the better part of six months—covering Washington, Oregon, and Idaho in a layer of choking gray ash. Go into a ruin or anywhere else the near-constant northwest rain hasn't washed the ash away and you'll still see piles of the stuff. When you do, try not to disturb it. I don't think it's deadly unless a duststorm picks up a pile of the stuff, but it'll sure choke you up for a good long while.

After the eruptions, things went back to semi-normal. It rains three-quarters of the year west of the Cascades. Idaho is a bit drier, but since it doesn't get the warm Pacific winds it gets colder and has a lot more snow in the winter.

Make sure to scavenge both a solid raincoat and a heavy winter coat when traveling this part of the country. Trust me. You'll be glad you did.

The Daimyo of Portland

Iso Fujima used to own an incredible Japanese steakhouse in Portland, Oregon. Look it up in an old tourist guide and you'll see it was rated as four-star. It even looked like a Japanese manor, complete with goldfish ponds, crescent roof, and a small museum of ancient arms and armor in the waiting area. Iso was a pillar of the local Japanese community, and was incredibly proud of his heritage.

When the bombs fell, Iso went a little nuts. He actually came to believe the mountaintop restaurant was a fortress and he was the ruler, or "daimyo," of Beaverton. Iso donned an ancient suit of armor from the collection in the lobby of the restaurant, picked up his family's ancestral sword, and called for all survivors of Japanese descent to come to the fortress and serve him.

A few score did, and within a few years, the old restaurant truly was a fortress. The people built villages and rice paddies beneath the hilltop restaurant, and Iso's old chefs became samurai (and some still hibachi a mean chicken, I'm told). This may sound like an inauspicious beginning for a kingdom, but, Iso's "samurai" were smart folks, and managed to pick up the finer points of sword fighting pretty quickly. Oh yeah, and they still carry guns. Didn't I tell you they were smart?

Iso doesn't care for "round eyes," whom he blames for the end of civilization. Their corpses—criminals only, thank God—line the road as a warning. Japanese criminals usually meet with much lighter sentences.

Fortunately, most of Iso's subjects, about 200 families who work the fields, aren't so intolerant. They know they have a good thing going so they don't cross the Daimyo openly, but they'll usually sell rice or other goods to travelers who pass through the village quietly.

Leavenworth

This old tourist town sits high in the Cascade Mountains. Back in the 1900s, the local industry died and the town almost went with it. Then some genius decided to turn the place into a "German village" and attract tourists. It worked, but it's a little strange to be hiking through the Cascades and suddenly see drunken locals in lederhosen pouring out of the Gasthouse.

The people here are mostly American, but a fair number of real Germans moved in after the Reckoning—almost as if they were drawn there to help fulfill the theme. You'll hear a slight Germanic accent even in the former grungers from Seattle. Weird, huh?

Like all survivors, they're tough and even a little ruthless. A lot of the Germans are veterans

dropped here during the Last War. Like the other survivors in Leavenworth, they're tough, but they've got a big problem. Their hunters, the "jaegers" (pronounced "yay-gers"), are falling prey to wendigos (see below). I've heard the town is offering some kind of bounty on these things' heads, but I don't know the details.

Death of a Hero

Their best hunter, a near-legend named Gunter Jurgenson, managed to bad several wendigos before the bastard known as Stone came to town. Jurgenson took to the mountains, knowing he'd have the best chance of evading the supernatural killer there. To his credit, he lasted an entire month before Stone finally caught him and put a bullet in Jurgenson's forehead.

Pentacorp

I had the misfortune of getting lost in a blizzard in the Cascade Range a few years back and I probably would have died had I not stumbled upon a small, walled compound high in the mountains. To my surprise, the guard at the gate actually allowed me in and took me to one of the main buildings.

I was given dry clothes and some hot food and allowed to stay the night. The people there seemed normal enough, but something about the place got my hackles up. I decided to forgo their hospitality and sneaked out of the place in the dead of night (not an easy thing to do, they had guard dogs there that looked like they pumped iron and ate steroid biscuits).

The storm had let up some by then, and as I trudged away from the compound I caught sight of a sign that read "Pentacorp, a division of BRI." The only BRI I've ever heard of is Black River Industries, one of the most unsavory corporations in the world prior to Judgment Day.

I've tried to locate the compound again, but I haven't been able to retrace the path I took through that storm with any success.

The Rain Forest

Olympic Forest is a lush rain forest famous for its towering trees, exotic vegetation, and rare animals. It's still there, and in fact, it's expanding daily. The "Living Jungle," as a local tribe of muties calls it, is moving eastward at the rate of 10 feet a day. Of course, that's not really possible—the climate shouldn't support a rain forest that far outside its original boundaries—but there it is. You can go deny its existence while it grows right over your corpse if you want.

The jungle wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't filled with killer bees, giant insects, and most of all,



One of the many horticultural nightmares of the Rain Forest.

carnivorous plants. Stay out of it. If you must go in, loot a hardware store and load up on weed-killer and Raid.

SEATAC

The Seattle-Tacoma airport was once one of the busiest airfields in the US. It took a direct hit from a tactical ghost-rock bomb in the Last War, but a former Air Force pilot named Victor Germaine restored enough of one runway to operate a small jet. He charges a buck a mile a person to fly, and can range about 1,000 miles in good weather.

It's expensive, but well worth it if you need to get somewhere quick. And Vic's good enough to use any decent highway as a landing field. As he'll point out to you during the flight (Vic's something of a talker), when President Eisenhower came up with the northern highway system after World War II, he mandated that 1 mile out of every 5 be made straight. That way, he reasoned, if the North was ever attacked, they'd have ample makeshift airfields for defense.

The Confederates also created federal highways, but didn't catch on to Ike's little secret for many years. It's much harder for Vic to land

his plane in Southern states than Northern ones.

The Space Needle

Here's architectural proof that the bombs had supernatural effects (in case you doubted it). The Space Needle and the park that surround it are intact even though it's within ground zero. Other structures inside the storm are demolished as you'd expect, but for whatever reason, the park remains standing.

Spikers

Anything this unique has to have some pretty awesome occupants. The Space Needle's dangerous denizens are things the local survivors call "spikers." They look like a cross between spiders, sea-urchins, and porcupines, but made out of metal.

Spikers lurk in the eaves of the Space Needle and hurl themselves at anything that walks into the park. They can clear about 200 yards out from the needle without too much trouble, so don't think they can only drop straight down on you while you're gaping up at them.

What most folks don't know is that the spikers are created by the man that lives in the Space Needle. Not that I said "created by" and not "controlled by." While the critters do listen to his pleadings, most of the time, I've had to put a few of the more enthusiastic ones down on my visits.

Needle Hands

So why go there? Because the tower's only resident is a paranoid junker named Clausenstein, but folks call him "Needle Hands" because of the syringes he wears on his leather gloves. Why? Well that's a long-story, but suffice it to say Needle Hands needs certain drugs to stay alive. Since he's kind of absentminded, he keeps the stuff in syringes built right into his gloves. That way when he forgets to take his medicine and has a seizure, the drugs are right there at the tip of his fingers, if you'll pardon the pun.

Despite his bizarre appearance and the spikers, Needle Hands isn't one of the bad guys. He's not exactly a "good guy" either, but he can be useful on occasion, especially with his knowledge of alchemy. I once needed a special concoction to put some guards to sleep, and Needle Hands was a big help. He's weird and creepy, but if you can get to him and convince him you're a friend, he'll help out in return for some useful parts for his many experiments.

Oh, and don't forget to make him tell his spikers to leave you alone on the trip out. Like I said, they don't always listen to him, but it can't hurt.

Spotted Owls

Wacko environmentalists saved the spotted owl from extinction about a hundred years ago. I know that should be a good thing, but the road to Hell was paved with good intentions.

For whatever reason, spotted owls have become twice as big and four times as mean. Oh, and they now hunt people instead of mice. You'll hear these things "hoo-hooing" in the woods all through Oregon. When you do, it's best to crawl inside a rotted tree.

If the owls spot you, they swoop in by the scores and slice at you with razor-sharp talons, slowly whittling you to exhaustion before the flock moves in to feast. Only if you're lucky will you actually die from the slashings before the little bastards begin to pick at you with their beaks.

Wendigoes

This one scares the Hell out of me. Long ago, the Indians of the Washington State area suffered horribly from cold, hungry, winters. Every now and then, some desperate soul would resort to cannibalism. The Indians say such a person would become a "wendigo," a horrible, savage creature forever-after consumed with a ravenous hunger for human flesh.

Freaking Reckoning. Imagine something horrible, and it comes true.

Now hunters in the Cascade Mountains claim there's a huge clan of wendigoes living in a primitive village in the high peaks. I guess 200 years of the Reckoning and a lot of sick and starving losers will do that.

A famous hunter named Gunter Jurgenson (see my entry on **Leavenworth**, page 85), was one of the few who had fought the wendigoes and lived—for a while at least—that bastard Stone killed him. Before he died, he told his neighbors that there are actually several types of wendigoes—white, brown, black, and even a flying variety as well. He said there were also *hundreds* of wolf-men living in the village. The things appeared to be the wendigoes' slaves, and they cowered in crude lean-tos when they weren't hunting for their masters. Other "cabins" serve as larders. Jurgenson says they're filled with human carcasses.

The wendigoes are moving down from the mountains into the prime game areas. It's almost like they're slowly hunting the hunters to make it harder for the nearby settlements to get meat. Jurgenson was one of the few who had learned how to fight them in the snowy mountains. Since Stone killed him, there may not be anyone left to stop these horrors.

The Wizard's Tower

Ages ago, there was some kind of big game company in downtown Seattle. They produced this crazy card game and even triggered something of a craze before federal officials found out the trading cards were laced with an addictive mind-control drug.

That put the company out of business, but during that time, they put the money to good use building a huge, 15 story, "game center." Gamers from all over the world could come and geek out over the latest video, card, and miniature games, as well as those freaky paper and live-action roleplaying games. They even had high-tech such as linked supercomputers, full 3D virtual reality simulators, and orgasmotrons (adults only—don't ask).

When the feds put the company out of business, their mammoth game center got bought by other investors and renamed the "Wizard's Tower." They ditched the kid stuff and turned it into a "virtual experience" where folks could feel like they were in real adventures. You know, wizards, princesses, Western horror, stuff like that.

The Gamemaster

These days, a mad mutant called the "Gamemaster" has taken up residence in the tower (the rest of the block is in ruins). He uses the high-tech equipment to turn the complex into a much more dangerous game. When folks "died" in the game before, they just got booted out the door—no refunds. These days, death is a little more permanent thanks to deathtraps and armed minions.

I've been through one of these adventures, and while I wasn't able to end the Gamemaster's madness, I and most of my companions survived. My advice to you, should you ever find yourself his victim, is to never quit. The scenarios he creates often look hopeless, but it wouldn't be a game for him if there was no way to escape. Keep your head, think of your situation like a puzzle, and most importantly, DON'T kill everything that moves (this one was REAL hard for me). Some of the extras that populate the fantasy world are mutants, others are constructs, but those that don't attack you might provide you with critical clues.

"So Jo, Why Didn't You Level the Place?"

Good question. I know it would be great (and extremely satisfying) to just level the building, but a mess of mostly innocent muties and their families live inside the sprawling complex. The Gamemaster provides them with food and protection in exchange for labor. Also, I think most of the facility is actually hidden far below ground (I tried to

tunnel out through a "tree" and hit bedrock beyond the simulator's viewing area), so even if you don't care about hurting the (mostly) innocent muties living inside, you're not likely to do any real damage by leveling the building.

One last word of warning. The Gamemaster's mechanical minions lurk along the blocks near the game center. Go prowling around there and you'll likely find yourself injected, gassed, or shocked helpless. Then you'll wake up dressed as an elf in the middle of Sherwood Forest. He dressed me as a princess. I shredded my dress and ran around in my boxers for the rest of the game. Son-of-a-bitch. Dress me up like some pansy, "come hither" maiden

High Plains

Colorado, Dakota, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Wyoming

The High Plains cover a lot of territory. Mostly, they're covered in tall grass, low hills, and shallow gullies. A few areas are much more dramatic, like the Badlands or Yellowstone, but most of the High Plains are fairly flat. That's good because you can usually see the things that are chasing you from a ways off. It's bad because it might lull you into a false sense of security.

Sometimes the High Plains are called the Irradiated Plains. That's because the fallout just keeps blowing around the flat prairies. Rain washes it down one day, then a week of hot sun dries it out for the constant breeze to kick it back into the air. A wise traveler keeps a scarf over his mouth when crossing the plains. That keeps the worst of the fallout from getting in your lungs and might add a few more minutes to your life.

The Badlands

The Badlands are a weird stretch of land filled with tall, jagged ridges, steep cliffs, narrow chasms, and some of the most macabre-looking rock formations you've ever laid eyes on.

There's not much reason to go here unless you're looking for trouble, and there's plenty of that. Devil bats, another of the monsters the old *Tombstone Epitaph* was always ranting about, are still present in spades.

I can't imagine how they manage to eat though. There aren't enough people nearby to sustain such a large population. Maybe they feed off the rattlers or wormlings, 'cause there are plenty of those.

The Worm Cult

Over a century ago, a weird cult of rattler worshippers was rumored to exist in the



Our Fearless leader: Simon, Grandmaster of the Templars.

Badlands. The cult sacrificed humans to the giants in return for arcane powers. I'm told the land around "Worm Canyon" even took on the look of every victim the cult threw to the giant worms and their hungry babies—hence the weird rock formations.

Some do-gooders supposedly wiped out the cult and a good number of rattlers too. Whoever they were, they didn't finish the job, because the cult is still active. These loonies dye their skin and throw victims off the high cliffs of the Badlands to their creepy masters below.

Boise, Idaho

With a name like Boise (pronounced boy-zee for you foreign types), it's got to be good, right? Wrong. Boise's a stinkhole, plain and simple. Why? I'll tell you why.

First, this is the Templars' home. Oh, we're the good guys of course, but that's part of the problem. Most of the Templars are guys!

That's great when I'm looking for company but the tidal wave of testosterone coming off a bunch of sword-wielding, holier-than-thou, macho male Templars can really get to you sometimes.

Ah, Hell. I guess they deserve it. I mean, they have devoted themselves to saving the world and all. Still, what I wouldn't give for some solid female camaraderie sometimes.

The Grand Temple

The second reason I don't like Boise is that our Grand Lodge is *inside* the Boise ghost storm.

Yep. You gotta get through a 10-yard wall of screaming spirits to reach the Temple, and it hurts like Hell. We Templars can hack it, but most other folks can't. It's almost a living embodiment of Simon's principle: We can only help those who deserve it. Can't make it through the storm? Too bad. The weak get culled.

Personally, this is a bit much even for me. I mean, what about kids? How does Simon expect them to—well. This isn't the place.

The Hall of Heroes

On a hill a short distance away from the Grand Temple is the Hall of Heroes. This is where we display the swords, tabards, or whatever's left of our fallen comrades.

Your body gets cremated—Simon doesn't like the idea of having a bunch of Templar corpses all in one place—and stuck in an urn. Then they take the urn and seal it in a niche behind a long plaque telling of all your deeds. It's awe-inspiring in that cold place and more than a little creepy knowing someday you too will just be ash. That's assuming they find anything left of your corpse, of course.

Around the Hall of Heroes is the Heroes' Cemetery. This is where we bury honored heroes who weren't Templars, but who we felt deserved to be buried on hallowed ground.

Assuming I don't make it through the night, I'd appreciate it if you could see that my sword and tabard make it back to the Grand Temple. The Templars pay well for the return of their dead, and there's a niche in the Hall of Heroes with my name on it.

Seems a shame to leave it empty.

The Boise Horror

This is the real reason Boise doesn't top my list of top 10 places to visit: the Boise Horror. See, Boise is smack in the middle of a Deadland. You'd think with the Grand Temple there and all, Boise would have returned to normal, but it hasn't. I don't know why, but I do know the Deadland here has gave birth to the Boise Horror.

What is it? No idea. Every now and then we find a Templar or visitor torn to pieces. A hero named Teller thought he killed the Horror one, but it turned out it was just a bloodwolf. That's

great, and we're glad he killed the beast, but it didn't do a thing to slow the Horror down. The killings continue.

There's never been a (live) witness to any of the killings. Plenty of lesser evils creep around the downtown Boise ruins, and every now and then some snot-nosed squire kills a stray trog and says it's the Horror, but a few days later, another solitary victim is found shredded up. That's led some to believe the thing is invisible. Simon's come up with some bizarre schemes to find and kill the thing, but so far not a single one of them has worked.

If you ever get a chance to meet Simon, don't bring that fact up. It's a bit of a sore issue.

Denver

Don't go here. That's all you need to know about Denver.

Denver

Okay. You're obviously not listening. No one ever does.

Denver is the home of the Combine. You know, the Black Hats? Throckmorton? All those damned automatons? All right. Just to be complete, I'll start from the beginning.

During the War, a Confederate General named Throckmorton was in charge of a prison camp somewhere in the Rockies. Word from Cole Ballad (see page **XX**) who knows him well, is that Throckmorton got messed up pretty bad in the war. He had a good service record through, so the Rebs paid to have most of his body replaced with bionics. He isn't a cyborg, but he's the next-closest thing.

Anyway, besides captured Yankee troops, Throckmorton also got all the captured Northern Alliance equipment. His technicians were supposed to fix things up, then put them back into service with the Southern Alliance forces.

When the bombs fell, Throckmorton found himself with a whole lot of troops and equipment while the rest of the world was scavenging for beans. He even had a good number of technicians who knew how to fix things. So the General decided he'd be a hero. He pardoned his prisoners, added them to his own troops, and left the Rockies to reunite the nation, maybe even bringing the North and South back together again.

A Noble Beginning

His new country was to be called the American Combine. It was an apt choice of words. In case you don't know, a "combine" is also a big piece of farm machinery that threshes

everything before it. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

What I've said so far might have been the beginning of the beginning, and a good one at that. Throckmorton wandered east from the mountains and visited a number of villages. Since everyone hates him now, the legends say he destroyed everything in his path.

But the truth is—and I've seen the Librarians' firsthand accounts—that Throckmorton actually gave survivors he came across food, medicine, and even a few weapons to protect themselves from the growing mutie hordes. Remember this was just a few months after the Apocalypse, so few survivors had actually formed communities yet. When Throckmorton came through with all his shiny tanks, well-fed troops, and a little bit of hope, they willingly abandoned their hovels and joined his force.

Then the General found Hellstromme's automated factories on the outskirts of Denver. To understand how the factories came to be, and their impact on the Combine, you have to know a little more about how they came to be. Check out the section on Hellstromme under **Who's Who** (page **15**) if you haven't already, then come back here.

The Automated Factories

When Hellstromme relocated to Denver, I guess he decided people sucked. He built all-knew factories, this time automated almost exclusively by robots and artificially intelligent computers.

At first the factories made cars, labor-saving robots, and all manner of "smart" devices. Hell, the talking toaster Roger and I got as a wedding present was made in one of these factories.

Then the Last War began, so Hellstromme went back to his old habits. The factories were retooled and started cranking out weapons, automatons (robots wired with human brains), warbots (vehicles wired with human brains), and city-buster ghost-rock bombs. (Hey, he didn't want the third-world countries who couldn't build their own to feel left out, did he?)

In the end, if it was bad, Hellstromme made it. I guess he wanted to show the Mormons who was boss.

When the bombs finally fell, the factories were protected by some kind of weird force field. Evidently, Hellstromme was away at the time because he hasn't been seen since. I guess he got killed along with most everyone else (serves him right). His factories fell dormant.

Enter Throckmorton

This is what Throckmorton found when he got to Denver: a mass of perfectly protected

automated factories just waiting for someone to tell them what to make.

I don't know what Throckmorton's deal is, but within a few short weeks, he'd turned from savior to tyrant. The factories started making weapons, ammo, and automatons once again. That's when his armies started "liberating" villages. Only this time, he demanded supplies from them as tribute. And if they didn't pony up, the Black Hats started wiping people out. That's what they still do today.

For some reason, the factories can't make ghost-rock bombs anymore. I know this because like Taylor (of Junkyard, who has the most to fear from the Combine) has a spy inside. The spy doesn't know why, and even stranger, he's never heard Throckmorton complain about it. He does know that the Black Hats try to recover any ghost-rock bombs still out there however.

That means Throckmorton *wants* bombs but his factory can't make them. That's valuable—if somewhat curious—information for the rest of us.

The Compound

The automated factories are on the outskirts of Denver. Throckmorton's robots built barracks and other facilities for the higher-ranking humans, then formed a wall around the area with old cars and trucks, chainlink fences, cargo containers, piles of rubble, and whatever else they could find.

Just outside of the compound are fields and an old suburb called Lafayette where the farmers live. These folks are slaves captured in battle. Throckmorton puts them to work in the fields raising crops for the rest of his troops.

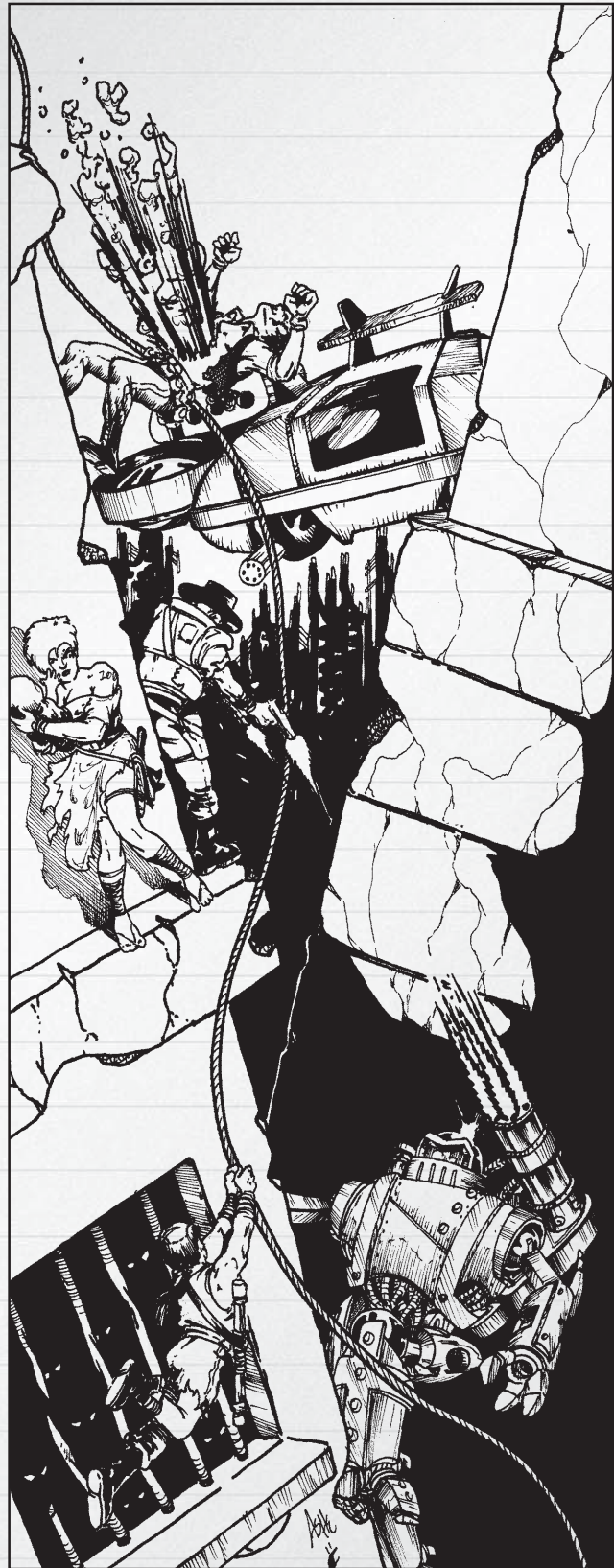
It's easy for these poor folks to escape into the ruins of downtown Denver, but it's nearly impossible to get further. The open fields surrounding the region are constantly patrolled by raptors. These flying warbots circle the area and gun down anyone they spy without a chip implanted in her head.

Downtown Denver

Downtown Denver is a nightmare. Black Hats can't stay in the compound, so scores of them hang out in the ruins. Some are "on leave," some are recuperating from injuries, some wait for a new patrol to join because their old one got wiped out, and some are just shirking their duties. These scum loiter in whatever shelter they can find, hunting rats for food and escaped slaves for fun.

The Resistance

A band of resisters and escaped prisoners eke out a living in the ruins and sewers of Denver. Throckmorton doesn't care that so many of his



An ordinary night in downtown Denver. I wish I was joking.

farmers escape, because the only place they can run to is the ruined city, and it's crawling with new automatons calibrating their sensors and weapons by hunting down escapees.

Most of the resisters just try to survive, but there are a few who actively attempt to sabotage the Combine's efforts. Woe to the Black Hat who gets caught alone at night in downtown Denver.

Life is hard for these partisans, but the aid and intelligence they can provide may be a key part of our defense when that bastard Throckmorton finally launches his attack on the West.

Deadwood

Deadwood was the home of the Ravenites. I told you about them earlier. Now I'm going to tell you about what happened to their town.

Deadwood boomed after 1900, first with ghost rock, later with casinos, then by selling arms. It was more decadent than Las Vegas, with more millionaires per square mile than Manhattan. It's said they rivaled Hellstromme for selling ghost-rock bombs to the third world. (Industrialized nations had their own.)

The power and the money must have pissed off the Old Wayers. They'd been preaching against these very vices for two centuries, but every generation of Sioux couldn't help but watch the Ravenites getting richer. So their ranks grew while the Old Wayers diminished.

Deadwood's population grew unchecked for decades. The problem was that the Old Wayers confined the town to an area about nine miles long and four wide. That meant construction had to go up instead of out. In the end, Deadwood existed on many levels, from dirty, rubble-strewn streets that never saw daylight to 50-story rooftops connected by walkways to keep the rich from having to mix with the poorer folks down below.

Then it all came crashing down. The fate of Deadwood reminds me of that old Bible story about Sodom and Gomorra. See, Gomorra was destroyed by God for its sins. I don't think God leveled Deadwood, not unless He looks like a charred corpse in a loincloth. See, a few days before the bombs fell, a strange figure walked into downtown Deadwood and started blasting. The news reports at the time said he had a rocket launcher of some sort, but that was a government cover-up. I know survivors who were there, and they say this thing shot streams of black fire out of its hands, toppling the already unstable maze of buildings.

The refugees fled into the wilderness and watched their city burn. Just a few days later, a city-buster landed smack on top of the ruins. In a

way, the early destruction of their city saved hundreds. Though thousands had already died, the rest were outside of town in refugee camps when the world ended.

Devils Tower

This massive, natural wonder stands almost 600 feet tall—at least the part of it that's left. The rest lies in 100-foot-tall piles around the base.

The Indian legends of the place say a massive grizzly chased some kids up to the top. The grooves down the side are its claw marks.

Whatever.

In truth, there was some sort of secret government research lab there. I don't know much about it, but it caught a city-buster in the Last war, which blew off half the tower.

A local band of Sioux claim it is now haunted by the ghosts of those who died there, and no all those who died were human. The Indians say hunched figures prowl the plains by night, looking for meat.

Fine. Shoot them.

Fort Bridger

A long time ago, a fellow named Jim Bridger established this waystation in southwestern Wyoming for settlers traveling west. It offered food and water and, more importantly, protection against hostile Indians. Fort Bridger grew into a town a few decades later and was almost a city when the Last War came.

The war damage to Fort Bridger was conventional, not nuclear, so the survivors of the area rebuilt Fort Bridger into an actual fort once again. Just like in the days of old, they trade goods with travelers and provide protection against several bands of bloodthirsty mutants who prowl the surrounding wastes.

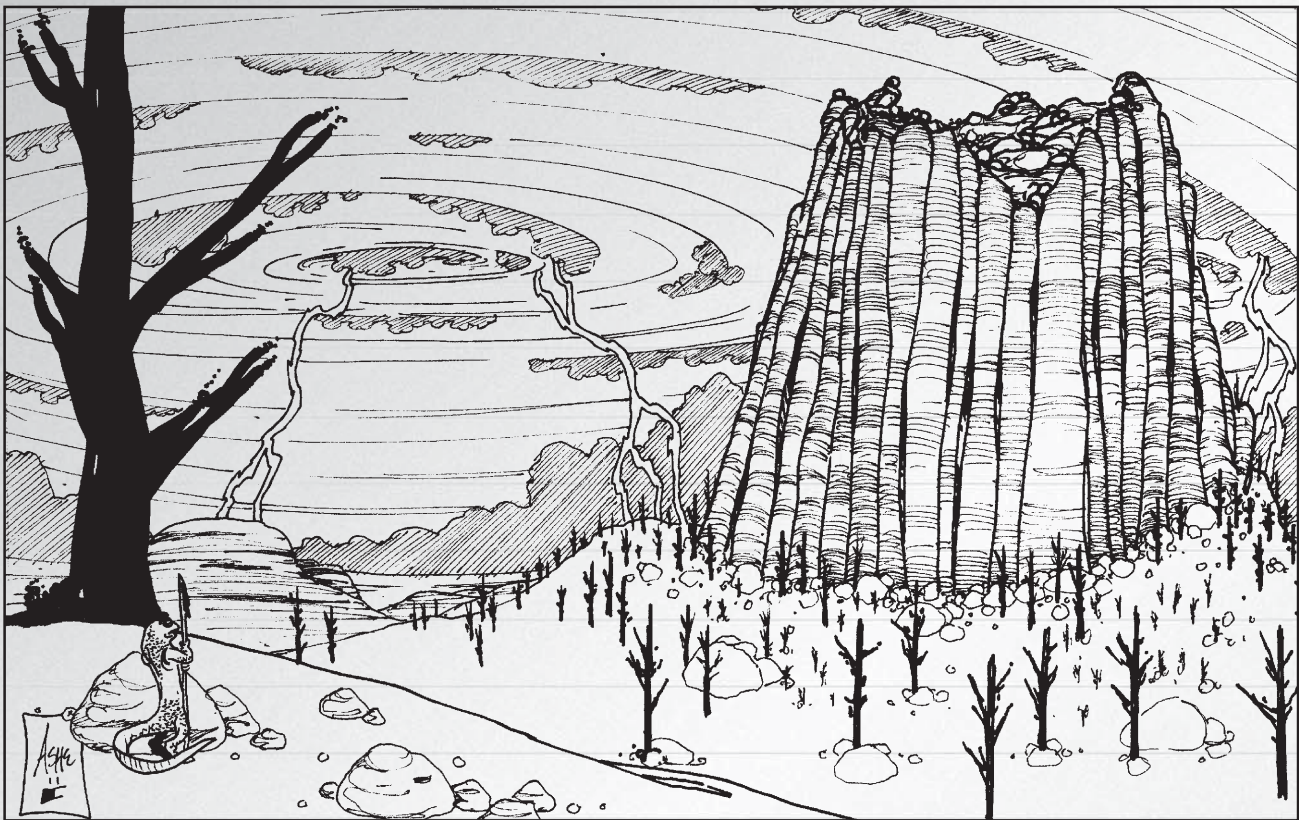
You can get basic supplies there at a decent price. Just watch out for some of the "independent" dealers who sometimes set up shop on the parade ground.

The Freeman

Over a century ago, hundreds of dissatisfied Northerners started protesting the Federal government. They claimed it was corrupt, militaristic, and had a secret agenda to sell out America to the UN. Two outta three ain't bad.

The "Freemen's" popularity waned for several decades, but then got a real shot in the arm when the Northern Alliance was exposed.

Thousands of survivalists and right-wing "patriots" cried revolution, then fled to the hills of Montana to await the battle. It never came, but when a Confederate force made the mistake of



Devils Tower as it looks today. This wonder of nature caught a city-buster in the Last War, but most of it survived. Or grew back.

entering their territory, hoping to coerce them into attacking the US, they proved they were no friends of the Rebs either.

These days there aren't so many Freemen left. The Confederates paid back their lack of hospitality with nukes. Those who are still around are well-armed at least. They've got tons of ammo, rockets, and even a few missiles. They're mostly paranoid nutcases, but they could come in handy should all of us ever get together to fight Throckmorton.

The Freemen are divided up into "families." If there's a leader to be found, it's definitely Michelle Stockton. She was once a housewife, but after her husband died fighting mutants a few years back, she took over and has proven one of the toughest fighters in a group of ferocious warriors. I've met Michelle. She's got a tanned face from years in the sun, and a stare that stabs right through you and makes it damn hard to lie. She's real quiet, but when she speaks, everyone listens.

Still, I could take her.

Helldown

Helldown has no walls to keep out marauders. Not physical ones at least. Instead, they rely on their grim reputations. You see, Helldown's citizens don't take the law into their own hands—they take the bad guys into their hands and wring their scrawny necks. That's why ever building in town is painted red.

Stangers are welcome here. Feel free to buy, sell, and otherwise trade your heart out. But don't cross anybody. Every capable person in town acts as the law, and they're all heeled to the gills.

I once saw a biker gang ride into town. There were 20 of 'em, meaner'n spit. They'd no more than gotten off their bikes and starting pushing the town's only bartender around when the whole population came out with pistols, shotguns, rifles—even a machine-gun mounted up on the roof. Next thing you know, the bikers are swinging from the light poles outside of town. I might have stepped in, but I knew this particular band, and they got what was coming to them.

The only problem I got with Helldowners is that they keep to themselves. Don't expect them to form a posse and help out their neighbors on the High Plains. Mayor Tawana Wilkins sees to that.

Mall of America

If you're old enough, you probably heard about the incredible Mall of America in St. Paul, Minnesota. It survived relatively intact, and a local named Anthony "Fat Tony" Mulachi made sure it wasn't looted. See, Tony was a minor mobster. He and his boys moved into the mall just a few hours after the Apocalypse, shot the few looters who were already inside, and claimed it as their own.

These days, Tony and the gang run the mall like a paradise. Outside, the rusting hulks of old vehicles litter the parking lot. Most are left over from the bombs that hit St. Paul, but a few are what's left of the road gangs that tried to raid the mall. Like any survivor settlement, the mall has defenses on the roof and, rumor has it, hidden among some of the old hulks as well.

Inside the mall is an entirely different world. The area between the stores is lined with plants, florescent lights line the halls, and there's even Muzak playing in the background!

You don't have to worry about fighting with anyone else over the goods. It costs \$20 just for the privilege to get in. Tony leaves folks alone once they're shopping—unless it looks like they're loitering. Then he throws them out if they don't show they're buying something.

There were hundreds of stores in the mall. Currently Tony only keeps 25 storefronts open. I hear he's trying to expand the operation, so who knows what the place will look like in a couple of months.

Each of the stores is organized by category. You'll find guns in one area, electronic parts in another, and so on. Tony gets new items from anyone who brings them in.

Many trade caravans go back and forth from here to Junkyard (after taking a long northerly route around Denver). That means Tony also keeps a good supply of spook juice, ammo, and bullets on hand. They cost more than in Junkyard—about 50% more—but Junkyard is a long way away. Other items aren't so bad—about 25% more than normal. And there's no haggling. Everything is clearly marked with one set price.

Tony even operates five different restaurants inside. Sure, three of them are Italian, and you'll very likely be the only customer in the whole joint, but it's a real treat if you remember what it used to be like. Tony's other two restaurants serve steaks, burgers, and seafood from the Mississippi. I'd watch out for the latter—Tony brought me a three-eyed trout one day and my Geiger counter started ticking like a time bomb.

Near Wichita

Maybe you've seen one of these wide-eyed gals who fancies herself a witch. The way I understand it, there are instructions for casting spells in this old book from the 1960s called *How to Serve Your Man*. These "witches" usually run on the good side of the fence, helping folks and blasting horrors. I'm sure they're not all Glenda the Good Witch, but most of them don't cause too much trouble.

But there is one batch of witches I'd love to drop a building on. This bunch lives in the irradiated ruins of Wichita. I guess they just couldn't resist the name.

Anyway, the Wichita coven is way more powerful than any other witches I've met. And evil to the womb too. No one knows much about them except they're fierce man-haters.

I know the witches don't like the men because they use them for parts. I'm talking witch's brews, target practice, and so on. They've got the remains of a few unfortunate fellows hanging outside the Wichita storm. Get caught inside the storm, and you'd best have on a dress.

I'm not sure what it is that makes these chicks more powerful than their sisters, but in the end it doesn't really matter. Someone needs to wipe out these murderous bitches.

Rattlers

You'll find these massive worms in several places: the Badlands, the Mojave, and even around Junkyard. The ones in the Badlands seem to be the most numerous. Maybe there's just fewer people there to mess with them.

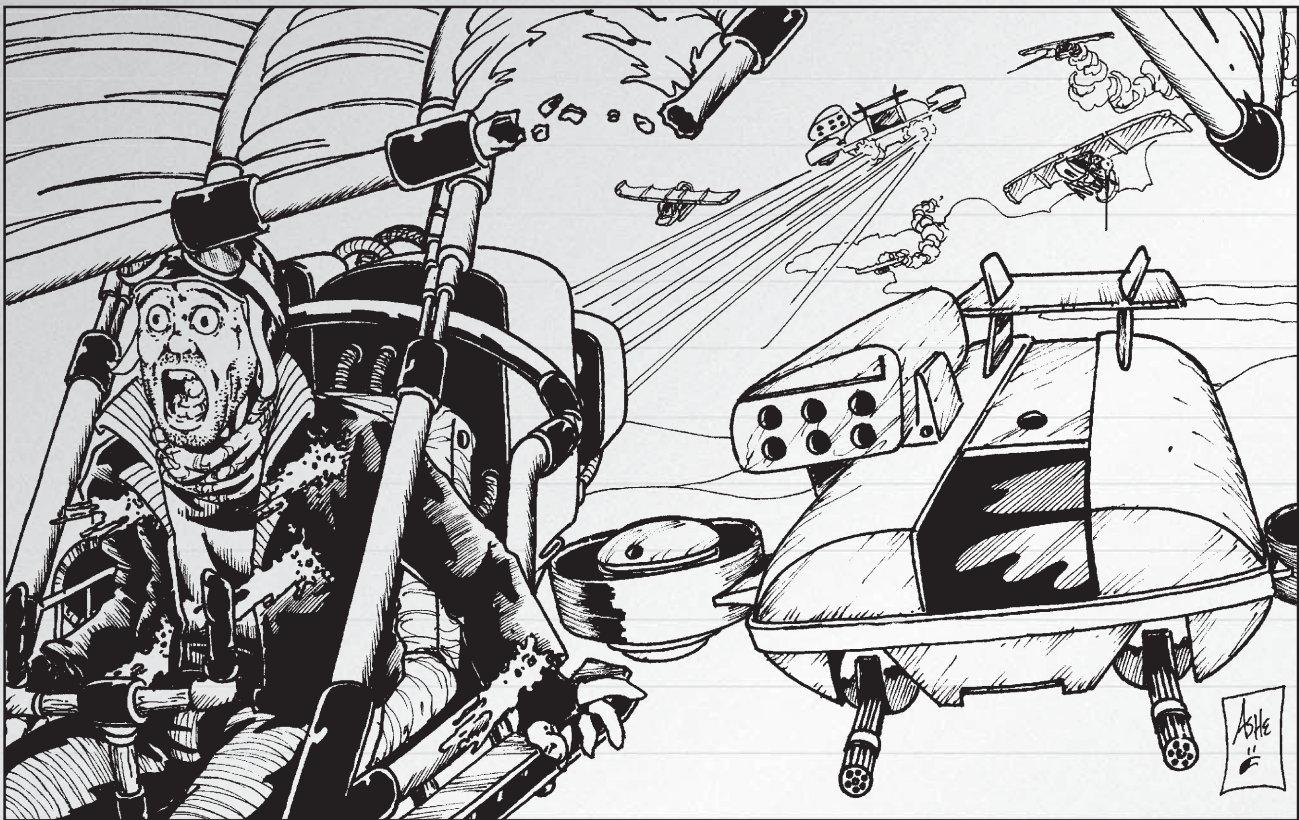
These things are huge. I'm talking several football fields here. They sense prey by vibration. If you feel your teeth rattle (hence the name), hold real still or start climbing some tall rocks. There's probably a worm below ground, heading for you.

The Sioux

The Sioux fared well during the Last War. They didn't get invaded, and nobody nuked them. Even their huge buffalo herds managed to escape the livestock plagues that wiped out so many cattle and cows. Big medicine, I guess.

But then War headed into the Dakotas after he finished razing Kansas. The Old Wayers met him with bows, arrows, and tomahawks. What happened next is a sad tale of greed.

The Ravenites went to their "poor brothers" aid with modern guns, artillery, rockets, and so on. Most of those who fought were either poor Ravenites or mercenaries hired by wealthier souls



A group of overambitious Sky Pirates tangle with a flight of General Throckmorton's raptors.

back at the refugee camps. This hastily formed army was decimated in the field, due in part to inexperience, but mostly because a son-of-a-bitch named Tommy Two-Women armed them with SA-13 Assault Rifles.

If you ever find one of these things, throw it away. They jam when the wind blows. A lot of good people got killed by War's horse because of these guns. Some say Two-Women is still alive. If you ever meet him, gut him like a trout.

Sky Pirates

Somewhere in the high peaks of the Rockies is a huge den of survivors who call themselves the Sky Pirates. I'm not sure how they got started, but these days, there are a couple hundred of them, and almost all of them have some sort of flying machine. Some have Cessnas, some have autogyros, and most have ultralights.

For a while, the Sky Pirates made their living raiding the towns west of the Rockies, and occasionally even the camps of the biker gangs. They'd swoop down out of the sky at twilight like a horde of airborne Vikings, fire off a few rounds, and drop a few sticks of dynamite. Then

some of them landed and started pillaging while the rest stayed in the air ready to bomb or strafe anyone who resisted.

Fortunately, a greater evil turned them from common bandits into dubious heroes. Of course I'm talking about the Combine.

A short while after Throckmorton found the factories and started demanding tribute, he sent a helicopter full of Black Hats to find the home of the Sky Pirates. The Combine airmen were led to the Sky Pirates' home, where they demanded tribute and were promptly refused. The Black Hats vowed to return with enough firepower to wipe the pirates out, and they took off. Of course the pirates took off right behind and downed the helicopter once it was well away from their secret home.

Throckmorton has been trying to find their lair again ever since. These days he relies on a few mountaineers (who suffer horrible fates when they're caught) and a fleet of automated flying machines such as raptors.

The Sky Pirates didn't fare too well at first. They tried to take down the raptors, and they found out just how deadly those bad boys are. They the got a little smarter and adjusted their tactics. They also made peace with the towns on

the other side of the Rockies and were able to buy some decent weapons from Junkyard.

Now the Pirates and the Combine are in a constant state of guerrilla war. The Pirates raid Black Hat patrols and tribute caravans, and ambush raptors in a vain attempt to one day gain air superiority. That's a losing battle, and the Pirate casualties are high. They've slowed down in the last year. I suspect Ike Taylor of Junkyard has talked them into playing it safe. That way they'll be in good shape to help fight the Combine when Throckmorton eventually decides to push west.

The Mississippi Delta

Arkansas, Louisiana, Missouri

The Mighty Miss flooded her banks sometime after the Apocalypse. I don't know exactly when or why. It's not like there were any weather people left to analyze it. All I know is that it did, and it's still flooded today. Locals tell me it's about 12 feet higher than it used to be and can get much worse during a good rain.

That caused the Mississippi to shift its course, overrunning the levees and turning most of lower Louisiana into a vast, stinky swamp.

Baton Rouge

What was left of Baton Rouge didn't hold much appeal for anyone. Swampy ruins and a whole mess of mosquitoes just don't make prime vacation territory. Besides, most anything worth looting was underwater.

Then along comes Evelyn Reynard. Evelyn used to be a New Orleans beat cop years ago, but she'd hung up her guns long before the Reckoners broke into our world. Seeing humanity teetering on the edge, she dug out her badge and pistol for one last go-round. She's not a Law Dog, you understand—they don't stay put—but she's as tough as any I've met.

Under Evelyn's guidance, and with the assistance of former civil engineer Rupert Tinsdale, Nouveau Baton Rouge was built on the places still poking out of the river. The buildings are connected by swinging bridges and floating boardwalks made from steel cables with wooden planking. The Miss protects it from threats from land, and the rubble makes it hard for creatures or large rivercraft—like those used by the River Rats—to assault it.

These days the town's population runs to nearly 200 souls. Most of the folks fish or farm the rooftop gardens. Others try to renovate and repair surrounding buildings or prowl the ruins of old Baton Rouge for salvage.

Nouveau Baton Rouge is a good place to stay. As long as you stay on Evelyn's good side, she lets travelers sleep in one of the unfinished buildings (for free), trade with the warehouse, or even watch a movie (they get slugs from Movie Town fairly regularly).

Hell Swamp

I thought the Cajuns who gave Hell Swamp its name were being a little melodramatic until I had to track a critter through there and destroy it. Why? I'll tell you.

Let's start with the heat and humidity. You could stand stark-naked in front of a swampboat fan, and you'd still sweat enough water to make you a fortune out in the desert. Forget about wearing any kind of body armor. You'd broil and die in a few hours.

Then there's the swamp itself. The water ranges from just a few inches to over 60 feet deep. It's thick, it's green, and if you drop a flashlight in a puddle I'd take the bet that you won't find it. Don't even think about drinking water from the swamp without a purifier.

Of course, below all that water is mud. I don't mean the kind you used to make pies out of. I'm talking about mud that grabs hold of a person like gum. If you're lucky, you'll just lose a boot. If you're unlucky, you'll sink straight down and never be seen again. The *really* unlucky ones sink to their waist and just can't get free. Ever. That's a slow and miserable way to die.

After the mud comes the snakes. There are snakes hanging from every tree. You won't see them all, but they're there. Paddle your boat under a low-hanging tree, and you'll get a show of the damn things.

Next there's the mosquitoes. I'm sure they were deadly enough before Judgment Day. Now, they carry a nasty virus that turns your blood into sludge. I watched a companion of mine die a slow, painful death. First his arteries hardened. Then, a few hours later, his heart popped like a balloon. Not a pleasant sight. You'd better scavenge up some serious bug repellent before heading into the swamps.

If you survive the heat, the mud, the snakes, and the mosquitoes, you're just saving yourself for a gator. These suckers are huge. I saw one 30 feet long, and I hear they get up to twice that these days. Maybe that's just swamp fever making the local Cajuns exaggerate, but I wouldn't take the chance.

The Cajuns

What kind of lunatics live in a place like this? Several communities of Cajuns, of course. Some

of the smaller towns are up in the huge cypress trees. They connect their homes with ropes, boardwalks, and pulleys. Others build on floating rafts tethered between trees.

They live by hunting those giant gators and other swamp critters. Most have wooden canoes and an assortment of old aluminum boats. One really prosperous settlement, Houma, has swampboats converted to run off methane. They even trade their game with some of the river settlements further up the Miss, like Nouveau Baton Rouge. This is a good place to get a guide to take you into the lower swamps by the way.

Most of the Cajuns are friendly and like to help folks too stupid to stay out of Hell Swamp. A few, usually the cruder places full of mutants, see intruders as meals on two legs. If you come across any kind of settlement in the swamps, spy on the inhabitants for a good, long while before going in. It might save you from a bad dining experience. If you know what I mean.

Kansas City

Kansas City, Missouri, got hit with an honest-to-God, 10-megaton nuke. The blast flattened the city and everything within 11 miles. You don't want to go anywhere near here. The radiation is real, not this goofy, supernatural ghost-rock stuff. That means it's actually more deadly. Ghost rock rads might just mutate you. The stuff here is just death.

There's a lot of speculation about why KC got nuked for real. The most popular theory is kind of nuts, but it makes more sense than anything else. President Bates was a Raiders fan, and they got beat in the last Super Bowl by the Kansas City Chiefs. Now that's a fan.

New Orleans

"Nawlins" as the locals once called it, was already 10 feet below sea level before the Miss flooded. You can imagine what that means now. With no one to shore up banks and dredge riverbeds, the city drowned. The first two floors of any building are beneath at least 20 feet of water, the bottom third of which is pure mud. Add several swirling waterspouts from the ghost storms, and you've got one Hell of a mess.

No one lives in New Orleans these days, but scavengers are fairly common. They ply flat-bottomed scows through the flooded city and dive down into the water, looking for salvage.

Like any Deadland, the ruins of New Orleans have plenty of monsters. I've heard tales of silt demons, giant gators, and (of course) zombies.

Mama Tibutu

Fortunately for anyone who's ever had to go here, there's a friendly voodoo priestess who's taken over several buildings in the old French Quarter. "Mama Tibutu" is well-outfitted and trades with some of the salvagers who venture into her domain. Most importantly, she has healing poultices, curse removals, and charms to protect you in the swamps. She'll sell them to you if she likes you. Just make sure you treat Mama Tibutu with respect. Those who don't get cursed. I don't know exactly what that means, but I'm sure it can't be good.

River Rats

There's a new breed of giant rat living along the shores of the Mighty Miss. They weigh in at about nine pounds, have a ratlike tail, webbed feet, and really, really big teeth. You'll see these creepy things all along the banks, looking for food. Sometimes they even follow a wounded riverboat and wait for it to ground. Then they swarm over it in scores and chew up the crew.

On the flip side, the things are damn-good eating, at least the way the Cajuns cook 'em.

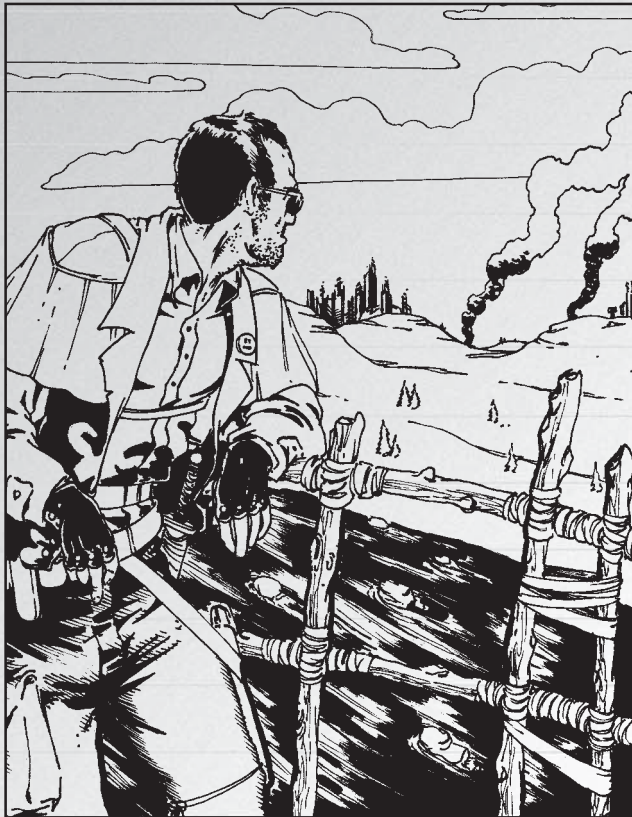
[The Other] River Rats

Five years ago, the River Watch, a mess of Law Dogs, and even a few Templars decided they wanted to know more about what was going on across the Mississippi. They kept sending patrols over, but most of the boats they used couldn't even outrun the river leviathans and other aquatic horrors. Those few who did get across rarely made it back. And the 1% of that 1% who did could only say that there were literally hundreds of thousands of undead, and mutter dark rumors about some place called Necropolis.

So the smart ones (who hadn't gone across yet) decided to raise an army. They put together a fleet of reinforced barges and riverboats. (The latter were mostly casinos before the bombs.) Then they gathered over 100 volunteer soldiers, put them on the boats, and sent them across the river to find out what in Hell was really going on.

The trip started as bad as you'd think. The fleet got hit by a river leviathan. The volunteers fought, but it was the Law Dogs and Templars who took the worst of it.

I guess that fight took the wind out of the volunteers' sails, and they sure as Hell weren't ready to head across the Mighty Miss, so they all "voted" to turn the boats back around and land on the west bank. When the Templars and Law Dogs pulled rank on the mutineers, a fight broke out. 'Course if I'd been there, it would have been a



Watching Necropolis: A member of the River Watch stands his post.

different story, but I guess these bozos weren't all that experienced. The mutineers killed those who got violent, and they threw the rest off into the Miss.

The leader of the mutiny was a woman who calls herself Elvira. Cute name, huh? She gathered the volunteers together and they voted to keep the boats for themselves as their "pay." Since then, they've been paddling up and down the Miss, raiding some towns and selling their plunder to others.

If I don't kick the bucket, I'm going after these backstabbers next.

The River Watch

Five years or so after Judgment Day, wild stories about life across the Mississippi started filtering out West. Plenty of people had crossed over, but few returned. I know that sounds like a line from a thousand stories, but it was true.

Hardly anyone ever came back. Those who did said the heavily populated East was a blackened ruin, crawling with undead.

These legions of undead were busy exterminating all life in the East, and it seems they did a pretty good job of it. The Law Dogs are

worried enough that they pay spotters to man a score of outposts along the Mississippi and watch for a possible invasion. These men and women are called the River Watch. They're the first line of defense against the undead horde growing over there, and they all know they'll be little more than a speed-bump should the army catch them off-guard.

If a member of the River Watch ever asks you for assistance, I'd advise helping them. I have a bad feeling about whatever is going down across the river, and these folks may give the only warning we get when whatever is going to happen happens.

The Wild Southwest

Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas

The southwest is just as hot and arid as you think it is. Hell, it's probably worse. One thing that surprises most folks, however, is how many different types of terrain there are down here. You've got rocky canyons and narrow passes in New Mexico and Arizona, rolling hills and flat plains in Texas, and a vast, brushy expanse in Oklahoma. About the only thing all four states have in common is their dry heat.

Here's a bit about the things you'll find in this mixed environment.

Dead Towns

Every now and then, you'll come across a town full of withered, dry corpses. I've seen "ghost towns" before, places where everyone had been slaughtered and left for the buzzards, but nothing like these abattoirs that pop up every few months in the southwest.

The bodies have massive wounds, and strange holes all over them, so that rules out vampires. Could be tumbleweeds, but the towns are usually walled so I don't see how they'd get in. You could just ask the survivors, of course. If you could ever find any. No one's ever escaped that anyone knows of.

There is a girl in Near Tucson who came in just after one of these events, but she doesn't say much. She just sits in a corner and rocks. Get her to talk, and you might find something out. Then you might be able to put a stop to this mass carnage.

Houston

Back around 1960 or so (I forget exactly when), the Rebels proved they had the most advanced space program in the world. What they didn't have was a lot of money. Since it was a time of

relative peace, they decided to open up the Houston Spaceport as an international launch center. They figured by sharing most of their technology, they could make a few bucks and keep an eye on everyone else as well.

The Russians were the first to take them up on it. (I think they'd suffered some sort of disaster.) The US quietly declined for a while, but after one of their ships blew up in 1984, they agreed. From then on, the Houston Spaceport became the most advanced facility in the world. It had to be, because even Dr. Hellstromme, then still a citizen of Deseret, used it.

It was from Houston that he launched the ships that would build the experimental Tunnel in orbit. Later, more ships launched from Earth and flew through the Tunnel to discover Faraway. By 2050 or so, every nation with a space program used the station.

When the bombs fell, Houston got nuked as well. The spaceport was fairly far outside of Houston proper, and it wasn't directly targeted by anyone. No nation wanted to be the one responsible for bombing the UN spaceport. However, the ghost storms from the bombing of Houston ripped through the facility like a cloud of steel knives, killing almost all of the base personnel where they sat, stood, or slept. Within minutes, the Houston Spaceport went from a bustling busy facility to massive tomb for its occupants.

But that wasn't the end of the story. In 2082, the last ship to exit Faraway came through the Tunnel. It was the *Unity*, loaded up with civilians and nearly a thousand sykers recalled to fight the war. I understand there was some sort of trouble on the *Unity*, and only half or so (mostly the sykers) got away. Those who did, got in their launch ships (the *Unity* was far too big for atmosphere) and landed on a preprogrammed glide path to Houston.

Touchdown

The sykers were way too late. These guys were already a grim bunch after what they had seen and done on Faraway, so you can imagine what it felt like to think they were coming home only to see their world all blown to Hell. They all went their separate ways and never looked back.

Some of them heard Pestilence was nearby and took off after him. I heard 30 or so of the toughest sykers went up against the Horseman, only to catch a hideous and incredibly painful disease that slowly turned their internal organs to jelly. The worst part is, some of them haven't died from it yet, and that was over a decade ago. I guess Pestilence wanted to prove something.

The Lone Biker of the Apocalypse

There are a lot of bad people out there—people so nasty their blood'll eat through your boots after you stomp guts.

But there's one fellow out there who puts them all to shame. I know it sounds corny, but this monster never talks, so everyone just calls him the Biker. If they're feeling particularly melodramatic, they call him the Lone Biker of the Apocalypse.

The Biker is a big fellow armed with a double-barreled shotgun and a bandolier full of grenades. He rides a huge, souped-up Harley over the broken highways of the Southwest. The Biker seems to be on a quest of some sort, because he'll ride into a town, sniff the air a few times, and look everyone over (particularly if they're carrying a child). If anyone talks to him, he shoots them.

He's been shot back, of course. People aren't afraid of much these days, and they aren't too slow on the draw either, but so far he's survived. I don't know if he's a really tough mutant, lucky, or something more.

I suggest someone find out and finish the Biker somehow. I got a feeling if he finds if he finds whatever or whoever he's looking for, something bad's going to happen.

Near Dallas

Outside the ruins of Dallas is an old mall now serving as home to a small group of survivors. Jeremy Kane was an usher at the Mall's Sensoround Megaplex theatre, the Dallas Grand. After the War, he restored the theater and started charging admission. Jeremy's current price is \$20 a seat for the thrill (a really cheap price).

Kane also pays \$200 for salvaged slugs encoded with the Sensoround tech—as long as he doesn't already have a copy of a particular film.

Be careful if you decide to try one of these Sensoround thingies. The "mature" films leave you looking for love in all the wrong places. The horror flicks are so realistic that viewers occasionally suffer heart attacks.

Phoenix

A few weeks after the bombs dropped, Death and a small horde of undead walked through the ruins of Phoenix. The city had been devastated by two battles and a number of city-busters, leaving scores of bodies in the mass graveyards outside town. Unfortunately, most of these were hardened soldiers, and in case you didn't know it, these make the best walking dead for the Reckoner's legions.

Death raised the Phoenix dead "from the ashes" and took them into his fold. Then he rode northwest across the High Plains and turned small bands of his groaning minions against the survivor settlements he crossed.

To this day, Phoenix is crawling with Death's minions. What makes this a real shame are the rumors I've heard about all the military equipment left lying around the place by the various armies that clashed there during the Last War. That stuff sure would come in handy against the Combine.

But then again, maybe those are just stories meant to lure the folks into Death's domain.

S-Mart Overlord

S-Mart was the largest chain of "superstores" in the Southwest. The owner, Sam Dalton, had a great chain, but he was always jealous of the larger, nation wide megastores. In the last few years before the war, Sam went more than a little mad and started discounting things like crazy. A high-definition monitor that cost \$400 at most discount stores went for \$210 at S-Mart. The stores blew through inventory like mad, and the central processing warehouse a few miles outside of Lubbock, Texas, grew into a huge "factory outlet."

Then the bombs hit. Within hours, thousands rushed to the warehouse. Being Texans, they came heeled with pistols, rifles, shotguns, and even confiscated military equipment like machine-guns and flamethrowers. The unfortunate security guards had only 10mm pistols. Still, they circled the trucks, manned the guard towers and the warehouse roofs, and did the best they could.

The Warlord Cometh

Then the meanest bastard of the bunch showed up. He was a professional pit fighter who stage name was the "Overlord." He took it to heart, gathered a group of fans who instantly recognized his costume, and organized a rout of all the other looters.

The S-Mart security guards at first thought the Overlord was on their side and welcomed him into the compound. Sounds naïve, but I guess some of them were fans. As you might expect, the Overlord gave them an easy choice: join him or die. Most joined.

The S-Mart Overlord looked out over his spoils and realized that most of it was useless. S-Mart didn't stock much in the way of food, and rubber trash cans and kitchen drainers wouldn't be a big help in taking over the world.

So he took what was left of his army, gathered

up the weapons of the fallen, and turned the stockyard's semis into massive war-trucks. Then the Overlord and his horde scoured the surrounding plains of northwest Texas for more weapons. They hit several squads of soldiers stationed far away from the blast sites, a few survivor towns, and finally a National Guard armory. During these bloody battles, the gang also accumulated a fair number of vehicles they used to complement their fleet.

When the Overlord was satisfied, he returned to the old warehouse and put his minions to work rebuilding its defenses. This they did, complete with tin walls made from the warehouses and trailers, a moat of broken glass and jagged metal, machine-guns turrets on the corners of the walls, and hidden bunkers out in the surrounding hills.

The Overlord Today

These days the Overlord and his army of a thousand or so take tribute from the farms to their south and east. They don't get much from the north or west where they must compete with the Combine's Black Hats.

They supplement their supplies by sending out the war-trucks and escort vehicles all over the panhandle and even up into Oklahoma and Kansas. The caravans to and from Junkyard are rich pickings for these desert buzzards. They stay away from the Combine's tribute caravans though.

If you run into the Overlord's troops, try to kill the leaders—the "Warmongers." Look for these bruisers standing imperiously on the back of a converted car, commanding the rest with gestures and hand signals.

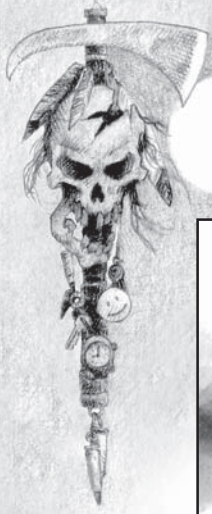
A Final Note?

Okay, waster. I'm coughing up blood here, so I'm calling this thing done. If there aren't any more notes after this, you know what happened. I'd appreciate it if you'd burn my body if you can, or at least bury me. I can't stand the thought of feeding some varmint.

I know you'll probably loot my body. Can't blame you. But do me one favor. I got some pictures stuck inside my coat. I'd like to take those to the grave with me.

The sword is worth a lot more in Boise than the trouble it'll bring you if you keep it. Take it and my tabard there, tell Simon it was Jo's and he'll drop at least \$500 on you. Promise.

That's it, brainer. Turn off the damn palmcorder and go kill something. And kill an extra monster for me while you're at it.





Chapter Two: Characters & Classes

Welcome to the Wasted West brainer. Now that Jo has filled you in on all the details of what you will find in the remains after Judgment Day, it's our job to get you set up to go out there, pick up the pieces, and begin kicking some monster ass again. To make it easy on you brainers from Yorba Linda, we are going to try to be as close to *Deadlands D20* as we can, and for you wasters who haven't picked that one up yet, pay attention because I don't repeat myself.

Race

Unlike what you might think, the ghost-rock bombs and regular nukes didn't spawn any new races. Well that's not entirely true. While they did spawn new races, they were all of the monster variety, so the only race available to players in *Hell on Earth* is human, same as always.

There are still a few different cultures out there: mainly the remaining Indian tribes, what's left of "civilized" folk in the West, and the few Chinese immigrants still

operating in the Maze. Otherwise, you would have to venture a fair distance to meet any other cultures, and that's just not a real smart thing to do right now.

For you brainers out there we'll recap the human racial traits one more time to make sure you don't forget something when you're putting your character together.

Human Racial Traits

Medium-size: Humans have no special bonuses or penalties due to their size.

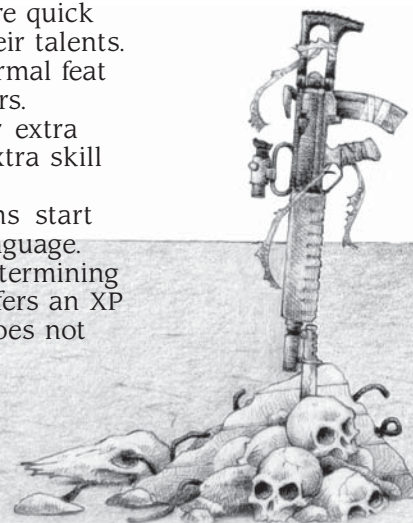
Base Speed: 30

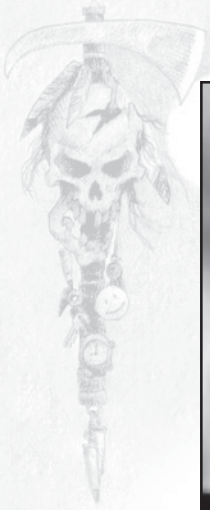
Feats: All human characters gain an extra feat at first level, as they are quick to master tasks and varied in their talents. This feat is in addition to the normal feat granted to all first level characters.

Skill Points: Humans get four extra skill points at 1st level and one extra skill point at each additional level.

Automatic Language: Humans start with six ranks in their native language.

Favored Class: Any. When determining whether a multiclass human suffers an XP penalty, his highest-level class does not count.





Mutation Check

Roll	Card
3	Black Joker
4	Two
5	Three
6	Four
7	Five
8	Six
9	Seven
10	Eight
11	Nine
12	Ten
13	Jack
14	Queen
15	King
16	Ace
17	Red Joker
18	Marshal's Pick

The Classes

Hell on Earth has eight basic character classes. They are:

Doomsayer: These post-apocalyptic zealots believe that "normal" humans are going the way of the dodo, and they have the power to prove it, by harnessing the power of radiation itself. Unlike some of their more malicious brethren, this band is willing to allow humankind to die out on their own, and not help them along their way.

Junker: What mad scientists were to the Weird West, these bad boys are to the Wasted West. They are still trying to harness the power of ghost rock, but now they have to scrounge for their parts and yank the energy still literally kicking and screaming from the stones to work their magic.

Ravenite: These bad boys (and girls) are Indians who laughed at the "Old Ways" movement. They embraced technology and became incredibly rich before the Big Bang. They usually have lots of primo equipment, body armor, weapons, and LOTS of ammo.

Scavenger: For some, scroungin' isn't just a means to an end, it's a way of life. Scavengers are some of the bravest (or most foolhardy, take your pick) people left in the Wasted West. They will go into just about any kind of ruin to see what valuable piece of junk they can lay their hands on. If you are looking for something in particular, find yourself a scavenger. If they don't have it, chances are they know who has it or where to get it.

Syker: Take a group of hardened soldiers, amp their brain power up a couple dozen notches, and let them loose. That's what you get with a Syker. They can rip a shard of metal off the side of a

Mutations

Sometimes a brainer gets affected by the radioactive and supernatural energy that has permeated the Wasted West. When this happens, the character develops a mutation of some sort. These can be beneficial or detrimental, but they almost always mark the character in one way or another.

When you create a character for the Wasted West, roll 3d6 and compare the result to the Mutation Check chart below. If you are unlucky enough to roll a Black Joker, you have a mutation of some sort. Check with your Marshal to see what kind of mutation you have and how it manifests.

If you get the Marshal's Pick, the Marshal decides whether or not you have a mutation, but doesn't have to tell you right away. You might be a mutie and not even know it!

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burned out car and fling it through a target without so much as lifting a finger, or make you think that pool of acid you are swimming in is the pond out back of Aunt Minnie's farm.

Tale-Teller: Even in the remains of civilization a good show is appreciated. Tale tellers travel the Wasted West finding and retelling stories of epic acts of heroism. They know the secret to defeating the Reckoners is by spreading hope and eroding fear. To do this they join with other heroes in defeating evils and then make sure the locals know of their victory.

Templar: Holier-than-thou, nit-picky, son of a guns these guys (and gals) are. And they may just be the ones to save us all—if they decide we're worth it. Templars not only fight like a devil, but they can heal like an angel and a whole lot more as they get stronger from facing the worst the Wasted West can throw at them.

Waste Warrior: This is the rest of what's left of humanity who isn't hiding under the remains of the dead. They've decided to fight for what they have and won't back down from anyone or anything. Some are ex-military, but most are just plain, ordinary folks who have been confronted with extraordinary situations and rose up to challenge them.

Class Name Abbreviations: The standard abbreviations for classes are: Dsr, Doomsayer; Jkr, Junker; Scv, scavenger; Syk, Syker; Ttr, Tale-teller; Tmp, Templar; and Wwr, Waste Warrior.

Multiclassed Characters

As your hero survives the Wasted West and piles up some experience and levels, you may find you want to broaden her abilities just a bit. This is exactly what multiclassing allows you to do.

Multiclassed characters are allowed in *Hell on Earth* except that a hero may never have two arcane backgrounds. A syker may not become a Doomsayer, a Templar may not become a syker, and so on.

Class Descriptions

This section describes each class available in *Hell on Earth*. In each description, we've included a brief introduction to the class to help you get a "feel" for what a character of that class is like and how he might fit into the setting. Of course, a lot of that depends on how you decide to play him and what sort of information you come up with for the character.

Following that is the game information on the character's abilities and special abilities.

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Game Rule Information

We've broken the game rule information down into categories to make it quicker to reference.

Alignment: Most character classes in *Hell on Earth* don't require specific alignments (Doomsayers and Templars are the notable exceptions). For the most part, characters in the Wasted West are of neutral or good alignment. A player can make an evil character, but it might not often make sense why such an individual would accompany a posse of "white hats" in their quest to turn back the forces of darkness. This is entirely between the player and the Marshal.

Abilities: These are the abilities that are likely to be the most important to a character of that class. A hero who has scores in the listed abilities is likely to be more successful than one who doesn't. That doesn't mean you *have* to put your character's best scores in these abilities—sometimes it's more entertaining to play a hero who doesn't quite fit the usual mold!

Class Skills: This section lists the skill points available to a character and which skills are available to the class. Skills not on this list are considered cross-class skills.

Class Features: Features unique to each class and what benefits a hero derives from them are listed in this section.

Class Table: The Class Table shows how your character's abilities improve at different levels. Although the tables differ from class to class, they usually have the following:

Level: The character's level in that particular class.

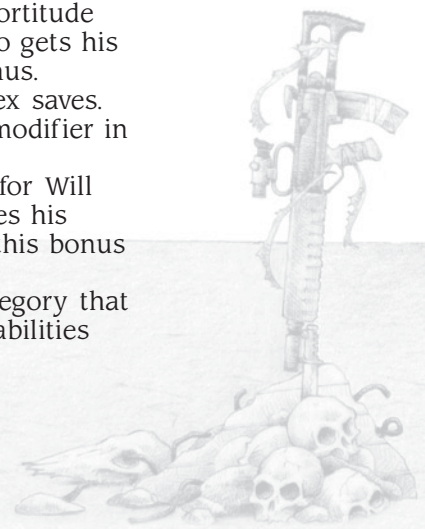
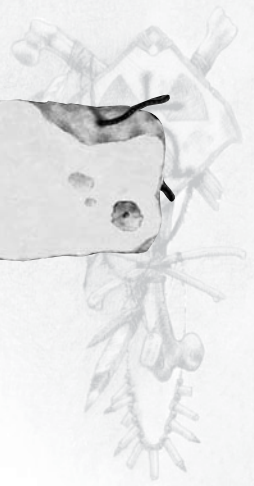
Base Attack Bonus: The base attack bonus and number of attacks per round.

Fort Save: The modifier for Fortitude saving throws. The character also gets his Constitution modifier to this bonus.

Ref Save: The bonus for Reflex saves. The hero also get his Dexterity modifier in addition to this base modifier.

Will Save: The base modifier for Will saving throws. A character applies his Wisdom modifier in addition to this bonus for Will saves.

Special: This is a catchall category that includes any non-specific class abilities that are level-based.



Doomsayer

A Doomsayer is a human who has been mutated and believes that normal humans, "norms," are on the extinction list and that mutants are the next step of evolution. Their mutation (s) give them different power (s) that they use to forward their cause.

Doomsayers are split-off from the Cult of Doom and its leader Silas Rasmussen, the Mutant King. They are noticeable by their purple robes, which they openly wear to show their faith while they go out into the world to gather new followers.

Characteristics: The Doomsayer is not a fighter, but with the power at their fingertips they do not need to be. They have learned to physically harness the power of the atom and aren't afraid to use it.

Alignment: Doomsayers can be of any good or neutral alignment.

Background: Lead by the priestess known only as "Joan," the Doomsayers are traveling through the Wasted West for two reasons: to spread the word about their religion and gain new followers, and to find the Harbinger, a mutant with pale-skin and a "blazing-red third eye" who can see the future and will lead humanity to a brilliant and peaceful new age.

Game Rule Information

Abilities: Constitution determines how many mutations the Doomsayer can survive, and therefore how many powers he can have. When dealing with converts or angry norms, Charisma is the ability to have. Wisdom also serves a Doomsayer well on his travels as it is the basis of his faith and determines how effective his powers are.

Hit Die: d6/level

Class Skills

Concentration (Con), Diplomacy (Cha), Faith (Wis, exclusive skill), Gather Information (Cha), Heal (Wis), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (Way of Doom) (Int), Search (Int), Scroungin' (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Survival (Wis), and Tale Tellin' (Cha).

Skill Points at 1st Level: (4 + Int modifier) x 4

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier

Class Features

Weapon Proficiency:

Doomsayers are proficient in all simple weapons.

Mutations:

Doomsayers always start with a mutation.

Skip the roll for mutations and go directly to determining what kind of mutation you hero has.

Powers: Doomsayers use a new class-specific skill, Faith, to draw on the powers granted by their mutations. A Doomsayer must have Wisdom and Constitution scores of at least 11 to gain and use powers from their mutations.

How many powers a Doomsayer starts with, how to gain new ones, and the procedure for casting them is described in detail in Chapter 7: Powers.



Backlash and Spectacular Success: Sometimes the mutation that grants the hero his powers also harms the hero as well. When a Doomsayer rolls a natural 1 on a Faith check, his power fails, though he still loses the Strain. A Doomsayer who rolls a natural 20 uses the power for free (he expends no Strain).

Rad Master: For every 5 character levels the hero attains, the Doomsayer learns to master certain powers. He can choose one power he has and use it at half the normal Strain cost, rounded up. This can only be chosen once per power.

Radiation Proof: Since Doomsayers draw on the radioactive energy of blast sites to power their abilities, it stands to reason that these places would also make it easier for them to use those same abilities. Within 5 miles of a ghost storm, Doomsayers gain back Strain at the rate of 1 point per half hour. Within a ghost storm, 1 point of Strain is regained every 10 minutes.

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Initiation: Doomsayers are “ordained” by Joan or a select few of her original companions. Once ordained, a Doomsayer is granted a purple robe emblazoned with the symbol of the cult. This initiation also causes the hero to suffer a mutation, even if he already has one or more.

The Pact: The Doomsayer followers of Joan have all made a pact to achieve three goals. First and foremost to find and protect the Harbinger. Second, to show norms the Doomsayers are not their enemies—Silas is. Basically, show them that there is a difference between good mutants and bad mutants. And finally, protect good muties from bad ones. If the hero strays from this pact, it's up to the Marshal to decide whether one of the other Doomsayers comes after the hero, the hero loses his powers, or both.

Doomsayer

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+0	+3	+0	+0	—
2	+1	+3	+0	+1	—
3	+1	+4	+1	+2	—
4	+2	+4	+1	+2	—
5	+2	+5	+1	+2	Rad Master (1)
6	+3	+5	+2	+3	—
7	+3	+6	+2	+3	—
8	+4	+6	+2	+3	—
9	+4	+7	+3	+4	—
10	+5	+7	+3	+4	Rad Master (2)
11	+5	+8	+3	+4	—
12	+6/+1	+8	+4	+5	—
13	+6/+1	+9	+4	+5	—
14	+7/+2	+9	+4	+5	—
15	+7/+2	+10	+5	+6	Rad Master (3)
16	+8/+3	+10	+5	+6	—
17	+8/+3	+11	+5	+6	—
18	+9/+4	+11	+6	+7	—
19	+9/+4	+12	+6	+7	—
20	+10/+5	+12	+6	+7	Rad Master (4)



Junker

If clockworks and steam were the tools of the mad scientist before the bombs dropped, then metal scraps and g-rays are the basis for a junker's toolbox.

While not quite as insane as mad scientists,

junkers still operate on the fringes of society.

In a post-apocalyptic world, a person who

spends hours scroungin' for one little fiddly bit to make his newest creation go is

considered weird by most. Still, the junkers are about the only ones

who know how to make any piece of technology still work, so their oddities are often overlooked for some of the finer pleasures in life, like heat and running water.

Characteristics: Junkers spend most of their time scrounging to find just the right bit to finish whatever doodad they are currently fiddling with. And when they aren't scrounging they're tinkering with their various contraptions to make them all work a little better. Because of this, they haven't practiced the finer points of social etiquette or even saving their own ass. They will avoid direct confrontation as often as they can, but when backed into a corner, look out—because they usually have

some sort of honking big weapon hidden for just this occasion.

As mentioned above, they aren't as deranged as mad scientists because by the times the bombs dropped they had all pretty much figured out where the voices were coming from. That doesn't mean they don't go looking for the spirits' aid in their devices. What kind of mad scientist would they be if they didn't try to get a little maniacal inspiration now and then?

Background: Junkers tend to keep themselves. Some by choice, but most because many survivors of the Last War don't want anything to do with them. The devastation wrought by ghost-rock bombs has made anyone who still willingly uses the stuff suspect.

The junker's typically bizarre appearance only adds to many folks' distrust. Most junkers wear techno-talismans made from discarded bits of machine innards and often have arcane schematics recorded on their clothing or tattooed into their skin. Slap on top of that the fact that some of them have been mutated by faulty devices, and this suspicion is

understandable. Of course, misgivings often vanish when a junker shows up with some incredible device people just can't live without—like a spirit-battery powered beer cooler.

Game Rule

Information

Abilities: Intelligence is the most important ability to the Wasted West's mad scientists. It is the basis for his important skills like Knowledge and Tinkerin'. Beyond that, Dexterity and Constitution are always good abilities to have plenty of, to either get out of the way of wayward devices or survive when one does hit you (or blows up).

Hit Dice: d6/level

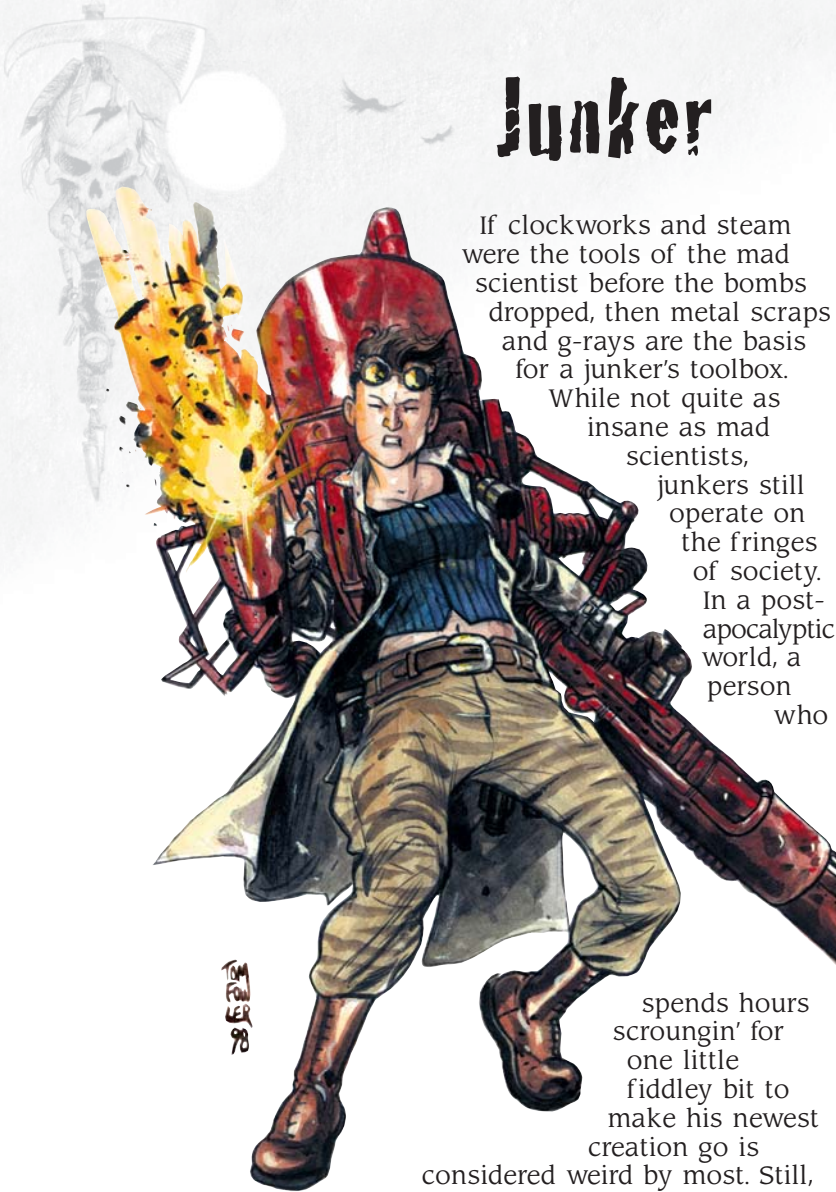
Class Skills

Alchemy (Int, exclusive skill), Appraise (Int), Artillery (Int), Craft (Int), Decipher Script (Int), Demolitions (Int), Disable Device (Int), Drivin' (Dex), Knowledge (any) (Int), Occult engineering (Int, exclusive skill), Open Lock (Dex), Profession (Wis), Scroungin' (Int), Search (Int), Survival (Wis), Tinkerin' (Int).

Skill Points at 1st Level: (6 + Int modifier) x 4

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 6 + Int modifier

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TIM FOWLER '98



Class Features

Armor and Weapon Proficiency: Junkers are proficient with all simple weapons and firearms. In addition, a mad scientist is automatically proficient with any weapons or armor he designs or builds (including the one he starts with). He is not proficient in any device developed by another Junker, no matter how close the design, the parts are almost always different.

Occult Engineering: Through dealing with spirits the junker can learn how to imbue seemingly ordinary items with incredible powers. These devices may not make any sense in purely scientific analysis, but they are based on some theory and do work. See Chapter 7: Powers for full details on using occult engineering to turn useless junk into wonders.

Alchemy: Junkers can select the Alchemy skill and use it as described in the *Player's Handbook*.

Starting Junk: A junker needs material to work from. He begins play with 100 cash worth of miscellaneous junk he carries around with him. This junk is on top of the normal 250 cash he starts out with.

Jury Rig: At 3rd level, the mad scientist gets a +2 competence bonus on Tinkerin' checks to perform temporary repairs on gadgets or other technological gear. Note that this bonus only applies to Tinkerin'

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attempts to repair existing devices of a mechanical nature; it does not assist him in actually building gadgets and gizmos. The bonus increases by +2 at 7th, 11th, 14th, and 19th levels.

G-Ray collector & spirit battery: A junker starts out with a g-ray collector, which consists of a ghost-rock furnace and a converter-coil assembly, and one spirit battery. Ghost rock burned in it releases g-rays, which are trapped by the converter coils. This energy can then be stored in spirit batteries for later use. See Chapter 7: Powers for more information on g-ray collectors and spirit batteries.

Academic Mastery: At 5th level and again at 10th, 16th, and 20th, a junker gains the Skill Focus feat. This feat can only be applied to the following skills: Demolitions, Disable Device, Knowledge (any science), Scroungin', or Tinkerin'. Each time he gains this bonus feat, he must apply it to a different skill, although each Knowledge skill counts as a separate skill.

Junker

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+0	+0	+0	+2	Starting junk, g-ray collector, spirit battery
2	+1	+0	+0	+3	Jury Rig +2
3	+1	+1	+1	+3	—
4	+2	+1	+1	+4	—
5	+2	+1	+1	+4	Academic Mastery
6	+3	+2	+2	+5	—
7	+3	+2	+2	+5	Jury Rig +4
8	+4	+2	+2	+6	—
9	+4	+3	+3	+6	—
10	+5	+3	+3	+7	Academic Mastery
11	+5	+3	+3	+7	Jury Rig +6
12	+6/+1	+4	+4	+8	—
13	+6/+1	+4	+4	+8	—
14	+7/+2	+4	+4	+9	Jury Rig +8
15	+7/+2	+5	+5	+9	—
16	+8/+3	+5	+5	+10	Academic Mastery
17	+8/+3	+5	+5	+10	—
18	+9/+4	+6	+6	+11	—
19	+9/+4	+6	+6	+11	Jury Rig +10
20	+10/+5	+6	+6	+12	Academic Mastery

Ravenite

Ravenites are Indians who laughed at the "Old Ways" movement. They embraced technology and became incredibly rich before the Big Bang, selling ghost rock from the once-sacred Black Hills. Now these once-proud tycoons are well armed wanderers scattered when ghost-rock bombs destroyed Deadwood. Some refuse to acknowledge their part in the Apocalypse. Others seek retribution.

Characteristics: Ravenites are plain and simple, polecats that would do anything for a buck. They turned their back on the ways of their people in exchange for power and money gained from selling ghost rock from their ancestral lands.

And when the end came, they offered their own people some of their weapons, but not their aid. These ruthless cutthroats were more interested in protecting their own hides (and their own fortunes) than helping out their fellow Indians.

Ravenites will do nothing that will cause them or anything they own harm unless they are forced to. And then they will not let the person who pushed them to it forget about it.

Background: Your character is a survivor of the battle against War and his minions in Deadwood. You managed to not only get out with your hide intact, but with a good chunk of your gear as well.

You learned what you know today from fellow Ravenites and are set on putting those skills to good use. Now you wander what remains of the world looking for the best deals you can lie, cheat, steal, and lay your hands on.

Game Rule Information

Abilities: Dexterity is the most important ability for Ravenites. When it comes down to it, they are fighters and they fight the best when holding a gun in their hands. Intelligence and Charisma are other good traits for Ravenites as they help them wheel and deal with the best of them. And when wandering the wastes, Constitution is never an ability to scoff at.

Hit Dice: d8/level

Class Skills: Appraise (Int), Artillery (Int), Balance (Dex), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Diplomacy (Cha), Drivin' (Dex), Forgery (Int), Gather Information (Cha), Holdout (Dex), Innuendo (Wis), Intimidate (Cha), Intuit Direction (Wis), Listen (Wis), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Speak Language (native tongue), Spot (Wis), and Survival (Wis).

Skill Points at 1st

Level: (4 + Int modifier) x 4

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier

Class Features

Armor and Weapon Proficiency: Ravenites are proficient with all simple and martial weapons and firearms.



Equipment Cache: As a Ravenite, you managed to store a few choice items before trekking off into the wastes. You start with any three pieces of equipment from the list in Chapter Four, but one of these must be a weapon. You aren't going nowhere without a gun.

Deep Pockets: Ravenites were some of the richest scumbags who ever walked the planet and many of them retain a good chunk of their former fortunes. Your character starts out with three times the normal cash a brainer starts with.

Dead Eye: At 6th level, the Ravenite gains the extraordinary ability to make a deadly shot with a firearm. See the Dead Eye feat in Chapter 3 for more information.

The Dead Eye feat must be used with a firearm of some sort—it does not apply to melee weapons.

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Slippery: Ravenites are known for their trading (well really exploiting) skills. Beginning at 1st level and every four levels thereafter the hero gains +1 to all of his Bluff, Diplomacy, Forgery, and Innuendo skill checks.

Weapon Specialization: At 3rd level or higher, a Ravenite may choose the weapon specialization feat. He may specialize in any weapon, simple, martial, firearm, or otherwise.

Ravenite

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+0	+0	+2	+1	Slippery (1)
2	+1	+0	+2	+2	—
3	+2	+1	+3	+2	Weapon Specialization
4	+3	+1	+3	+3	—
5	+3	+1	+4	+3	Slippery (2)
6	+4	+2	+4	+4	Deadeye
7	+5	+2	+5	+4	—
8	+6/+1	+3	+5	+5	—
9	+6/+1	+3	+6	+5	Slippery (3)
10	+7/+2	+4	+6	+6	—
11	+8/+3	+4	+7	+6	—
12	+9/+4	+5	+7	+7	—
13	+9/+4	+5	+8	+7	Slippery (4)
14	+10/+5	+5	+8	+8	—
15	+11/+6/+1	+6	+9	+8	—
16	+11/+6/+1	+6	+9	+9	—
17	+12/+7/+2	+7	+10	+9	Slippery (5)
18	+13/+8/+3	+7	+10	+10	—
19	+14/+9/+4	+8	+11	+10	—
20	+15/+10/+5	+8	+11	+11	—

Scavenger

Scavengers are those desperate enough to enter the ruins of the blasted cities. They must brave ghost-rock storms, irradiated battlefields, and the creatures of the outlands in search of treasures left intact after the Last War. Most end their days violently, but a lucky few become wealthy traders.

Characteristics: Scavengers are masters of hiding because their search for lost treasures often takes them into dangerous locations. In combat they tend to stick to the back looking for a way to help out their posse without sacrificing themselves in the process—and often while scoping out what goods they can score off their enemies.

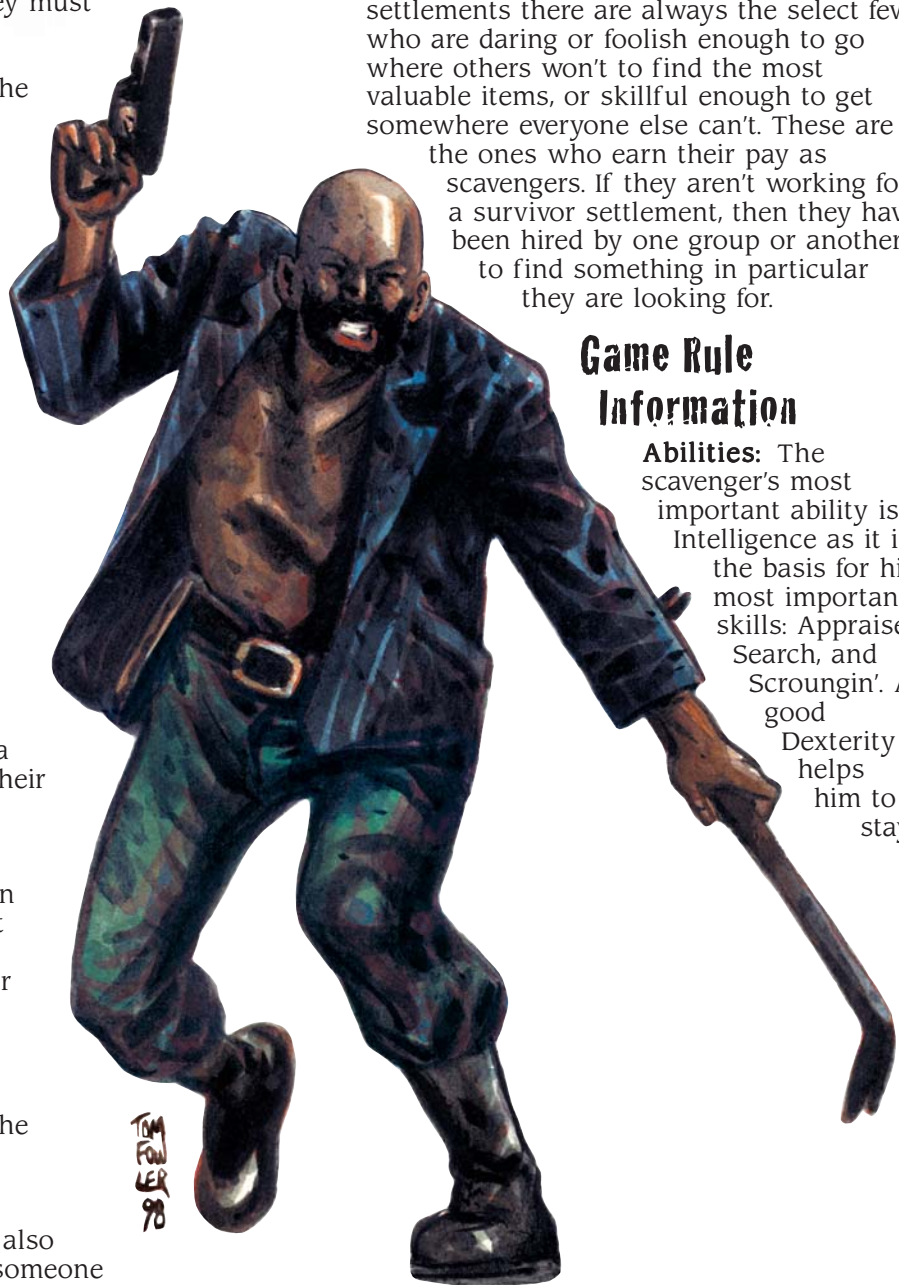
Scavengers, however, tend to have some of the best contacts in the Wasted West. Scavenging goes beyond locating valuable items, it also includes finding someone who is willing to pay top dollar for it. While there is no official “scavenger network,” most successful scavengers are

known to others of their kind. Scavengers can use these contacts to set up their trades or gain information to narrow down their searches.

Background: All survivor settlements search the wastes for whatever they can find to help them get by. And in those settlements there are always the select few who are daring or foolish enough to go where others won't find the most valuable items, or skillful enough to get somewhere everyone else can't. These are the ones who earn their pay as scavengers. If they aren't working for a survivor settlement, then they have been hired by one group or another to find something in particular they are looking for.

Game Rule Information

Abilities: The scavenger's most important ability is Intelligence as it is the basis for his most important skills: Appraise, Search, and Scroungin'. A good Dexterity helps him to stay



hidden in the worse places and increases his chances of not being hit when seen. And a good Strength allows him to Jump and Climb into places most others wouldn't get into.

Hit Die: d6/level

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Class Skills

Appraise (Int), Balance (Dex), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Hide (Dex), Jump (Str), Knowledge (local area) (Int), Move Silently (Dex), Profession (Int), Scroungin' (Int), Search (Int), Survival (Wis), Use Rope (Dex)

Skill Points at 1st Level: (4 +Int modifier) x 4

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier

Class Features

Armor and Weapon Proficiency: Scavengers are proficient in all simple weapons and firearms.

Contacts: Every scavenger knows a guy who knows a guy who may just have what you are looking for. Beginning at 1st level and every three levels thereafter a scavenger gains a contact. The player and Marshal decide who and where this contact is. If a hero needs to find something and can't locate it himself, he can check with

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one or more of his contacts to see if they have it. The player locates a contact and makes a Charisma skill check to see if he can get any information out of them.

Skill Focus: At 3rd level, a scavenger gains the bonus feat skill focus. The scavenger gains this bonus again at 6th, 9th, 13th, and 18th level. This feat may only be applied to scavenger class skills and may not be selected for the same skill twice.

Scroungin': After a lengthy amount of searching, a scavenger learns the ins and outs of finding lost items. At 5th level the hero gains a +2 competence bonus to all Scroungin' rolls. This bonus increases by +2 at 10th, 15th, and 20th levels.

Scavenger

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+0	+2	+2	+1	Contacts (1)
2	+1	+3	+3	+2	—
3	+2	+3	+3	+2	Skill Focus
4	+3	+4	+4	+3	Contacts (2)
5	+3	+4	+4	+3	Scroungin' (1)
6	+4	+5	+5	+4	Skill Focus
7	+5	+5	+5	+4	Contacts (3)
8	+6/+1	+5	+5	+5	—
9	+6/+1	+6	+6	+5	Skill Focus
10	+7/+2	+6	+6	+5	Contacts (4), Scroungin' (2)
11	+8/+3	+7	+7	+6	—
12	+9/+4	+7	+7	+6	—
13	+9/+4	+8	+8	+7	Contacts (5), Skill Focus
14	+10/+5	+8	+8	+7	—
15	+11/+6/+1	+9	+9	+8	Scroungin' (3)
16	+11/+6/+1	+9	+9	+8	Contacts (6)
17	+12/+7/+2	+10	+10	+9	—
18	+13/+8/+3	+10	+10	+9	Skill Focus
19	+14/+9/+4	+10	+10	+10	Contacts (7)
20	+15/+10/+5	+11	+11	+10	Scroungin' (4)

Syker

Sykers are former soldiers with incredible mental powers. They learned their amazing trade in government academies where they were made into commandoes, spies, and assassins. In the years before the Apocalypse, most sykers served on an alien planet named Banshee, though those who did are loathe to talk about the atrocities they were forced to commit there. Now they travel from town to town, drawn to trouble like moths to flames and using their incredible powers to fight the horrors of the Reckoning.

Characteristics: Sykers focus mental energy and use it to create telekinetic and mind-altering effects. Their powers don't have the scope of true magicians like the hucksters of old, but neither must they deal with crafty manitous.

Sykers can use their telekinetic powers to move things on molecular levels, but it's difficult. They can heal wounds, change the shape of an item, and so forth, but only by expending much time and energy. Sykers are also masters of manipulating thoughts. They can cloud a person's mind, create minor illusions, or even take over a subject's will.

None of these powers comes easy. The supernatural energy is strong enough to burn the hair from sykers' heads and even fry their brains. The discipline it takes to handle that kind of force takes years to



learn, and even then, a syker doesn't use his power foolishly.

If a syker is attacked by a horde of mutants, he uses his machine gun before he resorts to *brain blasts*. If he has to hide from a horde, he crawls beneath a sheet of rusted iron before he uses *chameleon*. If you want to play a syker, realize that this phenomenal power can drain your hero quickly. Use your abilities wisely.

Background: Your character is a syker who served in the Faraway War. Earth sykers are old bastards we'll tell you about later in their class book.

Your hero learned her trade in a government training facility of some sort. In both the USA and the CSA, syker training takes 5 years. That means your hero has to be at least 35 years old.

There are a good number of foreign sykers stalking about the Wasted West as well. They were trapped in North America when their shuttle landed in Houston. Most are looking for a way back to their home countries, but some know their homes are in no better shape than the American West and have decided to remain there.

Game Rule Information

Abilities: Intelligence is the most important ability for sykers. It determines the number of powers they have, how much Strain they have, and how well they use their powers.

Constitution is also a good ability to have since their powers often take their toll on the character.

Hit Dice: d6/
level

Class Skills:
Blastin' (Int, exclusive skill), Bluff (Cha), Concentration (Con), Demolitions (Int), Disable Device (Int), Drivin' (Dex), Gather Information (Cha), Hide (Dex), Holdout (Int), Innuendo (Wis), Intimidate (Cha), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Ridicule (Cha), Scroungin' (Int), Search (Int), and Survival (Wis).

Skill Points at 1st Level: (4 + Int modifier) x 4

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier

Class Features

Armor and Weapon Proficiency:

Sykers are proficient with all simple weapons and firearms.

Psyche Powers: Sykers tap into the Hunting Grounds by channeling the power through their psyches through rigorous mental training. See Chapter 7: Powers for a complete description of syker powers.

Blastin': Sykers use an exclusive skill called Blastin' to focus their psyche powers. See Chapter 3: Skills and Feats for a complete description of this new skill.

Backlash and Spectacular Success: Syker's powers aren't as hazardous as dealing with manitous directly (like hucksters), but there is still a potential for dangerous error. If a syker suffers backlash (a natural roll of 1 on their Blastin' check), he suffers 2d6 points of damage, loses 1d4 points of Strain for the next 24 hours, and is brain fried (-2 to all actions) for the next 1d6 rounds. On a spectacular success (a natural 20 on the Blastin' check), the syker suffers no Strain for the use of the power.

Intolerance: Syker's have been used and abused by the military as long as any of them can remember. Because of this they have a definite chip on their shoulder when it comes to dealing with authority. Your hero suffers a -2 penalty to a Charisma ability and skill checks when

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dealing with folks in authority. When dealing with military types (including the Combine) this penalty increases to -4.

Syker Vow: Sykers returning from Faraway to Earth made a vow not to attack each other once they arrived on Earth. Most sykers still abide by this vow. Your hero is at a -2 penalty to all ability and skill checks when trying to attack another syker.

Strong Synapses: On reaching 5th level, a syker learns to deal with brain burn a little better. Strong synapses reduces the number of rounds the hero is brain fried from backlash by 1 point at 5th level, and by +1 more after each five levels gained thereafter. Strong Synapses never reduces the time below 0 rounds.

Fortitude: Sykers learned a valuable but dangerous lesson from the natives on Faraway about going the extra mile to defeat your enemy. At 10th level the hero can substitute his own hit points for Strain at a two for one basis (i.e one Strain for two hit points). These hit points heal normally—they are not regained like Strain.

Syker

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+0	+0	+0	+3	—
2	+1	+1	+1	+3	—
3	+2	+1	+1	+4	—
4	+3	+1	+2	+4	—
5	+3	+2	+2	+5	Strong Synapses (1)
6	+4	+2	+3	+5	—
7	+5	+2	+3	+6	—
8	+6/+1	+3	+4	+6	—
9	+6/+1	+3	+4	+7	—
10	+7/+2	+3	+5	+7	Strong Synapses (2), Fortitude
11	+8/+3	+4	+5	+8	—
12	+9/+4	+4	+6	+8	—
13	+9/+4	+4	+6	+9	—
14	+10/+5	+5	+7	+9	—
15	+11/+6/+1	+5	+7	+10	Strong Synapses (3)
16	+11/+6/+1	+5	+8	+10	—
17	+12/+7/+2	+6	+8	+11	—
18	+13/+8/+3	+6	+9	+11	—
19	+14/+9/+4	+6	+9	+12	—
20	+15/+10/+5	+7	+10	+12	Strong Synapses (4)

Tale-Teller

Tale-tellers know the Reckoners can only be defeated by spreading hope and eroding their precious fear. They join with other heroes in defeating those evils and then make sure the locals hear the story of their victory. Other tale-tellers may not be so noble, or perhaps they don't know the Reckoners' weakness. They perform for pay, for food, or simply for a warm bed for the night.

When trouble arises, a tale-teller may not be the first one to jump into a fight, but they will definitely lend a hand where they can. And afterwards they will make sure everyone knows exactly what happened and how the heroes fought the good fight and how what they did affected the world around them.

Characteristics:

Tale-tellers are the saviors of the world only most people don't realize it yet. Often they are cast off as kooks, or simple performers begging for a meal.

But what most folks don't realize until after the tale-teller has come and gone is that the world seems a little less bleak and a bit more hopeful now. They have a bit more spring in their step and the local monsters

seem to have quieted down a mite. If you're in a place like Boise, this doesn't change much, but for outskirts survivor settlements, it makes 'em damn near livable.

Game Rule Information

Abilities: The primary ability for any tale-teller is Charisma. It is the basis for their main skills and usually what gets them out of town on their own feet instead of in a tree swinging by a rope. When their natural charm fails, tale-tellers fall back on Dexterity to make sure they get outta the path of danger and are able to tell the tale another time.

Hit Dice: d6/level

Class Skills

Balance (Dex), Bluff (Cha), Diplomacy (Cha), Gather Information (Cha), Hide (Dex), Holdout (Dex), Innuendo (Wis), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (arcana) (Int), Knowledge (Reckoners) (Int), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Perform (Cha), Ridicule (Int), Scroungin' (Int), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Speak Language (any other than English), Survival (Wis), and Tale Tellin' (Cha).

Skill Points at 1st

Level: (4 + Int modifier) x 4

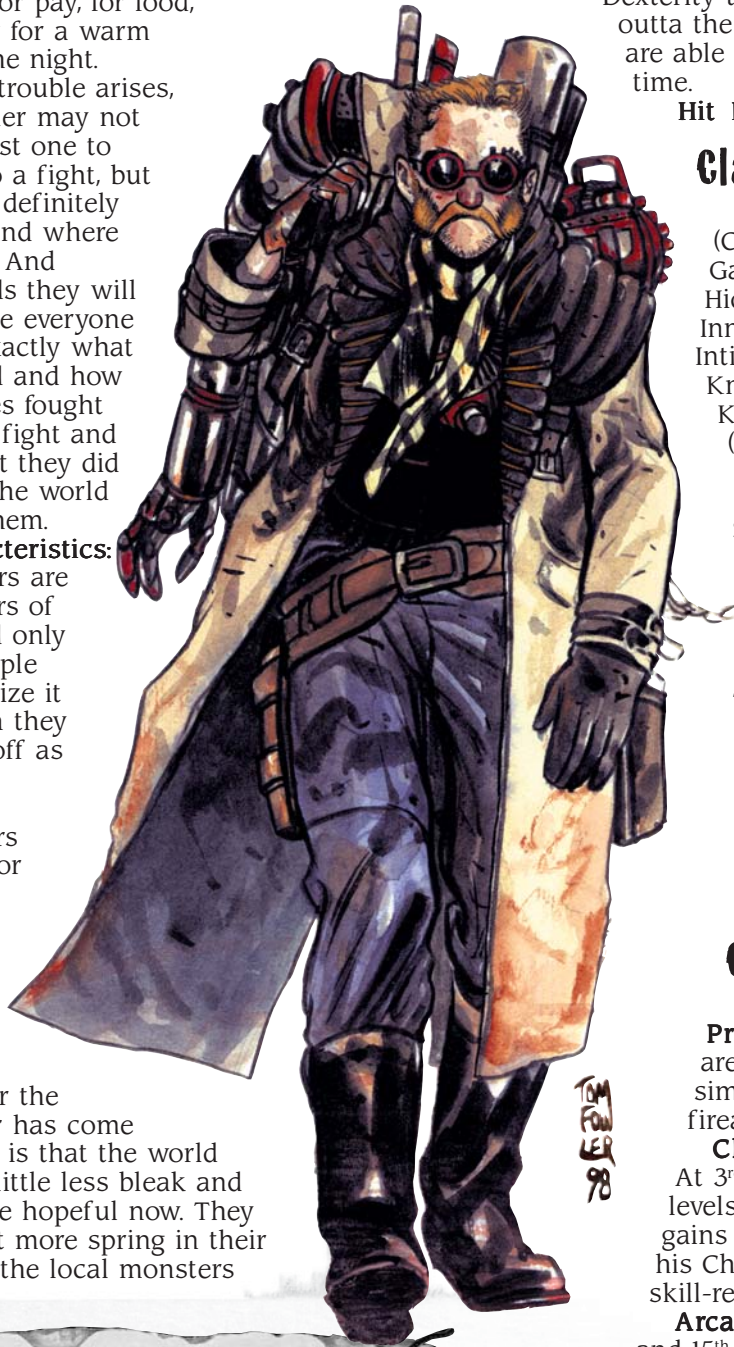
Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier

Class Features

Armor and Weapon Proficiency: Tale-tellers are proficient with all simple weapons and firearms.

Charismatic Speaker: At 3rd level and every five levels thereafter, the hero gains a +1 bonus to all of his Charisma ability and skill-related checks.

Arcane Knowledge: At 5th and 15th level, the hero gains



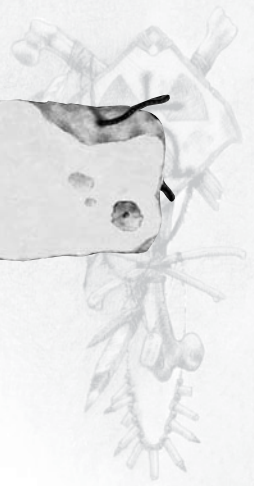
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some insight into local fearmongers. At 5th level he may roll a d20 against a DC equal to two times the monsters hit die code plus the local Fear Level. So a creature with 6d8 hit dice in a Deadland (Fear Level 6) would have a DC of 22. At 15th level the DC is the hit die code plus the Fear Level.

If the hero makes the roll, he finds out some vital piece of information about the fearmonger that will help point the way to defeat it. Unless the player gets an exceptional roll, the Marshal should never directly let him know the way to kill a fearmonger in this manner. If a natural one is rolled, the information gained is actually a lie meant to confuse the hero.

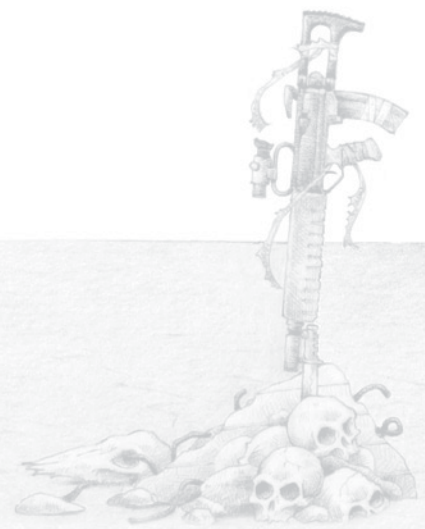
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Power of Hope: At 10th level and again at 20th level the DC to lower the Fear Level in an area lowers for a tale-teller. At 10th level it drops to a DC of 20 plus 1.5 times the Fear Level. At 20th level it drops to a DC of 20 plus the Fear Level.



Tale-Teller

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+0	+0	+0	+2	—
2	+1	+0	+1	+2	—
3	+1	+0	+1	+3	Charismatic Speaker (1)
4	+2	+1	+2	+3	—
5	+2	+1	+2	+4	Arcane Knowledge (1)
6	+3	+2	+3	+4	—
7	+3	+2	+3	+5	—
8	+4	+3	+4	+5	Charismatic Speaker (2)
9	+4	+3	+4	+6	—
10	+5	+4	+5	+6	Power of Hope (1)
11	+5	+4	+5	+7	—
12	+6/+1	+5	+6	+7	—
13	+6/+1	+5	+6	+8	Charismatic Speaker (3)
14	+7/+2	+6	+7	+8	—
15	+7/+2	+6	+7	+9	Arcane Knowledge (2)
16	+8/+3	+7	+8	+9	—
17	+8/+3	+7	+8	+10	—
18	+9/+4	+8	+9	+10	Charismatic Speaker (4)
19	+9/+4	+8	+9	+11	—
20	+10/+5	+9	+10	+11	Power of Hope (2)



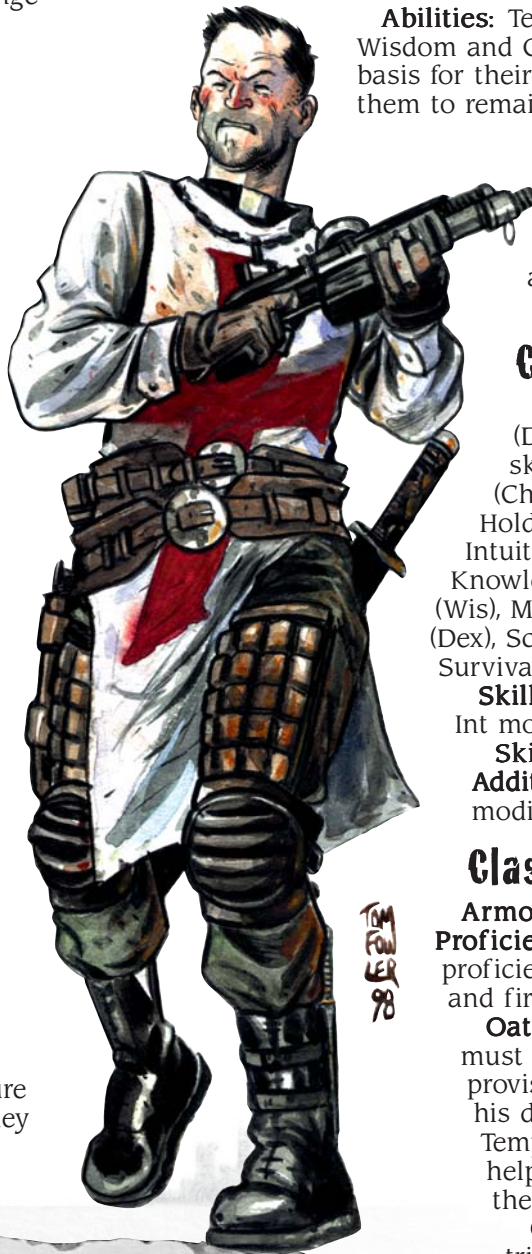
Templar

Templars travel the Wasted West in disguise, looking for those worthy of protecting. Once they discover a worthy cause, they reveal themselves as modern-day knights and pledge themselves to see the trouble through to the end. Once revealed, Templars are heroic figures with white tabards adorned with a red Maltese Cross, and swords enchanted by their own acts and deeds.

Characteristics:

Templars are a strange lot. They turn their backs on entire villages one day, then give their lives for a single child the next. Their philosophy centers around worth, piety, and the greater good. They protect those who they feel benefit the world with their lives. Those who do nothing to help civilization, and who might even harm it, are not to be defended. They don't help the wicked and don't have any compunction about "blackmailing" a settlement or individual into changing their ethics in return for their help.

Some have called them selfish, and there is a certain truth to it. Templars believe their lives are valuable to the future of humanity, and they



don't risk them without a good reason.

Background: Templars are gathered by the Grandmaster, Simon Mercer, to their temple in Boise, Idaho. If a person is able to survive the ghost-rock storms that surround Boise, they may petition to become a Templar. Once accepted, the hero spends a year as a squire to another Templar. After the year is up, the squire is presented before Simon who asks him of his adventures. If he is satisfied with the squire's intelligence, humbleness, and piety, Simon awards the squire with a sword and tabard. He is now a Templar.

Game Rule Information

Abilities: Templars core abilities are Wisdom and Charisma. Wisdom is the basis for their faith and Charisma allows them to remain hidden until needed and cow their enemies when confronted. As they work to save the world from the forces of evil, Strength and Dexterity are also important abilities.

Hit Dice: d8/level

Class Skills

Disguise (Cha), Drivin' (Dex), Faith (Wis, exclusive skill), Gather Information (Cha), Heal (Wis), Hide (Dex), Holdout (Int), Intimidate (Cha), Intuit Direction (Wis), Jump (Str), Knowledge (Templars) (Int), Listen (Wis), Medicine (Int), Move Silently (Dex), Scroungin' (Int), Search (Wis), Survival (Wis), and Use Rope (Dex).

Skill Points at 1st Level: (3 + Int modifier) x 4

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 3 + Int modifier

Class Features

Armor and Weapon

Proficiency: Templars are proficient with all simple weapons and firearms.

Oath of Poverty: A Templar must gather only those goods and provisions necessary to carry out his duties and survive. A Templar may own a vehicle to help him travel quickly across the wastelands.

Oath of Blood: Simon has tried to rescind the powers of a few Templars he felt did not uphold the ideals of the order,

but without success. Once granted, it

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seems, the rewards are permanent. For those who seriously abuse their power, through theft, murder, or cowardice, Simon's only recourse to protect the honor and integrity of his order is to send other Templars out to hunt down the errant knights and kill them.

When time and distance prohibit Simon's judgment, Templars are expected to judge their brothers and sisters for themselves and slay any who grievously violate their oaths.

Tabard: Each new Templar is granted a white tabard with a red Maltese cross on it. The tabard gives a +2 circumstance bonus to all Intimidation checks.

Sword: All Templars start with a sword awarded to them by Simon himself. The sword acts as a normal weapon for the purposes of damage, but is +1 to hit and initiative when drawing it.

Templars don't like to lose their swords. If one is ever taken, they vow to get it back at any cost. They also revere their brothers' and sisters' swords. When one falls, other Templars eventually come to claim his sword. These are then taken to the Temple in Boise and hung in a place of honor.

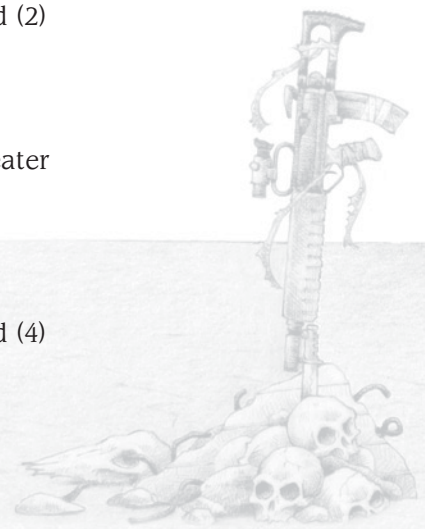
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Reward: Templar magic isn't as spectacular as that of Doomsayers or sykers. Most of their "gifts" are small blessings that affect the Templar himself. Templars don't start out with any rewards. They must earn them through fealty and honor. Beginning at 3rd level the Templar receives the *lay on hands* reward. Every three levels thereafter, the Templar receives another reward of his choosing. Rewards are covered in greater detail in Chapter 7: Powers.

Greater Reward: Templars of exemplary skill and piety receive greater rewards for their good deeds. Greater rewards work in much the same way as rewards, but the Marshal decides which greater reward the hero receives and how and when it manifests. The hero is only allowed to have the greater reward of a reward he already possess. See Chapter 7: Powers for more details on greater rewards.

Templar

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+1	+2	+2	+1	Tabard, Sword
2	+2	+2	+2	+1	—
3	+3	+3	+3	+1	Reward (Lay on Hands)
4	+4	+3	+3	+2	—
5	+5	+4	+4	+2	Greater Reward (1)
6	+6/+1	+4	+4	+2	Reward (2)
7	+7/+2	+5	+5	+3	—
8	+8/+3	+5	+5	+3	—
9	+9/+4	+6	+6	+3	Reward (3)
10	+10/+5	+6	+6	+4	Greater Reward (2)
11	+11/+6/+1	+7	+7	+4	—
12	+12/+7/+2	+7	+7	+4	Reward (4)
13	+13/+8/+3	+8	+8	+5	—
14	+14/+9/+4	+8	+8	+5	—
15	+15/+10/+5	+9	+9	+5	Reward (5), Greater Reward (3)
16	+16/+11/+6/+1	+9	+9	+6	—
17	+17/+12/+7/+2	+10	+10	+6	—
18	+18/+13/+8/+3	+10	+10	+6	Reward (6)
19	+19/+14/+9/+4	+11	+11	+7	—
20	+20/+15/+10/+5	+11	+11	+7	Greater Reward (4)



Waste Warrior

A waste warrior is one of the few survivors who isn't willing to just give up and fights for everything they can get. Some of them are loners, wandering the Wasted West doing good and righting wrongs wherever they find them. But those kinds of gunslingers are few and far between.

More often they are simply guns-for-hire, usually as protectors of a survivor settlement, or just plain mercenaries willing to work for anyone with the money, food, beer, or whatever to keep them happy. No matter what their way to make a living, in the end, their only friend is their gun, and their only home is someplace solid they can put their back up against.

Characteristics:

After the Apocalypse, the waste warrior picked up whatever weapons were handy and mastered them. If (when, really) those stopped working or ran out of ammo, he grabbed the next one he found and used that one until it ran dry. Any weapon is good for a waste warrior as long as he knows how to use it and use it well. Most are jacks-of-all-trades when it comes to weapons since they never know what kind they are going to be able to use next.

Background:
Waste warriors

can be anything from a local school teacher to a postal worker, game designer, or ex-soldier. Anyone who didn't give up when the bombs began dropping, and picked up a gun (or whatever else was handy) and started reclaiming their land from the Reckoners is a waste warrior. The only similarity between them is their skill with a shooting iron.

Waste warriors can be of any age or gender, although a youngster would often not have much idea what the world was like before the bombs fell.

Game Rule Information

Abilities: Since they survive by relying on their weapons, the most important ability for waste warriors is Dexterity. A good Dexterity increases their chance to hit their target, gives them a higher initiative, better chance to get the drop on some mutie scum, and even makes them harder to hit.

A high Constitution adds to a

waste warrior's hit points, giving him a greater chance to survive his many battles. A good Charisma may help him avoid having to draw his blaster in the first place, either by using Bluff or Intimidate to scare his opponents into keeping their weapons pointed elsewhere.

Hit Dice: d10/level

Class Skills

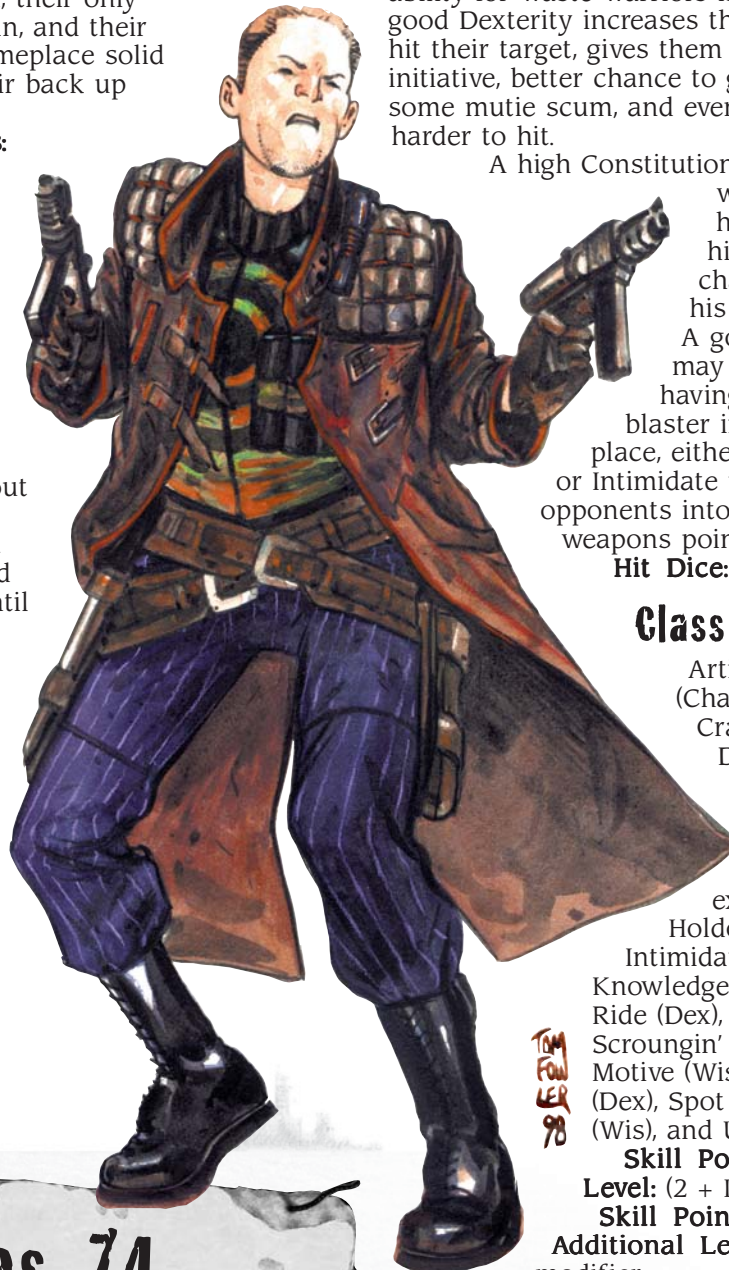
Artillery (Int), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Demolitions (Int), Drivin' (Dex), Gamblin' (Int), Gunplay (Dex, exclusive skill), Holdout (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (local) (Int), Ride (Dex), Ridicule (Int), Scroungin' (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Speed Load (Dex), Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis), and Use Rope (Dex).

Skill Points at 1st

Level: (2 + Int modifier) x 4

Skill Points at Each

Additional Level: 2 + Int modifier



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Class Features

Armor and Weapon Proficiency: Waste warriors are proficient with all simple weapons and firearms.

Bonus Feats: Beginning at 1st level, the waste warrior gains bonus feats (in addition to those normally granted to all characters). The waste warrior gains one bonus feat at 1st level and an additional one at every three levels thereafter (4th, 7th, 10th, etc.). These bonus feats must be selected from the following list:

Ambidexterity, Automatics, Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency*, Improved Critical*, Grim Servant o' Death, Improved Initiative, Level Headed, Mounted Archery, Point Blank Shot (Fannin', Far Shot, Precise Shot), Quick Draw, The Stare, Two-Weapon Fighting (Improved Two-Weapon Fighting), Weapon Focus.*

Some of the listed bonus feats available to a waste warrior require one or more prerequisite feats; these are listed in parentheses after the required feat.

Feats marked with an asterisk (*) can be selected more than once, but, if the feat applies to a weapon, a different weapon must be chosen each time. The waste warrior must meet all requirements for a feat, such as ability score or base attack bonus levels. (See Chapter 3: Skills and Feats for descriptions of feats and their prerequisites.)

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Light Speed: A waste warrior gets a +2 bonus to his Quick Draw rolls at 2nd level and an additional +1 at 5th, 8th, 13th, and 17th levels. That's when this bonus applies. The character who draws down first has a much better chance at surviving one more day in Hell.

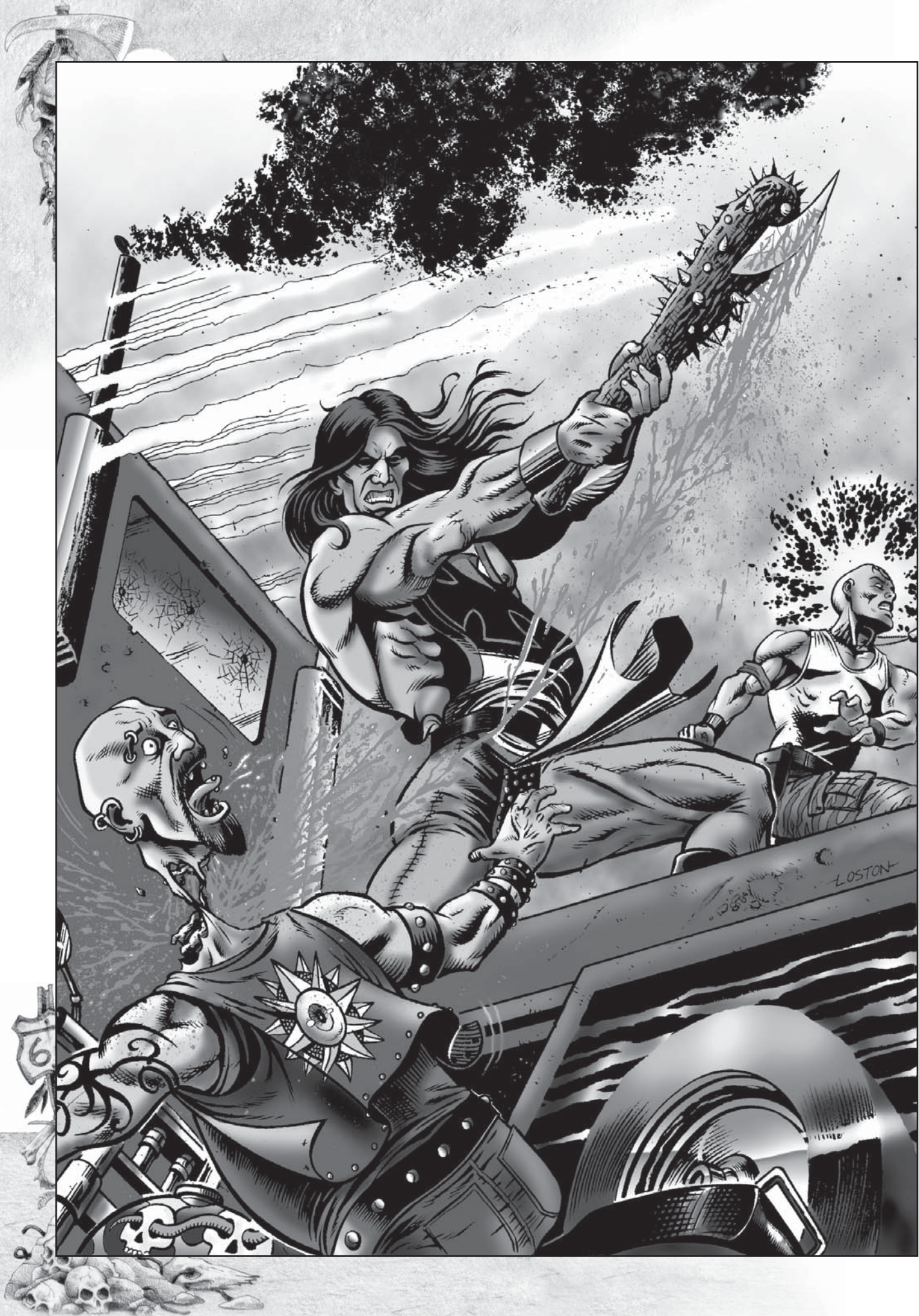
Weapon Specialization: A waste warrior may select the weapon specialization feat upon reaching 4th level or higher. A waste warrior must choose a specific type of firearm for this feat (police pistol, pump shotgun, etc.) not just a class of shootin' iron (pistol, shotgun, etc.). She may not use the weapon specialization for any other type of weapon.

Dead Eye: At 6th level, the waste warrior gains the extraordinary ability to make a deadly shot with a firearm. See the Dead Eye feat in Chapter 3 for more information.

The Dead Eye feat must be used with a firearm of some sort—it does not apply to melee weapons.

Waste Warrior

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+1	+1	+2	+0	Bonus feat
2	+2	+2	+3	+0	Light Speed +2
3	+3	+2	+3	+1	—
4	+4	+2	+4	+1	Bonus feat
5	+5	+3	+4	+1	Light Speed +3
6	+6/+1	+3	+5	+2	Dead Eye
7	+7/+2	+4	+5	+2	Bonus feat
8	+8/+3	+4	+6	+2	Light Speed +4
9	+9/+4	+4	+6	+3	—
10	+10/+5	+5	+7	+3	Bonus feat
11	+11/+6/+1	+5	+7	+3	—
12	+12/+7/+2	+6	+8	+4	—
13	+13/+8/+3	+6	+8	+4	Bonus feat
14	+14/+9/+4	+6	+9	+4	Light Speed +5
15	+15/+10/+5	+7	+9	+5	—
16	+16/+11/+6/+1	+7	+10	+5	Bonus feat
17	+17/+12/+7/+2	+8	+10	+5	Light Speed +6
18	+18/+13/+8/+3	+8	+11	+6	—
19	+19/+14/+9/+4	+8	+11	+6	Bonus feat
20	+20/+15/+10/+5	+9	+12	+6	—





Chapter Three: Skills and Feats

In *Hell on Earth*, skills range from the hope-inspiring tales of a survivor settlement elder to a Templar's talent for beheading some supernatural baddie. Most skills work in the usual fashion. A few need a little more explanation to work in the "post-modern" world of the Wasted West. These are explained below under **Existing Skills**. After that we've got a heap of brand **New Skills** for your perusal. Following this is a discussion of **Existing Feats**, followed by a number of **New Feats** your brainer might need to help him survive the remains of the world in the Wasted West.

Existing Skills

We've tweaked a few of the existing skills to fit the *Hell on Earth* setting better. Any skill not detailed below follows the standard listing. If a standard skill costs gold pieces to perform (such as identifying a potion with the Alchemy skill), this translates directly into cash.

Decipher Script (Int; Trained Only)

This skill works normally on ancient texts, but also lets your hero break encrypted messages and ciphers, including hacking into computer systems. Librarians are very fond of this skill. Others, like scavengers, use this skill to determine whether or not they have found treasure or just more trash.

Knowledge (Int; Trained Only)

Here are some of the new Knowledge focuses available in *Hell on Earth*.

Biology (generalized study of the life sciences)

Chemistry (familiarity in chemical process and interactions)

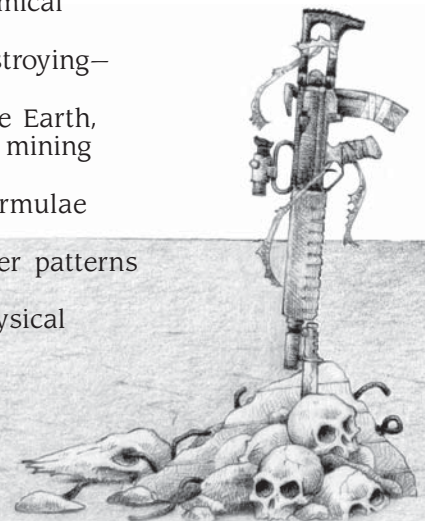
Engineering (building—or destroying—structures or devices)

Geology (understanding of the Earth, rocks, hydrological process, mining etc.)

Mathematics (complicated formulae and calculations)

Meteorology (study of weather patterns and phenomenon)

Physics (understanding of physical forces and movement)





Nuclear Physics (understanding the effects of radiation upon materials—especially ghost rock)

Computer Engineering (the knowledge of how to build and program computers)

Astronomy (the study of the stars and other stellar bodies)

Check: Solving a problem or answering a specific question in your hero's field of endeavor has a DC 10 (simple questions), DC 15 (basic knowledge), and DC 20 to 30 (for truly difficult problems).

Retry: No. Your character either knows the answer or she doesn't. However, the Marshal may allow a retry if your character gains access to new materials on the topic, such as through a visit to a library or university. Raising your hero's rank in the skill also allows a retry.

Special: A character with 5 or more ranks in any Knowledge (<Science>) skill gains a +2 synergy bonus to other Knowledge (<Science>) skill checks; this represents the brainer's mastery of the basics of any scientific technique. A character does not gain multiple synergy bonuses if he has more than one

Knowledge (<Science>) skill of 5 or more ranks. A junker with 5 or more ranks in any Knowledge (<Science>) skill gains a +2 synergy bonus to her Occult Engineering skill checks.

Language (Int; Trained Only)

Your brainer begins play knowing one language at rank 6. Characters in *Hell on Earth* do not get additional languages due to Intelligence bonuses.

Having 1 rank in a language means your character can speak a few words. Two ranks means he can compose basic sentences. Three skill ranks allows a hero to say all but the most complex sentences. At four ranks, the character can speak simple sentences with an accent good enough to fool native speakers in short conversations. At 5 ranks, the brainer is fluent in the language and can accurately maintain a native accent in fluid conversation. Six ranks in a language allows the speaker to accurately mimic particular dialects.

Literacy is fairly widespread in the *Hell on Earth* setting (well for those about the age of 20 or above; younger folks just don't have the time to learn to read, they're too busy surviving). A character is assumed to be able to read and write any language she speaks. (Of course, you're welcome to decide your hero can't read based on her background, but that's purely optional!)

Check: A native speaker of the language in question may make an opposed Listen roll either to understand a halting speaker or to discern false accents. If the speaker has 5 or more ranks in the language, those who listen to him should only roll if they have some reason to doubt the character.

Retry: A character may retry as often as needed to communicate his message. If attempting to pass himself off as a native speaker, there is no retrying a failed opposed roll.

Deadlands Skills

Most of the skills from *Deadlands d20* are included below, but some of them such as Hexslingin' aren't. Those that aren't are left off because folks in the Wasted West have forgotten some of the things they once knew.

If the Marshal wants to use these skills in his *Hell on Earth* campaign, they work just the same as they did in *Deadlands*.

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New Skills

There are quite a few skills new to the *Hell on Earth* setting. Each follows the standard rules and mechanics for skill usage unless otherwise noted.

Blastin' (Int; Trained only; Syker only)

If you are going to be a syker, you best know this skill, brainer.

Check: This skill allows your hero to focus his mental energies into the devastating powers of a syker. Check Chapter 7: Powers for more info on those.

Demolitions (Int; Trained Only)

Sometimes you just have to blow the snot out of some giant creepy crawler. And it's usually best if you don't catch your own posse in the blast. This skill gives your character knowledge of how much and what kind of explosive material, where to place it, and how far away to stand when it blows.

Check: Explosives in the *Wasted West* setting are still notoriously volatile (some things never get improved upon) and even setting a simple charge requires a skill check.

DC	Task
10	Disarm dynamite or simple explosives
15	Set fuse
25	Build bomb or complicated charge
Opposed	Disarm bomb or complicated charge

Disarm dynamite or simple explosive: This covers disarming a blasting charge or other explosive that isn't specifically trapped to prevent such tampering. Usually, it involves little more than pulling the fuse or detonator cord.

Set fuse: This covers cutting a fuse to the proper length so that dynamite explodes when your hero wants it to. See Chapter 5: Blowin' Things All To Hell for rules on setting fuses or using dynamite in combat.

Build bomb or complicated charge: This covers creating a device that's trapped to thwart attempts to disarm or remove it. See below for further details on bombs and disarming them.

Disarm bomb or complicated charge: This covers any device crafted specifically to prevent its disarming or similarly protected. It also covers truly complex explosives, such as those created by mad science. In either case, your hero must roll an opposed

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check of his Demolitions skill versus that of the character who built the device. If the explosive device is trapped, the bomb detonates immediately if your hero fails the contest.

Special: Anytime your hero gets a natural 1 on his Demolitions skill check while actually handling explosives, the device detonates. The hero gets a normal saving throw against the device but must subtract -2 due to his proximity.

A character with 5 or more ranks in Knowledge (Chemistry) gets a +2 synergy bonus on all Demolitions checks.

A character with 5 or more ranks in Disable Device gets a +2 synergy bonus on Demolitions checks to disarm explosives.

Drivin' (Type) (Dex; Trained Only)

There are a lot of rusted out hulks in the *Wasted West*. Cars and hoverbikes and planes require a new set of skills. Drivin' provides your hero with the knowledge to drive a motorcycle, pilot an autogyro, or steer a speedboat.

There are currently four types of Drivin' (type) skills:

Aircraft (Airships, autogyros, hoverbike, etc.)

Land Vehicles (car, motorcycle, etc.)

Personal (rocket packs, "jet skis," etc.)

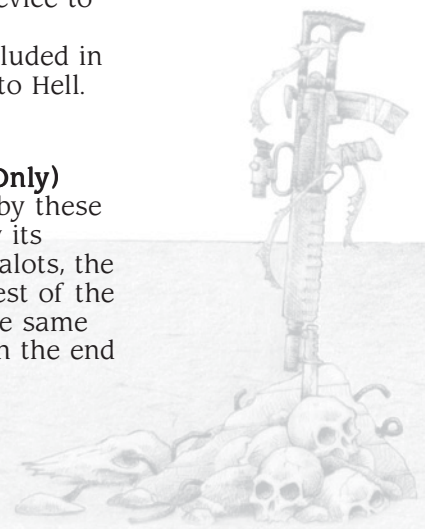
Watercraft (speedboat, barge, etc.)

Check: Normal operation of a vehicle doesn't require a Drivin' roll. Skill checks are normally needed only during combat, special maneuvers, or other unusual circumstances (like riding a hoverbike along the rim of the Grand Canyon). A character driving a vehicle made with occult engineering should make a Drivin' check when he first starts the device to check for malfunction.

Complete vehicle rules are included in Chapter Five: Blowin' Things All to Hell.

Faith (Wis; Trained Only; Doomsayer and Templar Only)

Faith is a hard thing to come by these days in the *Wasted West*. Usually its reserved for Joan's radioactive zealots, the Doomsayers, or Simon and the rest of the Templars. Either way, it works the same way for both groups, even though the end results are different.





Check: Faith allows a Doomsayer to harness radiation and Templars to call upon the power of their particular order. See the character classes and Chapter Seven: Powers, for complete information.

Gamblin' (Int)

Most folks can hold their own in poker and other games of chance. Professional gamblers roam the surviving towns and can turn a few bullets into an armory.

Check: Your brainer can use this skill to get goods to trade or keep. There are a couple of ways to handle gambling in *Hell on Earth*: single hand or multiple hands.

Single hand: For a single hand, all the characters involved in the game must decide on the stakes. The characters then make an opposed Gamblin' skill check. The losers all must pay the winner of the check an amount equal to the stake.

Multiple hands: To represent a longer period of gambling—say one hour—use this method. All participants decide on the average stake per hand. Next, everyone makes an opposed Gamblin' check. The character with the lowest result pays the character with the highest total the

difference in their rolls times the average stake. Then, the character with the next lowest roll pays the character with the next highest roll, and so on. If there's an odd man left in the middle, he breaks even.

Cheating: Not everyone who shuffles a deck of cards is honest. A character can add to his Gamblin' skill check by declaring he's cheating. The lowdown snake can choose to add from +1 to +10 to his Gamblin' roll. Everyone in the game or those watching closely from the sidelines makes a Spot check opposed by the gambler's Sleight of Hand roll. The cheater must subtract his cheating modifier from his Sleight of Hand roll. If the cheater is caught, at the very least he can expect to lose his winnings. It's more likely he's shot or strung up.

Retry: Sure—as long as your hero's stake holds out!

Special: A character with 5 or more ranks in Bluff or Sense Motive gains a +2 synergy bonus to Gamblin' checks. These bonuses stack.

If your gambler is the cheating kind and has 5 or more ranks in Sleight o' Hand, he gains a +2 synergy bonus. This bonus also stacks with those from Bluff and Sense Motive. However, anytime he uses this bonus, he is considered to be cheating (see above), although the synergy bonus does not add to his opponent's Spot roll to catch him like normal cheating tactics do.

Gunplay (Dex; Trained Only)

Shooting things is a way of life in the Wasted West. Everyone who can get their hands on a gun learns how to shoot it, but there are those few who are especially talented. These individuals can pull off some of the most uncanny shots ever seen and earn a few bullets on the side performing tricks for other brainers.

Use this skill if you want your hero to be able to make trick shots or spin her six-shooters like some movie hero.

Check: This skill allows your hero to perform all manner of gunhandling maneuvers. Some of those tricks are nothing but a lot of flash, but others might just give your shootist an edge in a gunfight. Some of the more common uses of this skill are listed below. Other uses are possible, but the Marshal has final say on what your character can and can't accomplish with this skill.

DC Task

- 20 Trick shot (entertainment only)
- 20 Road agent spin
- 25 Border shift
- 25 Distracting shot

Trick shot: This covers shooting a shot glass off a friend's head, putting a bullet

hole through a quarter tossed in the air, and so on. While it looks fancy and is sure to impress the ladies (or brainers), it really doesn't have all that much use in a combat situation. Unless your hero is suddenly attacked by shot glasses or quarters, that is. In effect, your hero can substitute his Gunplay skill check for a standard attack roll when making showy trick shots out of combat. This use of the skill requires a full round action for each trick shot attempted.

Road agent spin: This is a favorite maneuver among the black-hat-wearing crowd. The hero holds her pistol or pistols out butt-first, as if to surrender to her opponent. Then, assuming her Gunplay check is successful, she quickly spins and flips the smokewagons, turning them on her opponent as a free action. Your character can immediately make a Bluff check (opposed by her opponent's Sense Motive skill); if she wins the contest, the poor sap is surprised and your hero catches the opponent flat-footed! Of course, if your hero fails the initial Gunplay check, she's left with her guns tangled up in her fingers and looking really foolish. If she gets a natural 1 on the attempt, roll 1d6. On a 1-3, she drops one gun. On a 4-5, she drops both guns (if she had two). On a 6, she accidentally shoots herself!

Border shift: This maneuver is a favorite among heroes who carry two guns but don't fight two-fisted. To use this maneuver, your hero must have both guns drawn, one in each hand. When her primary weapon runs out of ammunition, she can then, as a free action, attempt a Gunplay check to make a border shift—tossing the two guns from hand to hand so as to move the fully loaded pistol to her shooting hand and the empty one to her off hand. She can continue firing in that round without pause up to her full number of attacks. If she fails the roll, the swap takes place, but it ends her attacks and any other action for the round. Should she roll a natural 1 on the attempt, she drops both weapons!

Distracting shot: Your hero can, as a standard action, place shots dangerously near an opponent, kicking up dirt or debris, knocking over nearby items, or just whizzing disturbingly close to his ears. She can attempt such a distracting shot even if her target is behind total cover, as long as she knows where the opponent is located (so she can't use this maneuver against an invisible or otherwise unseen foe). The

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opponent must immediately make a Will saving throw against a DC 15 or be limited to a partial action on his next round. This tactic is handy for keeping a target relatively pinned down during a protracted gunfight.

Retry: Yes, although your hero may often look foolish when she attempts a fancy maneuver the first time and fails!

Special: A hero with 5 or more ranks in Gunplay gains a +2 synergy bonus to Intimidate checks made while she's flashing her guns about.

Holdout (Dex)

It never hurts to have a backup weapon stashed away in a vest pocket or boot. Or maybe your character is a spy trying to sneak a message or other contraband across the border. Either way, this skill lets your hero hide things on her person.

Check: When your character hides a weapon on her person, make a Holdout check. If the final result of your hero's check is below 15, another character can notice the hidden gun or other item on an opposed Spot check versus your hero's original roll. On the other hand, if your hero's result was 15 or higher, only a blatant pat-down search, requiring a full round action, has a chance of uncovering it. In this case, your hero rolls another Holdout check, this time in an opposed test against the opponent's Search roll. However, the searcher gets a +5 circumstance bonus to his roll.

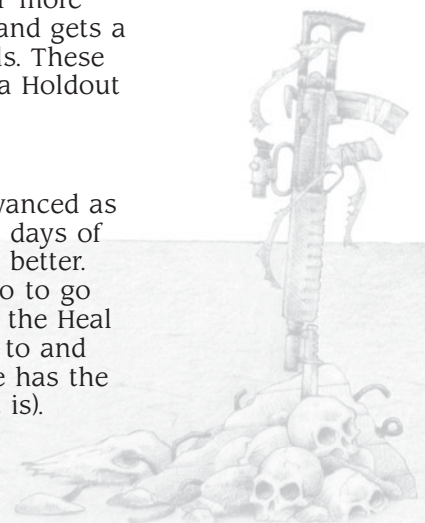
Retry: No. Your character hides the item in question to the best of her ability, given her clothing and the circumstances, the first time she does it.

Special: A character with 5 or more ranks in Disguise or Sleight o' Hand gets a +2 synergy bonus to Holdout rolls. These bonuses stack. Shotguns saddle a Holdout check with a -8 modifier.

Medicine (Int; Trained only)

The art of healing has not advanced as much as that of killing since the days of the Weird West, but it has gotten better.

Check: This skill allows a hero to go beyond the simple techniques of the Heal skill. It allows her to perform up to and including surgery (as long as she has the proper tools at her disposal, that is).



Task	DC
Setting a broken bone	10
Dig out a bullet	15
Remove a damaged limb cleanly	15
Stop internal bleeding	20
Remove or replace an internal organ	25+

Occult Engineering (Int; Trained only; Junker only)

Mad science may be a thing of the past, but junkers still have a few rabbits in their hats.

Check: This skill allows junkers to create their wonders out of a mound of useless rubble. See Chapter 7: Powers for more info on junkers.

Ridicule (Int)

When Hell has come to the world, it puts a strain on most folks. Knowing when and just how far to push your opponent is actually the real talent to this skill.

Check: Like Intimidate, Ridicule lets your character alter others' behavior with a successful skill check. However, since a Ridicule check works on its target's embarrassment and anger rather than fear, its effects are also slightly different. Your character must designate a specific action she wants the target to do. Ridicule can't adjust a target's overall attitude. A smart mouth and insults aren't too likely to endear your hero to an opponent no matter how clever she is!

The DC for a Ridicule check is 10 + the target's level. Any bonuses that a target may have on saving throws against mind-altering effects also apply. Ridicule requires a full-round action to use.

If your waster is successful in her mocking, the target has three choices. He can take the action your hero is egging him on to do (call out the town's toughest fighter, play chicken on the nearest highway, join in a game of cards, etc.), ignore the insults, or try to turn the tables on your character with some choice language of his own. The first option is pretty self-explanatory.

If the target chooses the second option, he suffers an effective -4 penalty on any Charisma-based ability or skill checks as he's been made a laughingstock. This penalty lasts for a number of minutes equal to your hero's level.

If he instead decides to fight back with his own insults, he rolls an opposed Ridicule check against your hero's original

roll. The loser of the contest then suffers a penalty to his Charisma-based ability and skill checks equal to the amount by which he lost the contest. It's not a good idea to enter a battle of wits unarmed! This lasts for a number of minutes equal to the winner's level.

There is one other option. The victim of your hero's tongue-lashing can just call her out, although he does still suffer the penalty to Charisma-based rolls. So before your brainer goes making fun of the local hero, she'd better be ready to back up her mouth!

Finally, Ridicule can be used to throw your opponent off-balance in a duel, like Intimidate or Bluff. See **Duels** in Chapter Five: Blowin' Things All to Hell.

Retry: Once your waster has failed in a Ridicule roll against a target, she can't try again for at least another day. Although she may still get off a zinger or two, it lacks the impact to significantly affect the target's behavior.

Scroungin' (Int)

Scroungin' is the ability to find life's little necessities in a hurry. In *Hell on Earth*, this skill is second in importance only to breathing.

Check: This skill lets you find things faster and better than a general Search would. The DC to find particular items depends on the item and the location. For bullets, 2 hours and a DC 15 Scroungin' check in a ruined city or town nets 1d6 bullets of assorted types. Other items and a longer time Scroungin' will increase or decrease the DC.

Sleight of Hand (Dex; Trained Only)

Stealing things is a way of life for some folks in the Wasted West, but it is also one of the most surefire ways of getting yourself put down for good. Sleight of Hand is useful not just for gamblers with a hankerin' for cheating, but also folks ranging from Scavengers to simple pickpockets. This skill lets your brainer manipulate small items without notice.

Check: A check against a DC 10 lets your hero secret a coin-sized object. Attempting to pull the stunt with a larger item, like say a grenade, requires a DC 15 check. Your light-fingered hero can also accomplish simple magic tricks, like making a coin appear or disappear or palming a playing card on a DC 10.

If another waster is watching your hero closely, your character must make an opposed Sleight of Hand roll against your watcher's Spot check. If she wins the contest, she catches your hero's bit of legerdemain, although as long as your

hero makes the task's base DC he still pulls it off for anyone not watching so closely.

Attempting to take an item from another person is a Pick Pocket roll, not a Sleight of Hand check.

Retry: Trying to fool the same person twice with a Sleight of Hand roll raises the DC by at least +10 if your hero's earlier attempt failed. If it succeeded, she suffers no such penalty.

Special: Sleight of Hand can be used as a substitute for the Quick Draw feat on a roll of 20 or better.

A character with 5 or more ranks in Sleight of Hand gains a +2 synergy bonus to both Pick Pocket and Profession (stage magician) checks.

Speed Load (Dex)

There's nothing more embarrassing than running out of ammo in the middle of a shootout. With this skill, your hero can get bullets back in his shooting iron faster.

Check: Reloading a single bullet into a pistol, rifle, or shotgun usually takes a standard action. On a DC 15 skill check, your brainer can instead load one round as a move-equivalent action, though this still provokes an attack of opportunity. Alternatively, on a DC 20 skill check, your character can load up to three rounds in his smokewagon on a single standard action. You must decide which option your character is going to attempt before you roll the dice. In either case, failure means your waster takes a standard action and reloads a single round. On a 1, the character drops all the rounds he was trying to load on the ground.

Some cap-and-ball revolvers can use speed load cylinders. These are fully-loaded cylinders that your hero can slap into his sidearm with a full-round action. With a DC 15 Speed Load check, your hero can instead swap out cylinders as a standard action.

Special: An unskilled Speed Load check is actually just a Dexterity check.

Survival (Wis)

A veteran waster knows which bugs to eat and which ones to step on.

Check: A successful Survival check feeds a person for one day. Increasing the DC by +2 provides the bare necessities for one other person.

The DC depends on the environment. An area with plentiful game and water has a DC of 10. Someplace where food and water is available but scarce has a DC of 15. In the desert, the DC of survival is 20 or better.

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Special: You can only make one survival roll per day.

Tale Tellin' (Cha)

A good story teller does many things. He preserves an oral history of his world and gives hope and inspiration—or words of caution—to his listeners.

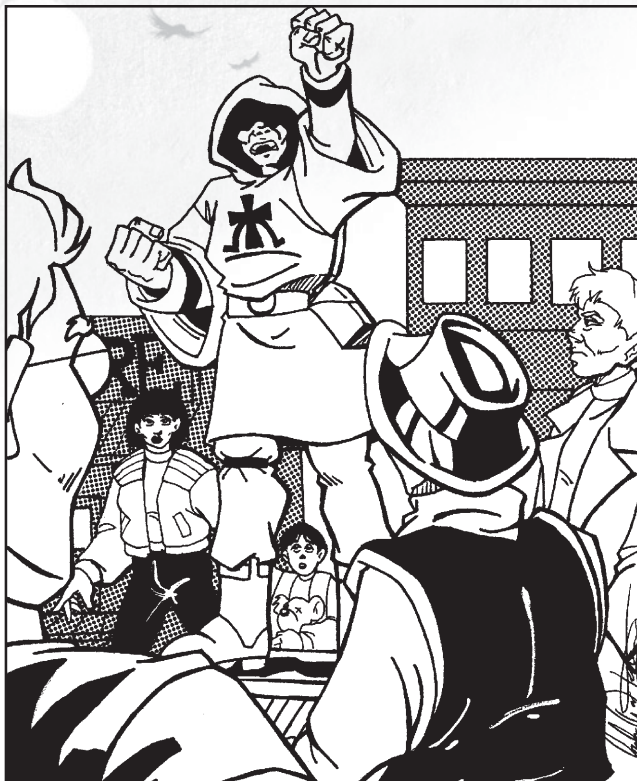
Tale Tellin' has an even more important use in the world of *Hell on Earth*. After a successful adventure, a hero who tells the tale of his posse's triumph can actually reduce fear in a community previously affected by the horrors the heroes faced. The Marshal has the full scoop on this use of Tale Tellin' in Chapter Eight.

Tinkerin' (Int; Trained Only)

Driving a car from Junkyard to the Grand Library is a whole lot easier than walking the same trail. On the other hand, if that gadget breaks down, you'd better know how to fix it. Tinkerin' allows your character to repair—or even build—intricate devices and gizmos.

Check: The Marshal sets the DC to repair a damaged device or contraption,





based on the complexity of the gizmo, whether or not it was designed by a junker, and the severity of the damage done to it.

As a rule of thumb, simple repairs to non-occult engineered machines are usually DC 10 to 15. Difficult repairs of a simple device or simple repairs on a complex one are DC 20, and a difficult repair of a complex machine may be as high as DC 25.

Occult engineered devices are harder to fix when they break down. More often than not, those sorts of gizmos appear to violate at least one of the basic premises of engineering and physics! The DC to repair a junker's gizmo is based on its construction DC, which you can find listed in Chapter Seven: Powers. For a simple repair, the DC is 10 lower than the construction DC, more difficult repairs are 5 lower than the original DC, and truly complex or extensive ones are the same as the construction DC. When the damage gets to that point, it's often almost as easy to just start over from scratch!

Trying to use Tinkerin' without at least a basic set of tools (wrenches, hammers, etc.) nets your character a -5 circumstance penalty.

Your character can try to rush or "jury-rig" repairs on a device. This reduces the DC for the task by 5 and cuts the time in half, but each time the machine is used afterwards adds a cumulative +1 to any Malfunction checks (see Chapter Four: Equipment for information on malfunction checks). Taking the time to make a proper repair and a successful check against the full DC for the job removes these penalties.

This is also the skill a junker or his assistant uses to actually construct the gadgets he designs. Full details on this use of the skill are located in Chapter Seven: Powers.

Existing Feats

Most existing feats are available to *Hell on Earth* heroes. Only item creation feats are not normally allowed in the Wasted West. To be specific, characters may not take brew potion, craft magic arms and armor, craft rod, craft staff, craft wand, craft wondrous item, forge ring, and scribe scroll. Certain NPCs under the Marshal's control may have these abilities, but player characters do not.

Metamagic feats may be used normally. This raises the power's DC and causes the spell to drain more Strain proportionately. The empower spell feat, for example, uses up a power slot two levels higher than the power's actual level. In *Hell on Earth*, this raises the level for figuring DC and power cost as well.

Other feats that require some modification to better fit the Wasted West are listed below, along with the necessary modifications to the standard description. Note that some proficiencies are available but seldom used (such as armor proficiency).

If an existing feat has a cost, gold pieces translate directly into cash on a one-to-one basis.

Craft

The various Craft feats (magic arms and armor, rod, staff, wand, and wondrous item) are not normally available in *Hell on Earth*.

Far Shot

This feat cannot be used with shotguns and scatterguns using shot. A waster can use Far Shot when firing slugs from a shotgun or scattergun.

Mounted Archery

In the *Hell on Earth* setting, this feat applies to firearms as well. Mounted archery also applies to shooters on vehicles, hoverbikes, airplanes, and the like.

Rapid Shot

This feat isn't actually altered, but just to make it perfectly clear, rapid shot grants your hero one extra attack. Period. It doesn't matter how many base attacks or weapons your character has. A hero with 3 base attacks and two pistols still gets only one extra shot from rapid shot.

New Feats

Below is a Scavenger's paradise of new feats for the heroes of the Wasted West to use in their fight against bandits, marauding Black Hats, inhuman automatons, and supernatural evil.

Feat descriptions follow the standard format.

Armor Proficiency (Heavy)

[General]

Your character is proficient with the workings of powered battlesuits and similar types of armor.

Benefit: When your hero is using armor with which she is not proficient, the armor check penalty applies only to Climb, Escape Artist, Hide, Jump, Move Silently, Sleight o' Hand, and Tumble checks.

Normal: Without this proficiency, a waster wearing such armor suffers its armor check penalty to her attack rolls and all skill rolls involving moving.

Special: This feat grants your hero the ability to use all melee weapons attached to a battlesuit, like a chainsaw or sword, but not ranged weapons, such as a machine gun. A junker is automatically proficient with armor she has designed or built.

Armor Proficiency (Medium)

[General]

Your hero is familiar with personal armor such as bulletproof vests and armored dusters.

Benefit: See Armor Proficiency (Heavy)

Normal: See Armor Proficiency (Heavy)

Special: A junker is automatically proficient with any armor he has designed or built himself.

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Artillery Weapon Proficiency

[General]

There are a lot of nasty creatures lumbering through the wastelands. Some of them are big as houses. Others eat houses. For either kind of varmint, you're going to need a really big gun.

Prerequisite: None.

Benefit: A hero with this feat can fire artillery weapons (howitzers, patriot missile systems, etc.), without penalty.

Normal: Without this proficiency, a hero suffers an additional -4 modifier to her attack rolls.

Automatic Weapon Proficiency

[General]

Your waster is skilled in using fully automatic weapons.

Prerequisite: Firearms.

Benefit: A hero with this feat can fire fully-automatic weapons without penalty, and may use the suppressive fire ability of machine guns and the like.

Normal: Without this proficiency, a shooter suffers an additional -4 modifier to her attack rolls.

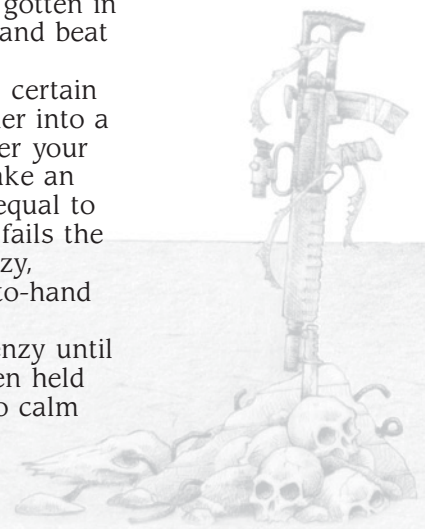
Special: A junker who designs an automatic weapon gains this feat, but only with respect to that particular weapon. In other words, she can fire *her* machine gun to full effect, but she's unable to do so with any other automatic weapon she didn't design.


Berserk [General]

Characters with this feat have gotten in touch with their inner stepchild and beat the snot out of it.

Benefit: For whatever reason, certain things set the hero off, turning her into a frenzied death-machine. Whenever your hero takes damage, she must make an Intelligence check against a DC equal to the damage she just took. If she fails the roll, she goes into a Berserk frenzy, allowing her to make two hand-to-hand attacks each action.

The character stays in this frenzy until her target is dead or she has been held back for 1d4 rounds and forced to calm





down. The character must also move into hand-to-hand combat no matter what the situation. She might not jump off a cliff to get at someone, but she's happy to charge an army all by herself once berserk. This is a good time for her friends to restrain her!

Brave [General]

No one can accuse your character of being a yellow-belly. He's got more than his fair share of sand.

Benefit: Your hero gets +2 on Will saves against fear.

Special: This bonus stacks with all other Will save modifiers.

Dead Eye [Special]

Characters who are highly skilled in death and mayhem are more likely to hit their opponent's vital spots. Dead Eye raises a character's damage total when making an exceptional attack roll.

Prerequisite: Dead Eye is only available to Waste Warriors.

Benefit: If the character uses the full-attack option while attacking, he adds his level to the damage of his attack. This feat applies to all the character's attacks in a round. The damage is multiplied if the shot is a critical as usual.

Special: Creatures that aren't subject to criticals (such as most every sort of undead) do not suffer the additional damage caused by Dead Eye.

Dinero [General]

Your hero has extra funds at her disposal. This feat may represent a fallout shelter, a cache he found, or even money from handing over info to a Librarian.

Benefit: Your character has twice the normal starting funds. For example, your waster normally gets 250 in "cash" for starting funds. With dinero, she gets 500 in "cash" at the beginning of play. How your character comes by this money is up to you, but be sure to work out the details with your Marshal in advance.

Normal: Without this feat, a character receives her starting funds only once.

Special: Your hero can gain this feat more than once. Each time you select it, the amount of money doubles again. So, if

you choose the feat three times, your hero gets eight times her normal starting funds ($2 \times 2 \times 2 = 8$). The bonus starting funds are available only at character creation; selecting dinero after creation does not grant a sudden infusion of "back interest."

Extra Strain

Your hero has refined the uses of his power to a point finer than most others. He now has more Strain.

Prerequisite: Only characters with powers can take this feat.

Benefit: Each time this feat is taken, the hero gains five additional Strain.

Normal: Without this feat, a character receives only the normal Strain allowed.

Special: Your hero can gain this feat more than once.

Firearms Proficiency [General]

Your waster knows how to use a type of firearm: pistols, rifles, machine guns, or shotguns.

Benefit: Your hero makes attack rolls with the weapon normally.

Normal: A character who uses a weapon without being proficient suffers a -4 penalty to his attack rolls.

Gift o' Gab [General]

A lot of foreigners fought for the Northern and Southern Alliances. Most of them don't speak a lot of English. Sometimes the only way to talk to one of these grizzled veterans is in their own language.

Benefit: The character with this feat learns new languages as if they were class skills.

Normal: Without this feat, the character learns new languages as normal.

Grim Servant o' Death [Special]

Certain heroes of the Wasted West are cursed to carry death and destruction with them wherever they go. Such brainers are deadly to their foes—and sometimes to their friends as well.

Benefit: The hero may spend a Fate Chip (see Chapter Five) to turn a successful attack into an automatic critical.

Prerequisites: The character must have five total levels of experience.

Special: Grim Servants o' Death are (usually) unwitting pawns of the Reckoners. When the hero rolls a 1 on any ranged attack roll, the attack automatically hits a random target—friend or foe—to the hero's front instead. If the attacker wields a melee weapon, roll randomly among all potential targets in

reach instead. The attack automatically hits regardless of cover or concealment and has a 50% chance of being a critical.

Keen [General]

Veterans of the wastelands expect the unexpected. Other folks are just jumpy. The only thing they've got in common is that they both sense a walkin' dead creeping up on them from 50 yards away.

Benefit: A Keen hero notices little details, sounds, and movements that others may ignore. She gets a +2 circumstance bonus to all Listen and Spot skill checks.

Prerequisite: Wisdom 13+

Law o' the West [General]

Even in the Wasted West, there are a few good-hearted fools who don't know when to shoot their enemies in the back.

A hero with this feat lives by a code of honor that hardly anyone else subscribes to. He refuses to kill unless provoked, never draws first in a duel, and refuses to shoot someone at a significant disadvantage (such as in the back).

Even these throwbacks don't apply their strange rules to hordes of walkin' dead, deranged mutants, or others deemed unworthy of the code.

Benefit: The hero gains a +2 circumstance bonus to his Diplomacy, Gather Information, and Intimidate skill checks. If your hero violates the code too often and folks find out about it, he loses all the benefits and becomes just another waster with a gun.

Prerequisite: The hero must follow the code as it is stated above or loses its benefits.

Level-Headed [General]

Veteran gunmen claim speed and skill are vital, but they're overrated compared to keeping your cool, aiming at your target, and putting it down. A hothead who empties his hogleg too fast might soon find himself taking root in the local bone orchard.

Benefit: When rolling Initiative, a die roll of less than 10 is automatically raised to 10. Modifiers are then added to the new "roll" of 10.

Prerequisite: Improved Initiative.

Marksman [General]

One shot, one kill. That's the motto of the marksman. Whether he's a sniper picking off trogs or a waster taking out the leader of a bunch of Black Hats, a marksman tries to put his enemy down with one bullet.

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Benefit: A marksman spends one round aiming at his target. The target must not be making a double move or a run. On the second round, the marksman may make one attack at his usual bonus. If the attack is successful, the target must make a Fortitude save versus DC 10 + damage or die. The target must be within the maximum range of the attacker's weapon and some vital part (head, stomach, etc., must be visible).

Targets with no discernible vitals, or that aren't subject to critical hits, are not affected by this feat.

Prerequisite: Concentration 4+, base attack bonus of +5 or higher, weapon focus, weapon specialization.

Special: Should something distract the marksman in this period, he must make a standard Concentration check against damage.





Mechanically Inclined [General]

Gadgets and gizmos lie strewn about the blasted battlefields and ruined cities. Those who know how to fix them can recover valuable tools. No junker worth his weight would be caught dead without this feat.

Benefit: The hero with this feat gets a +2 bonus to all of his rolls involving fixing or understanding machinery. This includes all Knowledge skills, Occult Engineering, Scroungin', and Tinkerin'.

Prerequisite: Intelligence 13+

Nerves o' Steel [General]

Whether it's an iron backbone or just plain cussedness, your hero isn't the sort to turn tail and run, no matter what he's facing.

Benefit: If your character is forced to flee as the result of a failed Will save versus fear, he can choose to stand his ground instead. He still suffers any other effects from the failed save, such as ability or attack roll modifiers.

Rad-Tolerant [General]

Some folks like it hot. Your waster likes it microwaveable.

Benefit: For whatever reason, your hero is particularly resistant to the effects of radiation, both natural and supernatural. He can add +2 to his saves when resisting its effects. This works against Doomsayer magic that can be resisted, and acts as two points of 2 points of damage resistance against their damage-causing powers. If a power is resisted and causes damage, Rad-Tolerant works against both.

Renown [General]

Your waster has made a name for herself in the Wasted West. Whether that's a *good* name or a *bad* name is another matter...

Prerequisite: Level 5.

Benefit: When your character makes her identity known in a new locality, roll a Charisma ability check and add half her level against the appropriate DC listed on the Renown Locale table below. If she makes the check, folks in that area have heard of her; if not, she can't check again for that area until she gains a level.

Renown

DC	Locale
15	Home town
20	Home area (within 10 miles)
25	Home region (within 100 miles)
30	Different area (within 250 miles)
35	Different region (within 500 miles)
+5	Different part of the Wastelands (700+ miles)

Assuming they've heard of her, she gains certain benefits from being a celebrity of sorts to a variety of social skills. Exactly what those benefits entail depends on whether your brainer is known as a Samaritan or a scoundrel. You have to choose one of those two types of reputations when your character selects this feat.

Samaritan. Your character is known as a genuine hero. She may have been featured in texts kept by the Librarians, or even have tales told about her daring acts of bravery. Most folks look up to her. She's liable to have an easier time dealing with Law Dogs and other upstanding citizens, but they're also more likely to look to her for help when trouble rears its head! People tend to take your hero's word on things at face value and her opinion holds a lot of sway around town. Jo is a good example of a Samaritan with renown.

Scoundrel. Your character has a reputation as a dangerous desperado or deadly gunfighter. Normal townsfolk steer clear of your brainer on the street, and bandits and other outlaws tend to show her more than her fair share of respect. Unfortunately, Law Dogs and other authority figures tend to expect her to *cause* trouble and keep a eye in her direction at all times. Most folks are afraid to question her word on anything—at least in earshot—and the less desirable elements of society are more likely to let her in on information of the less-than-legal sort. Silas Rasmussen and General Throckmorton both have Renown as scoundrels.

Renown Benefits

Skill	Samaritan Scoundrel	
Bluff*	+4	+4
Diplomacy	+4	-4
Gather Information	+2	+2
Intimidate	+2	+4
Ridicule	+2	+4

*Any Bluff check to deny your hero's identity receives a -4 penalty instead!

Normal: The Marshal may decide a particularly heroic (or dastardly) act by your waster provides him with a circumstance bonus (or penalty) to certain social skills, like Bluff, Diplomacy, and so on. However, that modifier only applies to a

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specific area, such as a town or county, and usually lasts only a relatively short while as folks' memories tend to get foggy over time. The Renown feat represents a wide-reaching and long-lasting reputation.

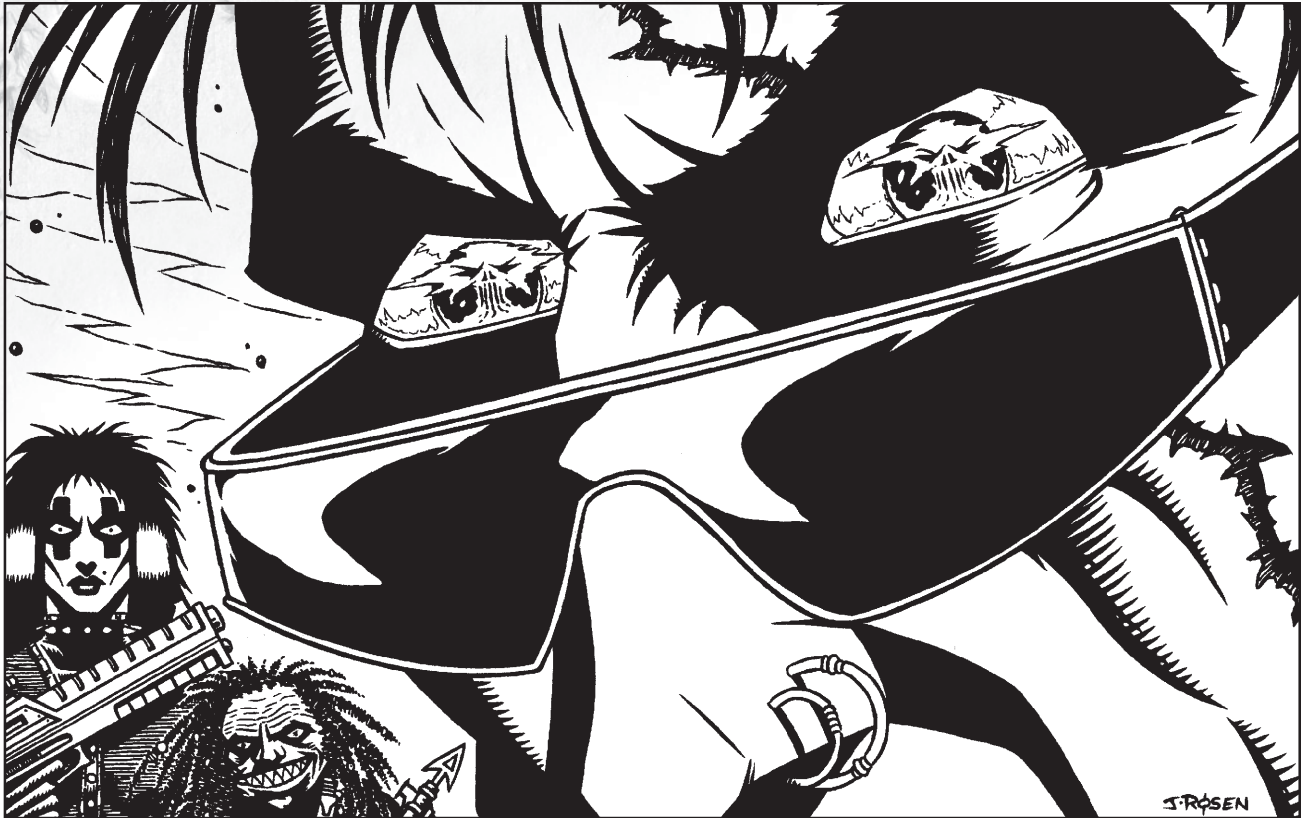
Special: It's possible to change hat colors in the Wasted West. It's fairly easy for good guys to go bad—everyone's willing to believe the worst sometimes. It's much harder for a bad man to come clean—though saving enough orphans might just do the trick.

If you decide after choosing this feat that you'd rather your infamous desperado become a famous hero, talk it over with your Marshal. He has the last word on what it takes to change sides.

Sand [General]

Sand is what keeps a brainer fighting even when his boots are full of his own blood. It's what lets a brainer spit in the Grim Reaper's face (literally) and then ask him to two-step. Heroes with sand can keep on fighting even when they should be waiting for a sawbones.





Benefit: The hero may continue to act even when his hit points are zero or less. At -10, the hero drops over dead as usual, but between 0 and -9, he may take partial actions by rolling a Willpower save against a DC of 10 plus the number of hit points he is below 0. A character at -5, for instance, rolls against DC 15.

Conducting actions does not cause additional damage.

Prerequisites: Constitution 15+.

Special: The hero may not stabilize while attempting to take partial actions.

Sucker Punch [General]

Your brainer knows all the dirty tricks to use in a knock-down-drag-out brawl. Whether it's throwing dirt in an opponent's eyes, biting him on the nose, pulling his hair, or just plain old kicking him where it *really* hurts, your character is ready to do it.

Prerequisite: Improved Unarmed Strike, Base attack bonus +1 or higher.

Benefit: Anytime your hero uses the full attack option in hand-to-hand combat with his fists, or during a grappling attack (or defense), your hero does an additional

1d4 points of damage (real or subdual at the player's choice).

In addition, a sucker-punched victim must make a Fortitude roll equal to 10 plus the damage caused. If failed, the victim is at -4 on his next action.

Sucker punch does not combine with certain classes' sneak attack ability.

This feat only works against living creatures with discernible anatomies.

Undead, gelatinous monsters, and the like just can't be affected by the usual dirty tricks!

The Stare [General]

There's something in your brainer's eyes that makes normal folks downright uncomfortable and Law Dogs antsy.

Prerequisite: Cha 15+, Intimidate 9+.

Benefit: Once per encounter, your character can, as a free action, use her frightening gaze to intimidate or outright terrify all opponents within 30 feet. The targets must be to her front so that she may make eye contact with each of them. The stare only affects humans and sentient creatures with fewer levels than your brainer. The targets must make a Will save against a DC 10 + half your hero's level + her Charisma modifier. If the opponent fails, he's shaken as if struck by fear, suffering a -2 morale penalty to attack rolls, saves, and skill checks for 1d6 + your hero's character level (round up) in rounds. This is an extraordinary ability.

Normal: A waster without this feat can use the Intimidate skill to threaten a single person at a time. Regardless of his result on the skill roll, he doesn't generate a morale penalty to his opponent's rolls.

The Voice [General]

When your character speaks, folks hush up and listen hard, whether she's got something worthwhile to say or not. It's the medium, not the message.

When you choose this feat, you need to choose what type of voice the character has as well, either soothing, threatening, or grating. The game effects of each are described below.

Benefit: The hero gains a +2 bonus to her skill check depending on the type of voice she has:

A soothing voice adds +2 to Diplomacy skill checks made in calm, seductive, or otherwise peaceful situations when your golden vocal cords can assure everyone of your honesty and integrity.

A threatening voice adds +2 to Intimidate checks. This might be a low growl, a "heroic" oratorical voice, or a venomous hiss.

A grating voice adds +2 to Ridicule checks and annoys those who are its target.

Prerequisite: Charisma 15+

Special: This feat may be taken multiple times to gain each type of voice.

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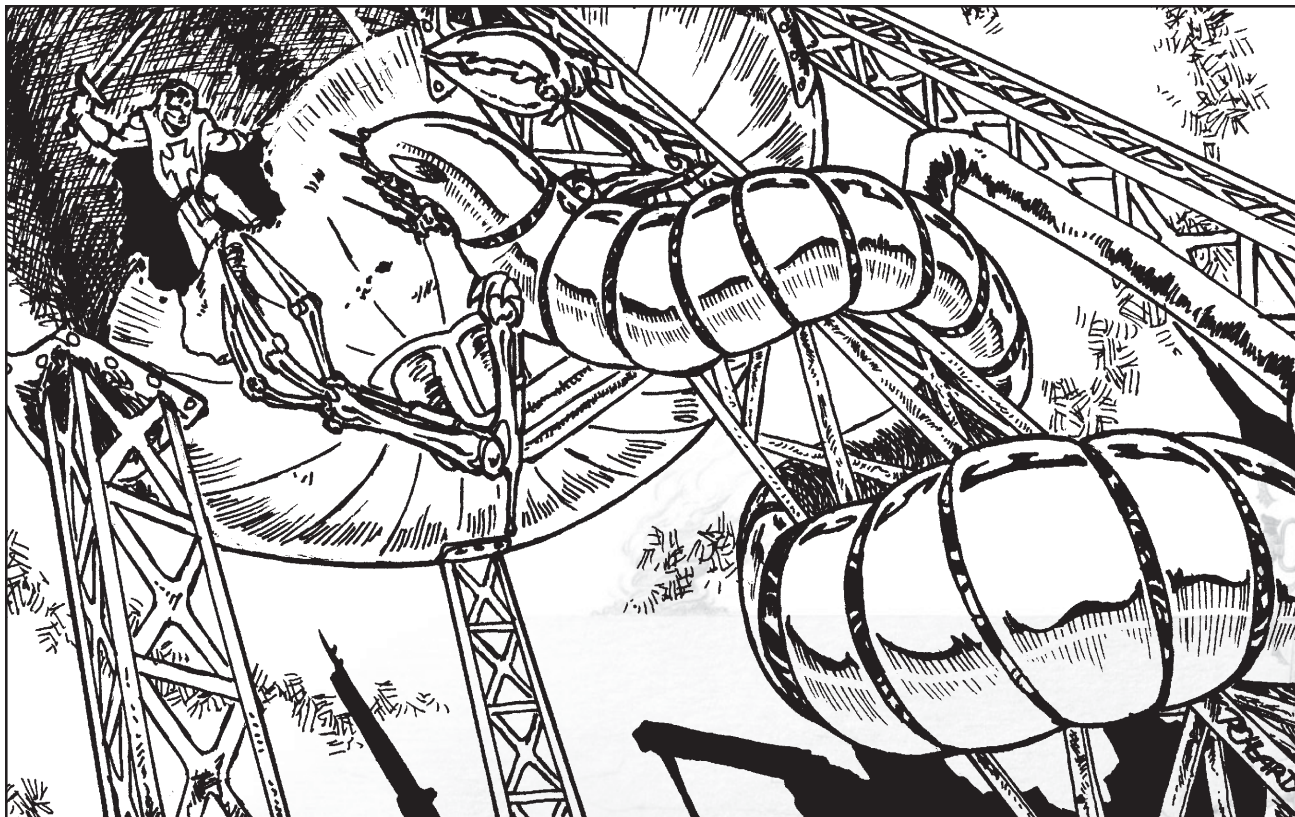
Veteran of the Wasted West

You can tell by the stare. Or the way her hand slowly eases down toward her machine gun when there's trouble. Some folks have seen what humanity was not meant to know—in living color—and lived to tell the tale.

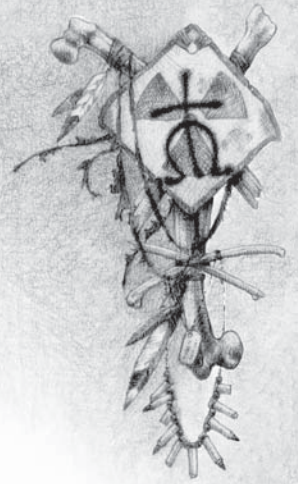
A hero with this feat has been around a while. She's encountered the denizens of *Hell on Earth* and said "howdy" to a few of its less-than-friendly types with her machine gun blazing.

Benefit: Your hero gains 5 extra skill points and 1 other bonus feat of your choice (this one may not be chosen again).

Prerequisite: You may only take this feat during character creation, and the price for doing so is a steep one. The Marshal gets to decide what you've been through to get this far (via the table in the Marshal's Territory, page 149). Be warned, the cost for playing a veteran can be high. You might lose a limb, be stalked by a nefarious creature, or find yourself drawn into a struggle against an evil far older than you could ever have imagined.







Chapter Four: Equipment

The problem with a ruined world is that hardly anything works right. You can't just walk into S-Mart and buy a new shotgun. You have to find one, make sure it has all its parts, isn't full of mud, and isn't going to fall apart the first time you bank it off a wormling's slimy skull.

Starting Gear

Heroes in the Wasted West start with nothing but the clothes on their back and 250 in "cash." The rest of your gear must be purchased.

Currency

So what's the currency? Well, there isn't any—at least not any standard form, though some communities might have their own currency. The folks in Iron Oasis (what used to be Salt Lake City), for instance, print bills and mint coins, though they're not much good outside city limits.

Everything else is pure barter. Folks don't trade for things they don't need unless they can turn it around for a quick profit. Some items traded commonly are bullets, milrats, food, toothpaste, ghost rock, and things

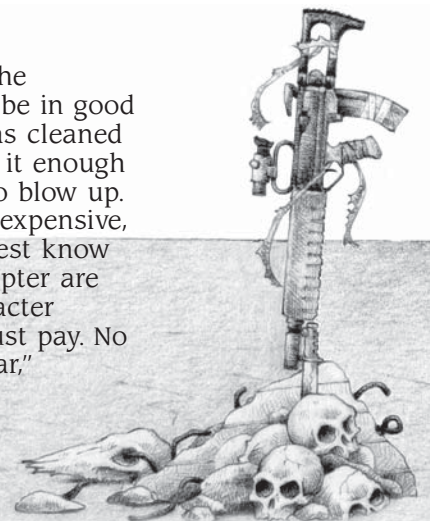
folks miss a lot—like soda or chocolate. Jewelry and other luxury items are worn, but a diamond ring is far less valuable (to most) than a bushel of corn. Even a computer is useless to most wastelanders, even with a generator. A scientist trying to find a cure for tummy twisters might pay dearly, however. Special cases like this usually require a little roleplaying to sell properly.

If your hero carries "cash," it's in small luxury items. There's nothing useful in his "cash," but he can trade it easily for things he needs from most folks.

Condition

The stuff on the gear list on the following pages is considered to be in good condition. Some other brainer has cleaned it up, taped it together, and used it enough to know it probably isn't going to blow up.

Of course, good equipment is expensive, and the traders in the Wasted West know it, so the goods listed in this chapter are priced at top dollar. During character creation, this is the price you must pay. No haggling. You can buy "cheap gear," however. We'll get to that next.





Cheap Gear

If your hero's on a budget, or he finds stuff lying about the wastelands, his gear may have a few problems. A Tinkerin' skill check with a DC of 15 tells him if equipment is in good order. If it's not, it doesn't work quite as well as he'd like.

Cheap gear can be bought during character creation or picked up once play begins. It either has a quirk determined by the Marshal (such as a Geiger counter that reads half the normal rads), or it subtracts directly from the skill needed to use it (such as a pistol that subtracts -2 from the firer's attack roll).

For quirks, the Marshal must determine the item's "discount." For goods with modifiers, reduce the base price by 10% (rounded up) for every point of penalty, up to -5 and 50% off the basic price.

Some things, like bullets, can't be bought cheap. They work or they don't.

Weapon Descriptions

Most weapons follow the standard format for their descriptions, including cost, damage, range increment, critical, weight,

and type. Firearms have two additional entries: shots and caliber.

Shots: This tells you how many rounds of ammunition the weapon holds. In other words, how many times your character can fire the weapon before needing to reload. Reloading takes a full-round action for each round of ammunition your character wants to reload and provokes an attack of opportunity. The Speed Load skill can shorten the time needed to reload your brainer's shootin' iron.

Caliber: Every gun uses a specific type of ammunition. A cartridge for a .44 caliber won't fit in a .32 caliber gun. If the caliber matches *exactly*, the two weapons use the same type of ammunition.

Armor Descriptions

As you can imagine, in the Wasted West armor is a bit scarce. Still, there are a few bits lying around that can be cobbled together by a brainer.

Most of the entries conform to the standard format for armor listings. However, there are two notable differences.

First, none of the armor has an arcane spell failure rating. There isn't much spellcasting in *Hell on Earth*, and what there is isn't hampered by armor.

Second, the armor check penalties apply to quick draw checks in a duel, as well as Sleight of Hand skill rolls.

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Simple and

Weapons

Simple Weapons—Melee

Weapon	Cost	Damage	Critical	Range Increment	Wt.	Type
Unarmed Attacks						
Brass Knuckles	20	1d4	20/x2	—	1 lb.	B
Tiny						
Knife	10	1d4	20/x2	10 ft.	1 lb.	P
Small						
Ax, hand	75	1d6	20/x2	10 ft.	4 lb.	S
Club, small	—	1d4	20/x2	—	2 lb.	B
Knife, large	25	1d6	19-20/x3	10 ft.	2 lb.	P/S
Medium						
Club, large	5	1d6	20/x2	—	3 lb.	B
Machete	75	1d6	20/x2	10 ft.	2 lb.	S

Martial Weapons—Melee

Medium						
Ax, battle	100	1d8	20/x3	10 ft.	4 lb.	S
Bayonet	75	1d6	19-20/x2	10 ft.	2 lb.	P/S
Chainsaw, mini	400	2d8	19-20/x3	—	5 lb.	S
Long Sword	100	1d8	19-20/x2	—	6 lb.	P/S
Large						
Ax, great	300	1d12	19-20/x3	—	10 lb.	S
Great Sword	400	2d6	19-20/x2	—	15 lb.	S

Simple Weapons—Ranged

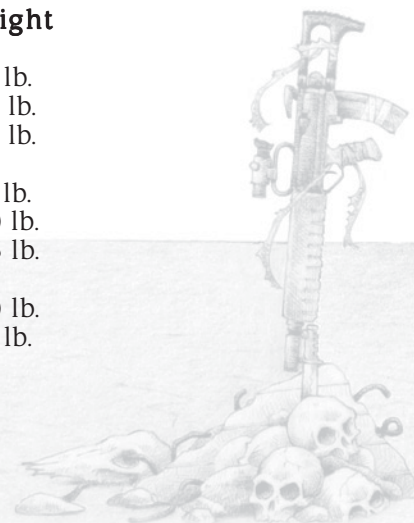
Weapon	Cost	Damage	Critical	Range Increment	Wt.	Type
Boomerang ¹	10	1d4	20/x2	20 ft.	.5 lb.	B
Bow	25	1d8	20/x3	80 ft.	1 lb.	P
Compound Bow	50	1d8+2	20/x3	100 ft.	1 lb.	P
Crossbow	70	1d12	20/x3	100 ft.	3 lb.	P
Knife, Small	10	1d4	20/x2	15 ft.	1 lb.	P
Knife, Large	20	1d6	20/x3	10 ft.	2 lb.	P
Sharpened Hubcap ¹	5	1d6	20/x2	20 ft.	2 lb.	S
Shuriken ¹	10	1	20/x2	15 ft.	.25 lb.	S
Spear	25	1d8	20/x3	10 ft.	5 lb.	P

Armor

Armor	Cost	AC Mod	Maximum Dex Bonus	Armor Check	Speed	Weight
Light						
Thick Winter Coat ¹	100	+2	+8	0	30 ft.	5 lb.
Boiled Leather Shirt	100	+4	+6	-1	30 ft.	10 lb.
Boiled Leather Pants	100	+4	+6	-1	30 ft.	10 lb.
Medium						
Motorcycle Helmet	250	+3	—	0	30 ft.	7 lb.
Kevlar Vest ²	750	+4	+4	-2	30 ft.	20 lb.
Armored Duster	500	+5	+3	-4	20 ft.	35 lb.
Heavy						
Infantry Battlesuit	1100	+6	+5	-3	20 ft.	30 lb.
Infantry Helmet	500	+4	—	0	30 ft.	5 lb.

¹: Also adds +4 to saves to resist the effects of cold.

²: AC Mod +2 versus hand-to-hand attacks.



Firearms

Weapon	Cost	Damage	Critical	Range Increment	Wt.	Shots	Cal.	Type
Pistols								
Police Pistol ²	100	2d6+3	19-20/x2	30 ft.	2 lb.	9	10mm	P
NA Officer's Sidearm ³	100	2d6+2	19-20/x2	30 ft.	2 lb.	15	9mm	P
SA Officer's Sidearm ⁴	100	2d8	19-20/x2	30 ft.	3 lb.	6	.50	P
Rifles								
Lever-action	100	2d4	19-20/x2	75 ft.	11 lb.	15	.30	P
Hunting Rifle	150	2d4+1	19-20/x2	75 ft.	11 lb.	9	.30-06	P
NA Assault Rifle ³	200	2d10	19-20/x2	90 ft.	12 lb.	30	5.56	P
SA Assault Rifle ⁴	200	2d12	19-20/x3	80 ft.	14 lb.	20	7.62	P
Shotguns								
Double-Barreled								
Scattergun	150	1d6-4d6	19-20/x2	10 ft.	5 lb.	2	12 gauge	P
Double-Barrel	150	1d6-4d6	19-20/x2	30 ft.	8 lb.	2	12 gauge	P
Pump	150	1d6-4d6	19-20/x2	30 ft.	8 lb.	8	12 gauge	P
Auto-shotgun	600	1d6-4d6	19-20/x2	30 ft.	8 lb.	20	12 gauge	P
Submachine-Guns								
Police Hellfire ²	150	2d6+3	19-20/x2	30 ft.	6 lb.	20	10mm	P
NA Commando ³	150	2d8	19-20/x2	30 ft.	6 lb.	30	5.56	P
SA Commando ⁴	150	2d10	19-20/x2	30 ft.	6 lb.	20	.50	P
Heavy Machine-Guns								
NA SAW ³	1000	2d10	19-20/x2	60 ft.	14 lb.	60	5.56	P
SA SAW ⁴	1000	2d12	19-20/x3	60 ft.	14 lb.	30	7.62	P
Other								
Grenade ⁵	100	4d12 (BR20)	—	15 ft.	1 lb.	1	—	P
Grenade Launcher	1500	By grenade	—	600 ft.	10 lb.	3	40mm	P
Rocket Launcher ⁵	2000	5d20 (BR20)	—	1200 ft.	15 lb.	1	Rockets	P

1: Can be made with a Craft (weaponsmithing) check against a DC of 15.

2: General police model used before the Last War.

3: General type used by Northern Alliance.

4: General type used by Southern Alliance.

5: One use only.

Other Gear

Ammo

Per Bullet Cost

Cost	Caliber
.50	Arrow, .22, .38
1	9mm, 10mm, .45, .30, .30-06, 5.56, 7.62
2	.50 pistol, 12-gauge shotgun shell, other strange sizes
5	Shotgun slug, .50 machine gun
10	20mm round, military calibers
20	Spare magazines for most guns

Food

Type	Cost
Dr. Pepper ¹	100
Coffee (pound)	20

Fresh fruit (piece)	5
Jerky (1 meal, 1 oz.)	1
Loaf of bread	10
Milrats (1 day's food)	20
Soda (not DP)	50
Veggies (1 serving, fresh)	55
Whiskey (old)	100+
Whiskey (new)	2

1: Dr. Pepper removes all subdual damage lost to radiation exposure.

Fuel

Type	Cost
Ghost rock (1 ounce)	10
Spook juice (per gallon)	10
Small Battery (10) ¹	20
Medium Battery (50) ¹	100
Large Battery (100) ¹	200

1: Number in parentheses is number of charges. All batteries can be attached to any normal-powered device. Small batteries weigh 1oz., medium are 8 ounces, and large are 10 pounds.

Clothes

Type	Cost
Bandolier	10
Boots (+2 AC feet)	100
Cowboy hat	50
Duster	100
Holster	30
Jacket	50
Jeans	50
Pants (handmade)	10
Running shoes (+5 ft. move)	100
Shoes	25
Shirt	25
Shirt (handmade)	10
Sneakers (+1 Move Silently)	100

Survival Gear

Type	Cost
Backpack	30
Binoculars	100
Compass	100
Flashlight (1/hour) ¹	50

Geiger Counter (1/hour) ¹	100
Mess kit	15
Night-vision Goggles (1/hour) ¹	1000
Rope (50')	25
Scope (for rifle)	200
Tent (sleeps two)	100
Water purification kit ¹ (1/quart)	10
Water tester (1) ¹	100

¹: Number of battery chargers per use or per hour.

Other

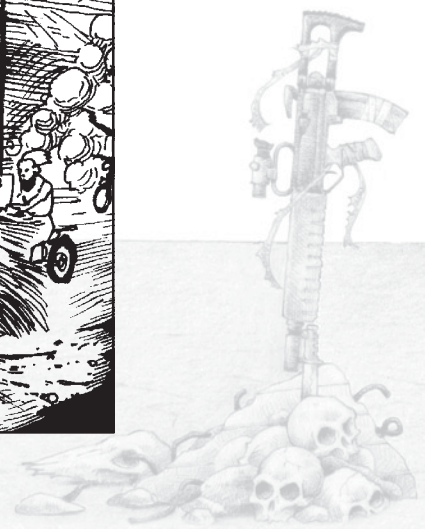
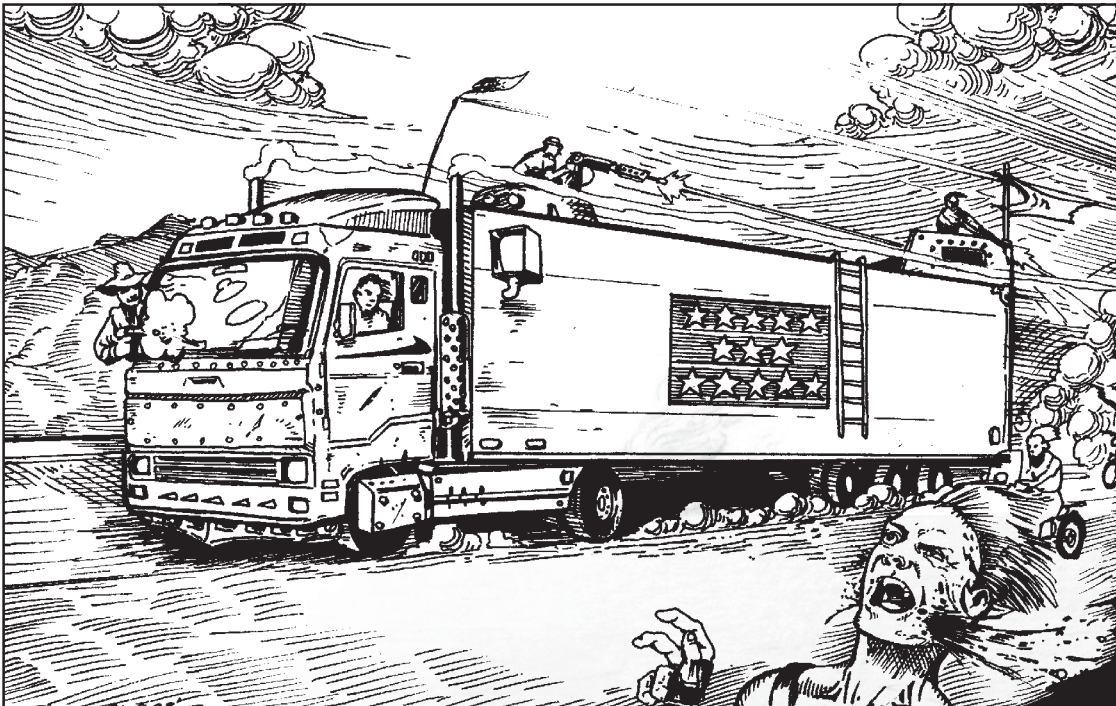
Type	Cost
Handcuffs	20
Horse	300
Playing cards	5
Saddle	100
Soap	5
Sunglasses	10
Toothpaste	10
Watch (mechanical)	30

Vehicles

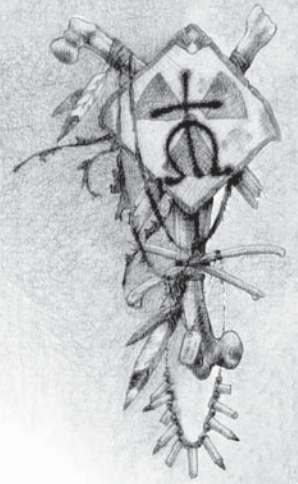
(See Chapter 5 for the complete rules on vehicles.)

Vehicle	AC	Hit Points	Hardness	Speed	Passengers	M.P.G.	Cost
Pickup Truck	16	90	12 all around	170	3+8*	30	5,000
Economy Car	14	60	12 all around	170	5	40	2,000
Sports Car	14	50	12 all around	225	4	30	3,000
Motorcycle	10	40	—	190	2	100	1,000
Hoverbike	12	70	—	270	2	50	4,000

* Three in the cab and eight in the bed.







Chapter Five: Blowin' Things All to Hell!

You've got your character all finished and scrounged up whatever gear was available. Now you're probably wanting to head out into the Wasted West and cause some trouble. Or shoot some.

Combat in *Hell on Earth* follows the standard D20 rules. In this chapter you'll find the things the D20 system doesn't cover, such as automatic fire and explosions. You'll also find some of the extra nasties that you'll have to deal with when you're wandering the Wasted West. Thank the Reckoners and remember *payback's a bitch*.

Best yet, the rules here are officially considered Open Gaming Content!

Fate Chips

Fate chips represent luck and give the player a little control over the game he can't get just by trusting in the capricious generosity of his d20.

At the beginning of every session, every player gets one "Fate Chip." These are tokens of some sort, like poker chips, gaming stones, beads, or even candy (don't eat 'em 'til you use 'em!). Keep these in a cup of some sort to hand out as rewards for good roleplaying or clever play.

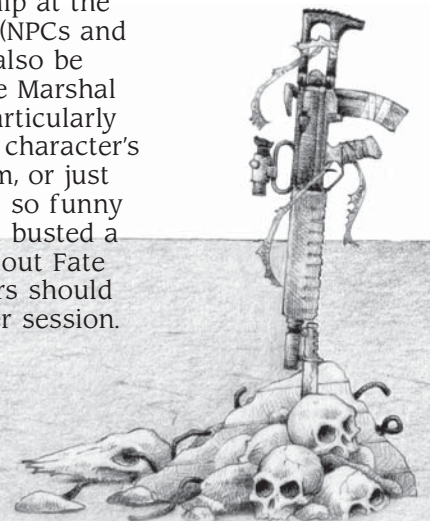
Using Fate Chips is very simple. The player can use a chip to reroll any D20 roll except a 1 (he's stuck with fumbles). He simply rolls his die normally, and if he isn't satisfied with the results, he can throw in his Fate Chip and try again.

The player can't hurt himself by using a Fate chip—he gets to keep the best of his die rolls.

Fate chips can also be used to restore 1d6 lost hit points. This can be done at any time. This is particularly helpful when hot lead comes in showers.

Fate Chips as Rewards

Every player gets one Fate chip at the beginning of the game session. (NPCs and villains do not.) Players should also be rewarded with Fate Chips by the Marshal whenever they do something particularly clever, when they roleplay their character's flaws even when it hinders them, or just because they made a wisecrack so funny the whole gaming group almost busted a gut. The Marshal shouldn't give out Fate chips too easily. Good roleplayers should get at most one or two extra per session.



Called Shots

At some point, you're going to want your waste warrior to make some sort of fancy shot—maybe shooting an opponent's gun out of his hand, putting a bullet hole in the head of a trog, etc. That's fine. In fact, it's part of the fun of a Western (even a post-apocalyptic one). We obviously can't foresee every situation that may come up in your game, but here are a few guidelines to help your Marshal decide exactly what the penalty and effect of your hombre's fancy shooting is.

In general, any called shot requires your hero to take the full attack option.

Body Parts

Shooting at particular parts of an opponent doesn't cause any additional damage. It does make for a good fight scene, but don't expect to generate any special game effects unless your Marshal agrees to them before you make that spectacular shot. That's what high damage rolls and feats like Dead Eye simulate.

That said, your hero might discover that certain things in the Wasted West have only one or two vulnerable spots. In that case, your hero may want to specifically

target those areas when he's attacking the critter. Be sure to tell the Marshal your hero is making a called shot before you roll!

Opponent's Weapon

A staple of many Westerns is the gunslinger who shoots the gun out of his foe's hand. It just wouldn't be right not to address that sort of thing in these rules!

Shooting something as small as a weapon is relatively difficult. The weapon's base AC is equal to 10 + its user's Dexterity modifier, if any—but it gets much worse!

First there's the weapon's size modifier to AC to consider. Derringers, for example, are fine (+8), pistols are diminutive (+4), and rifles and shotguns are small (+1).

On top of the size modifiers, there's the fact that someone is holding the weapon, moving it, and moving around it. That means your hero is effectively firing at something in melee combat—which is a -4 penalty to his attack roll. Depending on your opponent's facing, the weapon may also get a cover modifier for the user's body as well!

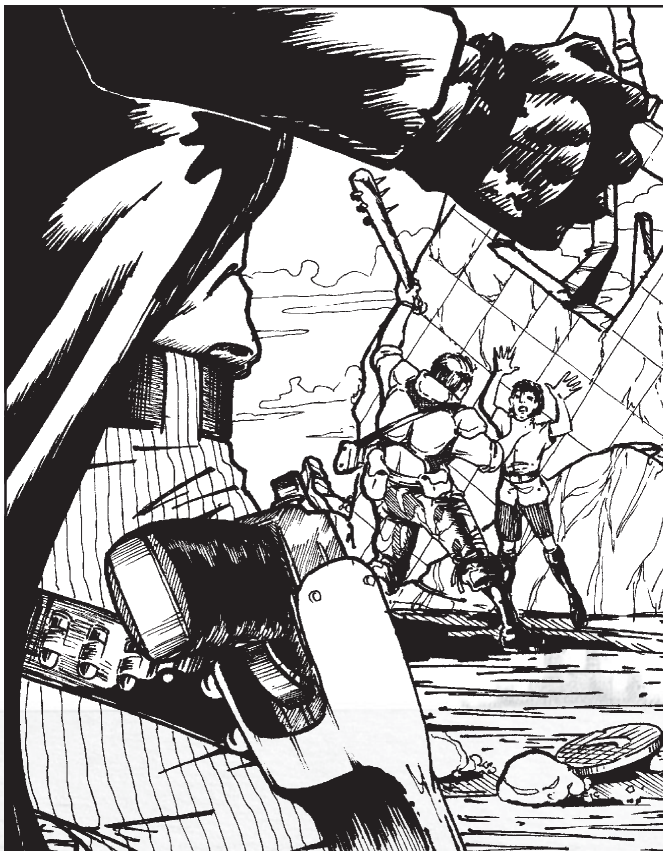
That means to shoot a pistol out of the hand of a waster with a 13 Dexterity standing a little over 30 ft. away, your hero needs to make an attack against an AC 10 + 1 (Dex) + 4 (size) or AC 15. He also gets a -2 penalty for range and a -4 penalty for firing into melee on top of that. In effect, your character is trying to hit at least an AC 21 if nothing else is working against him!

If your crack shot hits the weapon, it might break outright. Hand-to-hand weapons are handled in the standard fashion and the hardness and hit points of firearms are listed on the Firearms Hardness & Hit Points table.

Firearms Hardness & Hit Points

Weapon	Hardness	Hit Points
Pistol	10	5
Rifle	10	7
Shotgun	10	10

Even if the weapon doesn't break when hit by the bullet, there's a good chance the shock of the bullet hitting it may knock it out of your opponent's hand. The foe must roll a Fortitude save against 10 plus the amount of damage your shot did to his weapon. If he fails, the weapon is knocked from his hand, traveling 5 ft. in a random direction.



Showin' Off

Your waste warrior might want to impress the locals with some fancy shooting—like maybe shooting useless coins out of the air or knocking a broken bottle off some poor waster's head. In that case, he's not in a real combat situation and doesn't have all the usual distractions—such as not getting his own head blown off. For just plain showing off, your brainer can substitute a Gunplay skill check for an attack roll.

Trick shooting requires an attack or skill check against an AC (or DC) of 10 + any modifiers for the target's size + any circumstance modifiers deemed appropriate by your Marshal. For example, trying to shoot a coin out of the air might have a AC (or DC) of 22, or 10 + 8 (size) + 4 (rapid movement).

The exact effect of fancy shooting of this sort pretty much depends on the situation. The average survivor town denizen would no doubt be quite impressed, but a grizzled veteran of the Wasted West might see your brainer as a flashy showoff with no real sand.

Note that a waste warrior with five or more ranks in Gunplay gets a +2 synergy bonus to his Intimidate checks when he somehow employs a firearm in the attempt. A character who's this good with a shootin' iron obviously isn't just whistling Dixie about his skills!

Innocent Bystanders

Okay, first things first. No one over walking age is innocent in the Wasted West. Some folks just aren't guilty *yet*. Now that that's out of the way...

Sometimes you may want to know if a missed shot from a firearm or other missile weapon could hit another target. This shouldn't come up that often, so don't worry about it if it's not important. If your Marshal feels like it slows the game down, he's free to ignore it.

Using these rules can sometimes be important when everyone gets a little too trigger-happy—especially with shotguns, SMGs, and other weapons that throw out a ton of lead.

If a bystander is a few feet from the target and directly between it and the shooter—as in the classic hostage situation—use the standard rules for determining if the covering creature is hit.

On the other hand, if the ranged attack just outright misses its target, roll 1d6 for each bystander within five feet of the attack's path, starting with the bystander

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closest to the shooter. On a roll of 2-6, move on to the next target until the round hits (on a 1) or there are no more potential victims. On a roll of 1, roll a new attack with no modifiers. If that roll hits the target's AC, he takes full damage from the shot. This shot can be a critical as usual.

Automatic Fire and Shotguns:

Automatic weapons and shotguns firing buckshot are even more likely to hit innocent bystanders. A roll of 1 or 2 on the d6 hits a victim in the shot's path.

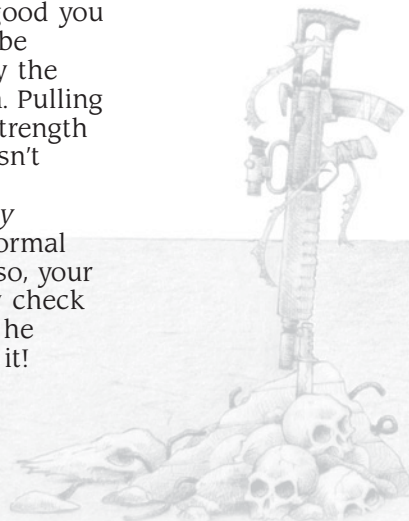
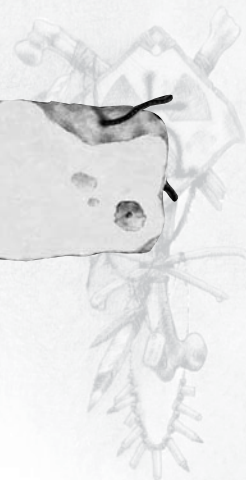
One-Handed Shootin'

Pistols are designed to be fired with one hand. Rifles and shotguns require a shooter to use both hands to fire them effectively. Any attempt to shoot a rifle or full-sized shotgun one-handed nets a -4 penalty to the character's attack roll. Sawed-off shotguns are a little easier to control with one hand, and so can be fired one-handed at only a -2 penalty.

The complications don't end there. There are still a few lever-action rifles lying around the Wasted West, and they usually need two hands to cock as a free action. A hero can attempt to cock the rifle one-handed as a free action with a maneuver known as a "rifle spin" by making a DC 15 Gunplay check. If the check fails by more than 5, though, the gunslinger drops the rifle. On a 1, he shoots himself! Otherwise, cocking a rifle one-handed is a move-equivalent action and provokes an attack of opportunity.

Well-traveled survivors also know it pays to be able to pump a shotgun with only one arm (usually so you can hold your innards in with your other hand). Generally speaking, you need two hands to pump a shotgun, but if you're good you can do it with one. Shotguns can be pumped by holding the weapon by the pump and jerking it up then down. Pulling off this maneuver takes a DC 10 Strength check. If your hero fails, the gun isn't cocked. Try again, bunkie.

If your cowpoke has to load *any* firearm one-handed, double the normal times listed to reload that gun. Also, your hero must make a DC 10 Dexterity check or drop the weapon and shells as he fumbles to get the cartridges into it!





Shotguns

Shotguns and scatterguns (a shotgun with much of its barrel sawed off) fire a shell that contains a dozen or so .32 caliber bullets. This “shot” spreads out rapidly as it leaves the barrel, covering a larger area the further from the barrel the shot travels.

As you might guess, this makes it easier for even a fairly unskilled character armed with one of these weapons to hit a target than a regular firearm that unleashes only a single bullet with each shot. On the other hand, it also means that the further from the target the shooter is, less of the shot hits it—and therefore less damage is dealt.

In game terms, any character firing a shotgun gets a +1 bonus to her ranged attack roll and an additional +1 for each range increment beyond the first to a maximum bonus of +3. This represents the widening spread of the shot pattern. Normal range modifiers apply.

On the other hand, the shotgun’s damage is reduced the further from the barrel the target is as shown on the table, below.

Shotguns

Range	Damage	Attack Bonus
Touching	4d6	0
First increment	3d6	+1
Second increment	2d6	+2
Third increment and beyond	1d6	+3

Due to the spread of the shot, a shotgun is pretty much ineffective beyond six range increments of distance (180 ft for most full-sized shotguns and 60 feet for scatterguns).

Because of the nature of the spreading shot, the far shot feat does not provide any bonus to a character firing a shotguns loaded with buckshot.

Slugs

Both shotguns and scatterguns can fire huge, rifled chunks of lead called “slugs.” A slug is fairly inaccurate, in spite of its rifling, so a character firing one suffers a -2 penalty to her ranged attack rolls. Since the slug doesn’t “spread” like normal shotgun pellets, it doesn’t grant the normal

attack bonus for firing a shotgun regardless of the range increment either.

A slug is still a big hunk of lead, and more than makes up for its inaccuracy by packing a bloody wallop. A slug does 3d6 damage regardless of the range increment, and has a critical of 19-20/x 3. A slug has a maximum effective range of 10 increments.

A brainer firing slugs in a shotgun gains full benefits from the Far Shot feat.

Double-Barrel Shotguns

Double-barrel shotguns have two barrels. Each is loaded with a single shell and there is a trigger and hammer for each as well.

A character may fire both barrels in one attack, though both must be directed at the same target. A character with two or more attacks may fire at two separate targets by firing one barrel at each.

Firearms in Melee

You’ve probably heard the old saying “Don’t bring a knife to a gunfight.” Well, that’s certainly true, but there’s also a downside to bringing a gun to a knife fight, believe it or not. Should your waster find himself in melee combat with a firearm in his hand, he’s going to have a hard time using it effectively.

Pistols, derringers, and sawed-off shotguns can all be fired at an opponent who’s locked in hand-to-hand combat with your character, but due to the jostling and fighting, he gets a -6 penalty to his attack roll. On the plus side, firing the pistol at an opponent who’s right on top of him like that doesn’t provoke the usual attack of opportunity that using a regular ranged weapon does. If, on the other hand, he decides to shoot at a target outside of the melee, he still gets the same -6 penalty, and on top of that, he provokes an attack of opportunity from his opponent!

Rifles and full-sized shotguns simply can’t be fired in melee combat, whether at the attacker or at another target. The length of the weapon makes it too vulnerable to be knocked aside or just outright too long to bring to bear against a close opponent. Since using a gun for its intended purpose while locked in melee is so hard, many brainers resort to clubbing their foes with the weapon instead. In that case, derringers are treated as unarmed attacks, pistols and scatterguns as small clubs, and rifles and full-sized shotguns as large clubs. A bayonet acts as a spear.

Of course, a character can likely take a five foot step and fire his longarm normally—it all depends on the circumstances of the fight.

Automatic Fire

Machine guns and submachine guns (SMGs) put out a hail of lead that makes even a double-action pistol look slower than a trog in quicksand! Those without the automatic weapon proficiency suffer the usual -4 unskilled modifier and may not use suppressive fire (see below).

Fully-automatic weapons fire bursts on each of the character's attacks just like normal weapons. The benefit of firing full-auto is that targets may be hit with more than one bullet. For every five points over the number needed to hit, an additional round has hit the target. In *Hell on Earth*, each burst is composed of three shots, so up to three total bullets may hit a single target per attack. Roll damage separately for each attack.

If the attack roll is a critical, only apply the damage multiplier to the first round that hits. Additional rounds that hit do normal damage.

Suppressive Fire

Some weapons, like large-scale machine guns, have both the ammunition capacity and the rate-of-fire necessary to lay down a withering hail of lead. Wasters caught in the area of such an attack tend to keep their heads down, and the truly luckless may actually catch a stray round.

The description of each automatic weapon tells you whether or not it is capable of suppressive fire. In addition, the

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weapon must have at least 10 rounds of ammunition left to perform this maneuver.

To suppress an area, your hero must take the full attack option and make a normal attack against a base AC 10. All normal attack modifiers apply to this roll. If the attack misses, your brainer isn't able to accurately lay down suppressive fire.

If the attack hits, everything within a six yard radius is suppressed and considered "innocent bystanders" (meaning the Marshal rolls a +0 attack against them on the d6 roll of 1 or 2). Hit or not, those within the area must make an immediate Will save against a DC of 15 or lose their next action. Rolling a natural 1 on the Reflex save also means the unlucky sod catches a bullet. Roll damage normally.

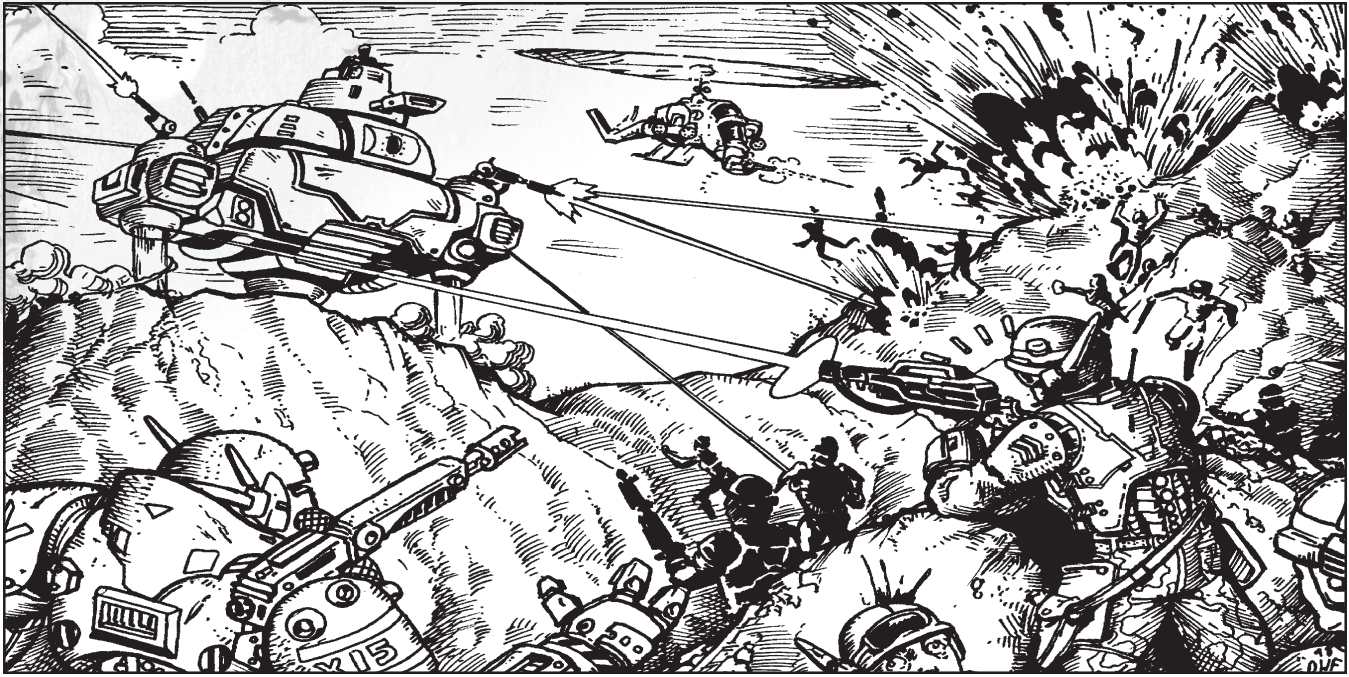
A character with a low initiative who wants to suppress should either refocus or delay his action to suppress those with high initiatives in the following round.

Explosions

Grenades, rockets, and other explosives affect an area when they explode rather than just a single target. Unless that target is really, really big, that is.



MR98



Every explosive has a burst radius (BR) rating. This tells how large an area, in feet, the explosive affects. Everyone within the initial burst radius takes the listed damage for the explosive. A Reflex save against DC 20 halves the damage. But the explosion—and the fun—doesn't stop there!

All creatures between the initial burst radius and twice the BR rating take half damage. A Reflex save against DC 15 halves the remaining damage in the second burst area.

For example, a waster tosses a grenade (4d12 damage, BR 20) at a target 30 feet away. The grenade explodes, doing 28 points of damage to everything within 20 feet. A successful Reflex save reduces that to 14 points. The thrower, who at 30 feet has placed himself in the second damage radius, stands to suffer 14 points of damage, or merely 7 points if he makes his own Reflex save against DC 15.

Oops!

While it might seem that explosives are right handy to have around, as the saying goes, if you play with a grenade, you're going to get blown up...or something like that. A lot of brainers like to enter tense situations with a pin pulled on a grenade. That's all well and good until they drop the infernal thing.

Anytime a brainer carrying a grenade with the pin pulled takes damage, he must make a Fortitude save vs. a DC equal to 5 plus the damage. If he fails the save, he drops the grenade. Boom! Everyone in the blast radius may save as usual.

Aren't explosives fun? For the Marshal, anyway.

Gettin' the Drop

Sometimes a brainer has some waster dead to rights. Maybe he snuck up behind him or caught him scroungin' without paying attention to his surroundings. When this happens, the covered character can't just suck up the hit point damage and draw his own firearm. Not without serious risk, anyway.

Whenever a character has the drop on someone, the victim is considered a helpless defender and is therefore subject to the rules in the *Player's Handbook*. It's entirely the Marshal's call as to when this occurs, but in general, the attacker has to be within the first range increment of a ranged weapon or in reach with a hand weapon, and can't be under fire himself. The victim must be generally trapped or caught off-guard.

This isn't a new rule, it's just an elaboration of the existing *coup de grace* system. Using this allows a warrior to sneak up on a sentry and eliminate him regardless of the victim's hit points, and makes it dangerous for a captured character to simply shrug off his captor's firearms because he has a large number of hit points.

Making a Break For It

A hero under the gun (or knife, claw, whatever) is completely at the mercy of his captor. The enemy can perform a *coup de grace* attack on his captive at any time.

If your hero makes a break for freedom, all characters involved make Initiative rolls. The captor (s) receives a +5 circumstance bonus to his roll.

If the captor's Initiative is higher, he may perform a *coup de grace* attack. If the captive's total is higher, the captor makes a regular attack against a helpless defender. These attack options are described in *The Player's Handbook*.

Vehicles

Not every brainer in the Wasted West uses his own two feet to get around. Some folks managed to salvage cars, trucks, semis, motorcycles, and other vehicles, scrounged up some spook juice, and are traveling the wastelands in style. Those who want to drive need the Driving skill (see Chapter Three) to properly handle most vehicles. Those who don't are in for some nasty bumps and bruises if they try to do anything tricky.

All vehicles have the statistics listed below. We'll tell you how to use them in just a moment.

Armor Class: A vehicle's armor class reflects its size, the slope of its design, and the ability of any armor to turn aside attacks.

Hit Points: Vehicles have hit points just like people and creatures. Attacks against the vehicle cause normal damage, and when a vehicle runs out of hit points, it is effectively destroyed. The Marshal must decide what it takes to fix the contraption.

Hardness: Most vehicles have Hardness values as well. This is subtracted from any damage as usual. Open-topped vehicles don't get their Hardness protection if the attack comes from above or inside it.

Critical Hits: Critical hits against vehicles cause additional damage as usual.

Speed: The listed Speed is the vehicle's Cruising Speed in feet per round (see **Movement**). This is the normal pace the contraption was built to handle.

Movement

Vehicles move on their driver's initiative. Any passengers act on their own initiative as usual.

The listed Speed of each vehicle is its "cruising speed."

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Cautious speed is half or less of cruising speed.

High speed is up to twice the vehicle's cruising speed, and is equivalent to a character taking a double move.

Top speed is up to four times the vehicle's cruising speed, and is the same as a character running.

Once a vehicle starts moving, it moves at the same speed each round (on its driver's initiative) unless the driver changes the speed.

The driver can increase or decrease the vehicle's speed by one category per round.

Reverse

The maximum speed a vehicle can move in reverse is cruising speed. While moving in reverse, all penalties to driving checks are doubled.

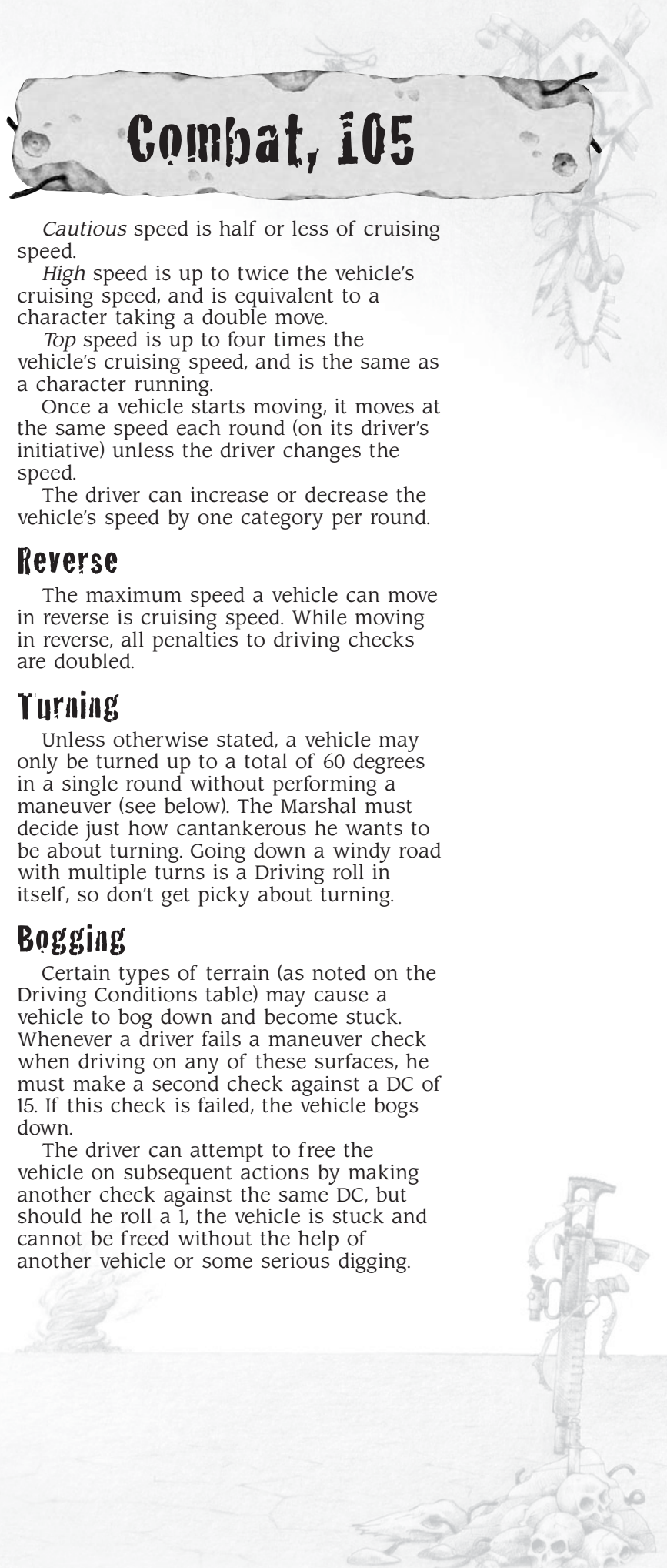
Turning

Unless otherwise stated, a vehicle may only be turned up to a total of 60 degrees in a single round without performing a maneuver (see below). The Marshal must decide just how cantankerous he wants to be about turning. Going down a windy road with multiple turns is a Driving roll in itself, so don't get picky about turning.

Bogging

Certain types of terrain (as noted on the Driving Conditions table) may cause a vehicle to bog down and become stuck. Whenever a driver fails a maneuver check when driving on any of these surfaces, he must make a second check against a DC of 15. If this check is failed, the vehicle bogs down.

The driver can attempt to free the vehicle on subsequent actions by making another check against the same DC, but should he roll a 1, the vehicle is stuck and cannot be freed without the help of another vehicle or some serious digging.





Driving Checks

A driver doesn't usually have to make a skill check unless something happens that might cause an accident. Specifically, the operator must make a Driving check when he suffers damage or performs a repeated or an extreme maneuver.

Damage to Vehicle or Driver

Whenever an attack damages the vehicle or its driver, the operator must perform a DC 20 Driving skill check.

Repeated Maneuvers

Zooming over rough ground or through a forest is called a "repeated maneuver." If this must be done in a stressful situation (such as being shot at!), the driver must make a DC 10 Driving check (or more if the obstacles are really tricky), plus or minus any relevant modifiers.

Extreme Maneuvers

Attempting any of the following maneuvers requires a driving skill check. See the Extreme Maneuver Table for the DC of each maneuver.

Bootlegger Turn: The vehicle moves forward half its speed and turns between 90 and 180 degrees.

Brake Hard: A driver may decelerate by more than one speed category per round. Each additional category by which the vehicle's speed is reduced increases the DC of the maneuver by 5.

Extreme Turn: The vehicle moves its full speed and turns 60 to 90 degrees.

Move and Act: If the driver wishes to make an action of his own while driving (such as firing a weapon out the window), he may make a Driving check (DC 5 for cruising speed, 10 at high speed, and 20 at top speed). Failure indicates the action cannot be taken. Failure by 5 points or more causes a loss of control as with any other failed maneuver (see **Failed Maneuvers**).

Ram: Intentionally hitting an obstacle requires the driver to make a driving check versus a DC equal to the target's Defense (medium to large-sized stationary objects are automatically hit). See **Wrecks** for details.

Regain Control: Whenever a driver loses control of his vehicle, he must

perform this maneuver on his next action. The driver may not perform any other maneuver until he has succeeded at regaining control. The vehicle continues to move with its current speed and direction until control is reestablished.

Failed Maneuvers

Failing a maneuver check can be a bad thing. At the very least, it means that the attempted maneuver failed. If the driver failed by more than a few points, it can also mean that his vehicle goes out of control.

Whenever a maneuver check is failed, consult the Failed Maneuver Table to see what ill consequences this has, if any. Note that some maneuver descriptions specify the effects of a failed check. In these cases, these effects supersede effects from the table. The effects from the table are described below.

Minor Slip: The vehicle is slightly out of control and moving erratically. All operators of the vehicle (including drivers, gunners, and anyone else operating a vehicle system) suffer -2 penalties to checks relating to operating the vehicle until the driver regains control.

Slip: The vehicle slides, moving five feet to the right or left (determined by the Marshal) for every 60 feet it moved this round (round down). If this brings it into contact with another object, see **Wrecks**, below. This continues each round until the driver regains control.

Skid: The vehicle goes into a skid, moving five feet right or left for every 30 feet it moved this round. If this brings it into contact with another object, see **Collisions**, below. This continues each round until the driver regains control.

Spin/Tracked: A wheeled vehicle goes completely out of control, spinning wildly. It moves half its current speed in a random direction each round until the driver regains control or it collides with another object.

A tracked vehicle throws a track and comes to a stop. The vehicle may no longer move, but it may still perform the Turn in Place maneuver.

Wrecks

When a vehicle hits something, both it and whatever it hits takes 1d6 damage for every 20 feet of Speed it was moving. Don't forget to subtract the vehicle's Hardness from its damage first. A vehicle that last moved at 100 feet per round, for example, takes 5d6 damage if it sideswipes another vehicle.

Speed is relative, so a vehicle that hits a wall causes damage as above. If the



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vehicle hits a moving target coming directly at it, apply damage from both contraptions' Speeds. Thus a pickup moving at 100 feet per round that hits a motorcycle moving at 60 feet per round causes 8d6 to both vehicles.

Fuel

Internal combustion engines were the rule rather than the exception out West. Other than on the interstates and the major cities like Dallas and Shan Fan, very little of the western road network was electrified. The often-harsh terrain and increased chances of running into some nasty creepy-crawly made most Westerners prefer the power of a big block V-8 under their hoods.

Very little gasoline or diesel fuel is available in the Wasted West. Any stores laid up before the war have evaporated or become denatured, and new fuel is only being produced in a handful of places in oil-producing states like Texas and Oklahoma.

These places are natural attractions to the many road gangs roaming the Wasted West, and they hover around these areas like flies around a honey pot. If you go there to buy fuel, you might make it to the pumps, but your life isn't worth a wooden nickel once you try to leave.

In areas where it is produced, gasoline and diesel go for about \$20 a gallon.

Distilled Fuel

Many people have taken to making their own fuel. The most common form of this is ethanol, otherwise known as grain alcohol. (We're talking white lightning—moonshine, friend.)

Many Westerners had extensive experience manufacturing this form of fuel before the war (although it was for their own personal consumption—not their cars'). It's not the most efficient fuel, but at least you can grow the major component you need for it. What's actually needed to make some home-brewed fuel is some yeast, a whole lot of grain of some sort (potatoes, wheat, barley, and hops all work well), and a still.

Making a still requires a DC 15 Knowledge (Chemistry) roll, some tubing, and a barrel of some sort. The average still produces eight gallons of alcohol per day from about 180 pounds of raw material.

Ethanol doesn't have quite the kick gasoline does, so any car running on it has to have its engine tuned for it. This

Speed Mods to Vehicle Checks

Speed	Driving	Attack	Defense
Stationary	+2	0	0
Cautious Speed	+2	-2	0
Cruising Speed	0	-4	+1
High Speed	-2	-6	+2
Top Speed	-4	-8	+4

Maneuvers

Maneuver	DC
Battle damage	20
Brake Hard	5+
Bootlegger Turn	25
Extreme Turn	15
Move and Act	5, 10, or 20
Ram	Special
Regain Control	10

Driving Condition Modifiers

Obstruction	Driving	Attack	Move
Moderate undergrowth	-2	0	3/4
Thick undergrowth	-4	-2	1/2
Narrow streets	-4	-0	1/2


Surface	Driving	Attack	Move
Mud*	-4	0	1/2
Ice	-6	0	1/2
Light Snow*	-2	-2	3/4
Heavy Snow*	-4	-4	1/2
Paved Road	0	0	+50%
Rutted Road	-2	-4	1/2
Steep Slope	-2	0	1/2
Plowed Field*	-2	-2	3/4
Cratered Field	-2	-2	3/4
Rocky	-4	-4	1/2

Visibility	Driving	Attack	Move
Darkness	-4	-4	Full
Fog	-4	-6	Full

*The vehicle may become bogged down.

Failed Maneuvers

Failed By	Effect	Penalty
4 or less	No Effect	0
5-7	Minor Slip	-2
8-10	Slip	-4
11-13	Skid	-6
15+	Spin/Tracked	-10



takes about an hour and a DC 15 Tinkerin' skill check. Performance is still not up to gasoline standards, so halve the listed mileages. (Mileage may be even less if your passengers are heavy drinkers.)

Spook Juice

Spook juice was developed as a fuel source after the Last War. Some enterprising junkers developed a way to dissolve ghost rock and then distill out the good parts as a fuel.

Spook juice gives as much bang for your buck as gasoline at half the price. After the first few hours, you hardly notice the tortured moaning coming from your tailpipe. On the bright side, burning spook juice produces barely any emissions harmful to the environment. (Yeah, like that matters.)

The process for making spook juice is known to most junkers, but many of them consider producing it to be a task unworthy of their "great scientific minds." One group of junkers have built a large distillery in Junkyard and produce the stuff by the tankerload. A few others have set up shop in the Great Maze.

Drinking Spook Juice

While it's not technically a drug, we should say a few words here about spook buzz.

No one knows exactly who the first person to drink spook juice was, but he or she must have been half in the tank already. Spook juice smells like a skunk that's been dissolved in bleach, and it has a taste to match. Someone did though, and now it's a popular drink among road warriors and other people who are too tough for their own good. Aficionados of the stuff claim it's an acquired taste.

If you can force the stuff down, it has quite a kick. Wasters who drink beer & moonshine like water often pass out after only a few shots of spook juice. Those who stay conscious after more than a shot or two claim the stuff has hallucinogenic effects. Objects and people begin to glow, and strange shadows begin to flit and swirl through the room.

Juiced wasters are a funny lot, but they can also be dangerous. Most just sit quietly, watch the pretty lights, and tell everyone they see, "I love you, man!" But every once in a while, something triggers a

violent reaction, and things turn ugly. If a brawl breaks out in a juicer bar, run. "Spookers" drunk on juice are feeling no pain and can withstand tremendous amounts of damage. The Marshal has all the gory details in her section, amigo.

More Pain and Sufferin'

Ghost Storms

The ghost-rock bombs devastated everything within their blast radii when they fell on September 23, 2081, leaving phenomena known as ghost storms behind. Most of the storms have abated now, except for a 10-yard thick "wall" surrounding ground zero, the 5-mile radius around the impact point of a bomb.

Entering the area from ground zero out to 30 miles or so causes radiation poisoning (see Radiation).

Passing through the walls of the remaining storms is dangerous. The Marshal rolls a d20. This is the amount of damage the character takes. On a 20 the character takes no damage. On a 1, the character takes 1d10 points of damage and suffers a mutation.

Radiation

Here are some quick rules for what happens when characters enter radioactive hotspots.

A character must make a DC 5 Fort save every day spent in a mildly radioactive area such as within 1 mile of a ghost rock storm.

If the save is made, the character suffers no harmful effects. If the save is failed, the hero loses 1 hp that cannot be recovered except by magic or a day of scrubbing in clean water.

On a natural 1, the character has radiation poisoning and picks up a bad case of the glows. A character with the glows must make a Fort save against a DC of 17 at the beginning of each game session. If he fails this save, all of his ability and skill checks are at -4 for the remainder of the session. On a roll of 1 or 2, his Constitution permanently decreases by 1 point. If Constitution reaches 0, the character dies.

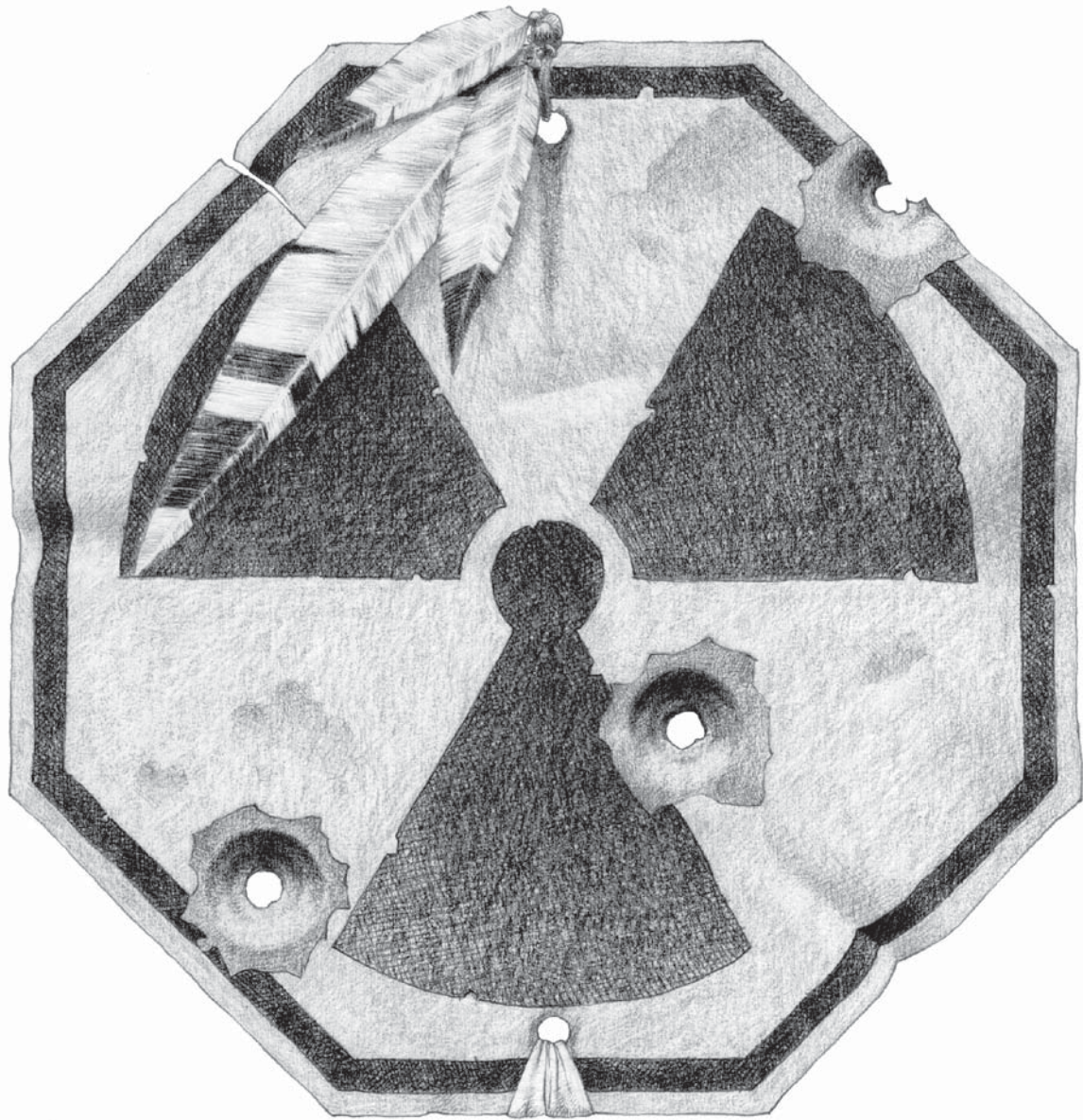
The glows can usually only be cured by magic, but a DC 25 Fort check can be made one time only after a week of daily scrubbing in clean water.

Hotspots of much stronger radiation exist. These can force the character to save against a higher DC (10 to 15) every hour, at the Marshal's discretion.



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Chapter Six: Prestige Classes and Deaders

This chapter has some additional options for your *Hell on Earth* hero. However, there is also information in these pages that your Marshal may want to keep under her hat for the time being, so make sure you clear it with her before you go digging into the following pages.

Prestige Classes

Prestige classes are character classes that aren't available during character creation. Each prestige class has special requirements a character must meet before he can become a member of that class. Although selecting a prestige class is a form of multiclassing, unlike normal character classes, prestige classes never cause a character to suffer multiclass experience penalties.

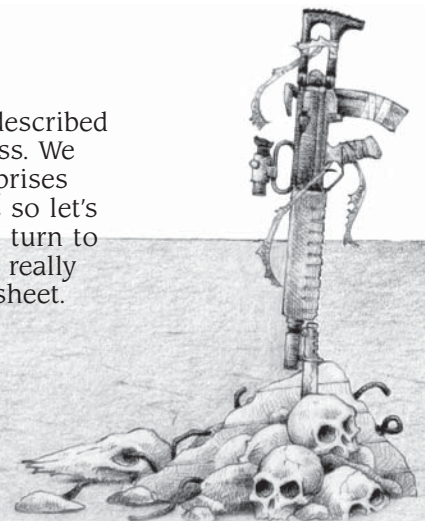
Each prestige class description begins with a bit of background on characters who become members or the role the class fills in the setting. After that is a list of all relevant game information, such as

the requirements to become a member of the class, Hit Die per level, class skills, special abilities, and so forth. With the exception of not imposing an experience-point penalty, advancement in a prestige class is handled exactly as for other multiclass characters.

The two prestige classes available for heroes of the Wasted West are the Law Dog and the Librarian. Both of these prestige classes require a hero to have experienced the horrors of the Wasted West firsthand. You really shouldn't worry about reading any more here until your brainer has actually been through the wastelands a time or two first.

Deaders

The last character...alteration...described in this chapter isn't a prestige class. We don't want to ruin any of the surprises your Marshal has in store for you, so let's just say that when it's your hero's turn to take the last trip to Boot Hill, you really shouldn't tear up your character sheet.



Law Dog

Sometimes a person just can't stand idly by and watch the world go to Hell around them.

It's the job of the Law Dog to travel the wastes and bring justice to the survivors. Remember that these days justice is more important than law. That means the Law Dog's got a lot of room for personal judgment. Of course, a Law Dog who makes a lot of bad decisions is likely to be hated by even peace-loving folks.

The badge of a lawman carries a lot of weight, mostly in the form of responsibility. The common folk depend on you to fight off marauders, bandits, and stranger things. It wouldn't be good to disappoint them. Most villages obey the wishes of the Law Dogs, but are quick to turn on a lawman who doesn't live up to his reputation. How much authority your character can command depends on his deeds, his words, and lastly his gun.

Hit Die: d8/level

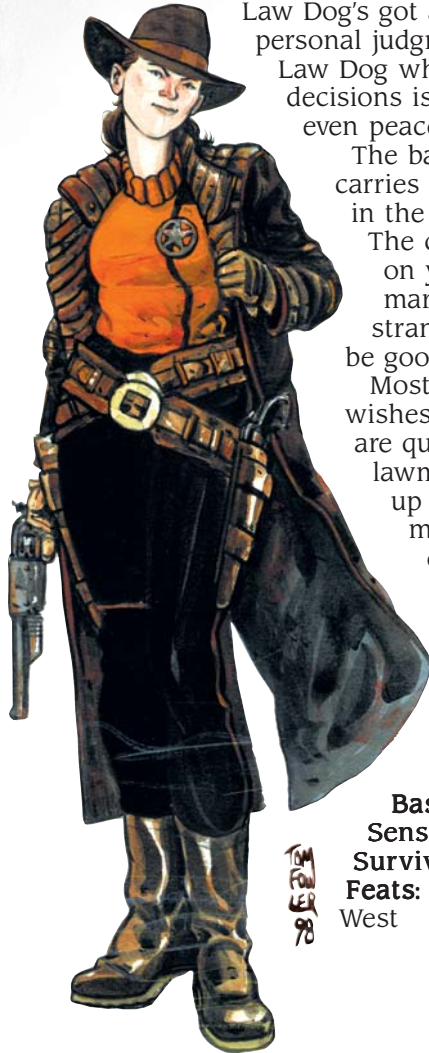
Requirements

Base Attack Bonus: +5

Sense Motive: 3 ranks

Survival: 4 ranks

Feats: Brave, Law o' the West



Class Skills

Bluff (Cha), Diplomacy (Cha), Gather Information (Cha), Gunplay (Dex), Holdout (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Listen (Wis), Ride (Dex), Scroungin' (Int), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Speed Load (Dex), Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis), and Wilderness Lore (Wis).

Skill Points at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier

Class Features

Armor and Weapon Proficiency:

Law Dogs are skilled in all simple weapons and firearms.

The Star: All Law Dogs carry a badge of some sort with them. There isn't a standard uniform badge for the Law Dogs, but they tend to prefer the five-pointed star of the old West. This badge has no mystical properties, but as long as the Law Dog follows through on his promises and rights the wrongs that need doing, he gains a +1 bonus to his Gather Information and Intimidate skill checks when he flashes the badge.

Shootin' Iron: Every Law Dog needs something to enforce the law with, so a Law Dog gets a free pistol of his choice at 1st level. The Marshal may allow the Law Dog to choose from the firearms in Chapter 4 or look through *Deadlands D20* for a weapon more to his liking.

Presence: At 2nd level, a Law Dog gains a +1 competence bonus to his Bluff, Gather Information, and Intimidate skill checks due to his imposing presence and the reputation of the Law Dogs. That bonus increases to +2 at 5th level and +3 at 8th level.

Skill Focus: At 3rd level and every three levels thereafter, the Law Dog gains the bonus feat Skill Focus. This feat may be applied to any class skill, but the operative may not select the same skill twice.

Law Dog

Level	Base Attack	Fort Bonus	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+1	+0	+0	+1	Shootin' Iron
2	+2	+0	+1	+2	Presence (1)
3	+3	+1	+2	+2	Skill Focus
4	+4	+2	+2	+3	
5	+5	+2	+3	+3	Presence (2)
6	+5	+3	+3	+4	Skill Focus
7	+6	+3	+4	+4	
8	+7	+4	+4	+5	Presence (3)
9	+8	+4	+5	+5	Skill Focus
10	+9	+5	+5	+6	

Librarian

If knowledge is power, than these brainers rule the Wasted West.

While most folks tramping around the Wasted West are just trying to survive, some dedicate themselves to higher purposes. The Librarians are trying to make sure that the knowledge humans attained before the Apocalypse isn't lost forever.

The benefits aren't bad. Librarians are expected to assist each other in acquiring information, and they get free access to the Grand Library in Sacramento, CA. Of course, this also means they must travel to the Grand Library once a year to report on what they've found, but if you time it right, the weather in post-Last War CA ain't bad.

Hit Die: d6/level

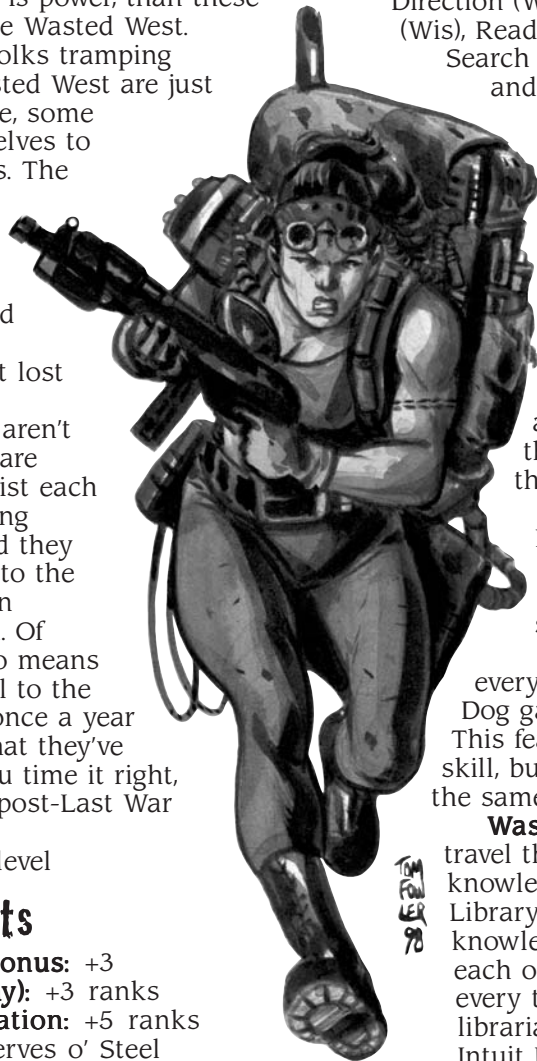
Requirements

Base Attack Bonus: +3

Knowledge (any): +3 ranks

Gather Information: +5 ranks

Feats: Brave, Nerves o' Steel



Class Skills

Appraise (Int), Bluff (Cha), Decipher Script (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Gather Information (Cha), Hide (Dex), Intuit Direction (Wis), Knowledge (any) (Int), Listen (Wis), Read Lips (Int), Scroungin' (Int), Search (Int), Spot (Wis), Survival (Wis), and Tale Tellin' (Cha).

Skill Points at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier

Class Features

Armor and

Weapon Proficiency:

Librarians are proficient in all simple weapons.

Palmcorder: All librarians are given a palmcorder to record the information they gain when they are in the field.

Literary Respect:

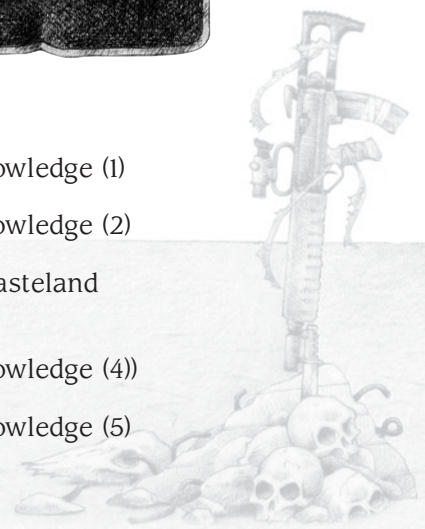
Librarians gain a +2 bonus to their Gather Information checks when dealing with scientists and other scholars.

Skill Focus: At 3rd level and every three levels thereafter, the Law Dog gains the bonus feat Skill Focus. This feat may be applied to any class skill, but the operative may not select the same skill twice.

Wasteland Knowledge: Librarians travel the wastelands seeking lost knowledge to return to the Grand Library. They also share their knowledge of the wastelands with each other. Beginning at 2nd level and every two levels thereafter, the librarian receives a +1 bonus to his Intuit Direction, Knowledge (area), and Survival skill checks.

Librarian

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1	+0	+0	+0	+1	
2	+0	+0	+0	+2	Wasteland Knowledge (1)
3	+1	+1	+1	+2	Skill Focus
4	+1	+1	+1	+3	Wasteland Knowledge (2)
5	+2	+2	+2	+3	
6	+2	+2	+2	+4	Skill Focus, Wasteland Knowledge (3)
7	+3	+3	+3	+4	
8	+3	+3	+3	+5	Wasteland Knowledge (4)
9	+4	+4	+4	+5	Skill Focus
10	+4	+4	+4	+6	Wasteland Knowledge (5)



Deaders



The last character alteration described in this chapter is the Deader. Plain and simple, Deaders are the Harrowed. Nothing has changed with the Harrowed since the Weird West, strong-willed brainers still occasionally claw their way back from the grave possessed by manitous—the same evil spirits that hucksters manipulated to work their hexes.

These supernatural entities use the host's mind and body to affect the physical world. Undead brought back in this way are called "Harrowed," which literally means "dragged forth from the earth." In the Wasted West, those who are Harrowed are referred to as "Deaders," for obvious reasons.

A manitou in its undead host is slain

if the body's brain is destroyed—one of the very few ways these spirits can be killed—so they only risk their otherwise virtually eternal existences on individuals with

exceptional abilities. Weak or infirm mortals are only chosen for this sort of possession when it suits some more diabolical purpose. Player characters usually fit this description.

Being Harrowed isn't actually a prestige class—you can't just decide to be one of these creepy creatures. It's just something that *might* happen to particularly lucky characters when they catch a bullet with their name on it.

Back From the Grave

When your character dies in *Hell on Earth*, roll 1d20. Add +1 to the result if your hero is 5th level, +2 if he's 10th level, or +3 if he's 15th level or higher. (Those bonuses don't stack, by the way.) If the total result is 20 or higher, a manitou has latched onto his spirit and forces it back into his body—with an unwanted roommate. The brainer's coming back from the grave.

If the total is less than 20, no manitou was interested in his spirit and it passes unmolested through the Hunting Grounds to the Great Beyond.

Most Deaders stay in the grave 1d6 days. It takes a while to fight for the hero's soul and then another 10-12 hours for the stubborn cuss to dig himself out—assuming the body was properly buried six feet under in the first place. Some Deaders come back quicker and some take longer—especially if the body was badly mangled or otherwise in bad shape.

The manitou needs the human's psyche, so the victim's head must be intact. Most major head wounds that kill a person render the body unusable, but that's not always the case. It's up to the Marshal if a special effect of some sort has ruined the hero's brain and made him ineligible to come back as a Deader.

Dominion

The demon inside the Deader is constantly seeking to gain control of the mortal shell. This constant fight for "Dominion" means that an undead hero is constantly at war for control over his own body.

This is represented in the game by Dominion points. A Harrowed hero has Dominion points equal to half his Wisdom, rounded up. A waste warrior with a 13 Wisdom, for instance, has 6 Dominion points. A brand new Deader controls half of these points, the demon controls the other.

At the beginning of each session, the hero must make an opposed Dominion check. This is a Wisdom check plus however many Dominion points the character currently controls. Manitous have a Wisdom of 14, and thus add +1 to the roll plus however many Dominion points they control. If the hero wins, he gains one point of the demon's Dominion. If the demon wins, it gains a point and the hero loses one. A roll of 1 by either party coughs up two points to the other party (as long as he didn't roll a 1 as well).

A Demon at the Wheel

From time to time, the demon inside a hero likes to take the wheel and raise a little Hell. Manitous aren't interested in just blazing away at a Deader's companions—that would get it killed eventually. Such blatant abuse might also become too well known by folks and they'd eventually learn how to fight back. The demon is more likely to wait until some poor waster is in a precarious situation. Then it can attempt to take over and cause a little pain and misery. Often, this happens while the rest of the Deader's companions are away doing something else. Then the demon can take control, cause a little trouble elsewhere, and be back in time to say "Who? Me?" Of course, the unfortunate hero never knows what happens when the demon takes over, so he's as oblivious as the rest of the posse to the thing's actions.

To take over, the demon and the hero make opposed Dominion checks. If the demon wins, it takes over for a while. Exactly how long, and what it does while in charge, is determined by the Marshal. If it fails, the hero knows it and the thing can't try again for 10 minutes.

Total Dominion

If a manitou ever controls all of a hero's Dominion points, it has "total Dominion." It retains permanent control of the hero until some special circumstance gives the character a reason to break free. The unfortunate host is usually lost for years. It usually takes a special event or threatened harm to a loved one to allow the human soul inside to regain control.

Deader Traits

All Deaders have several abilities and characteristics in common.

Death Wounds

The wound that puts a brainer down for good always has a special place in his heart...or stomach...or wherever. It never quite heals on a Deader. Folks in the know can sometimes pick a Deader out just by looking for such a nasty wound. Since someone who knows what they're looking for might take this as evidence of undeath, most Deaders do what they can to hide these wounds. After all, if someone catches wind of the undead hero, he's got a whole passel of trouble headed his way. Obviously, some are easier to hide than others—a hanging might mean your hero has to wear high collars to hide a crooked

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neck, while a scattergun blast to the chest means a loose-fitting duster is in order.

Decay

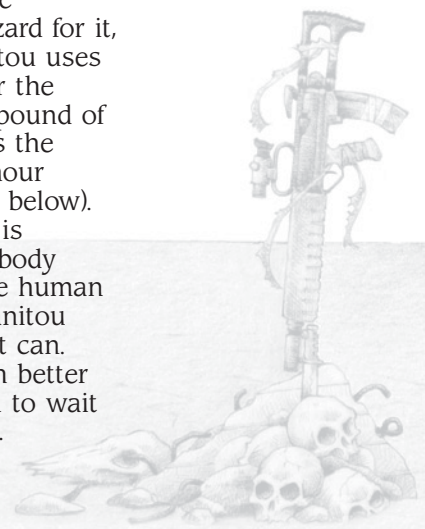
Despite the overactive imaginations of the artists who work on *Hell on Earth*, Deaders look fairly normal most of the time. They do have sallow skin and a faint scent of decay, but these are usually only noticeable up close. It wouldn't do a manitou much good to animate a corpse that looked like a typical walking dead—folks would just come along and blast it to bits.


Anyone who, for whatever reason, decides to put her nose up to a Deader can detect a faint odor of decay with a Wisdom check against DC 10 (add any bonuses for the Alertness feat). For creatures without the scent feat, this usually requires them to be right next to the Deader to detect the odor. Many Deaders "pickle" themselves by drinking at least a quart of alcohol a day. This increases the Wisdom check to 15. Others may use heavy doses of perfume or aftershave to hide their scent. The exact effect of that is up to the Marshal.

Critters with the scent feat automatically detect the unnatural nature of Deaders. All animals react poorly to a piece of rotting meat that doesn't have the good sense to lay down and stop moving. As a result, Harrowed characters get a -2 penalty to all Animal Empathy, Handle Animal, and Ride skill checks.

Regeneration

A Deader needs to eat—specifically meat—if he wants to heal damage and the constant decay of his body. It really doesn't matter if the meat is fresh or if the walking corpse has to fight a buzzard for it, just as long as it's meat. The manitou uses the energy from the flesh to repair the damage to its undead host. Every pound of rare or raw meat consumed allows the Deader to heal 1d6 hit points per hour when he sleeps later that day (see below). At least one pound of meat a day is required just to keep the Deader's body from looking too corpse-like. If the human inside doesn't feed himself, the manitou will take over and grab whatever it can. Given a demon's appetite, it's much better for the Deader to buy a steak than to wait and see what the manitou digs up.





A Deader doesn't need even a drop of water to continue his unnatural existence. Many do consume large amounts of alcohol, though. They can't get drunk. In fact, alcohol and other drugs have no effect on the Deader's undead physiology. Of course, the fact that they can't truly get drunk or drugged doesn't stop a fair number from *thinking* they can. Some Deaders, particularly the newly risen, still believe they can tie one on, and are likely to act drunk, staggering around and even slurring speech, even though they're not really snookered.

Sleep

The manitou inside a Deader's noggin needs a little downtime each night, about 1d6 hours for each 24-hour day. This is when the creature inside works its magic, reknitting dead tissue and generally keeping its host mobile. This is also how a Deader heals. Assuming he's had enough raw meat, he heals 1d6 hit points per hour spent sleeping.

If the corpse hasn't had enough to eat, he loses 1d6 hit points per hour starting 24 hours after its last meal. This hit point loss stops at 1, and the Deader suffers -4 to all attacks, saves, and ability checks until it heals (by eating and sleeping). If reduced below 0 and the Deader has not eaten in the last 24 hours, it goes dormant. Until someone comes along and stuffs some tender meat in its mouth, it isn't going anywhere. When the latter does happen, the thing regains 1d6 hit points immediately and may go off in search of food.

A Deader can regenerate as long as it has its head.

Nightmares

The manitou isn't all work while its host sleeps. It has a little fun, too. The malignant creature makes use of the Deader's inactivity to torment its roommate, sending him horrible nightmares and picking away at his will in an attempt to fully subjugate the Deader. For that reason, most Deaders don't look forward to a night's rest! This is actually when the struggle for Dominion truly takes place (though it is abstracted to be resolved at the beginning of each game session for ease of play).

While sleeping, a Deader isn't totally oblivious to his environment. The manitou

keeps an eye out for trouble while recuperating. Should anyone attempt to sneak up on the resting undead hero, he still gets a normal Spot or Listen skill check, just as if he had been awake.

It's difficult for a Deader who doesn't want to sleep to resist. The manitou isn't going to shut the Deader down in the middle of a gunfight or while being chased by a lynch mob, but it forces the soul into the dark land of Nod the first chance it gets afterward. Manitous have a strong survival instinct and never force their host into an action that may endanger its own otherwise immortal existence.

Grit

Clawing his way out of his own grave has a way of putting a little extra steel in a brainer's spine. All Deader characters gain a +2 bonus to Will saves versus fear.

Killing the Undead

Being dead has an advantage or two, and unnatural toughness is probably one of the biggest of those. A Deader is nowhere near as easy to kill as a living brainer.

Undead don't feel much pain, at least not as living folks understand it, nor are they subject to the normal strains and aches of physical exhaustion. Deaders don't suffer any penalties due to pain or physical exhaustion, whether magical or natural. Deaders are also undead, and are thus immune to criticals and stuns caused by physical pain (they can still be stunned by mental attacks as usual).

Deader heroes automatically stabilize themselves on the first round after going below 0 hit points. In fact, a Deader can be reduced to below -10 wound points without fear of death. Given enough time, he can heal his way back from the grave.

The only way to permanently finish off a Harrowed is to first put it down (knock its hit points to 0) and then destroy its brain—the juicy apartment the manitou is squatting in. No amount of regeneration recovers from that.

Smart Harrowed always run from a fight when their hit points are dangerously low (dependent on their level, of course). If a gunfighter proves a little *too* brave and risks getting his noggin blown off, the little demon inside is quite likely to panic and take over so he can get his walking corpse walking on out of Dodge. In other words, it doesn't really matter if a Deader has a strong sense of self-preservation, because his manitou always does. And remember that a manitou slain while inhabiting a Harrowed is dead for real—that's something these otherwise immortal spirits are scared silly about.

Deader Powers

Experienced Deaders learn to tap the powers of the manitou inside them. These abilities are called "Deader powers." Every other character level the Deader advances after his death, he may choose a new Deader power. A fifth level character who died and came back Harrowed, for instance, gains a new Deader power at levels 5, 7, 9, 11, and so on. Many more Deader powers are described in the *Way o' the Dead* supplement for *Deadlands D20* and *Book o' the Dead* for original *Deadlands*. You'll also find more powers for the Wasted West's walking corpses in the companion to this book, tentatively titled *The Wasted West Companion*.

Cat Eyes

Cat eyes allows the Deader to see in the dark, just as if he had darkvision.

Claws

As a standard action, your Deader character can turn his fingernails into preternaturally long claws. The claws do 1d8 plus Strength damage, have a threat range of 19-20, and grow from either or both hands. If he chooses to fight with both hands, the claws count as light weapons for the purposes of two-weapon fighting penalties. Attacks with the claws are considered armed attacks. Once manifested, the claws remain until he retracts them.

Ghost

Ghost is one of the most powerful Deader abilities. With it, the character and any inanimate objects he carries become incorporeal. The hero is not invisible, however, and looks as solid as any other sodbuster.

Ghost is particularly taxing on the manitou's arcane energy, so a Deader may only become incorporeal a number of rounds equal to his level per day. He may turn it on and off at will, however, so a 4th level Deader could ghost himself 4 separate times in any one 24 hour period.

Becoming incorporeal is a move equivalent action.

While incorporeal, the character can only be hurt by other incorporeal creatures, +1 or better magic weapons, or magic. He may pass through solid objects at will. Unlike wraiths and certain other incorporeal creatures, the Deader may not ignore an opponent's armor when attacking in melee—he's either all corporeal or all incorporeal.

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A Deader who tries to trap himself inside a solid object fails—the manitou senses any attempts at suicide and may extend its power a bit if absolutely necessary to save its host.

Soul Eater

Soul Eater is a particularly nasty power. When the Deader makes a successful melee touch attack that causes damage, he gains half the lost hit points as his own. This can take him above his normal maximum. The maximum number of additional hit points that can be gained in this way is equal to two times the Harrowed's level. Hit points above the character's maximum fade naturally at one point every minute. If the Deader is not above his maximum hit points, the extra hit points do not fade—they simply replace those lost to combat.

Stitchin'

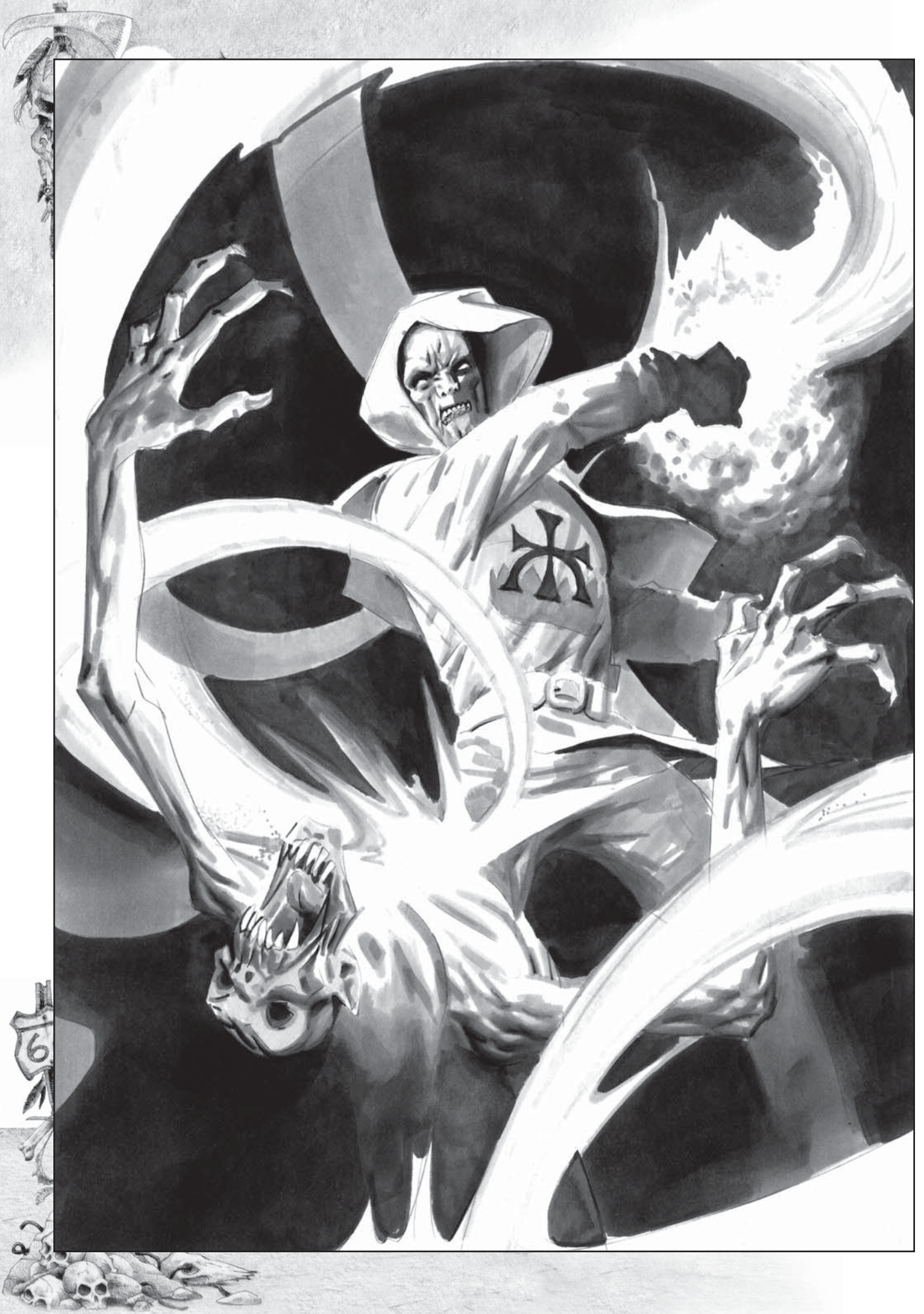
Stitchin' draws on the power of the Hunting Grounds to rejuvenate damage done to a Deader's corpse. An undead hero with this power can heal 1d6 hit points worth of damage as a standard action. He can do this a number of times a day equal to half his level.

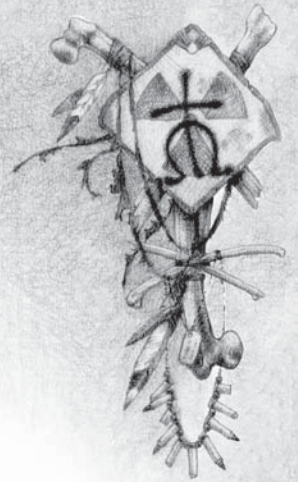
The Deader must still have fresh (raw meat) to take advantage of this ability. Deaders don't heal on empty stomachs—though they can heal on someone else's empty stomach—if you catch our drift.

Supernatural Trait

This power increases any one of your Deader character's ability scores by +2. This power may be taken more than once, and may be applied to the same ability multiple times as desired.







Chapter Seven:

Powers

If you're not playing a character that wields some sort of unnatural power in some fashion (Doomsayer, Templar, syker, or junker) and your Marshal hasn't pointed you in this direction, you'd best be high-tailing it out of Dodge, waster! This chapter is only for "arcane heroes." If your brainer is one, read on, amigo! Here you'll find radiation fueled abilities of Doomsayers, gifts the powers of good grant to Templars, mental abilities of sykers, and details on turning useless remains into works of wonder!

Using Powers

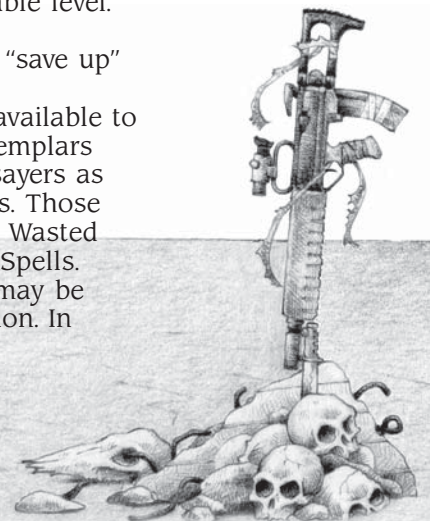
Doomsayers harness rads, Templars perform blessings, and sykers focus their innate mental abilities. Regardless of which of the three power-using classes your hero belongs to, he uses a power in basically the same way. To avoid confusion, we're going to refer to rad powers, mental abilities, and divine gifts collectively as powers from here on.


Choosing Powers

Doomsayers and sykers may learn and use powers equal to half their level or lower, rounded up. A third or fourth level Doomsayer, for example, may use up to second level powers. A seventh level syker may use up to fourth level powers. Templars are granted powers as stated under their class description in Chapter Two: Character Classes.

Doomsayers and sykers start with four zero or first level powers. On gaining each additional class level, they may choose a number of additional powers equal to their Intelligence (sykers) or Wisdom (Doomsayer's) bonus. New powers may be chosen from any currently available level. These powers must be chosen immediately—a character cannot "save up" choices for later levels.

Most standard D20 spells are available to arcane heroes in *Hell on Earth*. Templars choose powers as clerics, Doomsayers as sorcerers, and sykers as sorcerers. Those spells that aren't available in the Wasted West are listed under Prohibited Spells. Spells from other D20 products may be used with the Marshal's permission. In general, spells which





affect or allow astral or ethereal travel (the Hunting Grounds in the world of *Hell on Earth*), spells which detect evil, and wish-like abilities are not allowed.

Power Check

In traditional fantasy settings, sorcerers have been wielding eldritch sorceries for centuries or longer. That's not the case in *Hell on Earth*. Sure, a few bizarre beings have been around long enough to truly master the arcane arts, but most only gained their powers shortly before or right after the Last War. That means that using powers in the *Hell on Earth* setting isn't always a sure thing. Sometimes it works like your character hoped and sometimes it doesn't.

Each power-using class has an exclusive skill which characters of that class use to cast the appropriate type of power. For Doomsayers and Templars, it's Faith; and for sykers, it's Blastin'. Whenever your hero wants to use a power he knows, he has to make a check using the appropriate skill (unless stated otherwise, like in many Templar gifts where the power is just granted and doesn't need to be "activated"). A Doomsayer can't use a mental ability using her Faith skill and a syker can't invoke a blessing with his Blastin' skill.

When your hero tries to use a power, roll the appropriate skill check (Faith or Blastin'). The DC of the power is equal to 15 plus two times its level (unless stated otherwise in the power). A zero level power has a DC of 15; a first level power like *atomic blast* has a DC of 17; and a third level power such as *arson* has a DC of 21. Any decent power user won't have much trouble making the roll, but having to roll at all means the character has a chance for a spectacular success or deadly backlash (see below).

Spectacular Success & Backlash

The mysterious powers that arcane heroes tap into are unreckonable. Sometimes they can be harnessed far greater than the user intended. Other times they are unusable or even painful. For Doomsayers are burned by the rads that give them their power. Sykers blow synapses and literally fry their brains.

A natural roll of 20 when making a Faith or Blastin' roll is a spectacular success. A natural roll of 1 on a power roll results in backlash. See the arcane hero's character class description in Chapter Two: Character Classes, for the particular effects of backlash and spectacular success.

Strain

Channeling power, be it nuclear radiation or mental energy, is taxing on mortal bodies. Experienced users gain stamina and learn ways to lessen the effects of warping reality on their mortal forms, but even the best of them have their limits. After a point, the stress of using powers begins to take a toll on the user's physical body, and that can be deadly.

Strain represents this experience and the ability of the character to weather the stress of their unnatural abilities. Doomsayers and sykers have Strain equal to a particular ability, plus that ability's modifier at each level. Successfully using a power drains Strain. Failing the roll does not drain Strain.

Sykers have Strain equal to their Intelligence plus their Intelligence bonus per level. Doomsayers have Strain equal to their Wisdom plus their Wisdom bonus per level.

Successfully using a power drains a number of Strain equal to three times its level. First level powers cost three Strain, fifth level powers cost 15, and so on. Zero level powers cost 1 Strain.

Failing a power costs no Strain (unless the character suffers backlash—see the character class description for particular effects).

Once an arcane hero is out of Strain, he must replenish it by sleeping before he can use more powers. All arcane heroes regain their level in Strain per hour spent in good, restful sleep—a night in a radstorm or a radrat-infested wasteland won't do it.

Spell Lists

Since most D20 spells are available in *Hell on Earth*, we've decided to list those which *aren't* available instead. If a spell is on this list, a character can't take it. The Marshal may occasionally allow these spells to slip into his campaign through adventures, however, and the villains have access to any spell the Marshal feels is appropriate, whether in this book or other D20 products.



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Prohibited Cleric/Templar Spells

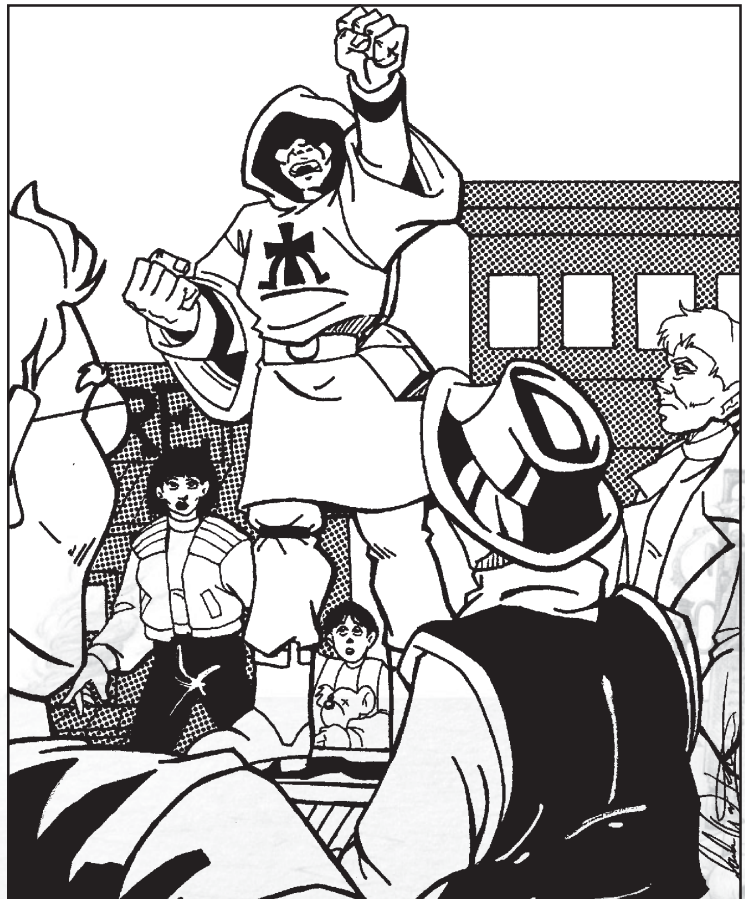
- 0 Level:** Create water, detect magic, detect poison, guidance, inflict minor wounds, light, mending, purify food and drink, read magic, resistance, virtue
- 1st Level:** Detect chaos/evil/good/law, detect undead, inflict light wounds, summon monster I
- 2nd Level:** Death knell, desecrate, inflict moderate wounds, summon monster II, undetectable alignment
- 3rd Level:** Animate dead, contagion, inflict serious wounds, magic circle against chaos/evil/good/law, meld into stone, speak with dead, speak with plants, stone shape, summon monster III
- 4th Level:** Air walk, dismissal, giant vermin, inflict critical wounds, lesser planar ally, poison, summon monster IV
- 5th Level:** Dispel chaos/evil/good/law, ethereal jaunt, healing circle, plane shift, raise dead, slay living, summon monster V, unhallow, wall of stone
- 6th Level:** Animate objects, antilife shell, banishment, blade barrier, create undead, etherealness, geas/quest, harm, planar ally, summon monster VI, wind walk, word of recall
- 7th Level Powers:** Blasphemy, destruction, dictum, resurrection, summon monster VII, word of chaos
- 8th Level Powers:** Cloak of chaos, create greater undead, greater planar ally, mass heal, shield of law, summon monster VIII, unholy aura
- 9th Level Powers:** Astral projection, energy drain, gate, soul bind, summon monster IX, true resurrection

Prohibited Sorcerer/Doomsayer Spells

- 0 Level:** —
- 1st Level:** Protection from chaos/evil/good/law, magic missile, summon monster I, Tenser's floating disk, unseen servant
- 2nd Level Powers:** Summon monster II
- 3rd Level Powers:** Blink, fireball, fly, gaseous form, Leomund's tiny hut, magic circle, shrink item, summon monster III
- 4th Level Powers:** Charm monster, dimension door, enervation, fire shield, Leomund's secure shelter, lesser geas, Otiluke's resilient sphere, polymorph other, polymorph self, Rary's mnemonic enhancer, summon monster IV, wall of ice

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- 5th Level Powers:** Bigby's interposing hand, contact other plane, dismissal, Leomund's secret chest, lesser planar binding, permanency, summon monster V, teleport, wall of iron, wall of stone
- 6th Level Powers:** Control water, control weather, disintegrate, flesh to stone, geas/quest, Mordenkainen's lucubration, move earth, planar binding, summon monster VI
- 7th Level Powers:** ethereal jaunt, limited wish, Mordenkainen's magnificent mansion, phase door, plane shift, reverse gravity, shadow walk, summon monster VII, teleport without error, vanish
- 8th Level Powers:** Clone, discern location, etherealness, greater planar binding, iron body, maze, polymorph any object, summon monster VIII, trap the soul
- 9th Level Powers:** Energy drain, gate, Mordenkainen's disjunction, shapechange, soul bind, summon monsters IX, teleportation circle, temporal stasis, time stop, wish, wail of the banshee





Prohibited Druid Spells

Summon Nature's ally spells are permitted, but only natural animals native to the American West are available. Aquatic creatures may only be summoned if the hero is in the appropriate type of water where the creature is found. No supernatural creatures may be summoned via this spell.

0 Level Spells: Create water, detect magic, flare, guidance, know, light, mending, read magic, resistance, virtue

1st Level Spells: –

2nd Level Spells: –

3rd Level Spells: –

4th Level Spells: Reincarnate

5th Level Spells: Unhallow

6th Level Spells: Healing Circle

7th Level Spells: Heal

8th Level Spells: Reverse Gravity

9th Level Spells: Mass Heal, Shambler

New Powers

Below are a few additional powers available in the world of *Hell on Earth*. We've listed all the new powers together in alphabetical order for easy reference.

Armor of the Saints (Tmp)

The Saints look after their own.

The Templar with this power has his AC increased by 1/4 their character level rounded up.

Greater Reward: If the hero earns the greater reward for Armor of the Saints, their AC bonus is increased to 1/3 his character level rounded up.

Arson (Syk)

Type: Evocation

Level: 3

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)

Area: Caster's level diameter in feet

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: No

Spell Resistance: Yes

"Burn it to the ground."

—General Warfield after the fall of Castle Rock, 2078

Arson is pure "pyrokinesis," the ability to create and manipulate fire and flame. It's

great for cooking hot dogs, s'mores, and all those angry muties who think you should share.

Arson creates a fiery burst with a diameter equal to the syker's level in feet. Targets within this area take 2d10 damage and catch fire if they take any damage.

Atomic Blast (Dsr)

Type: Evocation

Level: 1

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)

Target: 1 person

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Fort halves

Spell Resistance: Yes

The first power Silas manifested was this tremendous burst of irradiated energy. This miracle is handy for keeping unarmored mutants and the like in line. When they need a bigger boom, Doomsayers use *nuke*.

Atomic blast causes a sizzling green bolt to fly from the priest's palm doing 1D10 +2 hp per Doomsayer level in damage to the target. *Atomic blast* can score a critical and has a threat score of 20.

Brain Blast (Syk)

Type: Evocation

Level: 0

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)

Target: 1 person

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Will halves

Spell Resistance: Yes

Most every syker learned to rely on *brain blast* in the Last War. The surge of energy it produces can destroy flesh, break bricks, and rend metal with but a thought.

Brain blast is a tremendous beam of energy that streams like a laser from the syker's head to the target. The blast does not "home in" on the target, so the syker must succeed at a ranged attack roll to hit his intended foe.

Brain blast affects both animate and inanimate objects and does 1d12 +1 hit point of damage per syker level.

Chameleon (Syk)

Type: Illusion

Level: 1

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 full round

Range: Self

Target: 1 target/level

Duration: Concentration

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell Resistance: Yes



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If you can't beat 'em, hide and blast 'em from behind. So say the sykers who use this power.

Chameleon manipulates an opponent's mind to "edit out" the syker's image. It's a very difficult power to use, since the syker must contact his opponents' minds, blur out his own image, and even make sure the shadows in his mental illusion are just right. This requires absolute concentration, so the syker can't move, use a power, or even whisper without ending *chameleon's* effect.

Characters who aren't actively looking for the syker don't even get a chance to see him. Those who do make a Spot check as usual, though at a -6 penalty. Once someone spots the syker, the target can see the syker normally. Others can see the syker only when they make their own Spot checks or once the syker stops his concentration.

Command (Tmp)

Templars are stern taskmasters. When one says jump, most folks do it. *Command* doesn't turn a person into a Templar's puppet, but it can make a mutie run for the hills.

The hero with command adds +2 to his Intimidate skill checks, and Charisma ability checks to persuade or lead others.

Greater Reward: The Templar can gain temporary but powerful control over a

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single individual. He can issue a single command as an action by making an opposed check of his Faith versus any human target's Wisdom. This power has no effect on creatures without a human spirit (so walkin' dead are immune, but Harrowed are not). If successful, the victim must carry out a single, short instruction.

Victims of *command* will not injure themselves, but they will attack their companions, but forcing them to do something they are strongly opposed to (such as attacking a loved one) would merit a second check.

Emp (Dsr)

Type: Evocation

Level: 2

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

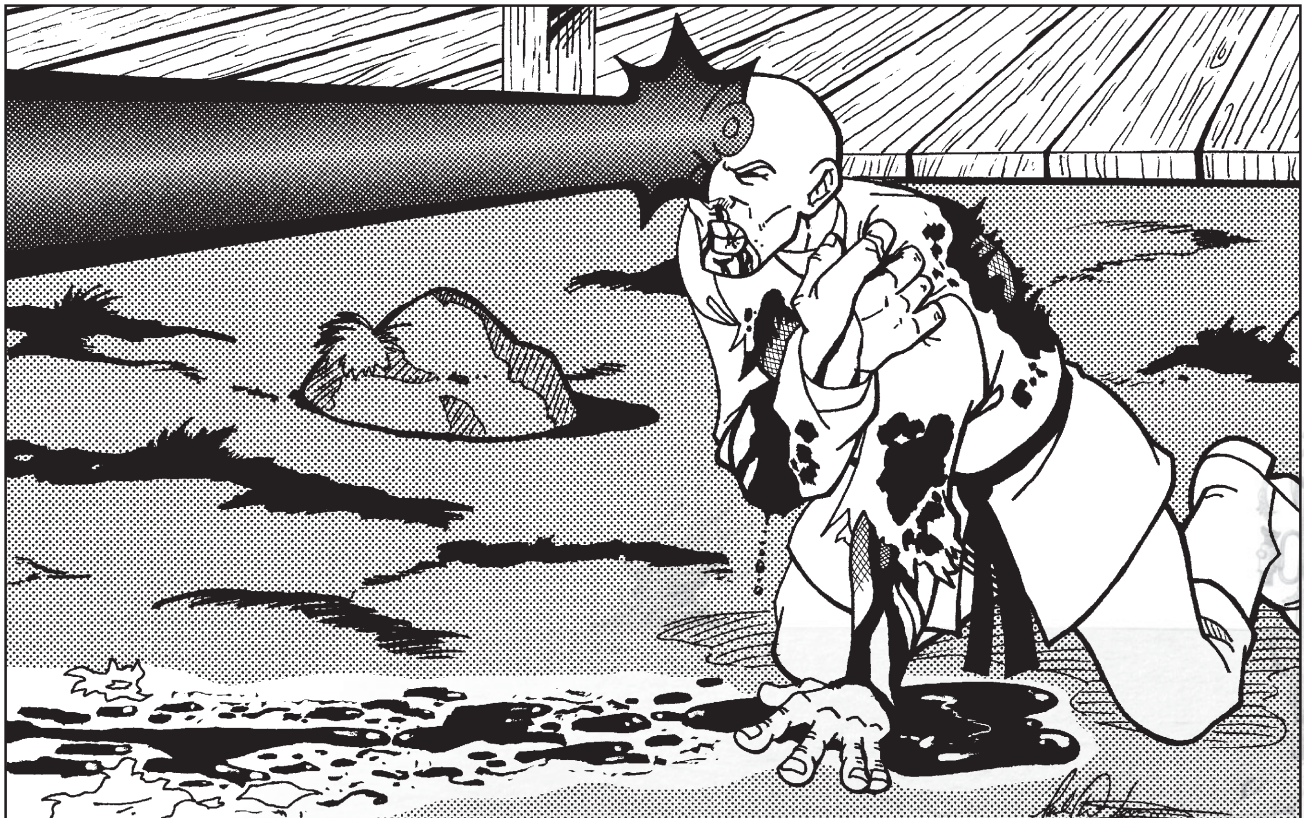
Area: Close (25 feet + 5 ft./2 levels)

Duration: 5 minutes/level

Saving Throw: No

Spell Resistance: No

It stands for "electromagnetic pulse," and it's what knocks out all the electronics



when a nuke goes off. Doomsayers with this power are pure trouble for Throckmorton's goons and any others who rely on technology.

The DC and Strain depend on how good the electronics are. Check the table, brainer. When *EMP* works, the item is knocked out and can't function for the power's duration.

If used on a device already ruined by an *EMP*, this power fixes it for the duration instead.

DC	Strain	Item
15	6	Cheap digital watches
17	6	Handheld electronics
21	7	Home computers
25	8	Light military equipment, industrial computers
29	9	Military computers, shielded electronics, cyborgs, junker device
33	10	Heavily shielded electronics, automatons

Geiger Vision (Dsr)

Type: Divination

Level: 0

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Close (25 feet + 5ft/2 levels)

Target: Caster

Duration: 5 minutes + 5min/1 Strain after cast

Saving Throw: Fort negates (harmless)

Spell Resistance: Yes

Geiger vision allows a priest to see radiation. In game terms, the Marshal should tell the hero if there is dangerous radiation nearby, and what the DC to resist it is. Beating the check by +2 or more allows the Doomsayer to get a clue about any weird effects the radiation might have as well.

With a +2 above the DC of the Faith check, the Doomsayer can also sense trace radiation well enough to see in the dark up to the power's range. Most everything has at least a few rads and appears as a vague, luminous-green outline, but only in darkness. Give the rad priest a +4 to spot most normal sneakin' figures at night, underground, in dark rooms, and so on. Occasionally a really clean figure might not give off any radiation. If so, the figure,



object, or whatever is actually invisible to a Doomsayer using *Geiger vision*.

Finally, if used to gauge the intensity of a ghost storm, this power only works for one round and costs +1 additional point of Strain (whether it's being maintained or not). The Marshal should determine the storm's intensity and tell the Doomsayer the DC of the Fort save. If the Doomie doesn't go through the wall in the next minute, the chaotic storm changes and the Marshal redetermines its intensity (see page 133 for rules on going through a ghost rock storm).

Inner Strength (Tmp)

"The power of righteousness lends great strength."

—Simon Mercer, 2088

Simon's words must be true. *Inner strength* adds +2 to Strength checks and increases damage by +1.

Greater Reward: The Templar's Strength actually raises by +1 permanently.

Lay on Hands (Ttmp)

The first lesson a Templar learns is how to heal. Only after this ability is mastered and the Templar's faith and compassion are proven does Simon invest the hero with more sacred power.

To use this power, the Templar makes a Faith check against a DC equal to the amount of hit points the target has lost.

If he succeeds, the target gains back a number of hit points equal to the Templar's character level. A critical success allows the Templar to heal twice his character level in hit points. If the Templar fails this roll, he cannot attempt to aid the same target again until 24 hours has passed. A natural one on the roll means the Templar has to wait 24 hours to attempt to use this ability on *anyone*.

A Templar can only use this power on any particular victim (including himself) once per day.

Greater Reward: The Templar gains the ability to cure ailments. The DC is according to the curing table below. If the check is a success, the target is healed. If the Templar fails the roll, he cannot try again on the same target until 24 hours has passed. This power is only usable once a day per target.

DC Ailment

14	Colds, most nonfatal poisons
18	Common viruses
22	Most natural poisons, such as snake venom; infections
26	Radiation, chronic infections
30	"Supernatural" diseases such as tummy twisters or any plague or illness started by Famine or his minions

Mindrider (Syk)

Type: Divination

Level: 0

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 full round

Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)

Target: 1 person

Duration: Concentration

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

Sykers were used primarily as spies up until their mentors realized how great they were at assassination. That's where *mindrider* came from. It's a lot like "clairaudience" and "clairvoyance" all rolled up in one.

The syker first establishes a link with his target by touch. At that point, he makes his Blastin' check. If he's successful, he gets in the target's mind and can see and hear everything the victim does, as long as he pays 1 Strain every 10 minutes (after paying the initial cost).

A character with *mindrider* in his cranium gets a Will save on contact and every 10 minutes thereafter to notice something is wrong. Once he does, the victim gets the feeling he's being watched and subconsciously (or consciously if he's familiar with sykers) tries to eject the rider from his cranium. This requires an opposed

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Intelligence check, which may be attempted once every 10 minutes.

Mindwipe (Syk)

Type: Transmutation

Level: 2

Components: S

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: Close (25 ft. + 5 ft./2 levels)

Target: 1 person

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: Will (partial)

Spell Resistance: Yes

Sykers never get embarrassed. Why? If they do something stupid, they just scramble your memories around and make you forget it. That's if they just don't kill you, brainer.

Mindwipe causes the target to forget the last few minutes. The power can't make new memories, only create a "blackout" in which the target remembers nothing.

If successful on his Blastin' check, the target forgets the last five minutes. Every +2 above the DC extends the blackout by another five minutes.

Most subjects don't seem to notice the blackout. They don't even know something's missing. If the Marshal feels the victim would be suspicious (like all his buddies are dead, or his beer got warm), he gets a Will save to realize something's up, though only someone who knows the ways of the syker might know just what happened.

Nuke (Dsr)

Type: Evocation

Level: 5

Components: S

Casting Time: 2 rounds

Range: Medium (100 feet + 10 ft./lvl)

Target: One target

Burst Radius: 30

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Fort halves

Spell Resistance: Yes

When *atomic blast* just isn't enough, a Doomsayer can roll up his sleeves and try *nuke*. Due to the high Strain, it's likely to knock even the most faithful priest on his robed butt, but it can also do exactly what its title implies.

If the Doomsayer gets a natural 1 on his Faith check, he takes Strain as normal, but the nuke *still* goes off, but not where he



wanted it to! Roll 1d12 and use it like a clock facing to determine the direction the *nuke* deviated to, then roll 1d20 x 5' to determine the number of feet the *nuke* moved. This way even if the *nuke* comes back at him, it won't go off in his face unless he shot it real close.

Wherever the *nuke* lands, it causes an explosion with the listed Burst Radius and does 3D20 +1d8 points of damage per Doomsayer level at ground zero.

One other minor difference is that *nuke* takes 2 rounds to cast. During the first round, the Doomsayer begins to gather glowing radiation about his body, an effect visible to anyone who can see him. That's a good time for them to run away and hide.

Silence (Syk)

Type: Evocation

Level: 1

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Target: Caster

Duration: 10 minutes/1 point of Strain

Saving Throw: Will negates (harmless)

Spell Resistance: Yes

Commandos, assassins, and saboteurs are sneaky types for one simple reason: Every nation on Earth executed special operatives when they were caught. Needless to say, the sykers quickly learned how to hide (thus the *chameleon* power) and sneak. The problem, however, was that most of the things the sykers did once they got in position made loud bangs. That's where *silence* comes from.

Silence cloaks the syker in a field of absolute silence. He can run, shout, fire a weapon, or otherwise perform any action that would normally produce noise, but in absolute silence. When the syker's using Move Silently, an opponent relying solely on sound has no chance of detecting him. If the opponent has a chance of seeing the quiet commando, the power adds +4 to the syker's check.

If he suddenly needs to shout for help, the syker can end the power at any point.

Survivor (T'mp)

Templars are hard to kill. This reward proves it.

Immediately after a Templar dies, he may roll a number of d20 equal to his character level.

If a 20 is rolled, the Templar clings to life. Maybe he lies in the desert for hours or days before a band of nomads finds him and nurses him back to health. Maybe

he drags himself into an old cave and lays in delirium for a week. Perhaps a seemingly terminal fall deposits him in a snowdrift. Or maybe he just hangs on to life by the slimmest thread until help finally manages to arrive.

On a 1, the character comes back from the Great Beyond in a different way. (Marshal, this is in addition to the usual roll you make for a character on his death.)

Greater Reward: Even after a Templar has dropped below 0 hit points or less, he can keep fighting as long as he makes a Constitution check against a DC of 10 plus the negative hit points he's suffered at the beginning of each action. Afterward, he drops to the ground like any other brainer and can start rolling d20s as described above.

Sustenance (Dsr)

Type: Evocation

Level: 1

Components: S

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: Self

Target: Caster

Duration: Permanent

Saving Throw: No

Spell Resistance: No

Doomsayers travel far and wide in their quests. Besides mutants, gangs, and ravaging monsters, one of their most dangerous challenges is finding enough food to cross the wastelands. *Sustenance* allows them to draw nourishment from radiation instead of food.

Each casting fulfills the Doomsayer's need for food and water for one entire day. The miracle does not provide radiation, however, so a priest must have a significant source nearby to draw from. A pound of irradiated material is usually good for one casting. A priest in the ruins of a city can forget about food for a long time.

Even Doomsayers need real food once in a while, though. Each time *sustenance* is used, the Doomsayer loses 1 hit point that cannot be replaced until he eats a reasonable-sized meal. Doing so alleviates all damage suffered from *sustenance*.

Finally, the miracle allows a Doomsayer (not his companions) to eat irradiated food and drink with no ill-effects. The food or water provides normal nourishment (and tastes just like momma's home-cooking!).

Tattletale (Syk)

Type: Enchantment

Level: 2

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 10 feet

Target: 1 person

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Duration: 5 minutes

Saving Throw: Will negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

Commandos rarely have time to stage elaborate interrogations. *Tattletale* allows a syker to drag information from a foe's mind without the poor schmuck realizing he's been violated.

A syker who engages his opponent in conversation and uses this power can get the target to talk about things he ordinarily would not. Even better, the target remembers the talk, but he forgets he revealed anything.

This is an opposed Blastin' check versus the target's Wisdom. The syker gets some information with each additional +5 above the DC. The Marshal decides how much.

Tolerance (Dsr)

Type: Transmutation

Level: 0

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch

Target: One target

Duration: 24 hours

Saving Throw: Fort negates (harmless)

Spell Resistance: Yes

Doomsayers must frequently venture into heavily irradiated areas, like ruined cities. This is suicide for most folks, but Silas' priests quickly developed this miraculous power to protect themselves and their followers from the deadly touch of sacred radiation.

Tolerance allows the subject to ignore the low-level effects of radiation for an entire day. Even once the subject has passed from the irradiated area, his flesh and gear are "clean" and present no further harm (unless they were irradiated already).

Certain areas of extremely high radiation (much higher even than that at ground zero) may exist. Those areas often require some sort of test to avoid damage, mutations, or other effects. *Tolerance* doesn't block those effects, but it does provide a +2 bonus to resist them.

Touch of the Doomsayers (Dsr)

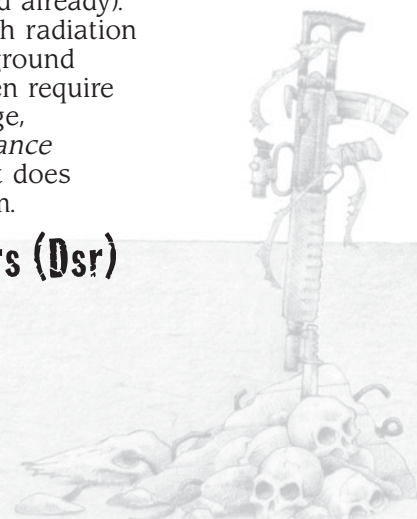
Type: Conjunction (Healing)

Level: 0

Components: S

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Touch





Target: One target
Duration: Permanent
Saving Throw: Fort negates
Spell Resistance: Yes

Silas learned to heal wounds by very slowly and carefully manipulating flesh on a molecular level. Unfortunately, when a Doomsayer heals someone, it leaves the skin discolored and covered with hideous boils.

After the schism, Joan and the other heretics knew healing would be one of their greatest tools in proving themselves to norms. Joan knew norms wouldn't tolerate being mutated, so she tried to develop a new healing miracle with no side effects. She got close.

Whether a Doomsayer is a heretic or loyal to Silas, the procedure for healing is the same. The rad priest places her hands over the area to be healed and waits until both her palms and the injured flesh begin to glow with irradiated light.

In game terms, the player now makes a Faith skill check for his rad-slinging Doomsayer. The DC depends on how much damage he wants to heal at once.

He can slowly and safely do a little healing at a time, or he can try to heal a lot more damage with a higher DC.

The bad news is that on a failed Faith roll, Doomsayers of either stripe warp the flesh. The patient is forever after at -1 to all Charisma checks if that area is visible (with a maximum penalty of -5).

Even more frightening for the patient, a natural 1 on the Faith check means the patient suffers a mutation. Have the Marshal roll for that immediately. She'll find the appropriate gooey, messy table on page 144.

Touch also cures the glows (radiation poisoning) with a DC of 19, but it doesn't heal any other types of diseases (that's a Templar's job).

HP Restored	DC	Strain
2d4	10	1
2d6	13	1
2d8	16	1
2d10	19	1
2d12	21	1
2d20	24	1

Junkers

The arcane science of the junkers is fairly new to the world. Before the junkers, there were mad scientists.

In the years following the Reckoning in 1863, a new form of science appeared in the world. Its practitioners liked to call it “new science” but most non-eggheads referred to it as “mad science.”

The second name was a good description of it for two reasons. First, the products of this science often seemed to defy reality and sometimes appeared almost magical. The things these gizmos could do when they worked were spectacular. (The results when they didn't work were spectacular too!) Second, those who dabbled in this science often became stark raving lunatics.

What the early practitioners of mad science didn't realize was that their flashes of inspiration had supernatural origins. The Reckoners sent their manitous to touch the minds of those with the skill and imagination to turn their dreams into reality. These spiritual messengers filled the scientists' thoughts with dimly-seen visions of future technologies and arcane rituals. These ghostly visions loosened the inventors' grip on reality and eventually drove them mad.

Mad scientists were common throughout the 20th and 21st centuries, but as conventional technology increased, their prominence decreased, though a few still grabbed an occasional headline with a spectacular device. Although mad science was no longer the quick path to fortune and fame it had been, there were still many who practiced it. The urge to create the things whispered about by the voices from beyond was too great to resist.

But the Last War would put an end to mad science. With the Reckoners' work complete, there was no need for the manitous to help scientists anymore.

Technomagic

When the manitous stopped their whispering, some of these scientists went and paid them a house call. A few were hucksters in addition to being mad scientists, and they were able to get the information they needed from the spirits after a few torturous mental duels.

What they discovered meant the end of mad science as they knew it. The manitous would no longer willingly aid mad scientists in their work, and even when forced to talk they had nothing new to contribute. The aid the manitous had given

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in the past was based on their knowledge of future technologies. This knowledge had been granted to them by the Reckoners and did not extend past July 3, 2063. The scientists themselves now had a far better idea of what the future held for science than the manitous did.

The scientists did discover something useful however. It was still possible to use arcane energy (what layfolk would loosely call “magic”) to fill in the gaps in otherwise impossible contraptions. Unfortunately, this method of inventing was possible only by those scientists who were also skilled hucksters (sorcerers who gamble with manitous for power in *Deadlands: the Weird West*), because these devices could only be powered by the arcane energy available in the Hunting Grounds.

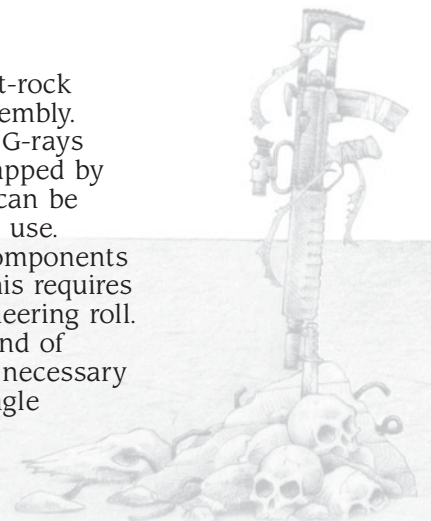
The process became much easier once Ridley Velmer invented the first G-ray collector. Based on the technology used in ghost-rock reactors, this new device allowed any scientist equipped with one to capture a portion of the spiritual energy given off by burning ghost rock and store it in specially prepared spirit batteries. Using a collector meant the inventor no longer had to battle with a manitou for energy, only the occasional tidbit of information—something the manitous were willing to part with a bit more easily.


Velmer shared his discovery with many of his colleagues, and the new science of technomagic was born. Using this new device, any scientist with a knowledge of the appropriate occult rituals could build hi-tech gizmos run by spiritual energy. Velmer's G-ray collector sparked a new wave of invention which was cut short by the start of the Last War.

G-Ray Collector & Spirit Batteries

A collector consists of a ghost-rock furnace and a converter-coil assembly. Ghost rock burned in it releases G-rays (spiritual radiation) which are trapped by the converter coils. This energy can be stored in spirit batteries for later use.

Any junker with the proper components can build a collector in a day. This requires a DC 10 Knowledge: Occult Engineering roll. The collector burns a single pound of ghost rock at a time, but it's not necessary to burn the entire pound in a single session.





It takes about an hour to extract the energy from a single pound of ghost rock. The typical collector can charge one spirit battery at once.

Junkers store the power generated by their collectors in special receptacles known as spirit batteries. These are much lighter than the collectors and don't generate any heat, nor can they power electrical devices (only those run by spiritual energy).

All junkers know how to make these devices. Making a battery requires an ounce of ghost rock. Assembling a battery takes 10 minutes and requires a DC 10 Knowledge: Occult Engineering roll. Newly-made and drained batteries must be charged by hooking them to an operating collector. A battery normally recharges in five hours. A fully charged battery lasts two hours plus one hour for every five extra hours spent charging to a maximum of five hours of usage time. When recharging multiple batteries, the power generated is divided evenly between them.

Occult engineering devices with a DC of 10 to create them need one spirit battery to power them. Each +5 to the DC increases the number of spirit batteries needed by one. Spirit batteries are not drained unless the device is in use.

The Junkmen Cometh

Junkers, also known as "junkmen," are the techno-wizards of the Wasted West, picking clean the skeleton of the society which collapsed during the Last War. They can rebuild old technology and, with the help of the spirit world, build new devices of incredible power. They depend on the spirits for both inspiration and raw energy, but while manitous inspire and power their arcane gadgets, junkers still need the remnants of prewar technology to construct their infernal devices. Unfortunately, these things just aren't manufactured anymore, so when a junker spots a piece of hardware which looks like it might prove useful, he quickly adds it to his collection. Most of these techno-mages wander the wastes weighed down by heavy packs full of assorted junk.

This new science isn't without its risks. Much like the dementia associated with mad science, the technomagic of junkers has mishaps.

Creating Weird Gizmos

Making gadgets that form piles of junk is easier than some might expect—if you know the secret that is. The process outlined below should help you figure out the basics of the device. You and your Marshal can then work out the actual game effects based on the design and components of the gadget itself.

There are four steps a wasteland junkman must complete to create a weird gizmo. Write down the details of each of the steps as you complete them for later reference.

1. Concoct the theory.
2. Layout a plan.
3. Scrounge for components.
4. Construct the device.

Concoct The Theory

The first thing a junker has to do is decide just what kind of weird gizmo he's trying to make. This means the junker's player—that's you—should write down the name of the device followed by a paragraph or two describing the "scientific principles" (as nutty as they may be) your character employs to make it work. It's more fun to write the theory from the perspective of the character, by the way.

Layout A Plan

Now it's time to layout your plans. Junkers know they are consorting with manitous as they draft their fantastic creations. That's fine as long as they get what they want.

The junker must now make a DC 10 Knowledge skill roll with the type of science most appropriate for the theory behind his invention. A plasma pistol, for instance, might require a Knowledge (physics) roll, while a hopped-up car requires Knowledge (engineering). If several sciences are used, the character must use the lowest required skill. See the Knowledge skill in Chapter Three for some more examples of Knowledge focuses.

If the scientist does not have a science skill directly related to the design task, the base DC is raised to 15. We said those *science* Aptitudes would come in handy.

Failing the roll means the inventor is stymied and can't try to build any other devices for the next eight hours while he clears his head. A roll of 1 means the inventor has contracted a mishap of some sort. See **Mishaps**, below.

If the roll is successful, the mad scientist gains a bonus to his upcoming Knowledge: Occult Engineering skill roll to

actually build the device. The bonus is equal to +2 for every 5 points he rolled over the DC to layout the plan. With a DC of 5 and a roll of 17, for example, the scientist adds +4 to his Occult Engineering skill.

Scroungin' For Components

Once the scientist has concocted a theory and successfully planned his weird gizmo, he knows what materials he needs to actually build the thing. Now it's time for a scavenger hunt.

Your character must now go out and actually buy or find the parts he needs (more than likely find). Junker devices sometimes require some strange components, and acquiring them is sometimes an adventure in itself.

Construct the Device

Now that you've gathered the device's components, it's time to actually build it. The character now makes a Knowledge: Occult Engineering roll against the device's relative DC, determined by the Marshal (see the **Gizmo Construction Table**, brainer). Don't forget to add any bonuses received from the plan's layout.

If the roll is successful, the item is built in the time shown. For every 5 points rolled over the DC, the construction time is halved.

If the roll is failed, the character spends half the listed time before he may try again. A character who rolls a 1 while building a device has a **Mishap**, see below.

Reliability

The base reliability of a device is 4. This is reduced to 3 if the builder is 5th level, 2 at 10th level, and 1 at 15th level or higher.

The Gizmo Construction Table

The **Gizmo Construction Table** has all the details you need to know about building your device.

DC is the minimum Knowledge: Occult Engineering roll needed to build the device. The junker adds any bonus from his layout to this roll.

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Description is a guideline for how far the gizmo is above the normal technology level.

Item is an example of some common weird gizmos in use in the Wasted West.

Base Time is a rough guideline for how long weird gizmos in a particular category *tend* to take. This can change drastically depending on the machine.

Mishaps

Unlike the mad scientists of old, junkers know the devils they are dealing with, they just don't care.

The price of building devices with the help of evil spirits that are well beyond the technological curve of the day is the occasional accident that happens.

Whenever a junker rolls a 1 on a plan or construction roll, he has a mishap of some kind. Roll 1d20 on the **Mishap** table. If the character suffers the same mishap twice, the condition simply worsens.



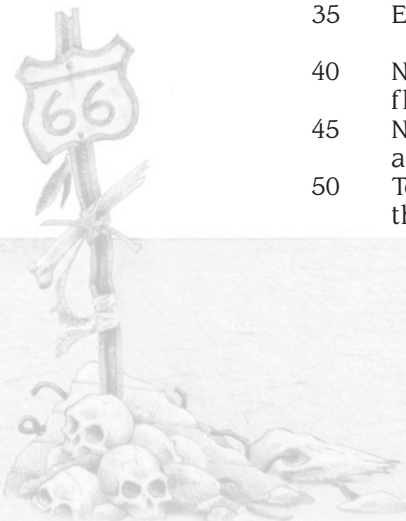


Mishaps

- 1-2 **Marshal's Choice:** The Marshal chooses from the other Mishaps on the table to determine what befell the junker. The junker must start from scratch.
- 3-4 **Fried Synapses:** The junker takes 1d6 points of damage and forgets everything about the device he was working on.
- 5-6 **Scrambled Brains:** The junker loses one rank of his Knowledge: Occult Engineering skill.
- 7-8 **Attack:** The manitou the junker was communicating with gets pissed offed and lashes out at him. He takes 2d6 points of damage.
- 9-10 **Energy Flare:** Make an opposed Wis check between the junker and the manitou he was dealing with (Wisdom 14). If the junker wins, nothing happens. If he loses, he takes the difference in d4 points of damage.
- 11-12 **Side-Effect:** The device works, but the manitou managed to build in a harmful side-effect of some kind. The Marshal decides what this is.
- 13-14 **Arcane Leak:** The device's power system isn't shielded properly, allowing G-rays to leak. Each day the device is used, everyone who was within 100-feet of it while in operation must make a DC 10 Fort save. If the save is failed, the victim gains a mutation.
- 15-16 **Misinformation:** The manitou pulls a fast one and gives the junker bad information. The full construction time and parts are spent, but the device doesn't work.
- 17-18 **Back Door:** The manitou builds itself a back door into the device. Once a session, it may take control of the device for which this result was rolled (it goes haywire, etc.).
- 19-20 **Ghost in the Machine:** A malicious spirit has been bound to the device being created! It can use the device any time as if the device were its body. If the device has an AI, the spirit *is* the device's AI (which may make it smarter or dumber than intended—Marshal's call).

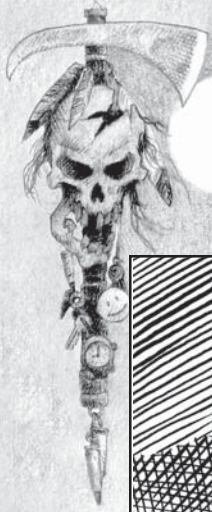
Gizmo Construction Table

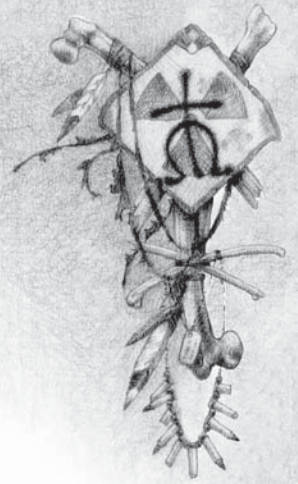
DC	Description	Item	Base Time
10	Repair of device created by these rules, or of current top-of-the-line technology	Machine gun	10-60 minutes
15	Slight improvement on existing tech	Faster computer, 10% faster automobile (a "tune-up")	1-5 hours
20	Major improvement on existing technology	Laser pistol, bullet-proof t-shirt, 25% faster automobile (total reconfiguration)	1-10 hours
25	Relatively simple but new use of existing technology	G-ray grenade, auto-full-auto handgun	1-6 days
30	New use of cutting-edge tech	Hoverbike, air ship	1-4 weeks
35	Entirely new but "realistic" tech	Mass driver plasma gun	1-6 months
40	New technology that flaunts the laws of science	Heat or freeze ray, De-mutation device	1-12 months
45	New technology that alters the laws of science	Mind-control ray	1-4 years
50	Technology that defies the laws of science	Dimension or time control device	1-20 years



The Marshal's Handbook







Chapter Eight: The Marshal's Handbook

This next section is for the Marshal's eyes only. You player-types out there should turn back now before it's too late. If you don't, the rattlers will know. And you don't want that. Believe us.

Now that you've read the dirt we fed those gullible player types, it's time to let you Marshals in on the real secrets of *Deadlands: Hell on Earth*.

Let's start with a little prehistory.

There have always been monsters in the world. All cultures have their bogeymen, night terrors, haunts, spirits, werewolves, vampires, ghouls, and zombies. And they are real—don't let yourself think otherwise.

Such abominations dwell in the physical world. In the spirit world—the Indians call it the Hunting Grounds—nature spirits and manitous are most common. Nature spirits are generally good or at least neutral toward the affairs of humanity. Manitous are downright evil.

Manitous drain fear and other negative creations the abominations spawn, and they channel them back to a special place in the Hunting Grounds called the

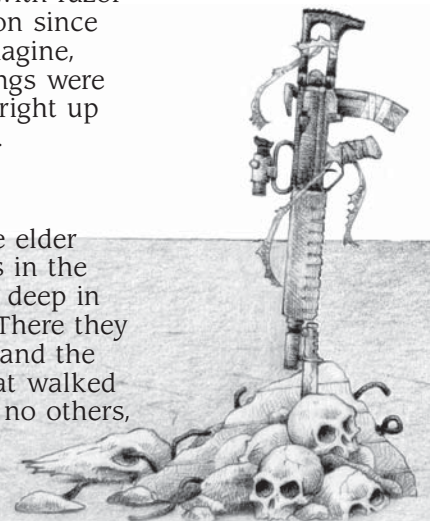
Deadlands. That's where the ancient and mysterious Reckoners once dwelled.


The manitous live only to serve up death and destruction in large helpings. They aren't aware why, nor do they really care. What the spirits do know is that the Reckoners tap the energy the manitous bring to the Hunting Grounds. Most of it is used to sustain their unnatural existence on Earth, but some small sparks are still hurled back into the physical world to bring new abominations to life. These abominations then create new fears to feed the manitous, who carry it back to the Hunting Grounds, and so on.

It's an ongoing, vicious cycle with razor-sharp teeth, and it's been going on since the dawn of time. As you can imagine, matters got out of hand, and things were looking bad for the home team—right up until the end of the Middle Ages.

The Great Spirit War

That's when the Old Ones—the elder shamans of various Indian tribes in the American East—called a council deep in the mountains of New England. There they discussed the state of the Earth and the increasing number of horrors that walked upon it. Their people suffered as no others,





having little in the way of technology, arms, or armor to protect them.

The Old Ones knew there was no way to banish all evil from the land at once. The abominations would have to be defeated one at a time. If the manitous were gone, however, they reasoned, far fewer new abominations would be born.

So it was that the Old Ones asked the spirits of nature to war against their evil cousins, the manitous. The spirits agreed, but their price was high. The Old Ones would have to enter the Hunting Grounds and join them in their war.

The Old Ones traveled to an ancient Micmac burial ground and performed an arduous ritual. When they were through, a portal to the Hunting Grounds stood open.

The shamans stepped through and began their long fight. The "Great Spirit War" raged for hundreds of years. The Old Ones eventually tracked down and defeated their foes, but found that the manitous, being spirits, could not truly be destroyed. The best the Old Ones could do was defeat them and hold them to a sacred bond: As long as the Old Ones remained in the Hunting Grounds, the manitous could not meddle with humanity.

The Old Ones were trapped (seemingly forever) with the malignant spirits they had defeated, but the horrors of our world abated and began to dwindle. The price the shamans paid was high, but they had won.

A Tale of Vengeance

Centuries later, in 1763, a young Susquehanna shaman named Raven was completing his studies. He was a great student, devouring his lessons as if each was his last meal.

One summer day, he sat on a high mountain in the colony the white men called Virginia. As he meditated, his conversation with the nature spirits was cut short by the sounds of musketry near his village far below.

Raven climbed down the mountain as fast as he could, the cruel din of battle mocking his every step. His feet felt as if they were made of stone, and the miles seemed like leagues. When he finally arrived, he saw a band of whites butchering his family. They had been the last band of the Susquehanna.

Now he was the last son.

Raven Reborn

Soon after the massacre of every human being he had ever held dear, Raven left the valley he had always called home and wandered the land looking for ways to increase his own power and exact vengeance on those who had murdered his people.

The shaman learned many secrets of the world during his travels among both the Indian tribes and the towns of the white men. The first was that of long life. Though born in 1745, Raven looks no more than 50 years old today.

The most important secret he learned, however, was that the Old Ones had left the long-forgotten door to the Hunting Grounds wide open, unaware they would not be able to return.

Between 1861 and 1863, Raven visited all the other tribes he could find and spoke solemnly of the massacre of his people at the hands of whites. He said he was the last of his tribe, the "Last Son," and he was searching for other braves who shared his blind anger.

The Last Sons

Other shamans often sensed Raven's long quest for vengeance had consumed him with evil. Most banished him, but sometimes a vengeful youth adopted by the tribe would turn his back on his new family and follow Raven. These young men understood his sorrow and his rage. They were the last of their tribes, families, or villages as well.

They were the Last Sons.

Raven told his followers their troubles were caused by the coming of the whites. In some cases, it just happened to be the truth. In others, it was yet another gross misunderstanding between two different peoples.

In either case, Raven told the Last Sons he knew how to defeat their common enemy. He would release the manitous from their old bond.

And there would come a Reckoning.

Raven told the braves who chose to take up with him and follow his ways that the manitous were their peoples' protection against the white man's invasion. The Old Ones were fools for their actions. They had condemned the tribes to a long and painful road that could only end in their extermination.

Raven told the Last Sons it was their sacred duty to travel to the Hunting Grounds and return the spirit world to its natural order. But there was only one way to accomplish their task. The Last Sons would have to enter the Hunting Grounds and destroy the Old Ones.

The Hunt

The Last Sons began their long trek from the southwestern deserts and plains to the wooded mountains of New England early in 1863. The group reached the old Micmac burial ground in which the Old Ones' gate was hidden on the first of July of that year. With little ceremony, the Last Sons stepped through the open gate and into the Hunting Grounds.

The battle with the Old Ones took many weeks as time is reckoned in the Hunting Grounds. In that strange place, the Last Sons committed one atrocity after another, all in the name of vengeance.

The Last Sons emerged from their war for retribution on July 3, 1863, at the end of America's greatest and bloodiest battle of the Civil War—Gettysburg—and just scant hours before America's Day of Independence. Many of the Last Sons had not returned from their battle, but they had been successful in their quest.

The Old Ones were dead, their blackened spirit-blood forever staining the hands of their slayers.

The manitous were free.

The Reckoners Awake

The Reckoners had turned their attentions to other places when the manitous ceased bringing them delectable morsels of fear from Earth. Now a flood of energy washed over them, feeding the mysterious beings and waking them from their centuries-old malaise.

The Reckoners reveled in the feast and realized the mistakes of their past. They would no longer horde their power. They would return bits of it to Earth, spawning more abominations and creating even more fear.

The mortals below would bleed pure terror. When there was enough fear to sustain them, when the Earth was finally terrorformed after their own Deadlands, the Reckoners would descend and walk upon it.

The Story Begins

The grand story of *Deadlands* spans over 200 years and more than one world. Here's a brief overview of events.

The Weird West

The Weird West takes place in 1876, 13 years after the Reckoning began. The reign of terror infested every desert, canyon, town, and hollow with fearful beasts born of nightmares. Things went the Reckoners'

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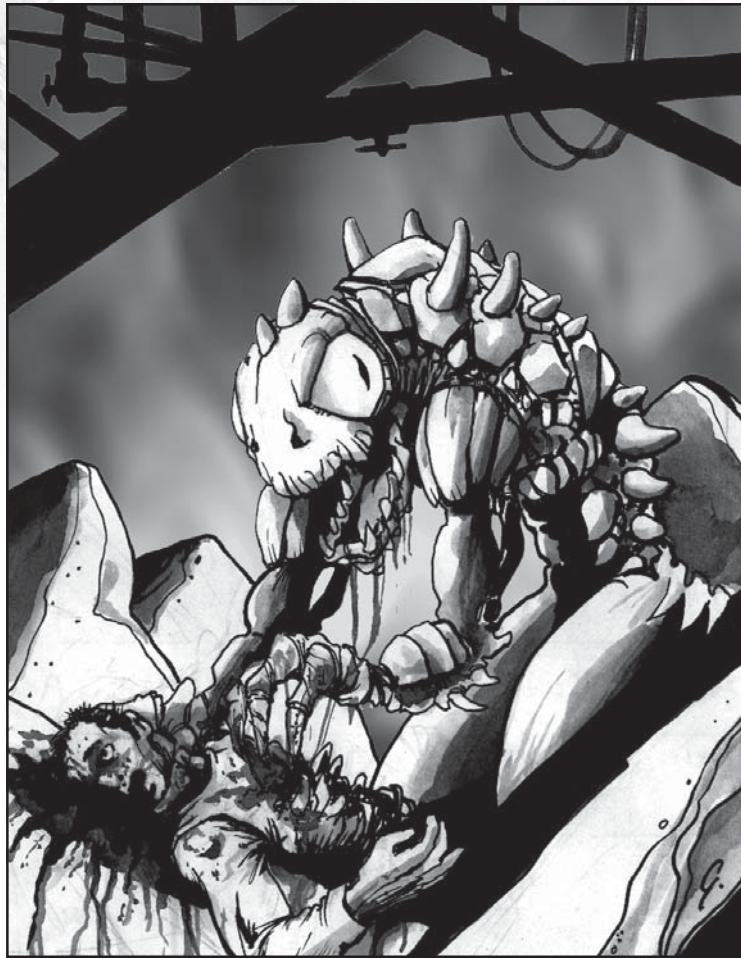
way for a while. Site after site fell to their evil desires and became a Deadland.

Amazing events occurred. California was sundered and became a labyrinth of towering sea canyons. The Civil War, which should have ended in 1865, dragged on until 1876 and beyond, neither side able to gain an advantage due to the horrors that followed in the wake of any battle. Salt Lake City became the capital of a new state, Deseret, and the western territories between the North and South became a lawless frontier known as the Disputed Lands.

Perhaps most importantly, a new superfuel called "ghost rock" was discovered. What no one knew was that this new mineral had been planted across the world by the Reckoners as part of their grand scheme. It triggered incredible discoveries. Steam-powered ornithopters soared over the prairies, and deadly flamethrowers immolated terrible horrors. These and thousands of other odd devices gave birth to "mad science."

Unfortunately, the incredible value of the new mineral also gave way to violence. The





Hell on Earth

With the last of their influence on Earth, the fading Reckoners did something they had never attempted before and—because of the energy it took—knew they could never do again. They ripped a hole in the Hunting Grounds and sent one of their most faithful servants back in time to the Weird West. He emerged from a secret portal hidden deep in Devils Tower and set out on his unholy mission at once.

This grim, undead gunslinger, known only as Stone, had lived through the Reckoners' defeat and is one of the few who remembers the "Lie." This traitor quietly assembled a pack of bloodthirsty assassins to hunt down heroes like rabid dogs. They were all too successful.

Boot Hills across the West filled with heroes' bones. With few there to stop them, the monsters of the Weird West grew unchecked. Slowly, Deadlands formed, each creating a climate of fear that sparked even more pain and suffering for humanity.

This time, the Reckoners won.

The Reckoners' secret plan to seed the world with ghost rock succeeded. Two hundred years later, the Last War broke out because of it. Bombs made from irradiated ghost rock covered the world, but worse than the nuclear

carnage, they were also filled with angry manitous. Once released on the planet, the devastation was followed by an incredible maelstrom of evil spirits and arcane energy.

The bombs destroyed most of the world. Toxins, plagues, famines, and war destroyed almost all that was left. The incredible carnage and rush of energy from the Hunting Grounds completed the Reckoning. Earth became a Deadland. The Reckoners manifested as physical beings in the American West, showing their true form as the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. They rampaged through the few survivors and eventually stalked off East. No one knows where they are today, but most believe they will return once the Wasted West has rebuilt.

It is now 2094. The Reckoners have won, but they're trapped here on Earth. If the Wasted West's heroes can reclaim the land, the Reckoners might be destroyed once and for all.

Great Rail Wars started as the railroads tried to be the first to reach the Great Maze in California, one of the richest sources of ghost rock in the world. Thousands died in this terrible conflict, and in the end, only the Reckoners truly won.

Things went according to the Reckoners' insidious plan for a long while, but these ancient beings hadn't counted on the stubborn heroes of the West. Lone gunslingers, courageous buffalo gals, wily hucksters, mad scientists, fierce braves, wizened shamans, and—perhaps most importantly—the Pinkertons and Texas Rangers, all fought the horrors inflicted on their world, with more determination than the Reckoners ever dreamed possible from the human race.

These heroes won. Almost 200 years later, the Reckoners' presence on Earth was all but wiped out.

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Lost Colony

Long before the Last War, Dr. Darius Hellstromme invented something called the "Tunnel," a giant ring in Earth's orbit that opened a doorway to another system. Hellstromme dubbed it "Faraway."

Probes returned pictures of a distant system of many planets, at least one of which was inhabited. Humanity was not alone.

Hellstromme's marines were sent to greet the aliens, and after a few brief conflicts, humanity breathed a sigh of relief when they were welcomed with open arms. The "anouks," as they called themselves, proved friendly.

Years later, ghost rock was discovered on the anouks' home planet, Banshee, and the rush was on. Millions of Earthers headed for Faraway to seek their fortunes.

Things went well for several decades, but then human agitators began to tell the anouks they were being exploited. The aliens cared little at first, but slowly, the agitators—most of them wanting Banshee's wealth for themselves—got their way. Some of the most violent anouks turned to raiding isolated mining outposts. When the colonial marines responded heavily-handedly, the anouks banded together against their common foe. The Faraway War broke out, but the marines had far superior technology and gave the more

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primitive anouks a bloody lesson in modern warfare.

Then the Last War broke out on Earth. The colonial military forces splintered and fought among themselves as well. The anouks regrouped and began a new offensive, this time with the aid of their ancient shamans, the "skinnies." The colonists still managed to hold out, especially with the aid of the Syker Legion, but eventually most of the human forces were recalled to aid their home nations on Earth.

Shortly after the military withdrew, the Tunnel collapsed. The colonists were on their own. Munitions were limited, food was scarce, and the settlements were stretched thinly across Banshee and other outposts in the Faraway system. The war began anew, but this time the natives had the advantage. Between the humans' dwindling supplies and numbers and the sabotage of the agitators, the tide began to turn.

Check out *Deadlands: Lost Colony* if you're interested in what happens to Banshee after that.



Fear

Don't laugh at the power of fear. It's turned most of the world into a Deadland, so it is very, very real. It took the Reckoners over 200 years and a little cosmic cheating to make it happen, but as any brainer can see, it worked.

There's two ways an area can become a Deadland. The traditional way is for some horrific creature to go about its terrible business in an area. Assuming no hero steps up to slay the thing, it eventually (and unconsciously) "terrorforms" the land in fear by its very actions.

The second way a place gets turned into a Deadland is by ghost rock bombs. Unless the description says otherwise, all cities in the Wasted West are Deadlands.

Most towns and the wastes in between them are slightly less steeped in terror. We rate the "Fear Level" of a place on a scale from 0 to 6, with 6 being a Deadland and 0 being a quiet town in 20th-century America.

Fear Levels

Let's talk a little about what each Fear Level should feel like. This should help you describe areas as the posse travels through them.

Fear Level 0: This is happy land, folks. Think of a small town in 20th-century America, complete with picket fences and smiling neighbors. Trees are green, the sky is blue, and you can walk the streets at night. Okay, these places don't really exist in *Deadlands*, but it's a nice thought, isn't it?

Fear Level 1: Some folks believe monsters exist, but they haven't seen any here. The trees are still green, and the sky is blue, but you should walk the street at night in pairs—just in case. Fear Level 1 zones are *extremely* rare in *Hell on Earth*.

Fear Level 2: There are rumors of radrats in the old sewers, so no one goes there—or in the supposedly haunted houses either. The land looks about the same, but the shadows are just a bit darker. It's not really safe to go out at night alone, but lots of folks still do. Again, very rare in the Wasted West.

Fear Level 3: Things are starting to get a little weird. There's an occasional disappearance, and probably more than a few weird creatures live close by. Don't go out at night without a weapon and a friend, in that order. Only a few special places like this exist, and there only where disciplined people keep the law.

Fear Level 4: There are mysterious disappearances followed by reappearances—but the unfortunate victim is found in bits



Changing the Story

Do the heroes of the Weird West face a hopeless future? Are the inhabitants of Faraway doomed? Absolutely not.

If the heroes of *The Weird West* continue to thwart the abominations of the Reckoning and eventually destroy Stone, the Reckoners might be defeated, and *Hell on Earth* and *Lost Colony* won't take place. Or they might take place but with slightly or dramatically different details.

So what if your posse goes back to *The Weird West* and kills Stone? Can you still play *Hell on Earth*? Of course you can. (It's just a game, silly!) Officially, there are still ways for the heroes to lose. The first time through wasn't easy, even without Stone. If continuity is important to you, just assume some other heroes somewhere screw things up royally, maybe by going bust on a few too many Tale-tellin' rolls or just getting themselves killed.

These are questions only you can answer, Marshal. And if you really want to know more about traveling between the lines, check out the *Hell on Earth* mega-adventure, *The Unity*.

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and pieces. The land starts to look creepy. Maybe the shadows on the rocks look like leering faces, and the boughs of trees look like reaching arms. Venturing out at night without some heavy firepower is not a good idea.

Fear Level 5: There's no doubt something's strange. Most folks have seen monsters and are terrified of them. Most flowers are dead, but weeds have no problem growing in the dark shadows of the land. Don't go out at night without an armed posse.

Fear Level 6 (Deadland): This is it: a full-blown landscape right out of your worst nightmare. Monsters run rampant, rocks look like skulls, trees have groaning faces, and anyone who goes out at night is meat.

A Careful Balance

The Reckoners knew they could not simply create thousands of abominations out of the blue to ravage the Earth. Such an act would quickly drain their power. The safe path was the slow and calculated "seeding" or terrorforming of the earth in fear. A tiny spark used to create a single night haunt can terrify an entire town for months. More energy could be used to fill a town with walking dead, but they would quickly be defeated and have little effect on the population afterward.

The Reckoners sometimes gambled great amounts of power, but only when the payoff well outweighed the risk. Reverend Grimme and Professor Darius Hellstromme were occasionally entrusted with such tasks, but by and large, the Reckoners knew humanity was very resilient and would quickly fight back against an overt attack. Fear and dread of the unknown are far more effective weapons in their mysterious quest for power than any kind of "blitzkrieg."

Abominations that get too blatant in their attacks can even stagnate or lower the Fear Level. The rumor of some unknown creature on the prowl for young maidens strikes fear into the hearts of everyone. A werewolf that wades into Dodge and starts eating people wets a few chaps, but then becomes just another varmint to kill.

Remember that the unknown is the greatest horror of all. That's why the horrors created by the Reckoners or the traitorous humans who have given themselves to darkness almost never know where their power truly comes from.

The Reckoners actually feed off any sort of negative energy, such as hate, jealousy, and misery. But fear is the easiest for them to generate, and often feeds them the other emotions as well. That's why

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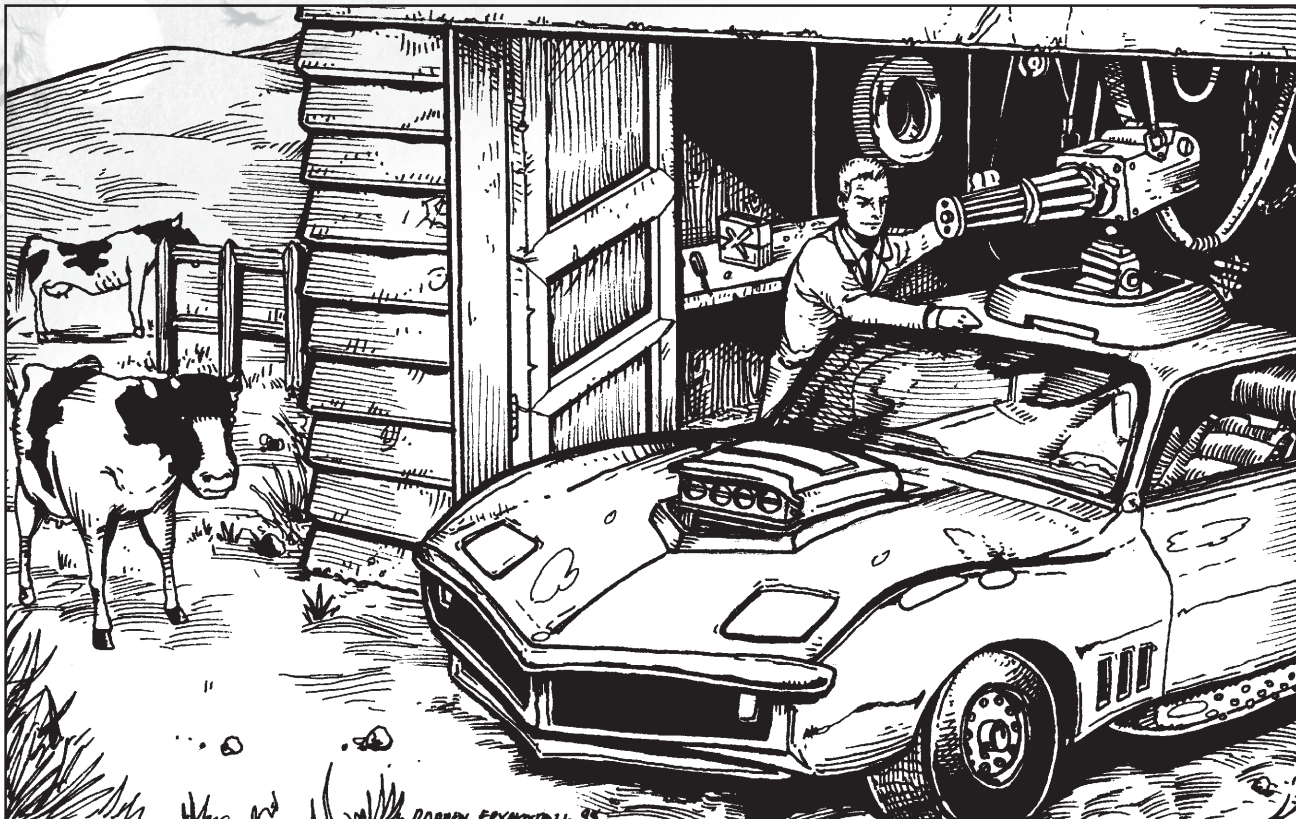
they created ghost rock. The wars it has sparked—the Civil War, the Great Rail Wars, the Last War, and random acts of murder and raiding all along the wastelands—has already paid them back a hundredfold on the energy it took to create it in the first place.

Fear As A Weapon

Fighting evil on its home turf is always harder. The very air itself lends a feeling of dread to those mortals within it. Grotesque or terrifying sights affect heroes more in the dark thickets of some haunted hollow than in the bright open fields of the Wastelands.

In areas with a Fear Level higher than 0, the posse suffers penalties to its Will saves against fear. Subtract the Fear Level from all their Will saves against these effects. Each location detailed in the next chapter lists that area's Fear Level—don't forget to penalize the posse's Will saves by this amount.





Unlike most fantasy games, characters in *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* are unused to magic and the supernatural. Even a hardened veteran of the long Last War might fill his Dingoes with the yellow stuff when a walkin' dead shambles up out of Boot Hill.

Creatures which actually cause fear do so normally, but the posse should also make fear checks whenever they first encounter an abomination. Such fear checks are subjective and completely up to the Marshal. Spotting a solo radrat shouldn't cause fear, but even hearing the radrats have a massive momma hiding somewhere in the sewers might.

Seeing the same type of monster multiple times in the same scenario might also get the heroes off the hook. If they're cleaning out a crypt full of wormlings, the heroes should make only one fear check the first time they find one of the things. But if a wormling bursts out of a wall and grapples an unsuspecting do-gooder, it might well be time for everyone to roll again.

Nonplayer Character Classes

The standard nonplayer character classes outlined in the *Dungeon Master's Guide* work just fine for *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* too. Here's a brief description of what types of characters fit in each character class. The Marshal should, of course, tailor the skill lists, feats, and proficiencies to the particular character. An Indian warrior, for instance, might have the track feat, a weapon focus for his tomahawk, and so on.

The Aristocrat: Survivor settlement leader, leader of a gang of waster thugs.

The Commoner: Average survivor settlement citizen, lone brainer living in the wastelands.

The Expert: Blacksmiths, leather workers, former scientists.

Warrior: Road gang warlords, Black Hat leaders, hired guns, most Indian braves (most got wiped out during or shortly after the Last War but some remain), outlaws, former soldiers.

Other NPCs

Other NPCs, such as junkers and Templars, should be created normally. For arcane heroes, the Marshal is allowed and encouraged to raid all of his D20

sourcebooks for new spells. Spell selection is limited for player characters for play balance and so that fighting the Reckoners doesn't become too easy. You're the Marshal, however, so you can determine what spells you want to allow in your campaign.

Waste warriors should be maxxed out as much as possible to present a suitable challenge, especially in duels. These killers almost always start with the feats point blank, rapid shot, weapon focus, and weapon specialization.

Templars should not be villains. There are a lot of religious fanatics out in the wastelands, some with powers, but they are all servants of the Reckoners. Only true Templars are serving the greater good.

Templars may be used as benevolent patrons instead of opposition, of course. Such individuals might be used to heal an injured player character or provide added protection for a posse facing off against overwhelming odds. Templar nonplayer characters should not have access to *raise dead* or *resurrect*. If you want a player to come back from the dead (in the non-demon inhabited sense, that is), the character's companions should have to pursue some epic quest and gain a major one-use artifact to do so. Coming back from the Great Beyond (without being Harrowed) just isn't really part of the *Deadlands* setting like it is in most high-fantasy games.

Indian groups that the players will come across are usually led by the player character class ravenite and perhaps accompanied by a shaman. The rest of the warband should be made up of lower-level warrior "braves."

Abominations

One of the first things a veteran of the Wasted West learns is that there are far more dangerous things out there than outlaws and mutants. There are also monsters, real monsters pulled from humanity's worst nightmares or born in the terror-drenched Deadlands.

A hero who's been around a while might also discover that the nastiest of these creatures sometimes have powerful supernatural essences that can be absorbed after their death. This is called "counting coup" and results in your hero gaining some strange new ability. Before the Apocalypse, only Harrowed could count coup, but now anyone near the fiend as its essences "bleeds" off can do so. The full details on how this is done are below. Just make sure your hero isn't too far away when a really wicked beast goes down.

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The location affected by a varmint's Fear Level is usually a town, a hollow, a haunted mansion, a gulch, or the like, but it isn't necessarily restricted to a definite geographic area. Sometimes an abomination inhabits arcane artifacts or haunts a group of people, such as a family suffering an ancient curse. In essence, the Fear Level encompasses everyone who lives in its shadow on a day-to-day basis.

Abominations can raise a Fear Level one step once every month or so, assuming they cause considerable mischief and don't suffer any setbacks. There are exceptions, of course. Certain powerful creatures sometimes find ways to raise the Fear Level several levels in a single dark ritual. These incidents are rare, but pose the greatest threat to humanity and should be stopped by the posse at all costs.

When a great evil is inactive or defeated, the Fear Level drops by one about every two months or so.





Fearmongers

The worst of the abominations are the “fearmongers,” powerful creatures responsible for creating the most fear in an area. Defeating one of these suckers comes with a lot of rewards (see The Big Payoff), but first you need to know a little more about just what a fearmonger is and isn’t.

Fearmongers are not common, and they’re not easy to defeat. A servitor of the Reckoners, such as a hunger spirit, is almost always a fearmonger. It’s the biggest, baddest thing in an area. An ancient vampire, lich, or other powerful monster is usually a fearmonger as well.

Sometimes a fearmonger is a group of horrors instead of a single monster. A pack of wormlings terrorizing an area might be the fearmonger instead of a single powerful individual. Of course, if they’re led by an ancient rattler, they’re just its minions, and the rattler is the fearmonger.

The threat has to be one that locals fear and dread more than anything else in the area, and even then, the threat must break a certain threshold. If the locals are scared to death of pink flowers, they’re just wacky (unless we’re talking about carnivorous flowers slowly growing towards their town, and then they’re just really observant wackos).

Finally, don’t expect every adventure to even have a fearmonger. If you’re fighting muties or an outlaw biker gang, they’re probably just bad guys. They might be plenty dangerous and even scary, but they’re not *horrific*. These fights are great ways to build your character’s skills and abilities for the real threats, however.

The point is that a fearmonger must be very powerful, supernatural, and horrific. Lesser threats certainly contribute to the overall Fear Level, but defeating the local bully just isn’t a big enough deal to lower an entire Fear Level. Even fending off Throckmorton’s goons is inspiring, but doing so can’t cause a Fear Level to drop because you’re not fighting against *that* kind of fear. Still, such tasks are a great way to get warmed up for tougher foes.

In any event, you determine what’s a fearmonger and what’s not, Marshal. We just wanted you to have some idea what’s worth getting your players killed over and what you should probably just have them run screaming from.

The Big Payoff

Fearmongers are nasty sorts, and they’re never alone. Don’t expect to walk in on the King Rattler sleeping. Your players are going to have to go through Hell just to find out the thing is responsible for the local disappearances, let alone where it’s lairing, how many minions it has, and—most importantly—how to kill it.

But when they do, the rewards are great. We’re talking real “save the world” stuff here. Specifically, putting a fearmonger away has three rewards: lowering the Fear Level by telling the tale, counting Coup, and winning Legend Chips.

Tale Telling

The heroes of *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* fight the Reckoners and their minions by their very deeds. Banishing the ghost of a haunted fallout shelter deep in the wastelands might not seem like an earth-shattering event, but every time the heroes defeat evil and spread the tales of their deeds, they chip away at the local Fear Level—and thus the Reckoners’ power. The world is an average of all the lesser areas beneath it, so one day the actions of the world’s heroes might just reclaim the Earth from the Reckoners’ successful plan to turn it into a Deadland. But their victories won’t affect the local Fear Level if no one realizes the dark forces around them have been defeated. This makes telling the tale one of the greatest weapons the heroes have against the Reckoning.

This also means every adventure that takes place in *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* matters, no matter how insignificant it might seem at first. Every morsel of fear they keep the Reckoners from devouring weakens these fiends. This also means your posse isn’t forced into saving the world. It just happens naturally as long as your group continues to defeat evil.

Telling the Tale

Soon after victory against the forces of darkness, usually at the climax of an adventure, someone in the posse should tell the tale. Likeable heroes—tale-tellers or those with high Charisma scores—are the best candidates, but anyone can tell the tale if they wish. The hero needs to speak to an influential portion of the community or group that was most affected by the horrors. The largest survivor settlement nearby or any significant group of brainers (if no town is nearby) are likely targets.

At the conclusion of the tale, the speaker makes a Tale Tellin' skill roll against a DC of 20 plus two times the Fear Level in the locale in which the evil was defeated. If the speaker is successful, the Fear Level drops by one level immediately. If unsuccessful, the hero may not try again with this tale in this community. Further tellings of this tale in the community may bolster individuals, but have no effect on the Fear Level of the area; it must recede naturally. If another horror moves in and is defeated, the tale teller may try again with *that* story, though the creature will almost certainly have raised the Fear Level by its actions before that happens.

The risky side of telling incredible stories is that if some big-mouth rolls a 1 on his Tale Tellin' roll, the audience hears only that horrors beyond their wildest imagining exist in their own backyard. They may not publicly acknowledge their fears, but they're not likely to grab their pitchforks and shovels to help the hero out either. This bumble *raises* the local Fear Level by one, and is why Law Dogs and Templars don't like troublemaking adventurers to talk about what they've seen. They'd rather see the Fear Level lower naturally. A few bad speakers can sow enough chaos and confusion to turn what still remains hospitable in the Wasted West into a Deadland.

Charge!

Does that mean all the heroes ought to charge into the highest Deadlands—the cities? Not really. Two reasons.

First, the vast majority of the world hovers between Fear Level 4 and 5, and there's a whole lot more of these areas than there are Deadlands. It's just simple math. If the survivors of the Wasted World can reduce the overall Fear Level to somewhere between 3 and 4, a few savvy folks think the Reckoners may die. Of course, it is a worldwide effort, but the American West is where everything started, and it seems to be the center of the Reckoners' power.

The second reason not to go charging off into the cities is kind of a catch-22. Sure, each Deadland that gets "healed" is a real pain to the Reckoners, but because of the sheer number of horrors lurking around such a place, and the advantages the Deadland itself gives them, heroes who spend a lot of time in cities are likely to just wind up dead. And the death of a true hero hurts the cause more than anything. Just ask that bastard Stone, if you can find him these days.

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Coup


There's another reward besides Fate Chips you can give your posse when they defeat a powerful abomination: coup.

Coup powers are creepy, supernatural effects gained from absorbing the essence of something creepy and supernatural. (Go figure.) The nastiest creatures we feature in *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* products have coups already listed in their descriptions.

Only creatures with coup powers grant such an ability. A few are detailed in Chapter Ten. Creatures from other D20 system games only have coup powers if the Marshal adds such an ability.

To count coup, a hero needs to be within a few yards of the abomination when it expires. He then "sucks" in a bit of the abomination's powerful essence. It used to be that only Deaders (the Harrowed) had a powerful enough mystical tie to the creatures of the Reckoning to do this, but now with most of the world a living Hell permeated with dark magic, regular (i.e. living) heroes can do it too.





If two or more heroes ever compete for a creature's coup power, they each make Will saves. The highest roll gains the power.

If multiple creatures with a coup power are slain, there is still only one "essence" to be captured. A party who kills a pack of wendigoes, for example, must still compete for the creatures' coup power. If a hero already has the coup power of a creature, he gains no additional benefit from doing so again, nor is he eligible to "compete" if other heroes are about.

Legend Chips

There's one last benefit to be gained from defeating a fearmonger. When you successfully lower a Fear Level by defeating a fearmonger, the Marshal places a special chip into whatever posse draws their Fate Chips from at the beginning of a session (if Fate Chips are just handed out, determine who gets this bonus randomly). This is called a "Legend Chip," and since it's special, you're going to need some way to distinguish it from all the other chips. The easiest way to do this is for the Marshal to just color an extra poker chip with a marker (or use a different colored bead or stone or whatever you are using for Fate Chips).

The Legend Chip represents a bit of the legacy your posse leaves in its wake. Fate smiles on those who persevere against the odds, so Legend Chips can be used for special purposes above and beyond the norm.

The Legend Chip can be used to reroll any roll as with a normal Fate Chip, but it can also be used to reroll a 1. Legend Chips can also be used to heal 2d6 lost hit points. This can be used at any time.

It can even be used if you have already used a Fate Chip. You can also give it to another player, which you normally can't do with Fate Chips.

The only problem with a Legend Chip is after it's used, you must roll a die. On a 1, it's gone for good. Anything else and all that good karma sticks around (put it back in the pool you draw Fate Chips from). Use them wisely.

Mutations

A character who draws a black Joker during character creation has a mutation caused by exposure to the arcane energy of irradiated ghost rock. Doomsayers also start with a mutation, and sometimes their powers cause them as well (more on that in the Doomsayer class book). The following table should give you lots of ideas to warp your posse's minds and bodies, but as always, you should feel free to come up with your own.

Anytime a mutation imitates a feat, it *is* cumulative with other feats, including the ones they mimic. The energy causing all this madness is supernatural, by the way, so it can affect Deaders as well.

Have the player who drew the black Joker roll 3d6 on the Face chart below, this is the card face drawn. Next have them roll 1d4 and check the suit chart below. Using the face and the suit, check the mutations table below and see just what oddity their character was, uh, blessed with.


And if the player rolls Marshal's Pick on the Face chart, the Marshal gets to decide what mutation the character has.

Face

Roll	Card Face
3	Black Joker
4	Two
5	Three
6	Four
7	Five
8	Six
9	Seven
10	Eight
11	Nine
12	Ten
13	Jack
14	Queen
15	King
16	Ace
17	Red Joker
18	Marshal's Pick

Suit

Roll	Suit
1	Hearts
2	Diamonds
3	Spades
4	Clubs



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Clubs

2: Violence solves everything. Your hero is a deranged lunatic with the Grim Servant o' Death feat. Worse, his friends often suffer for his love of carnage. Anytime he misses with a shot or a hand-to-hand attack and there's a chance it can hit a friend, it does.

3: A bad case of the glows gave your hero thick, balloon-like veins and a supernaturally fast heart rate. If he ever takes a maiming wound to a limb, it literally explodes like a blood sausage, killing him instantly.

4: If your hero was born before the Apocalypse, she had the bad luck to be looking at a distant city when it was hit by a ghost rock bomb. The image of a skull-shaped mushroom cloud is forever burnt into here eyes. She can see, but must always look slightly askance to focus. This makes her more than a little weird to talk to, and gives her a -2 penalty on all actions. If she was born after the bomb, radiation caused cataracts with the same effect.

5: The hero has "Methuselah Syndrome." Every year that passes counts as five.

6: Your hero ages far faster than he should. Every year that passes counts as two.

7: The hero gives off weird radiation that kills plants and small animals (rabbits and smaller). Most plants wilt after a few minutes of contact with the hero. Animals run away. If they can't, they take 1d6 subdual damage every minute they're within a yard of him. (Sentient plants—should your hero run across such a thing—take damage just like small animals.)

8: The hero looks like a Harrowed and is often mistaken for one by those who know about such things. When attacking him, they tend to shoot for the poor soul's head. He's also ugly as sin, so he suffers a -2 penalty to all Charisma ability and skill checks.

9: Your survivor has a few telltale signs of radiation poisoning, but there is no ill effect. This time.

10: Hello, hypersensitive-boy. Radiation-heightened senses give your hero the Keen feat.

J: Your hero's toad-like skin is thick and rubbery. He's ugly as sin (as above), but if his hit points ever drop to 0 or below, the character does not take damage from strenuous activity.

Q: Your hero's skin is tough and leathery, providing light armor. Your hero has a natural AC bonus of +1.

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K: The hero can store rads in his body and release them in short but lethal bursts. On physical contact (skin to skin), the mutant can choose whether or not he wants to release some of the strange radiation stored inside him. If so, the target and the hero must make opposed Fort saves. If the target loses, she takes 1d12 points of damage.

A: Radiation covers the character from head to toe. He makes Geiger counters click like a baseball card set in the spokes of a speeding bicycle. Fortunately, radiation doesn't hurt him. He's immune to low levels of natural radiation, and he gets a +4 to resist more powerful radiation effects, including any spell cast by a Doomsayer.

Hearts

2: Your hero needs sunshine vitamins. He's scrawny and must go shirtless in the daytime or suffer a -2 penalty to all ability and skill checks after one hour's time. He always suffers this penalty during the night





(one hour after the sun goes down until one hour after it comes up).

3: Thirteen years without a toothbrush (and a bad case of the glows) has made your hero's teeth fall out. He can't chew anything and must subsist on liquids alone. He's scrawny, ugly as sin (-2 to all Cha ability and skill checks), and cannot have a Strength or Constitution higher than 12.

4: Radiation infects any food the hero touches. It becomes ruined and disgusting to anyone but him. Anyone who eats it must make a Fort save against a DC of 15 or upchuck. It never provides nourishment to anyone else, even if they manage to wolf it down.

5: The survivor's metabolism is so great he can never get enough to eat. He's scrawny and must eat twice as much as any other.

6: Food does not break down normally in your mutie's irradiated belly. It bloats up and makes constant and embarrassing gas. He's obese, with bad flatulence (-4 to all Cha ability and skill checks).

7: Freaky. Your hero has a potbelly and spindly legs. Subtract -2 from all Dex

checks made to jump, run, or maintain balance.

8: The hero is gaunt and thin to the point of strangeness. Some folks might even mistake him for a faminite, which isn't going to endear him to their hearts. He's also ugly as sin (-2 to all Cha ability and skill checks).

9: Your survivor has a few telltale signs of radiation poisoning, but there is no ill effect. This time.

10: The hero's body can't break down "cooked" meats. He now has a strange taste for raw meat. Even weirder, he ate an irradiated cat one time, and now he has the thing's eyes. (How they got in his face from his belly is anyone's guess, but there they are in all their glory.) They glow when hit by direct light, but they also allow him to see in all but complete darkness as if it were twilight.

J: The hero's fingernails grew into long, sharp talons, then turned black and died. He doesn't have to cut them, and they can't be replaced if lost (anytime you get a natural 1 on a hand-to-hand attack, you break a nail). As long as half the fingernails remain (not the thumbnail), they add 1d4 to your melee damage.

Q: Irradiated food is yummy! It doesn't seem to bother this brainer a bit. He can pass any kind of poisoned or irradiated substances through his system with no harmful effects (including the 4 mutation). He's not immune to radiation, but his digestive system is.

K: Your survivor has somehow gained the ability to draw nutrients from another's body. By touching someone's skin, he can sap her hp at the rate of 1 per round. If the mutie has lost hp, the stolen energy replaces it. Once his hp are restored, excess energy is lost, but he can keep drawing his victim until she's dead or fights back.

A: Your hero's metabolism is as slow as molasses. He eats half as much as most folks and ages only one year for every decade that passes.

Diamonds

2: Your character's body is decaying rapidly with something like leprosy. The hero has a -4 penalty to all Constitution ability and skill checks, and whenever he gets a natural 1 on one of these rolls, he loses some small piece of his body, such as a finger, a toe, a bit of ear, or so forth. After five such occurrences, the hero loses an entire limb.

3: Your character is where stories of "radiation vampires" come from. Radiation causes his blood to break down and run

like water, so he bleeds at double the normal rate. Also he must drink enough blood to replace his entire supply every week. Each day he goes without a half-pint or so, he suffers a -1 penalty to all his ability and skill checks. If the penalty ever reaches -7, he collapses. One day later, his body turns into a disgusting mass of gelatinous flesh. He's dead, and he can't come back Harrowed. (What kind of manitou wants to inhabit a jelly donut?)

4: Radiation has gotten into your hero's bones. The pain feels something like minor arthritis, giving him a -1 penalty to all physical ability and skill checks.

5: Disease and radiation have made the brainer a sickly, anemic creature. He cannot have a Constitution greater than 8.

6: Your survivor was near a city when the bombs hit (or she was born near a blast site). Her body was burned and scarred horribly, making her ugly as sin (-2 to all Cha ability and skill checks). In addition, sand-laden winds and the sun's burning rays force her to keep her skin wrapped under layers of the softest cloth she can find. If she is exposed to the elements, she suffers a -2 penalty to all her die rolls.

7: The blood in your survivor's veins is thin and doesn't clot right. If the character's hp ever drop to -1 or lower, use the rules as normal, except the character has no chance of stabilizing unless someone helps him.

8: The hero has patches of hair, ugly boils, and other signs of the glows that make him ugly as sin (-2 to all Cha ability and skill checks).

9: Your survivor has a few signs of radiation poisoning, but there is no ill effect. This time.

10: Your hero has the regenerative capabilities of a lizard. Your character recovers one and one half times his character level in hit points each day of rest (non-strenuous activity) and two times his character level for each day of complete bed rest.

J: A mutant born after the bomb came out of her radioactive momma with huge flaps of skin between her arms and side. If she was born earlier, the flaps of skin grew while she was laid up in bed with radiation sickness for a month. The bad news is your heroine is ugly as sin (-2 to all Cha ability and skill checks). The good news is she can now glide with these to a limited extent. She can't "take off," but if the heroine falls 10 yards or more, she can glide safely to the ground. Her arms must remain outstretched during this time, so anything heavier than a pistol in her hands must be dropped. The survivor can carry no more

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than a light load on her back due to the flimsiness of the "wing" membrane.

Q: Your hero's pheromones make roses smell like stinkweed. The opposite sex can't resist her. Add a +6 circumstance bonus to Charisma ability and skill checks made to seduce others in a calm situation (not in the middle of a firefight!).

K: Say hello to Typhoid Mary, circa 2094. Your mutie carries disease while rarely being affected by them herself. She adds +4 to any Fort saves she makes to resist the effects of disease or infection. In addition, once in contact with a disease, she can store it in her cells up to 20 hours. Then, if she can make contact with human flesh, she can release it into one person who immediately suffers its effects.

A: The hero is completely immune to natural poisons, infections, or disease. He's not protected from supernatural poisons and radiation, however.





Spades

2: Your hero loves the smell of napalm in the morning. He's entirely deranged and bloodthirsty. He feels a need to lead others into battle and destroy the weak. Whenever there's a chance for conflict, especially violent conflict, he has to provoke it.

3: Radiation has caused your hero's nerves to be hypersensitive. He gets a +4 to Search or Intelligence checks where touch is involved, but he loses 2 hit points every time he attempts a strenuous action when below 0 hit points.

4: The character's entire body glows in the dark. Subtract -8 every time he tries to Hide in dim light or darkness. On the plus side, he can see as if he was holding a small candle.

5: Your hero's pores ooze radiation, causing her to glow dimly in the dark. Subtract -4 anytime she tries to Hide in dim light or darkness.

6: Radiation has made the mutie's bones brittle. Anytime she takes a serious wound, something breaks. In the chest, this is usually a rib. In the noggin, it's a concussion. Increase the difficulty to heal this character with the Healing skill or magic by +2.

7: The mutie's ears are supersensitive. He gets a +4 bonus to Listen checks. The downside is that gunfire within 10 feet or so deafens him. He'd best get some earplugs or learn to use his fists.

8: The hero scars easy. Impressive after a battle, not so fun on a date. He's ugly as sin (-2 to all Cha ability and skill checks).

9: Your survivor has a few telltale signs of radiation poisoning, but there is no ill effect. This time.

10: Your hero got lucky. Radiation caused his "flight" reflex to wither. He gains the Nerves o' Steel feat. The downside is that he must make an Intelligence check against a DC of 15 to run away from a fight.

J: The brainer has developed the uncanny ability to draw oxygen from water. If he was born after the Apocalypse, he has gills. Otherwise, his physiology is just weird. Either way, he can breathe underwater like a fish.

Q: The bad news is your hero walked into a radstorm and got his synapses fused together. The good news is they fused all

the right places. Your hero is never surprised.

K: The touch of radiation has made your hero the perfect killing machine. His muscles and reflexes grew to incredible levels. Raise both Strength and Dexterity ability scores by +2.

A: When the adrenaline starts pumping, your hero's brain kicks into turbo. If you make an Intelligence check against a DC of 15 at the beginning of the round, you can swap your initiative with any one else's, including the Marshal's.

Jokers

Jokers are randomizers in a deck of cards. They always allow you to have some control over your hand, but sometimes they aren't as much help as they would seem. Here's what happens if a player pulls a Joker when checking for his hero's mutation.

Red Joker

The player can choose her hero's mutation for any one on the list.

Black Joker

The player may choose any Deuce as the mutation. It's bad, but she gets some choice.

Veteran of the Wasted West

So Marshal, one or more o' your players decided that they wanted heroes who were veterans of the horrors in *Deadlands*. Here is where you get to decide what kind of cruel hand fate has dealt them in exchange for all those bonus skill points.

Roll 2d6 on the table below. The result is the baggage the hero is carrying around because of his veteran status. If you think the result is a little harsh or just not to your liking, roll again or just pick one, it's your game after all.

Veteran of the Wasted West

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Roll Result

2 Jinxed: Something you encountered cursed you. Your luck's fine, but your companions suffer minor mishaps constantly. Those within 25' suffer the result of a minor critical failure on a roll of a 2 or a 3.

3 Hunted: You didn't finish the job. A group of cultists, Black Hats, muties, or an abomination of some sort is looking for you.

4 Mutation: You've spent a lot of time hunting monsters near old blast sites. That or a Doomsayer healed some really nasty wound on you. Have the Marshal generate a Mutation for you.

5 Addicted: You'd like to forget the things you've seen out there. You have a severe hankerin' for alcohol or a drug. Your hero suffers a -2 penalty to all rolls if he doesn't get this drug at least once a day.

6 Haunted Dreams: Insomniacs get more sleep than you do. Make a Will save against a DC of 15 every time you try to sleep. If you fail, you get no sleep at all and suffer a -1 penalty to all rolls for the next 24 hours.

7 Maimed: One of your limbs is maimed or entirely missing. Roll a d6. On 1-2, you are lame, your Movement is reduced by one-half. On 3-4, you are crippled, you

can only move 10 ft. in a round. On 5-6, you've lost your non-weapon hand (you are at a -4 penalty to do anything with your offhand).

8 Disfigured: An abomination you encountered tried to rearrange your face. You suffer a -4 penalty to all Charisma ability and skill checks.

9 Insane: Something you saw scared you witless. You suffer a -4 penalty to all Wisdom ability and skill checks.

10 Paranoid: You've seen things you weren't meant to know. You're afraid of the dark, afraid to sleep alone, afraid to wander out of camp to relieve yourself, etc.

11 Bollixed: You've got a bad case of gremlins. Any time you try to use a technological device with moving or electronic parts, including a gun, a grenade, or whatever, roll a d20. On a 2, the device fails to work. On a 1, it self-destructs somehow. Computers fry their CPUs, guns backfire, etc.

12 Forsaken: Long ago, you did something horrid to survive your encounter with the supernatural. Ever since, the spirit world wouldn't aid you on a bet. No beneficial supernatural effect, including powers of Doomsayers, Templars, etc., works on your character. Bad magic fries you normally.





Varmints

The common animals of the Wasted West are already described in Appendix I of the *Monster Manual*. Use those statistics for a waster's pet dog or other "normal" animals encountered.

Horses in the Wasted West use the entry for Horse, Light. A very rare few horses are big or strong enough to qualify even as Light War Horses (those that do tend to get eaten). These hardy animals cost at least five times the going rate in an area.

Critters

The next chapter contains numerous creatures native to particular areas of the Wasted West. You'll find dozens more in the companion to this book, *Horrors of the Wasted West*.

Monsters from other D20 books are also appropriate for the Wasted West. A word of warning, however. Monsters in *Deadlands* are meant to be horrific, and part of any good horror tale is the unknown. If you decide to use a tribe of goblins against the heroes, no

problem. Just make sure not to actually call them goblins for a while. Make them wonder what the "strange, little green men with spears are." A pinch of folklore can help here too. The modern gamer thinks of goblins as nothing more than servitors to orcs and other big, green-skinned barbarians. But the original mythological goblins came forth in the night to steal infants. That's far more frightening than a tribe of comical green pygmies with spears.

Treasure

What D20 game would be complete without a little treasure? Most horrors of the Wasted West don't carry around bags of gold, but they do drag bodies back to their lairs for a snack—and the victim's loot usually lies there until some do-gooder comes along to claim it.

The tables below help a Marshal figure out what kind of treasure a dastardly villain or obscene terror might have. Intelligent creatures carry their best goodies on them and keep a handful of cash on hand as well. Use the **Carried Treasure** for these types, rolling once for each fallen opponent. Mundane items, such as matches, ammunition, and the like are up to the Marshal. Special equipment might be found as well. Roll d100 whenever a body is searched. If the roll is less than or equal to the number listed under Other Treasure, roll again on the Other Treasure table.

A character or creature's lair holds the rest of its loot. For this table, use the highest level of the creatures that live there. A gang of bandits led by a 10th level waste warrior, for example, rolls on the 7-10 row on the Lair Treasure table. You'd roll on the same table if the heroes found the lair of a group of wormlings (probably 10 HD or more total).

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Carried Treasure

Level/CR	Cash	Other Treasure
1-3	1d10	5%
4-6	1d10x10	10%
7-10	1d20x10	25%
11-15	1d4x100	50%
16-20	1d10x100	75%

Lair Treasure

Level/CR	Cash	Other Treasure
1-3	1d6	5%
4-6	1d10x10	10%
7-10	1d10x100	20%
11-15	2d10x100	40%
16-20	2d10x500	50%

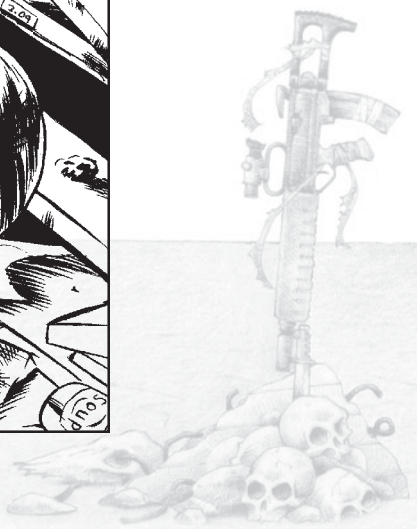
Other Treasure

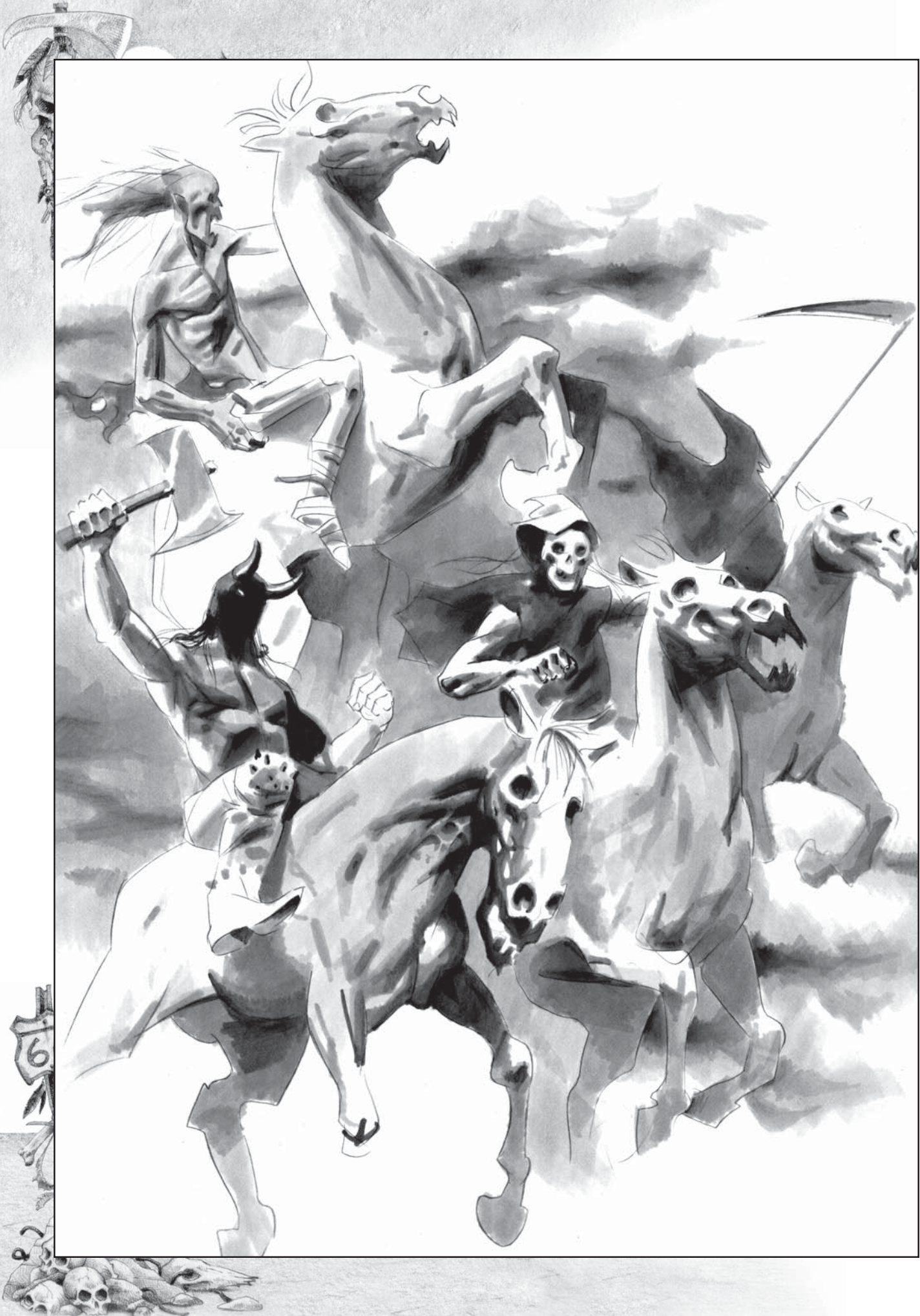
1d20 Result

- 1-2 **Cash:** A satchel full of cash contains 1d20x100.
- 3 **Plan:** The blueprint contains the plans for a gizmo of the Marshal's choice. This lets a junker skip the "Layout a Plan" step if he wants to build it.
- 4-5 **Gizmo:** A junker gizmo of some sort is discovered. If this was carried treasure, it's a small item of some sort and temporarily broken (which is why it wasn't used). A Tinkerin' roll of 15 is required to make it operable. The gizmo may be larger if discovered in a lair.
- 6-9 **Ammunition:** The fallen foe had a stash of ammunition of some kind. If this was carried treasure, there may be a weapon for the ammo nearby, but it is empty of ammo itself and in need of repairs to work.
- 10-14 **Functioning Weapon:** A real working weapon (such as a machine gun) is found. It isn't

special in anyway, but is in good shape and has a moderate to full load of ammunition.

- 15-16 **Fuel:** A store of fuel, such as a battery, a can of spook juice, or ethanol worth 1d10x200 cash is found.
- 17-18 **Secrets:** Papers in or around the fallen foe reveal dark secrets. If carried, the dark secrets concern whoever the bad guy works for, if anyone. If found in a lair, the secrets are found on the minion of some major player in the Wasted West, such as one of the road gangs or the Combine. In any event, the secret should help the heroes should they tangle with that foe in the future.
- 19-20 **Relic:** A magical artifact of some sort was discovered. Roll on the tables in the *Dungeon Master's Guide* or any other D20 product (including *Deadlands D20*), or make one up of your own devising. If the relic was carried, the wearer obviously had no idea how to use this priceless treasure.







Chapter Nine: Secrets of the Wasted West

You think they bought it? All that stuff we told the players? They're so gullible, God love 'em.

Of course, Jo did a first-rate job. Most of what she said was right on target. She just doesn't know everything. But you need to know all the dirt 'cause you're the Marshal. So let's get digging. There's a lot of strange stuff buried out in the Wasted West.

Ghost Rock Storms

They won't want to, but heroes *will* have to go through ghost rock storms on occasion. That's just the nature of the Wasted West, Marshal. Here's how to handle it.

The intensity of any particular section of a ghost rock storm varies from minute to minute. To find out the intensity, roll 1d20 and add 10. This is the DC of the Fort save a character must make when going through. If he makes it, no sweat. If he fails, he suffers 1d6 damage for every 5 points he missed the check by. A brainer who misses by 3, for example, takes 1d6 damage. If he missed by 14, he's suffer 3d6 damage.

It's good to have a Doomsayer with *Geiger vision* around when you try to go

through a storm. Doomies can tell what the DC will be before anyone goes jumping through it, and therefore wait for a moment of lower intensity (when you roll something low on the d20).

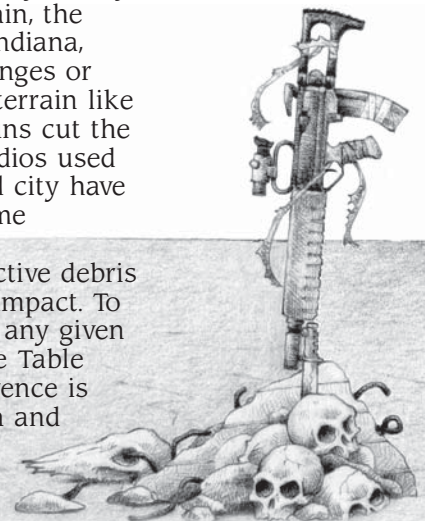
Anytime a character rolls a 1 when going through a ghost rock storm, he instantly suffers a mutation (see page 144).


Radios

Radio reception in the Wasted West is a hit-or-miss affair. Different combinations of terrain and radiation interference can cause even a reliable radio's range to vary widely.

In general, the flatter the terrain, the better. In places like Kansas or Indiana, radios should work at normal ranges or slightly greater. In mountainous terrain like the Rockies, intervening mountains cut the range to half. In addition, any radios used within 20 miles or so of a nuked city have their ranges halved by the extreme background interference.

The swirling clouds of radioactive debris in the atmosphere also have an impact. To determine radio performance on any given day, roll a d6 on the Radio Range Table below. The effects of this interference is cumulative with those for terrain and





location. On a bad day in a burnt-out city, a radio may not carry as far as a hero can holler.

The important thing to remember, Marshal, is to not worry about these rules when it's not important. If the heroes just want to chat on the radio, let them. You only need to check in crucial situations like when the posse is calling for help or to see if the Combine column they just shot up can call for reinforcements.

Radio Range

d6 roll	Effect
6	Perfect conditions; the radio performs at double its listed range.
5	Use the radio's normal range.
4	The set transmits 75% of its normal range.
3	The set transmits 50% of its normal range.
2	Use 25% of the radio's range.
1	Unless you enjoy static, save your batteries.

The Voices

The swirling maelstroms left behind by ghost-rock bombs exist in both the material and the spiritual world. Both worlds in the vicinity of one of these storms are warped and torn. This occasionally allows denizens of the spirit world to slip through the cracks and make themselves felt in the material world.

One of the easiest ways for a spirit to make contact is to speak through a nearby radio. The heroes may occasionally pick up transmissions from the netherworld on their radios when operating within 50 miles of a bombed city.

The exact nature of these transmissions is up to you, Marshal, but they can make great adventure hooks. Imagine the surprise on the heroes' faces when they respond to a frantic distress call and arrive to find that the person is already many years dead.

The spirits range from a dead person who left something important undone, to a spirit who needs a physical agent to carry out some important task, to a malicious manitou simply trying to lure the heroes to their deaths.



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Gear

Before your players load up their wasters with everything plus the kitchen sink, remind them that just because a piece of equipment is listed in the book doesn't mean they can get their hands on it.

After thirteen years of utter chaos and destruction even a common item like a television can be hard to come by. We don't want to set any hard and fast guidelines about equipment availability because exactly what your posse is allowed to find is up to you and what you're comfortable with (although we recommend you start 'em out poor and make them work for everything they get).

This applies to starting characters as well as established ones. If you don't want a character to have a powered battle suit, then that character can't have a powered battle suit—regardless if the hero has the Dinero Feat or not.

Spook Juice

Spook juice is one last joke the Reckoners are having at humanity's expense. The emissions from an engine using spook juice are entirely spiritual and highly toxic to the supernatural environment. The Reckoners are using road warriors and their muscle cars to terrorform the Hunting Grounds in their image.

Drinking Spook Juice

Each time a brainer swallows a shot of spook juice, he must make a DC 15 Fort save. Each shot after the first adds +1 to the DC. After a number of shots equal to half the hero's Constitution, his Strength and Constitution each increase by +1. Congratulate the lush on getting on a really hard buzz.

If and when the hero fails the Constitution roll, he's really toasted. He takes 2d6 subdual damage, and his Dexterity and awareness checks (Spot, Search, etc.) drop by -1 each. The lost hit points are recovered at the rate of 1 point per hour, not per minute. A hero can double his recovery rate by drinking strong coffee or other sobering agents.

Don't make any more Constitution checks after the first one is failed. If the hero keeps drinking, each shot automatically causes 1d6 points of subdual damage, but there are no other penalties.

The hero also gains a limited ability to see into the Hunting Grounds. Up to one

hour after getting buzzed, supernatural people and objects appear outlined in a variety of colors, as the juiced-up brainer is able to dimly perceive the spiritual aura that surrounds them. (This includes things like Deaders, sykers, and those under supernatural influence.) The sot can also make out the vague outlines of spirits in the area as dark, swirling shadows. These effects last for one hour after the hero gets buzzed.

Imbibing spook juice on a regular basis can be bad for your hero's health. The ghost rock in the character's system eventually becomes inert and is flushed out of the body. The catch is that it takes a small part of the hero's soul with it when it goes. To reflect this, roll a 2d6 each time the waster has a shot of spook juice. If he gets snake eyes, the hero must make a DC 20 Will save or die on the spot.

Wasters call those who die in this way "spookers." They're a "bad thing." See, spookers don't lie down like the dead ought to. A manitou is usually waiting nearby to take possession of the body, and celebrates its good fortune by going on a murderous rampage through the bar. Spookers usually animate for 1 hour for every shot the dead brainer had before he croaked.

Sykers, Doomsayers, hucksters, and even the blessed and shamans find it easier to contact the Hunting Grounds when buzzed. All of them gain +2 to their various power using abilities one hour after getting buzzed.

Jo's Journal

Just in case you're wondering, Jo pulled through. Those Templars are tough that way. And we're kinda fond of her.

The Reckoners

Jo's got most everything right on the Four Horsemen. What she doesn't know is exactly where they went after they trashed the West. You don't need their exact path, but they are traveling around the world, ensuring the forces of destruction continue to win out over any real attempts to rebuild. It's a delicate balance for them. They must keep enough people alive to generate fear, but they also have to *cause* that fear. And that means lots of misery and death.

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How do You Kill These Things?

It might seem the best way for heroes to save the world is to destroy the Reckoners first. That's certainly true. Trouble is, they can't be destroyed. They're as immortal as God, Satan, or any other divinity.

Even their horses are immortal—or so it was thought. When the priests of Lost Angels called down a Heavenly strike on Famine as she rode out of the Maze, her steed was slain. That wasn't supposed to happen, and the powers of destruction are more than a little worried about it.

But here's the payoff. You may think the Reckoners have won. In a way, they have. But they've also made certain sacrifices by entering the physical world. As some speculated, now that they're here, there's no way back. If humanity can eliminate enough fear—a difficult task indeed—the Four Horseman will be trapped. And you know what happens to fish out of water.

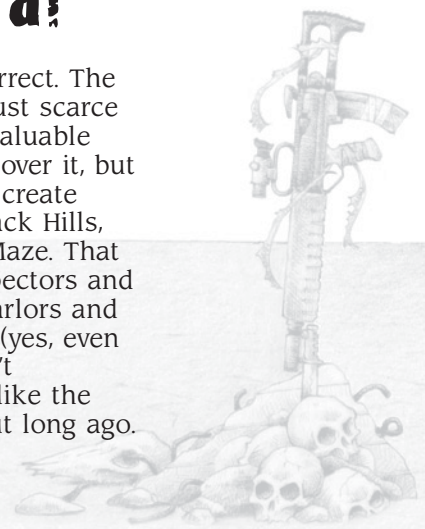
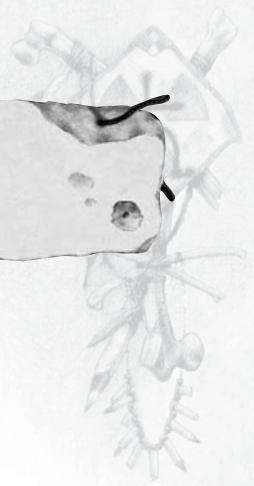
The Good Guys


Ah, Jo. She's perceptive and a knockout. (When she's not so ripped up, that is.)

The powers of good play by different rules than the powers of evil. Humanity must fail or succeed on its own, even if the Reckoners cheat by creating supernatural evil. Of course, the forces of good can help a little, but God, Allah, or whatever you want to call a particular embodiment of good can't come down and destroy the Reckoners or their minions. It's not even a choice for them. That's just how the cosmos works.

The Last War

The Hauptman Survey was correct. The Reckoners kept the ghost rock just scarce (and useful!) enough to keep it valuable and make sure humanity fought over it, but they also replenished enough to create hotbeds of greed such as the Black Hills, the Wasatch Mountains, or the Maze. That ensured there were always prospectors and speculators, and the gambling parlors and brothels that inevitably followed (yes, even in later days). If ghost rock hadn't replenished itself, smaller areas like the Black Hills would have played out long ago.





Then groups like the Ravenites might not have formed.

After Hellstromme detonated the first ghost-rock bomb, everything changed. The Reckoners knew what was coming. With only 2-10% of the world's population likely to survive their coming, ghost rock supplies had to diminish. That led directly to the war they'd planned for, and even today this keeps wasters fighting over every little vein they discover.

That's not to say the Reckoners can't generate more ghost rock. They just rarely need to anymore. What's left is just scarce enough to keep everyone fighting over it. Raw deal for humanity, huh?

Ghost Rock on Faraway

Before they appeared in the flesh, the Reckoners' powers weren't confined to Earth. That's how they created ghost rock on Faraway. They knew finding the stuff far away in isolated areas would lead to private fights and international incidents that would help spark the Last War.

The Reckoners *do* influence affairs on Faraway. If you're interested in what happens there, check out *Deadlands: Lost Colony*.

All the Presidents, Man!

Let's talk a little about the men and women who brought about the Last War: the Presidents of the United and Confederate States of America.

President Romero

In a world full of evil, seats of power become tempting targets. The most recent bull's-eye occurred in 2070, when a former Movie Town director ran for and won the Northern Presidency.

President John Romero was once a quiet partner of Emille DeSalonto, the Southern director who perfected a limited form of mind control with light patterns and subliminal messages.

When DeSalonto got busted up North, the Rangers snuck into Star City and abducted Romero. They forced him to take over DeSalonto's old job, and they weren't exactly nice about it.

One day, while filming under incredible pressure in Arizona, Romero's hand got caught in a camera-track. The machine ripped it not-so-cleanly off. Romero nearly bled to death, but unfortunately for the world, he survived.

Romero blamed the CSA for the loss of his hand, even though they sent him to Deseret and paid to have his limb replaced bionically. While he was recuperating, Romero escaped and returned to his home in the North.

An Ax to Grind

More than a little demented, Romero vowed to make the Confederates pay for their "gestapo" treatment. Years later, he perfected the technology for Sensoround. Besides being an exciting way to watch movies, it also planted irresistible messages in the viewer's head.

That's how Romero won the Presidency in 2074.

From that point on, he used his position of power to sabotage the Rebs. He didn't really mean for it to lead to a full-scale war, but movie types never take responsibility for their own actions. Check out the section on Movie Town if you want to know what happened to him after his impeachment.

Mary Rose Tremane

Mary was one of the good gals. Given time to grow into her job, she might even have been able to make peace.

But someone behind the scenes wanted to make sure that she never got the chance.

Just after the Christmas cease-fire, a syker snuck on board Air Force One, fried its electronics (including the distress beacon), and blasted the crew. The assassin parachuted to safety while the jet went down in the Rockies.

The plane was never found because the distress beacon had been destroyed and a blizzard buried the twisted wreckage that remained. See Air Force One under the Sky Pirates to find out what later became of the wreck.

Allen Sothby

The Confederate President during the Last War was a good man, but he had a very violent temper. Every time he heard about another Northern outrage, he'd do



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something equally drastic to avenge it. Add that to a cabinet with stock in the South's defense contractors, and you've got a war just waiting to happen.

Well, it happened. You know the rest.

A-Bomb Andy

Little Andy Bates was one of those kids everyone in the neighborhood beat up on, but his parents had money, so he got by. He even attended Harvard and became a lawyer. He never forgot being the kid no one picked for baseball, however, and he was determined to prove he was somebody—to become President—even if he had to kill to do it.

He did. It was his syker who downed Air Force One. Immediately after, enamored with power and the rage of the masses, Vice-President Bates moved up to the Oval Office and pointed the finger at the Rebels. He didn't understand the full implications of threatening nuclear war and was unprepared for the consequences of his actions. A-Bomb Andy was on the floor of the Senate, protesting Congress' reluctance to use tac-nukes when the first ghost-rock bombs hit Washington, DC.

You reap what you sow.

Minions of the Reckoners

The Reckoners have many servants in their war against life. The most common are various forms of walkin' dead. Above them are pure horrors created to embody some aspect of their master's destructive embrace.

Higher on the "food chain" are the servitors, humans who have so corrupted their souls that they actually begin to metamorphose into monstrous creatures of War, Death, Famine, or Pestilence.

The Walking Dead

The Reckoners occasionally raise an army of the dead to do their dirty work for them. Even after the Reckoners have passed, the dead occasionally rise of their own volition, triggered to unlife by a spike in fear.

Death

Death's lowliest servants are walkin' dead. What Jo doesn't know is that anyone killed by a walkin' dead, who doesn't come

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back a Deader, has a 1 in 10 chance of coming back as a walkin' dead herself.

If a hero is killed by a walkin's dead and does not come back Harrowed, secretly roll 1d10. If you roll a 1, the poor brainer rises as one of Death's walkin' dead.

Famine

Famine's undead are hideous faminites. A human infected by their touch wastes slowly, maddeningly, away. He is not under any other creature's control, nor is he undead, but he is ravenously hungry, and no amount of food can sate him. If no other food presents itself, the victim turns to living flesh.

When the person eventually dies (about 24 hours later), he rises again as a faminite. Note that these are different from the ones that appear in *Deadlands: The Weird West*. Those didn't automatically arise as undead. In *Hell on Earth*, they do.

Below are the statistics for most normal folks driven mad by ravenous hunger (hence the low mental statistics). Not everyone goes over the edge like this, but most do.

Once the faminite dies, use the statistics for the walkin' dead from this rulebook but add the Infection special ability outlined below.

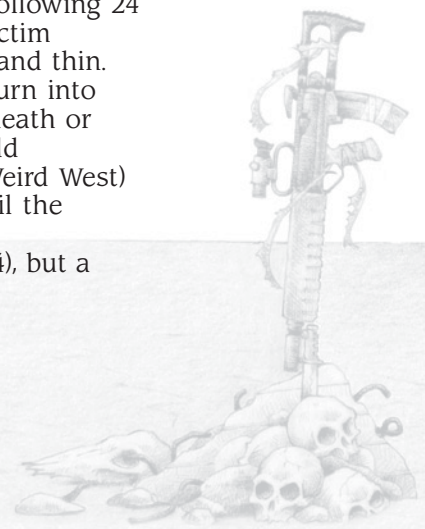
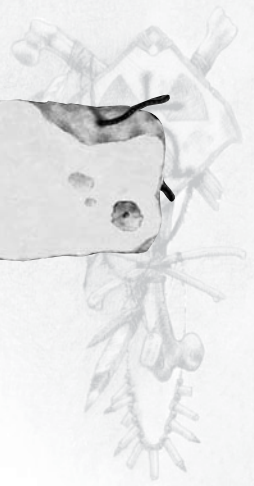
Living Faminite: CR 1; Medium-sized humanoid; HD 2d12; hp 13; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Atk Claw +1 melee, Bite +2 melee; AL Chaotic Evil; SV Fort +3 Ref +1 Will +0; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 7, Wis 8, Cha 5.

Skills and Feats: Move Silently +2.

Special Qualities: Infection: Anyone so much as nicked (damage by bite or claw) by a faminite must make an DC 20 Constitution check roll or join their ranks over the course of the following 24 hours. During this time, the victim becomes increasingly hungry and thin. His fingernails lengthen and turn into sharp, infectious claws. Only death or magic can stop the disease. Old fashioned blessed (from the *Weird West*) contract the disease if they fail the healing roll.

Possessions: Most have clubs (1d4), but a few carry firearms.

Description: As above.





Pestilence

The Horseman known as Pestilence raises those who died from horrid diseases into horrors. The Librarians have named his foot-soldiers "plague zombies." They have the same statistics as walkin' dead, as well as the following special ability:

Infection: Plague zombies cause wounds that bubble and boil painfully, almost as if living bubbles of acid were moving beneath the victim's skin. It's ugly, and it hurts. Any living being who suffers a single point of damage from a plague zombie's melee attack must make an DC 15 Constitution check. If he does not make it, he picks up a disease of some sort. The most common disease is one that slowly turns the victim's insides to mush (-1 Constitution per week until the person dies).

War

War's undead are the veteran walkin' dead we mention later in this rulebook. Since most were soldiers of the Last War, they're armed with Northern or Southern Alliance assault rifles.

Servitors

The Librarians' information on the servitors is fairly accurate. They are all former humans whose evil transformed them into a living (or unliving) embodiment of War, Death, Famine, or Pestilence.

These wicked souls have slowly but surely embraced one of the four major methods of destruction (War, Famine, Pestilence, or Death) and become its willing servant.

The road to such monstrous evil is usually a gradual process. A person performs a few misdeeds that start him on the path, and later he commits more grievous offenses against humanity. Eventually, he commits his first atrocity, and the road becomes a one-way street. Soon the individual's depredations are commonplace. Finally, one last, great atrocity becomes the lost soul's last step on the road to eternal damnation. Over the course of several painful hours or days, the figure transforms into a true monster born of the Apocalypse, a servitor of the Horsemen his deeds most closely honor.

After transformation, most servitors lose all trace of their former identity, though they retain their crafty intelligence and guile. Most can speak but may not do so, as they care only for wanton savagery and destruction.

Some servitors work alone, but most lead bands of undead minions as described above. Most servitors raise such fodder from graveyards, old battlefields, or other supplies of mostly intact human corpses.

Who are the Servitors?

Servitors are not common. In fact, there's probably only a dozen or so per Horseman in the entire Wasted West. There are certainly others around the world in about the same ratio as can be found here.

Servitors of Death were grim gunfighters, ruthless mercenaries, serial killers, and murderers before their transformation.

Servitors of Famine are people who hoarded food from other survivors after the Apocalypse. Some held on to vast food stores, even after witnessing the suffering and starving of those around them, and Famine embraced their selfishness by making them her chosen ones. A few cannibals have also become servitors of Famine. They are some of the most terrifying and savage of the lot.

Pestilence's servitors are a quiet bunch. Most of them suffered only minor transformation, easily disguised by the rags they wear. These malicious fiends insinuate themselves into a settlement and slowly begin to infect those around them. In the most extreme cases, servitors of Pestilence have destroyed entire villages. Such servitors were usually victims of some terrible disease themselves, but they kept that knowledge hidden as they mingled with others and shared their fatal afflictions with the world.

War's servitors are easy to spot. Most are wasteland warlords leading large bands of scav, mutants, or even supernatural armies. They prey on entire settlements. The more heavily armed and challenging, the better. They are bloodthirsty, savage, and without mercy.

Powers

The powers of the servitors are many, but they usually lie within the purview of their master. Servitors of Death kill with a touch, those of Famine starve a person to death, or perhaps just eat him (as did the Devourer in the *Leftovers* Dime Novel).

The most powerful trait all servitors have in common is immunity to most forms of damage. That makes them nearly impossible to kill (they can take damage, they just can't die from it). Servitors only



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have a few, obscure weaknesses, and discovering them means poking around the monster's old stomping grounds.

Though they cannot be killed by normal attacks, inflicting a lot of damage can slow them down. Unless a servitor's description says otherwise, anytime one would be "killed" by normal damage, it falls to the ground and loses its actions. As long as it continues to take damage from a single attack each round thereafter, it remains down. When additional damage is not inflicted in a round, the servitor spends the rest of that round recovering and staggering to its feet. At the beginning of the next round, assume it is undamaged again.

To permanently destroy a servitor, a hero has to use something from the creature's past against it. An incredibly fat servitor of Famine, for instance, might be killed with fat-eating diet pills (again, see *Leftovers*). A skeletal, scythe-armed servitor of Death might be slain by smashing it with a bone from one of the victims it murdered before its transformation.

Servitors' weaknesses are many and often bizarre, but they always make some kind of twisted sense. Check out some of the servitors in this chapter for inspiration.

The best way to determine a servitor's weakness is to develop the story of the human being it used to be. Do that, and it should become easy to figure out what its weakness is. This also gives you, the Marshal, the opportunity to make a creature far more interesting to your posse. An adventure about a pus-oozing, disease-ridden servitor of Pestilence isn't just a big monster to be fought. It's a mystery to be solved and a story to be told.

Hey, You're No Hero!

Okay. Here's the really scary news: player characters can become servitors as well.

Any time a character commits a heinous act that might catch the Reckoner's distant attention (see below), roll 3d6 as on the Face chart in Chapter 8. Roll once for major heinous acts; twice for really evil or callous acts. Notice we don't say anything about "minor" evil acts. A person has to be a real jerk to follow the path of a servitor.

If a black Joker comes up, the character suffers a mutation from the appropriate suit. Roll again on the Face chart and use whatever card that came up with the appropriate suit, but reroll any Jokers.

In case you hadn't noticed, Clubs are for Death, Hearts are for Famine, Diamonds are for Pestilence, and Spades are for War. (That's why Stone, Grimme, Hellstromme, and Raven are the Aces in the official *Deadlands* poker deck.)

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The Final Step

A hero can never get the same mutation twice by this process. When a character has collected seven of the thirteen mutations within a particular suit, he becomes a servitor of that suit. That means a murderous food hoarder might have mutations of both Clubs and Hearts, but he becomes a servitor of the suit he gets seven mutations in first.

At this point, the character transforms into a hideous monster under the Marshal's control and is removed from the player's control. A vengeful Marshal might allow the metamorphosis to be a slow one, however.

Acts of Evil

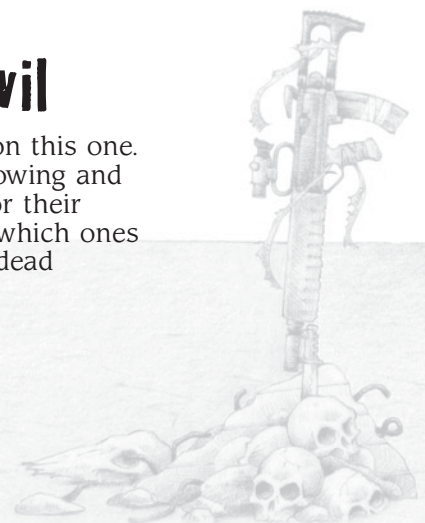
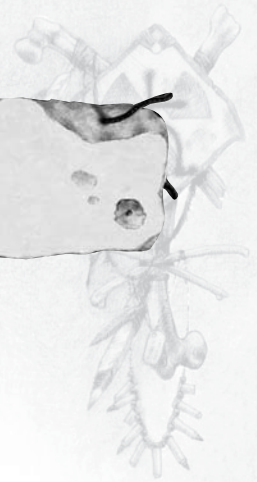
Below are some of the acts a character might commit to become a servitor. Be *very* careful when deciding whether or not a character's actions warrant a mutation. Consider intent, opportunity, and motive when sending the hero down this road to Hell, because there's no turning back.

Acts of Evil

Death	Murder (real murder, not self-defense or even fighting with Black Hats and other bad guys), allowing someone to die when the hero could easily have helped.
Famine	Hoarding food, wanton destruction of food, cannibalism.
Pestilence	Knowingly spreading disease and contagion.
War	Acts of bloodthirsty violence, instigating an avoidable war, warmongering.

Servants of Evil

Jo got three out of four right on this one. The Four Horsemen did have knowing and unknowing servants preparing for their coming. Read on, and you'll see which ones Jo got right and which one was dead wrong.





Death

Stone's tale was told in the *Devils Tower* trilogy of adventures for *Deadlands: The Weird West*. His actions after that were recounted in this rulebook, but here's a quick recap.

Stone was the first Harrowed created after the 1863 Reckoning. He wasn't the *first* Harrowed of all time, just the first of the Reckoning. (Yes, there are a few Harrowed older than even him.)

He was and is a mean bastard, mean enough that the manitou inside him agreed to let him run the show. When 2094 came around and the Reckoners were all but defeated the first time, they picked Stone to go back to 1876 and champion their cause.

He did his job with a vengeance, gunning down heroes like bottles on a fence. This time around, the Reckoners won.

These days, Stone continues to do what he's always done. He rides about the Wasted West on a pale horse plugging any hero who does too much good for the world. Many mistakenly believe that Stone is Death himself—a reputation which he does little to discourage.

Think your posse can handle him? Think again. Figure he's got every power in the *Weird West* book *Way o' the Dead*. If you don't have that particularly handy book, then Stone can do most anything you want him to. His ability scores are all maxed out at 20 (with the Harrowed power Supernatural Trait). He has all weapon proficiency Feats and has four attacks with a roll of 1D20 + 23 (adjusted by any size and range modifiers) each. He also has the Ambidexterity Feat, and prefers to fight with the weapons he had in his hands when his own men shot him in the back at Gettysburg—two single-action Colt Dragoons. These cap & ball pistols have become relics—they are reloaded by holstering them for one action.

Seem over the top? Absolutely. If one of your heroes survives nearly 500 years of tangling with the toughest heroes the West has to offer, he'll be at least as tough.

Why no stats? We have a saying around here that if you stat it, they will kill it. And we don't want that to happen. Stone still has one last role

to play in the tale of Deadlands, and we want you to make sure he's around for it, so be sure to give us a hand.

That doesn't mean he can't cross your posse's path once in a while. Just don't trap him (which is hard since he can walk through walls, fade into the earth, and so forth). And don't let them completely destroy him. Even if they burn his body, Stone might just be able to come back. He is the favorite servant of the Reckoners, after all.

What about Young Stone? He's not around in *Hell on Earth*. You'll see why in the *Weird West* storyline if you're interested someday. If not, just assume he's lost to the myths and legends of the past.

Famine

Grimme is gone. The Reckoners kind of cheated with him anyway. See, their servants were supposed to be humans who willingly aided their efforts. (It's a Faustian thing.) The servants didn't necessarily have to know the Reckoners even existed. They just had to be willing participants in evil.

The real Reverend Grimme was a good man who didn't have an evil bone in his body. The thing that replaced him after his death was a pure abomination created from the energy of fear. It developed a free will, but being *created* of evil, could only *do* evil.

So how did the Reckoners get by with this cosmic cheat? Grimme's inner circle fulfilled that function. Their decision to join and maintain the cannibal cult was funneled through the abomination and fulfilled whatever unholy requirement the powers of good and evil worked out among themselves.

The good guys didn't lose all the battles of the past. Grimme was slain and his body buried deep within the throne room of the subbasement of Rock Island Prison. Unlike the nearby Citadel, the old prison wasn't protected by the priests' prayers and crumbled into the ocean during the Last War.

Shortly after the Apocalypse, a young man found Grimme's sarcophagus and his journals. Might he cause the old master to return? Time will tell, but for now, he's as dead as they get.

Pestilence

Stone worked for Death, Grimme for Famine, and Raven for War. But Ernst Biren wasn't Pestilence's flunky. It was none other than—Dr. Darius Hellstromme! The *Deadlands* Poker Deck held the clues if you tried to solve the mystery in the Weird West line.

So, you're saying, what did Hellstromme have to do with plagues and diseases and such? Two things. First, Hellstromme was one of the greatest promoters of ghost rock, and that, friends, can cause ghost-rock fever.

Second, Hellstromme developed several biological weapons for the Mormons and later for the Northern Alliance. Some of these were released on the world, but the most devastating were not. Why?

Because Hellstromme had a change of heart. Those of you who read *City o' Gloom* for the Weird West might know why. If not, here's the short version.

Hellstromme was a young engineering officer in the British Army in India. As was the custom in the mid 1800s, his new and lovely young wife Vanessa moved to India to be with him. She was a slight, fragile girl, but truly loved her brilliant husband. Unfortunately, Vanessa was injured in an attack by the Sikhs. Hellstromme, furious, went on a rampage instead of staying by her side, and the poor girl, lost and alone, committed suicide. Hellstromme couldn't bear the loss, so he buried himself in his work for the next 200 years. During this time, most of his projects centered on finding a way to get to Hell and retrieve Vanessa's lost soul! (Hellstromme's first attempt via train is related in the *Deadlands* fiction anthology,

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A Fist Full o' Dead Guys. His second attempt is related in *The Unity*.)

Brigham Young, who first invited Hellstromme into Deseret, thought the mad scientist would snap out of his insanity once he saw the tragic results of his work. Then he would devote his life to improving the human condition instead of destroying it.

It took a lot longer than Brigham thought. Only when the entire world was engulfed in ghost-rock bombs of Hellstromme's own design did he finally escape from his two centuries of madness. At that point, Hellstromme did change, and it must have been for the better, because many of his powers—his incredible mind, memory, and pure luck—were stripped from him by the Reckoners.

Where he went is a mystery that's revealed in *The Unity*. In the meantime, just know that the doctor will return. And the Reckoners had best beware.

War

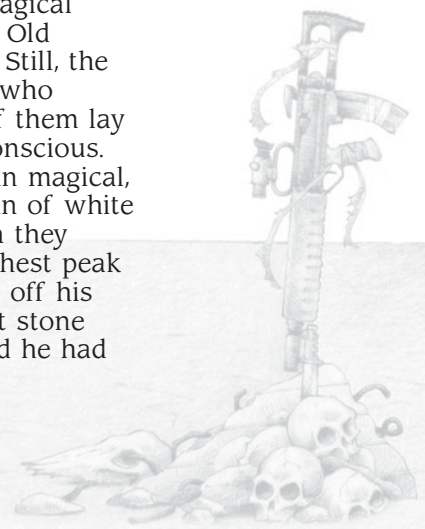
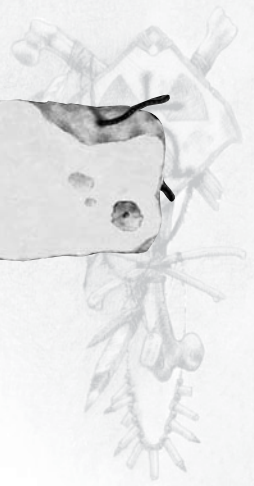
The most purely evil servant of the Reckoners has to be Raven. After murdering his own elders in the Great Spirit War, he set out to destroy an entire race. His means to that end were just as vile, bringing death and destruction not only to whites, but to his own people as well.

But he got his.

Nearly a hundred years ago, Raven received word that a large band of braves had broken from their elders and wanted to join his "Order of the Raven." Raven gleefully ventured to the site of their meeting, a crag high in the sacred Black Hills, and walked straight into a trap.

Within this mystical site, the shaman's manitous could not grant him magical powers. The nature spirits of the Old Ways had no such restrictions. Still, the cost to the braves and shamans who fought Raven was high. Scores of them lay dead or dying before he fell unconscious.

The Sioux then bound Raven in magical, leather bands made from the skin of white men (Raven's hated enemy). Then they carried him to the top of the highest peak in the Black Hills. There they cut off his eyelids and staked him to a great stone angled out to look over the world he had spoiled until he died.





What even the Sioux didn't know was that Raven could not die in this way. He lived, sprawled in agony upon the stone for over a hundred years. From time to time, different shamans would come and torture him as they had done their enemies thousands of years before. The evil shaman was stabbed, sliced, skinned, and left to suffer for an entire century. The stone he was staked to became so steeped in his vile fluids that it was eventually dubbed the Blood Stone.

Near the end, a good female shaman named Dove decided to end Raven's misery by putting him to death, but after several attempts, she could find no way to end the victim's life. Dove even covered Raven in slow-burning petroleum and set him on fire, but this only made the already horrific figure blackened and scarred.

Raven didn't appreciate Dove's good intentions and he vowed that she would suffer an even more horrible fate once he escaped. But Dove persisted, and she finally came upon a ritual that she believed would lay Raven to rest forever.

Dove prepared herself for a week for the ordeal and finally ascended to the Blood Stone for the final time. The ritual worked. The day after she departed, Dove came down from the hills. She told the elders that she had killed Raven and buried his body by the Blood Stone. The ancient enemy was dead.

Only one problem: He didn't *stay* dead.

Raven rose from the grave three days before the bombs fell. The mad shaman's first act upon rising was to vent his fury on the rock that had imprisoned him for so long. The Blood Stone was shattered into a thousand pieces by the mad shaman's arcane powers.

His next move was to revenge himself on the traitorous Ravenites who had abandoned him to his fate. You can read about what happened to Deadwood under its entry in Jo's Journal. After demolishing Deadwood, Raven stalked off into the High Plains to find Dove.

Then the bombs fell.

Raven was fascinated by the destruction that rained down from the sky, and he watched the end of the world with relish.

While enjoying the symphony of death playing out before him, Raven ran into his old master, War, leading hordes of undead

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against the Old Wayers. Raven joined the carnage, recklessly bathing in the blood of those who had betrayed and tortured him for well over a century.

But a secret hatred, blacker than the deepest night, seethed deep in Raven's dead heart. His masters had abandoned him to a century of pain and suffering, and Raven was never a very forgiving soul. He would have his revenge—soon.

Only a few months later, Raven found Dove and a number of other shamans resisting War. The mad shaman led the charge. Most of Death's minions were destroyed in this last epic battle of the Dakotas, but all of the Sioux's best shamans and chiefs died in the process.

Dove, unfortunately for her, lived. She was last seen bound upside-down to a horse behind the hideous figure of Raven, suffering torture and indignities too disgusting to repeat.

Raven followed War when he rode off across the Mississippi. In the ruined East, where thousands of zombies already roamed, Raven has been responsible for raising thousands more. He has established a central fortress for himself somewhere on the eastern shore of the Mississippi. The whispered rumors of Necropolis among the River Watch may refer to Raven's stronghold. See *East of the Mississippi* (and *The Unity*) for more details on Raven's villainous activities there.

Raven feels betrayed not only by his people, but by the Reckoners as well. His new goal is to destroy his former masters. To do that, he has determined to rid the world of fear by killing every living, thinking being upon it. With no one left to generate more fear, the Horsemen will surely die.

Who's Who?

Jo did pretty well here, but let's go over what she missed about the movers and shakers of the Wasted West.

The Combine

Throckmorton's tale is a sad one. He wasn't actually such a bad fellow when he first ventured out of the Rockies. That's why the true tales of him moving through the foothills are fairly heroic. Only the Librarians remember that now.

General Samuel Throckmorton is a cyborg. He was a valiant Confederate commander killed on the battlefield somewhere near Yuma in 2081. Being the hero he was, he came back Harrowed. So

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the Rebs made him a cyborg and put him in command of their forward-most prison camp until they could assign him to lead a shock unit. That never happened.

When the bombs fell, Throckmorton knew it was all over. He liberated his prisoners (the famous Cole Ballad included), and marched east toward Denver. Along the way, he and his troops saved scores of folks from rabid muties, new monsters born in the Deadlands created by the city-busters, and even other groups of soldiers who weren't so altruistic in their motives. But his losses were heavy.

Then he found Hellstromme's factories. Throckmorton saw an opportunity to build a new army that could hold up to the horrors of the new world, and he interfaced his cybernetics with the computer that ran the factories. That's when things went wrong.

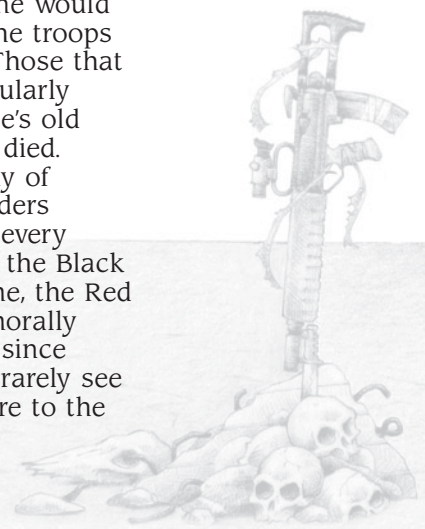
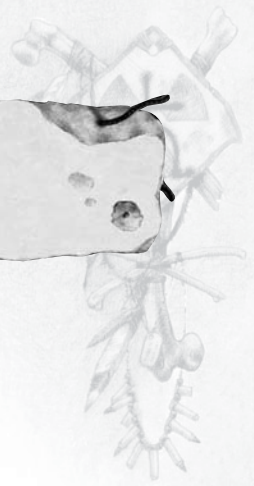
The Denver AI


Hellstromme's factory wasn't just automated—it was alive. And it had all of its creator's madness. The AI took over the computer part of Throckmorton's brain, downloaded its "consciousness" into him, and took control. These days, the real General Throckmorton is a prisoner in his own skull.

The AI was no fool. It knew Throckmorton's troops wouldn't take any sudden changes in their leader's personality. So it staged a few incidents among those they had saved, framed a few of the most-outspoken hero-types (like Cole Ballad), and faked an assassination attempt on Throckmorton.

All that took place within a few months. Afterward, "Throckmorton" declared martial law and said that from that point on, any towns that didn't join the Combine would be considered hostile. Some of the troops bought it, but even more didn't. Those that were still around caught a particularly nasty plague (one of Hellstromme's old weapons the AI had on file) and died.

But the AI still needed an army of humans who would follow its orders without question, so it recruited every scumbag it could. These became the Black Hats. Those troops closer to home, the Red Hats and so forth, are no more morally upright than the Black Hats, but since they're kept close to home, they rarely see just how brutal the foot troops are to the





settlements they visit. Check out the Denver section (or the *Denver* sourcebook for the original *Hell on Earth*) if you want to know more about their home.

Black Hats

As we said, Black Hats are brutal thugs recruited from across the Wasted West. Most are just looking for some sort of job. Others need to fit in somewhere, and they're too violent for a normal settlement.

Black Hats are usually recruited by other Black Hats. If a patrol's Lieutenant thinks a waster would make a good Black Hat, he might let the loser hang with the group until they return to Denver. There new recruits are turned over to the robots for training and most importantly, their "loyalty chip." (The Black Hats call them "headbanger" chips.)

Membership is permanent. Though a few Black Hats have managed to escape due to faulty headbanger chips or odd circumstances, this is rare.

Headbangers

Loyalty chips, or "headbangers" as the Black Hats call them, have several functions.

First, headbanger chips allow the use of Combine equipment without explosive consequences.

Second, the leader of every patrol (usually a Lieutenant) can give vocal commands to the chip in his own skull, which can then transmit the signal to other chips up to 100 yards away in perfect conditions. These signals can transmit orders to the Black Hats through physical sensations. For instance, an itch in a Black Hat's back means to assemble on the Lieutenant.

For assurance of total loyalty, the Lieutenant can issue a "detonate" command which ignites the charge in the skulls of one or more of the Lieutenant's troops (but not those of another patrol). This is why desertion from the Black hats is pretty rare.

Red Hats can issue a detonate signal to ANY Black Hat's chip. Cole Ballad was able to use this trick on the first few Black Hat patrols that were sent after him when he deserted, but the AI caught on after that and cancelled his security code. Cole had the docs in Junkyard remove his chip after that.

Naturally, Throckmorton himself can blow up anybody's chip that he wants to.

The third function of the headbanger chip is to detect the host's capture. If the Black Hat's brain waves are interpreted as giving away secrets, it detonates. Assume most chips have a Intelligence of 16 when determining if its host is giving away vital information. And yes, they do screw up all the time. The Combine doesn't really care.

Equipment

Besides their headbanger chips, Black Hats are issued actual black hats scavenged from the city by slaves. Their personal weapons are Hellstromme Industries Damnations and a single fragmentation grenade. Hands-free radio headsets round out their standard gear. Like every other valuable tool in the Combine's arsenal, a small charge in the earpiece detonates if worn by a user without a headbanger chip.

Most Black Hats quickly scavenge or confiscate an armored duster as well.

Lieutenants in charge of patrols are issued a number of refurbished vehicles, usually three open-topped cars or trucks and four motorcycles. The commander is also issued a Hellstromme Industries SAW and a rocket launcher with five reloads.

When a patrol finds itself low on ammo or troops, it heads back to Denver for refit and a week of rest. Then it's back to the wastes.

Heavy Artillery

So why doesn't the AI send a legion of automatons and raptors out to squash anyone who messes with their Black Hats? There's a couple of reasons.

First, the AI doesn't really care. Humans are like guinea pigs to it, and they really are a dime a dozen. The purpose of the Black Hats is to map out the paths of least resistance in the wastes so that the AI can one day send its heavy troops out without hitting any road blocks.

Doomsayers

Silas and the Cult o' Doom has penetrated many of the mutant communities in the West. How? Through the efforts of his proselytizing Doomsayers, of course.

Still, there are hundreds of mutie towns out there that need to hear the Word of the Atom, and the Doomsayers have to move carefully. Besides monsters, bandits, and mutants too deranged to understand them, green-robed Doomsayers are hated by norms. That's why they take lots of well-armed muties with them.



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A typical “missionary” band contains two to four Doomsayers and five mutant soldiers per priest. The number just depends on how far from Vegas they are, and how dangerous the area is. Doombringers, abominations described in the next chapter, travel with five Doomsayers and a pack of 20 or so muties—usually the most violent and aggressive ones they can draft.

Both types of bands prefer to walk. It's a pilgrimage thing. That said, they'll jump in a jeep and use their powers to power it up if they need to get somewhere fast or use a military vehicle to wipe out norms.

Hellstromme

See the business about Servants of Evil, for more info on the West's most notorious mad scientist. Check out the Denver section if you want more info on the automated factories or his awesome inventions, the automatons.

The Weather

Traveling the wastes is dangerous. Besides the monsters, bandits, and muties, the weather just plain sucks.

In all good post-Apocalyptic settings, folks never want to be caught outside during bad weather. Jo told the heroes just how bad the effects of bad weather could be, so they'd better take the hint and find shelter. They should also realize just how valuable a decent Spot skill can be.

You can use the dangerous weather phenomena below for color or to herd the posse into places they might not otherwise go. If they're crossing the prairie when a Hellstorm hits, for example, they might be forced to go inside an old ruined hospital they know has to be trouble and would have avoided otherwise.

Below are the details for some of these phenomena. The first thing you'll see is the *Area* covered. Most storms move, but you shouldn't need to keep track of that. If you do, figure the storms move with the winds at about 1d20 miles per hour.

The next detail is *Duration*, which tells you how long the storm is likely to last.

Visibility is the number of feet a survivor can usually see through the storm.

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The DC is the Spot roll a hero needs to spot the storm brewing. The number after the slash is how often a character should be allowed to check again if he doesn't make it the first time. Black rain, for instance, is easy to spot DC of 5, and a character gets to check once every 10 minutes.

Warning Time is the total amount of time that passes from the first sign of the storm to the time it reaches enough force to start causing the trouble described under its effects.

Black Rain

Area: 1d10 miles in diameter

Duration: 1d20 minutes


Visibility: 75 feet

DC: 5/10 minutes

Warning Time: 2d20 minutes

Every round spent in the rain, the victim makes a DC 15 Will save, and if it is failed, he takes the difference in damage. Once his hit points reach 0, continue rolling until the poor waster dies from hit point loss (just like bleeding) or someone drags her to safety.





Only sealed armor (like powered armor) protects from black rain. All other types are ignored. Umbrellas and the like add +2 to the character's Will save, but don't completely protect the character as some of the vile liquid certainly gets in. Harrowed do take damage from black rain.

Duststorms

Area: 1d6 miles in diameter

Duration: 1d20 x 10 minutes

Visibility: 10 feet

DC: 10/1 minute

Warning Time: 1d20 minutes

Each round spent in a duststorm, a hero must make a DC 15 Fortitude save or lose the difference in damage. On a 1, the hero actually catches a mouthful of choking dust and begins to strangle. Raise the DC of the Fort save by +2 for the next 1d20 rounds.

Surviving a duststorm isn't as hard as it sounds. A simple bandanna across the face adds +3 to the hero's roll, and lying facedown on the earth and covering his head adds another +3. A hero with a gas mask or sealed suit can ignore the duststorm entirely. Note that few horses can survive in these conditions.

Unlike in radstorms, damage lost in a duststorm is restored normally *after* the storm passes. The bad news is that if a hero goes to 0 hit points and isn't in shelter, he may choke and die in the stuff.

Harrowed take no damage from duststorms.

When the storm finally abates, prominent features are uncovered, and level or low-lying areas are buried under several inches to several feet of silt. Unless a hero fell in a hole, he should be able to crawl out with no problem.

Though the effects above are dangerous, they're rarely fatal. The real danger of duststorms comes from wandering blindly through hazardous terrain, and possibly losing equipment. A character who runs, falls, or is otherwise jostled while moving through a duststorm may lose any loose equipment in his hands or hanging from his belt or pack. Have the hero make a DC 10 Dexterity check anytime he falls, tumbles into a ditch, or so on. If he fails it, some random piece of equipment is lost or dropped. The DC to find it is 15 if the hero doesn't move. It's 25 or better if he has to retrace his steps to find the lost object.

Either case takes a full round for the search.

When a duststorm touches a Deadland—an all-too-common occurrence—there's a chance a creature called a dust devil is born to the storm. About 1 in 10 duststorms carry these deadly horrors. The statistics for the dust devil can be found in *Horrors of the Wasted West*.

Hellstorm

Area: 1d10 miles in diameter

Duration: 1d2 hours

Visibility: 150 feet

DC: 5/30 minutes

Warning Time: 1d4 hours

Hellstorms are pure fury and destruction. Everyone fears them. Make sure your heroes do too.

Anyone caught out in a Hellstorm has a 1% chance each round of being hit by lightning. Those unfortunates who catch a bolt suffer 8d20 damage. Thanks for playing.

Even if you're not made crispy by lightning, the hot rain and wind cause blisters and scald flesh. Every round spent in the rain, a character takes 1 point of damage. Umbrellas and the like don't do jack because the rain rips them to shreds in seconds. Heavier materials, such as a piece of metal or Kevlar held over a hero's head, keep off most of the rain but not the wind, so the hero takes 1 point of damage every other round. Sealed armor shields a waster from the blistering storm. Other types of armor reduce the damage to 1 point of damage every other round, just like an umbrella.

The only protection from a Hellstorm is to get in solid shelter, such as a vehicle, a building, a cave, or so forth.

Radstorm

Area: 1d100 miles

Duration: 1d6 hours

Visibility: 10 feet

TN: 10/1 minute

Warning Time: 1d4 hours

If you think duststorms are nasty, try getting caught in a radstorm. Anyone caught out in a radstorm suffers all the usual effects of a duststorm (see above), but must roll to resist intense radiation as well.

Every 5 minutes the character is caught in a radstorm, he must make a DC 20 Fortitude save (in addition to that made to resist the dust). Should he fail, he takes 1 point of damage to radiation.

Make sure to keep up with how many points of damage are lost to the dust and



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how many are lost to radiation damage, as they heal at different rates. Damage lost to the dust heals as described under Duststorms. In Chapter Five see the rules on healing damage lost to radiation.

Should any character get a 1 on her Fort save, she loses 1 hit point and suffers a mutation (see Chapter 8).

One last note. Radio waves are totally disrupted by radstorms. They cannot penetrate into, out of, or through such a storm.

Harrowed take no damage from radstorms. They must still roll every five minutes, however, as a natural 1 on her Fort save still causes a supernatural mutation.

Toxic Clouds

Area: 3d100 feet

Duration: 1d6 hours

Visibility: 3d20 feet

DC: 5/10 seconds

Warning Time: Sight

Yup. These things are just what Jo said—wandering clouds of damage. Walk into one, and a brainer automatically loses 1 hit point every round. Feel free to adjust this rate up or down for stronger or weaker toxins as you see fit.

A waster who drops to 0 hit points collapses and continues to take damage in the usual way. This is cumulative with any other damage loss he's experienced. As hit points continue to go negative, it causes damage just as with bleeding.

A standard gas mask allows a hero to ignore the cloud. A wet cloth reduces the hit point loss to 1 every other round.

Most folks just go around these deadly clouds. Of course, if something the party really wants is inside the fumes...

Handbook of Horror

The Cities

Jo's second hypothesis is right. Remember that a Deadland is a region of pure, supernatural horror. If a landmark building is totally demolished by a ghost-rock bomb, fear energy may rebuild it into a shadowy wreck of its former self.

It's an investment of energy that usually pays off for the Reckoners, as humans explore the mysterious ruins of their fallen monuments in dread anticipation of the

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lost treasures—and grave dangers—that must await inside.

ComSat

ComSat is a cowardly little AI. It used to feel the love when billions of electronic signals raced through its silicon heart. Now it feels cold, alone, and afraid.

Why is it afraid? Because ComSat understands human life-forms. It knows what they can and can't do. What it doesn't understand is why four beings that should not exist—the Reckoners—and their impossible minions are crawling around under its many telescopic lenses. The AI fears such things, and it worries that these beings can somehow destroy it as they did its masters.

Incidentally, Jo was wrong about ComSat being the last satellite in orbit. Most military satellites were destroyed in the Last War, but many commercial ones are still up there. ComSat controls most of them these days and has spread itself out among them.

ComSat's somewhat irrational fear makes it paranoid of humans, since there's no way to tell if a contact is truly human or some horror about to download a virus into its memory buffers. Strangers usually have to contact ComSat many times before it responds. The most frustrating thing for most folks is that ComSat doesn't even acknowledge their signal until it tracks and watches them for a few weeks, so only the most dedicated get through.

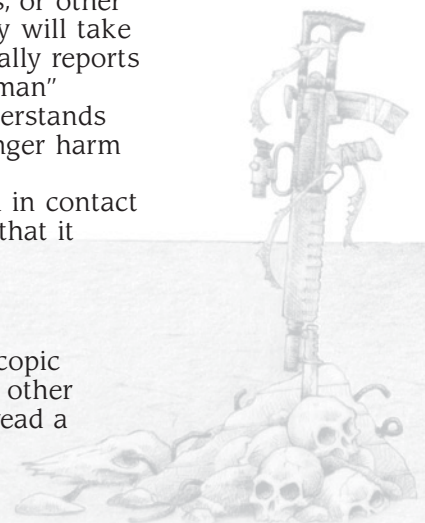
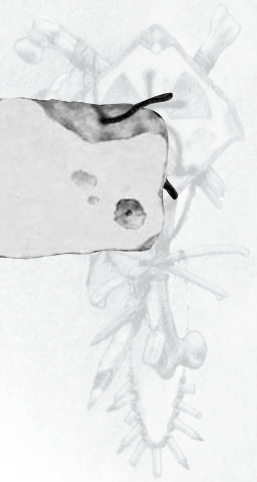
Speak No Evil


Because of its fear of the supernatural, ComSat edits out any statements having to do with the Reckoning, monsters, or other supernatural entities for fear they will take notice and destroy it. It occasionally reports on Throckmorton and other "human" enemies if asked, because it understands them and knows they can no longer harm it.

For the record, it has not been in contact with the Denver AI. At least not that it knows about.

See No Evil

ComSat's own incredible telescopic cameras (as well as those of the other satellites it controls) allow it to read a





vehicle license plate from orbit. It tries hard not to see things that aren't meant to be, however. It can't help but occasionally catch a glimpse of zombies creeping across some blasted plain, but the AI is quick to reposition its lens when such a thing happens.

ComSat enjoys watching regular people. It would love to meet one in person some day and “feel” her touch on its metal shell. Sometimes it spends weeks watching a single human. If that human dies, the AI becomes very depressed and doesn't watch the Earth or speak to anyone for several days.

ComSat's high-powered lenses and those of the satellites it controls cannot find and track anyone, anytime, however. Just because it can see people doesn't mean it knows where to look. Assuming ComSat has a good description and a general location to look at (in North America, lower Canada, or upper Mexico), it takes 1d20 minutes to find someone in a town, 2d20 minutes to find someone in a city, and 2d20 hours to find someone in a region roughly 25 miles square. It refuses to scour any larger area. It can pinpoint anyone contacting it immediately—or at least the location of the transmitter that they are using.

A human user can sometimes get ComSat to find someone or something for him. It can even transmit an image back to the user if he has a monitor of some sort (such as the screen of a palmcorder).

Some humans have actually formed lasting relationships with the AI. See **Needle Hands** for an example.

“I Love You, ComSat”

Actually getting the AI to do anything is a trying process. A user has to show it some love and prove she won't get it in trouble with “the monsters.”

Before a user can even try to talk to the machine, she must first find a computer (a palmcorder counts) wired to a transmitter capable of reaching orbit. Those are rare. Check Hell's Atlas for a few sites.

Now it's time for the inevitable skill check. The user needs a DC 25 Knowledge: Computer Engineering check just to make contact.

After that, actually verifying contact and getting any information from the cowardly satellite requires a Diplomacy check versus

a DC of 20. The human can add +1 to his roll for each attempt he's made, up to a maximum of +5. Only count one attempt per week. If the user sends anything derogatory or insulting to the satellite, subtract -1 to -5 (as you see fit) from his rolls.

Check the What ComSat Knows Table to see what a hero can find out. Beating the DC of the check gives the character the first “step” of information. Every 5 points over the initial DC gives the hero another step.

What ComSat Knows

Step Information

- 1 Contact, add +1 to future attempts (only once per week, maximum of +5).
- 2 ComSat doesn't reveal it's an AI, but acknowledges and verifies contact. It reveals it is in geosynchronous orbit over western North America. The satellite gives a general weather report for any requested region and attempts to spot any dangerous weather in the vicinity (pit the AI's Spot (15) against the DC to spot the types of weather discussed earlier in this chapter).
- 3 ComSat reveals it is an AI and begins making conversation. If the user is not abusive, ComSat says it pretended to be a commercial satellite (and it actually was) when its “masters” were alive, but its real purpose was to track enemy troop formations on Earth. It knows about the Last War and that its former masters are dead. It's very lonely.
- 4 ComSat allows a user to read messages from users in other countries. (It doesn't allow “live” conversations.) The rest of the world is at least as devastated as the West. Heavily populated places (England, France, Germany) are more like the American East. ComSat edits out any intelligence on the Reckoners. It has been in touch with the *Unity* and thinks there are still human survivors on board. ComSat can try to track people or vehicles if asked.
- 5 ComSat trusts the user enough that it tracks supernatural creatures or hordes (if able) for a short while. It might eventually reveal the location of the Reckoners, but since we're not telling you where they're at yet, Marshal, you'll want ComSat to stay quiet for a while longer.



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East of the Mississippi

Ooh, talk about bad places. This is where thousands of walkin' dead have bowed down to Raven. Just for kicks, the bastard's using his power to raise a few hundred more every couple of weeks.

As we mentioned when talking about Raven as a servant of the Reckoners, he's pissed about the pain his masters allowed him to endure while chained to the Blood Stone. Now he figures he'll destroy them. Sounds great, except his plan involves wiping out every human being on the planet so they cannot provide the Horsemen's necessary fear energy.

To do this, he's gathering an army of the dead. While he's waiting, the necrotic horde searches far and wide for leftover military equipment and other useful weapons.

The survivor settlements of the East are Raven's recruiting grounds. His undead army gathers for massive assaults, kills everyone inside, then waits for their master or one of his lich lieutenants to raise them from the earth.

Sounds bad, doesn't it? It is. And one day, it will come over the Mississippi. In the meantime, it's a great way to keep your posse in the West. Cross the Miss, and they'll find themselves in a blackened landscape crawling with armed zombies, spell-casting necromancers and liches, golems, bone fiends, and other horrid creations culled from the bones of the millions who died during the Last War.

Trade Caravans

Trade caravans are great hooks for you to get your posse from one place to another. You can even use them to refill the heroes' pockets with pay, or to use up their ammunition when the convoy inevitably comes under attack.

The pay for most caravan guard jobs is \$20 a day. Very experienced or well-known guards might get up to twice that.

Tribute Caravans

Throckmorton doesn't like anyone messing with his tribute caravans, but he only sends Black Hat patrols out to investigate if it starts happening habitually.

Caravans filled with precious ghost rock are another matter. Combine patrols have increasingly taken to escorting them from the source to Denver (but not back). If a caravan the Combine wasn't personally guarding goes missing, Throckmorton demands even more from the source and sends a force out to find out what happened to the last one.

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Remember, the AI and the automatons rely on ghost rock for power. Their fusion reactors can power the central plant and maintain the AI for several decades, but the computer is a cautious planner.

Hell's Atlas

The average Fear Level of the regions described below is 5. It's 6 (a Deadland) around cities or bomb sites unless otherwise noted. Other locations have their Fear Level listed just after the name. Note that some places are Deadlands even if they weren't hit by bombs. That just means some other horrible event drove up the Fear Level.

Great Basin

Skullchucker

We gave you the Wasted West version of this violent pastime in the *Iron Oasis* boxed set (which is all about Junkyard).

Carson City

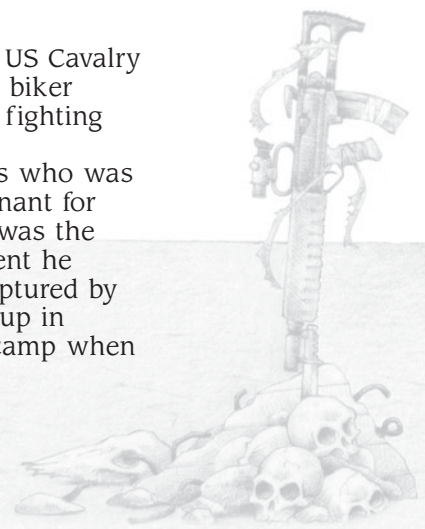
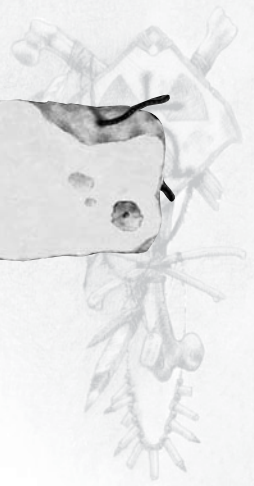
Fear Level 4


Silas doesn't take defeat gracefully. When he eventually marches out of Las Vegas, Carson City is the first target on his list, and he plans on teaching the norms there a painful lesson.

Cole Ballad

Cole was a sergeant in the 4th US Cavalry Regiment, hoverbike squadron. A biker before the war, he found a home fighting for Uncle Sam against the Rebs.

Cole was one of those soldiers who was always in trouble with his lieutenant for reckless behavior under fire. He was the only survivor of a horrible incident he never talks about, but he was captured by CSA forces. He eventually ended up in General Throckmorton's prison camp when the bombs fell.





When the General pardoned the prisoners, Cole asked for his bike back, got it, and quickly became Throckmorton's most trusted scout—and a close friend. The General's changed abruptly after discovering Hellstromme's automated factories, and this hurt Cole more than he'd ever admit. He had become a real patriot fighting in the war, and then bonded with Throckmorton and his brothers- and sisters-in-arms during the trek out of the Rockies.

Cole Ballad: Male Human Wwr 10; CR 8; Medium-size human; HD 10d10+40; hp 94; Init +8; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14; Atk +14/+9 melee, +13/+8 ranged; AL CG; SV Fort +9, Ref +10, Will +4, Str 19, Dex 16, Con 18, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Climb +6, Demolitions +4, Drivin' (hoverbike) +10, Gamblin' +4, Gather Information +4, Knowledge: Arcana +4, Hide +3, Intimidate +8, Open Lock +4, Scroungin' +2, Search +4, Sense Motive +4, Speed Load +6, Move Silently +3, Survival +6, Swim +4, Tinkerin' +8, Wilderness Lore +6; Artillery Weapons Proficiency, Automatic Weapon Proficiency, Brave, Firearms Proficiency, Grim Servant o' Death, Law o' the West, Light Speed +4, Quick Draw, Renown (Samaritan), Sand, Veteran o' the Wasted West.

Possessions: Besides his hoverbike, Cole carries a large knife, an SA pistol with 1d20 rounds and a fully loaded auto-shotgun, with an additional 2d10 rounds in his "saddlebags."

The Devil's Playground

Fear Level 6

The giant Mojave rattlers and their cousins near Utah's Salt Flats and elsewhere have a long and interesting history we've only hinted at before.

A large community of these ancient worms live out in the Mojave, so the Confederates bravely built their powered armor testing ground smack over what seismologists suspected was one of their lairs. The Rebels had a tough enough time breaking in the suits and surviving against the angry rattlers when they were at full strength before the War. During the War,

when they returned for a pit stop while chasing the LatAms to the coast, they were battered, bruised, and at half strength.

The rattlers and their scions, the wormlings, heard their old foes stomping around the desert floor once again and rose to the attack.

None of the humans survived, but they took a lot of worms with them. These days, a waster with powered armor might find some spare parts out there, but it's impossible to put together a full suit from the pieces that remain.

The rattlers still lurk below, nursing their wounds and replenishing their numbers. Anyone who follows one of the many subterranean tunnels is in for a world of hurt. There's 1d6 rattlers, 4d20 wormlings and a quarter that number in wormling warriors (round down).

Dust Devils

The Dust Devils are a mean bunch, but there's nothing supernatural about them.

Before the War, Al Marsh was an accountant. These days, "Sirocco" is an iceman. He didn't become a raider to conquer the world. He just didn't see any better way to gather the riches and respect he knew he deserved. It's simple math (to him).

A hero subjected to Sirocco's favorite torture (dragging her from the back of his dump truck) takes massive damage every half mile. The number of dice is 1d6 for every 10 m.p.h., up to a maximum of 6d6. Al usually trolls along around 20 m.p.h. He likes the show to last for a while.

Sirocco: Male Human Wwr 8; CR 7; Medium-size human; HD 8d10; hp 47; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11; Atk +8/+3 melee, +9/+4 ranged; AL LE; SV Fort +4, Ref +7, Will +3, Str 10, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 15.

Skills & Feats: Climb +6, Demolitions +6, Drivin' (land vehicles) +6, Gamblin' +10, Hide +5, Intimidate +8, Knowledge: Arcana +6, Move Silently +5, Profession (accountant) +10, Search +8, Sense Motive +8, Survival +6, Wilderness Lore +8; Dead Eye, Grim Servant o' Death, Keen, Light Speed +4, Quick Draw, Sucker Punch, The Voice (Threatening).

Possessions: .44 Magnum revolver. (Al doesn't like to take chances with automatics.)

Description: Al has gray hair and wears glasses. He's small in frame, but tough enough not to have the *scrawny* Hindrance.



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Fort 51

Fear Level 6

The old Union base suffered a direct hit. Now it's nothing but a crater surrounded by a swirling maelstrom. Far beneath the ruins are a network of passages. The scientists and soldiers within were trapped but safe there for a while. Then wormlings came through the walls and dragged them off to horrible fates.

Of course, wormlings don't use guns and other valuable gear, so there's a warlord's ransom in goods preserved down here. If a posse could get past the subterranean and supernatural creatures that have since taken up residence in the ruins, and find a way to crack open the base's vaults, they'd have more arms and ammo than they could carry.

The walkin' dead up top are the remains of an infantry regiment stationed nearby. After the bomb hit and they were killed, many of them rose as veteran walkin' dead. They fall dormant and lifeless until living beings approach. They wait until heroes are in the trap to spring to unlife.

Joan's Silo

Fear Level 5

Jo has managed to keep her location secret because she doesn't actually hide in a silo. Instead, she and a small number of her inner circle live like nomads outside of Carson City. They're known as scavengers and traders there. (Joan is known as Sadie.) This is how Joan hears if someone is searching for her. She has a number of spies in the town, including the bartenders of most saloons.

Some of the most trusted informants know her true identity, but most do not. They simply take occasional salvage for information. This way, Joan can be reached by new heretics or other heroic types looking to speak with her, while avoiding Cult o' Doom spies.

Junkyard

Fear Level 4

The Mormons, who left Junkyard immediately after the Apocalypse, headed into Canada. Their tale actually ends on a relatively happy note. After a long, hard fight through the wastelands, they settled in a deserted, pristine forest in distant British Columbia. It's cold there, but there are no raiders, no radiation, and few monsters.

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After the Mormons left, the city fell prey to looters, bandits, and raiders. The only remaining law at the time was a deputy named Sheila Davies. She organized a militia and quickly established law and order.

Sheila died of black lung a few years later, after years of fighting with the growing road gangs. The next in line for leading the people of Junkyard was the factory foreman, Ike Taylor. He and Doc Schwartz had already retooled the old Hellstromme munitions factory. Ike liked Sheila, but knew hers was a losing battle. As Jo said, Ike decided he couldn't beat the road gangs constantly prowling around the walled city, so he joined them.

Around 2085, Junkyard went from a besieged island in the desert to an iron oasis. Road gangs, patrols led by Law Dogs, and travelers looking for aid could drive up alongside Junkyard's walls to trade. Hoses pump spook juice over the walls, merchants lower themselves and their wares on old window-washing platforms, and other peddlers haul carts of goods out for the visitors' inspection.

Ike Taylor

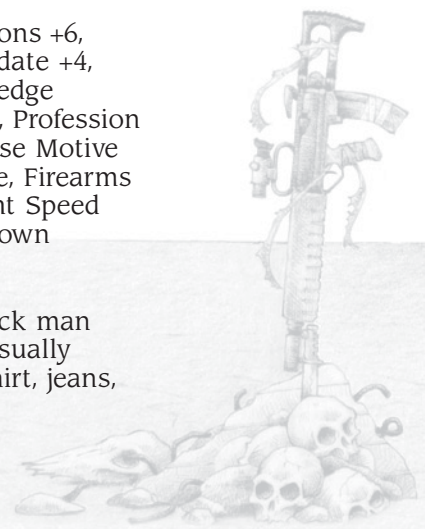
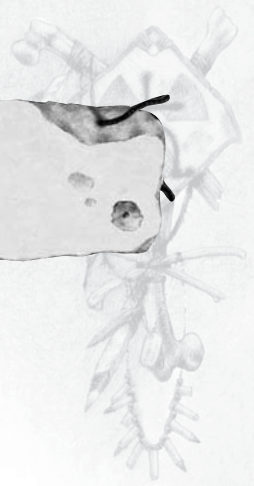
Ike's not quite as clean as he'd like to be—both literally and figuratively—but he has managed to maintain the only settlement in the West that's large enough to be called a city. He's had to make deals with some of the worst desert scum to do it, but he sees it as the price of life with Hell on Earth.

Ike Taylor: Male Human Wwr 6; CR 4; Medium-size human; HD 6d10+6; hp 36; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Atk +7/+2 melee, +6/+1 ranged; AL CG; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +3, Str 13, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 13.

Skills & Feats: Climb +4, Demolitions +6, Drivin' (car) +6, Hide +2, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (arcana) +4, Knowledge (Junkyard) +8, Move Silently +2, Profession (machinist) +10, Search +6, Sense Motive +8, Tinkerin' +8; Brave, Deadeye, Firearms Proficiency, Level Headed, Light Speed +3, Mechanically Inclined, Renown (Samaritan).

Possessions: Wrench (STR+1d6)

Description: Ike is a tall, lean black man with piercing green eyes. He usually wears a soot-stained, white shirt, jeans, and suspenders.





Doc Schwartz

Ike's right-hand man is a junker named Doc Schwartz. If Ike is all seriousness and concentration, Schwartz is the comic relief. Doc has the unfortunate habit of talking too much, and sometimes he gives away things Ike would rather keep secret, but he's a true genius when it comes to designing new machines.

Dr. Schwartz: Male Human Jkr 6; CR 5; Medium-sized human; HD 6d6; hp 23; Init +0; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 10; Atk +3 melee, ranged; AL CG; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +7, Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 17, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills & Feats: Alchemy +4, Climb +4, Demolitions +8, Drivin' (cars) +8, Gamblin' +4, Knowledge (arcana) +2, Knowledge (chemistry) +8, Knowledge (engineering) +8, Knowledge (Junkyard) +6, Knowledge (occult engineering) +10, Medicine +4, Profession (manufacturing) +8, Ridicule +8, Scroungin' +8, Search +6, Tale Tellin' +8, Tinkerin' +10; Armor Proficiency (Med), Automatic Weapon Proficiency, Firearms Proficiency, Mechanically Inclined, Skill Focus (Tinkerin').

Possessions: A few spare tools. He is never armed

Description: Doc's the stereotypical mad scientist, with wild, white hair, a bushy mustache, and taped-together spectacles that have been broken a hundred times.

Bionics

A few basic bionic parts are listed below. These gadgets were common enough in Salt Lake City that even the interns could install them. Reattaching a mechanical hand is still an incredibly complicated task, mind you. It's just that Salt Lake City Workers Memorial Hospital was the leading center for bionic replacements in the world. Only a couple of the real surgeons survived the bombs, but many more interns did.

Here's a list of the most common replacement parts even an intern can install. More complicated bionics are tougher to mesh with the human body and so require a surgeon. Look for more advanced bionics in future supplements.

Note that these parts simply replace a normal limb. They don't confer additional Strength, Dexterity, or so on. There are two other advantages, however. When bionic limbs take damage, the injury causes no bleeding or wound penalties to the user. On the downside, they cannot be healed. Anything up to a critical wound can be repaired with a Tinkerin' roll versus a DC equal to the damage the limb sustained. A maimed bionic part must be replaced with a new limb.

Replacement Limbs

Limb	Cost (in Cash)
Arm	1,000
Hand	6,000
Leg	4,000
Foot	4,000

The Omega Knights

Lancelot was actually Tomas Kane, a literature professor at Ohio University when the bombs fell. He was always fond of Arthurian myth, and joined the Templars when he heard of them. He adopted the name of his favorite knight of the Round Table, and this is where he wound up. Lancelot loves fighting beside Cole Ballad, who he considers a young, unrefined Gawain. He teases the hoverbike hero with Shakespearean quotes and old poems.

Lancelot's men aren't quite so romantic. Most were desert bandits given the option to redeem themselves or die by Lancelot's

hand. A few of them become trusted companions. Most of the recruits try to escape or kill the wasteland knight, but Lancelot is no fool. He keeps a close eye on them and assigns those who he trusts to watch over the newbies when he cannot.

The only problem is that Lance is a little nuts. He's actually starting to believe he's Lancelot. He even speaks with a French accent.

Lancelot: Male Human Tmp 9; CR 7; Medium-sized human; HD 9d8+8; hp 48; Init +6; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 13; Atk +10/+6 melee, +11/+7 ranged; AL LG; SV Fort +7, Ref +9, Will +4, Str 14, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 15.

Skills & Feats: Climb +2, Disguise +4, Drivin' (motorcycle) +10, Faith +10, Hide +3, Knowledge (arcana) +8, Medicine +6, Move Silently +3, Scroungin' +6, Search +6, Sense Motive +10, Speak Language (French) +8, Speed Load +6, Survival +8, Wilderness Lore +8; Dodge, Firearms Proficiency, Keen, Quick Draw, The Voice (Threatening).

Rewards: *Lay on hands, command* (greater), *inner strength*.

Possessions: Motorcycle, lance, 12-gauge shotgun, sword (+1 to *fightin'* and *quick draw*).

Description: Lancelot is a handsome, bald black man in his mid-thirties. He wears a black leather jacket over his tabard, tinted ski-goggles, and a red scarf to keep dust out of his nose and mouth.

Queens of the Road

Jenny Quaid is just as Jo describes her. She's not quite as altruistic as Robin Hood, but she's far better than most of the outlaw scum who prowl the wastes.

Jenny was a waitress at a biker bar in Arizona before the Apocalypse. She had occasional boyfriends who taught her how to ride, but she was shy and demure until the world ended. Then her wild side came out. Fortunately, the good-natured girl inside her wins out over the bad girl she appears to be—most of the time.

Jenny Quaid: Female Human Wwr 5; CR 4; Medium-sized human; HD 5d10; hp 27; Init +3; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 11; Atk +5 melee, +6 ranged; AL CG; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +2, Str 11, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 16.

Skills & Feats: Climb +2, Diplomacy +12, Drivin' (motorcycle) +6, Gamblin' +6, Hide +4, Move Silently +4, Search +6, Sense Motive +8, Survival +6, Wilderness Lore +6; Dodge, Firearms Proficiency, Level Headed, Light Speed +3, The Stare, The

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Voice (Soothing), Weapon Specialization (shotgun).

Possessions: motorcycle, 12 gauge pump-action shotgun.

Description: Jenny is just as beautiful as Jo describes. She knows it too, and she uses it to her best advantage.

Virginia City

Fear Level 6

The Cult of Doom's attack on Virginia City was devastating, and bones of the dead were left to bleach in the hot sun. The streets are littered with these bones, and there are piles of them everywhere.

The Great Maze

The Bishop


The Bishop was Hans Lector. When he was young, the sickly orphan was taken in by the Church of Lost Angels, and he eventually entered the priesthood.

Unfortunately, Hans always had a selfish, greedy streak in him, so he was often skipped over for promotion. His gradual jealousy and lesser acts of political backstabbing slowly eroded his faith enough that his work suffered for it. His advancement in the church hierarchy came to a standstill. Eventually, when he could no longer perform even the most basic miracles, Hans was quietly asked to leave.

Humiliated, Hans decided he would embarrass the "hypocritical" church. He had heard the old legends about its founder, Reverend Grimme, and he set out to see if there was any truth to it. To do that, he knew he must find Grimme's journals, which he suspected had been buried with the founder's corpse.

The problem was that Grimme's body had never been recovered. There was a single statue to him in the Citadel, but no gravesite or tomb. Hans' only clue was that Rock Island Prison had been closed about the same time Grimme disappeared. Perhaps there was a clue there. So he stole a small boat and rowed out to the abandoned island.

After several hours, Hans had found nothing. He tried to leave, but his small boat



was dashed against the rocks and sank, so he returned to the prison to search some more. Several days later, starving and dehydrated, the deranged priest found a secret passage into the lower levels of Rock Island Prison.

Fortunately, Hans had a flashlight, so he carefully descended the rubble-strewn stairway and found a series of rooms. One of them was a vast underground chamber, its floor covered knee-deep in human bones! Hans reeled in horror but some evil spark of curiosity held him fast. He peered out across the bones and, far in the distance, spied a black sarcophagus.

The former priest waded through the old skeletons and climbed atop a stone block upon which sat the sarcophagus. The image on the sarcophagus lid showed Reverend Grimme and a flock of robed priests devouring living prisoners in this very chamber.

Hans was horrified, but he realized this must have been the source of Grimme's renowned power. He wasn't a servant of some distant God. He was an acolyte of darkness itself!

Hans grabbed the sharpest bone he could find and started chipping away at the old sarcophagus' seal, hoping Grimme's journals would be inside. Many, many hours and bone fragments later, the wild-eyed, starved fanatic was able to slide the stone sarcophagus' lid aside. Inside was the thin, frail corpse of Reverend Grimme. Stuffed into the stone coffin beside him were the abomination's ancient journals. Hans read them on the spot and slid further down the slippery slope of evil.

Fueled by a new fanaticism, Hans swam the waters of prosperity Bay, returning unseen to the city. There the priest slowly began to collect a following of lunatics. They would capture drunks, homeless, or other defenseless men and women on the streets at night and take them to one of their hidden sanctuaries to partake in a feast. You can guess what the main course was. Hans was in the bowels of Rock Island Prison, praying to Grimme's bones, when the bombs fell. The top half of the prison was leveled by the blast intended for Lost Angels, but the secret chambers below survived—as did Hans.

He returned to the city shortly thereafter and began to prey on lone, isolated survivors looking to the “priest” for help.

Within days, he transformed into a servitor of Famine.

The Transformation

Hans grew incredibly fat and bloated, and his teeth shrunk into tiny, razor-sharp points like those in the maw of a piranha. His nails became dark and infectious, turning anyone he scratched into a faminite.

Hans helped Famine raise her army when she appeared, but he then retreated into the Maze when she headed east. There he built his own citadel and donned a bishop's outfit. Now Hans calls himself the New Bishop of Lost Angels. He is trying to live up to Grimme's legacy and establish himself as the Famine's high priest. When she eventually returns, he believes she will reward him with even greater power.

The Bishop: Famine Servitor; CR 12;

Medium-sized humanoid; HD 12d8+36 (105 hp); Init +1; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 10; Atk bite, 2 claws melee +4; Damage 2d4; AL CE; SV Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +7, Str 18, Dex 11, Con 17, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 18.

Skills: Climb +2, Faith +10, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (The Maze) +6, Search +6, Sense Motive +4, Swim +8 (he floats)

Special Abilities: Immunity: All forms of damage; Infection: Anyone scratched by the Bishop instantly becomes a faminite. Note that the hero doesn't lose control for 24 hours—but he's headed there if not cured.

Weakness: The Bishop can be killed in one of two ways. A surviving priest of Lost Angels can harm him normally, even if using a weapon like a gun or hickory stick. The second method is to trick the Bishop into eating a bone from a priest of Lost Angels. These are most easily found in the submerged vaults of the Citadel in LA. One way for a group to find this out is meet Old Prosperi. If the latter method is used, the Bishop gags as if he'll vomit, then explodes violently, sending fat, blood, and bone fragments flying in all directions for 2d12 damage with a Burst Radius of 6 feet.

Coup: The hero is immune to the disease of the faminites.

The Temple

Hans Lector, the Bishop, now sits on a throne high above the smoking ruins of Purgatory. His temple is small and grotesque, filled with the hideous wails of faminites waiting for their next living meal to sate their hunger for a short time.



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Croakers

The croakers do indeed drag their victims into the depths. We'll tell you why in the *Hell on Earth Maze* supplement. In the meantime, realize the croakers are a very large society. They have cities, primitive technology, and—for the last few decades—shraks as servants.

The Free and Holy City of Lost Angels

Fear Level 6

Even though the center of the city survived intact, the rest of Lost Angels was leveled by the city-busters. This area is a Deadland, but the Holy Fire that blasted Famine and killed her horse also cleared away the ghost storms. Still, the fact that the water all around the submerged Citadel have turned to thick, chunky blood should give a waster the clue that all is not well here.

There's not much to be found by casual scavengers except blood-covered undead. A posse looking for a bone with which to defeat the Bishop can do so by diving down into the soup and making a Search roll against a DC of 15.

Grand Library

Fear Level 3


This place is just like Jo describes it. If a character pays to have a question answered, you should just give them whatever information you care to. A Librarian character may access the library herself, and she can make a Search (information) check to find information. Give the heroine a little more information for every +2 above a DC of 10.

Marcus Liebowitz was a real librarian before the war. He joined the Librarians early on and now runs the place by virtue of seniority. The previous Head Librarian died of natural causes. Liebowitz is very accessible and even more curious. He loves to question visitors about their adventures while they wait for the other Librarians to find answers to their questions.

Muriel Redwing is just as tough as Jo describes. She used to run security at Tommy Two-Women's high-rise in Deadwood. She's trying to make up for working for such a fiend by maintaining the Library's security. She's a firm believer in the Librarians mission to preserve

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knowledge, even if she's constantly angered by their careless ways.

Marcus Liebowitz: Male Human Wwr 2/
Lib 8; CR 4; Medium-sized human; HD
2d10+8d6; hp 32; Init +0; Spd. 30 ft.; AC;
Atk +5 melee, ranged; AL LN; SV Fort +5,
Ref +5, Will +6, Str 10, Dex 10, Con 11, Int
13, Wis 12, Cha 15.

Skills & Feats: Climb +2, Craft (painting) +6,
Decipher Script +8, Diplomacy +6, Hide
+3, Medicine +6, Move Silently +3, Search
(information) +12, Speak Language
(many), Tale Tellin' +6; Firearms
Proficiency, Gift o' Gab, Keen, Skill Focus
(Decipher Script, Diplomacy), The Voice
(soothing), Wasteland Knowledge (4).

Description: Liebowitz is a thin, balding
man in his mid-fifties. He always wears
the Librarian's signature pin somewhere
on his shirt or jacket.


Muriel Redwing: Female Human Rvn 9;
CR 8; Medium-sized human; HD 9d8+9; hp
51; Init +4; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 12; Atk +7/+2
melee, ranged; AL CG; SV Fort +5, Ref +8,
Will +6, Str 13, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 12, Wis
12, Cha 11.

Skills & Feats: Climb +6, Demolitions +6,
Drivin' (car) +6, Hide +6, Knowledge
(arcana) +4, Medicine +4, Move Silently +6,
Pick Lock +6, Profession (security
consultant) +8, Ride +8, Search +6, Sense
Motive +8, Speak Language (Sioux),
Speed Load +8, Swim +6, Track +8,
Wilderness Lore +6; Brave, Dodge,
Firearms Proficiency, Keen, Level Headed,
Quick Draw, Slippery (3), Weapon
Specialization (pistol).

Description: Muriel descends from the
Lakota Sioux. She has short-cropped,
black hair, coal-black eyes, and the body
of an Olympic athlete. She also wears
the Librarian's signature pin.

Lynchburg

Fear Level 4



There's really not much to add to what
Jo said about this town. Lynchburg
weathered the Apocalypse as best as can
be expected, and it's a convenient center
for Maze-based adventures. Your posse can
purchase supplies and rest up there for a
reasonable price, as long as they keep their
noses clean.



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Movie Town

Fear Level 3

Sensoround viewers contain a much
better version of the mind-altering
technology pioneered by Emille DeSalonto
and—well, you'll see below. It takes a lot of
work to make one of these films, but
they're incredibly effective once complete.
Check out Near Dallas for an example.

The Director

The Director's face is fine. He hides it
because he knows people would kill him if
they ever found out who he was. Not even
his mistress knows his true identity is—
drum roll, please—former President John
Romero.

After his impeachment, Romero went
into hiding in the secluded hills of
Washington State. He had a little time to
dwell on the things he'd done and was
mostly okay with himself—until the bombs
hit. That's when he realized the course he'd
steered.

Romero decided to pay the world back
by perfecting the old brainwashing
technology. This time, he wouldn't use it to
destroy the South (which doesn't really
exist anymore anyway). Now he's making
heroic movies to inspire people, to give
them hope, and maybe erode fear
throughout the West and help defeat the
Reckoners.

The Critic

Okay, one guy knows. Jean Girard was a
young film student in Austin when the
world ended. He naturally gravitated to
Movie Town, where he quickly became
involved in the Director's films. Girard is
now the Director's personal assistant, and
his worst nightmare.

See, Girard is the world's greatest movie
snob. He *hates* the Director's films and
regards them as mindless, patriotic drivel.
One day, he was bringing the Director some
tonic when he caught a glimpse of his true
face in a mirror.

Being a Southerner who rightfully
blamed Romero for starting the Last War,
the beret-wearing snob decided to get even.
He also got a little crazy. There were
several critics of the Director's works,
pretentious types who wore black
turtlenecks, smoked, and drank endless
cups of coffee. Girard caught one of the
most vocal alone, late one night and
spiked him to the wall with a nailgun.

The next victim was found hanging
from the gates of Movie Town, hung by
the film of an old movie reel (*Evil Dead
XIV*, as it turns out).

Suspicion ran to the Director, but no one could prove anything. Since then, another critic bites the bullet once every few months. Since no one can prove the Director is involved, people are starting to spread wild tales about creatures from his films coming to life to slay their critics. Give it a few more months, and it just might come true.

Jean Girard has average human statistics (10-11). He's going slowly insane trying to get the Director taken down by the Law Dogs, but so far, they've left him alone.

Old Prosperi

Prosperi was one of the young priests sent into the hills when the real Bishop of LA lured Famine into his trap. He was actually blinded when he saw the column of holy fire descend from the Heavens and blast the Horseman.

Prosperi also had an encounter with the servitor who calls himself the Bishop. That creature found the young priests and slaughtered most of them before stalking off into the Maze. Prosperi could not see and doesn't know why he was left alive, but he remembers hearing the thing gagging violently as it tried—and failed—to eat his companions' remains. This is a great clue for a posse looking to destroy the creature.

Old Prosperi has typical stats except for his Wisdom, which is 16. His only power is the ability to heal any disease. Use the *Templars lay on hands* table to determine the DC. Prosperi's skill is his Faith, which is +10.

Purgatory

Fear Level 6

Every hour spent in this Hellhole requires a DC 15 Fort save. The difference is read as damage that cannot be replaced until the victim gets to fresh air or dons a gas mask (recovering 1 hp per minute) or receives magical aid (though he must roll again one hour later).

On the plus side, there is a load of undiscovered loot out here. Many small towns and camps lie almost totally undisturbed since the bombs fell. A posse who finds a way to survive the heat, noxious fumes, boiling water, and the monsters can become quite wealthy.

The Firemen

The Firemen's silver suits completely protect them from the smoke. They can also ignore most any flame or heat, short of taking a bath in molten lava.

Such suits are very rare. The few scavengers who've found them know how

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valuable they are, so they never sell for less than 15,000 cash.

Typical Fireman: Male human Wwr 3; CR 1; Medium-sized human; HD 3d10+3; hp 25; Init +2; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 11; Atk +4 melee, ranged; AL CN; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +2, Str 13, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 11.

Skills & Feats: Climb +2, Drivin' (boat) +4, Pick Lock +3, Scroungin' +6, Search +3, Swim +3, Survival +6, Wilderness Lore +5; Brave, Dinero, Firearm Proficiency, Light Speed +2.

Possessions: The Firemen carry a variety of weapons when traveling in Purgatory, but at least one man always has a heavy machine gun. The rest keep a pistol on their hips and a shotgun, SMG, or assault rifle in their hands. They always wear their suit, a helmet of some sort underneath it (AC +1), and a single fragmentation grenade each. They also have access to climbing gear (using steel cables instead of rope), grappling hooks, and deep-sea diving gear. The Firemen wrap the diving gear in the scraps of old suits and other heat-proofing materials to protect them from the boiling water.

Salamanders

What would an inferno be without salamanders, those fire-loving beasts of myth and legend brought to life by the Reckoning?

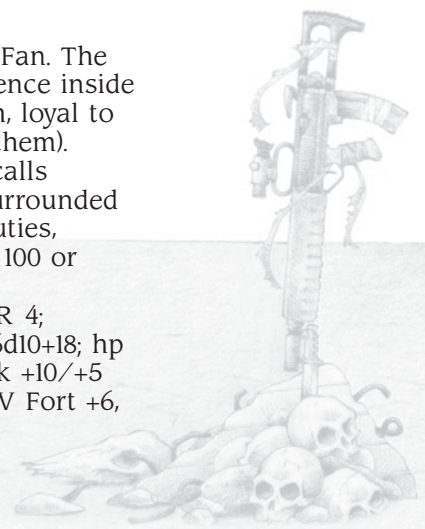
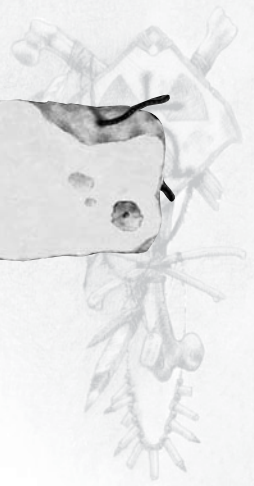
These creatures of fire and flame are the most common danger the scavenging firemen face. Check out their game statistics in *Horrors of the Wasted West*.

Shan Fan

Fear Level 6

There isn't much left of Shan Fan. The muties who have taken up residence inside the maelstrom are a nasty bunch, loyal to the Cult o' Doom (when it suits them). Their leader is a big brute who calls himself Shanghai. He's always surrounded by a pack of at least a dozen muties, though he "rules" over a tribe of 100 or more.

Shanghai: Male mutie Wwr 6; CR 4; Medium-sized humanoid; HD 6d10+18; hp 64; Init +2; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 11; Atk +10/+5 melee, +7/+2 ranged; AL CE; SV Fort +6,





Ref +6, Will +2, Str 18, Dex 12, Con 16, Int 9, Wis 11, Cha 16.

Skills & Feats: Bluff +2, Climb +6, Hide +2, Intimidate +9, Move Silently +2, Scroungin' +4, Search +6, Sense Motive +2, Survival +8, Wilderness Lore +4; Brave, Berserk, Dead Eye, Firearm Proficiency, Grim Servant o' Death, Light Speed +3, Sand, The Stare, Weapon Specialization (axe).

Possessions: Huge battle-ax taken from a museum (2d10).

Turtle Isle

Fear Level 3

Manchu claims he is one of Kang's grandchildren, but that isn't really true. He does believe it however. Most of his lieutenants don't, but they don't care, as long as Turtle Isle keeps raking in the profits as it has for the last 13 years.

As Jo says, Turtle Isle is a great place to get information. We'll give you more details on this floating den of corruption when we detail the Maze.

The Great Northwest

The Daimyo of Portland

Fear Level 4

Iso doesn't really dislike whites. He's just trying to keep his population under control. He gives preference to his Asian brothers or sisters, so he keeps out a good portion of wasters by putting on an anti-round-eye front.

The Daimyo doesn't really kill anyone. The corpses on the walls outside the compound were dug out of the ruins at first, then later replaced with folks who died of natural causes. (He puts bags over their heads to keep friends from noticing.)

Iso does all this to keep his population down. That means less mouths to feed and less scum to start turning a good place to live into just another rough-and-tumble survivor settlement. As it is, he's managed to create a relatively peaceful community among the ashes of Portland.

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Unfortunately, one of Iso's trusted "advisors" isn't so good-hearted. Suki Alvarez (yup, Japanese and Mexican parentage—NorCal was some melting pot!) was raped long ago by a "round-eye." She really does hate them and has quietly begun to pick a detail of samurai who will actually kill when asked to do so. She calls these soldiers her "Dragons." If she isn't stopped, it won't be long before Iso's peaceful kingdom will start to live up to its grim reputation.

Below are the statistics for Iso's veteran samurai guards. Use the same statistics for Suki's secret Dragons (except change the alignment to LN). These fellows were chefs, computer programmers, dockworkers, bankers, and so on before the war, but since then they have adopted the code of the samurai. They have also trained themselves in the katana, though they're no fools. They'll whip out an Police SMG in an emergency.

The Daimyo's Samurai: Male Human
Wwr 3; CR 1; Medium-sized human; HD 3d10+3; hp 21; Init +2; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 11; Atk +4 melee, ranged; AL LG; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +2, Str 12, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 13.

Skills & Feats: Climb +2, Hide +2, Intimidate +4, Move Silently +2, Search +4, Sense Motive +2, Wilderness Lore +4; Brave, Level Headed, Light Speed +2, Weapon Focus (katana).

Possessions: Samurai armor (AC +2), katana (2d8), Police SMG with 1 full clip.

Leavenworth

Fear Level 5

Leavenworth is a town in serious need of heroes. The wendigoes and their wolfling slaves, kill any humans they find hunting in the area, and this is slowly starving the people to death. And with Stone putting a bullet in Gunter a few months back, there's no one left in town to stand up against these monsters.

The burgermeister of the town is Harold Pinter. He pays generously for each wendigo or wolfling head: 500 cash for the former and 25 cash for the latter.

Pentacorp

Pentacorp is a division of Black River Industries. BRI grew from the Black River Railroad, a cutthroat company involved in the Great Rail Wars in the Weird West. The owner of Black River Railroad, Mina Devlin, was heavily involved in black magic, and her descendants kept the tradition alive,

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using their sorcerous powers to build a worldwide financial empire.

Pentacorp is a scientific research division of BRI. All we can say now is that they are up to some unsavory stuff. You'll just have to sit tight to see what legacy Mina Devlin has left for the Wasted West.

The Rain Forest

Fear Level 5

The Rain Forest is growing inland due to the warmth provided by Mount Saint Helens and Mount Rainier. When those two volcanoes blew their stacks, thanks to the supernatural influence of the Reckoning, the low-lying areas got warmer, and the high mountains got colder.

The jungle grows like kudzu (a weed imported into the US to control erosion; it grows like crazy and can't be killed). Anything and everything in its path eventually gets covered. It should stop on its own when it hits the foothills of the Cascades, but everything in between will be covered if it gets that far.

As Jo said, there are a number of bizarre and dangerous plants lurking in the jungle. The most obvious oddities here are the giant insects that flit among the tropical canopy. Here are the statistics for a few of them.

Giant Insects: CR 1; Medium-sized beast; HD 2d10+3 (hp 16); Init +0; Spd. 15 ft. on land, 40 ft. in air; AC 9; Atk +4 melee; AL CE; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +1, Str 16, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 7, Wis 7, Cha 7.

Skills: Intimidate +4, Search +3.

Special Abilities: Bite: beetles and ants, 1d4; Sting: bees or stinging creatures, 1d6; paralyzes an opponent who fails a DC 15 Fort save for 1d20 minutes.

SEATAC

Fear Level 6

Vic has typical stats, with Drivin' (private jet) at +10. His plane is an old Lear Jet.

Lear Jet

AC	HP	Hardness	Speed
16	70	12 all around	5,000

Pass.	M.P.G.	Cost
2+12	10	10,000





The Space Needle

Fear Level 6

Needle Hands is just what Jo says he is, and his statistics are listed below. What Jo doesn't know is that Needle Hands is being slowly driven crazy by the building in which he resides.

You see, the needle was built for the 1962 World's Fair by a five-partner consortium called (and this is real folks!) the Pentagram Corp. While the building itself was designed by Howard S. Wright, the inner core of the building, which is a giant "supernatural energy collector," was designed by a mad scientist named Victor Steinbrueck.

Steinbrueck wanted to gather supernatural energy and broadcast it out to sites hundreds of miles away. If successful, he could have beamed power to everyone with a receiver across the city. Of course Steinbrueck would lease the receivers as well, and make quite a bundle in the process.

Before Steinbrueck could complete the inner core, disaster struck. One of the thousands of angry manitous it attracted possessed Steinbrueck and forced the professor to commit suicide, throwing himself from the top of the Space Needle.

Steinbrueck's ghost was sucked into the partially completed energy-transmitter core, which turned the tower into a "fear" generator. The area around the Space Needle became a Deadland sometime in the mid-1980s.

After the bombs fell, Steinbrueck's ghost escaped the core. It now flits about the tower like a poltergeist, moving Needle Hands' tools around when he isn't looking, causing hallucinations, and generally driving the junker mad. The only way Steinbrueck's ghost can be put to rest is to complete an exorcism (which is really only possible if a blessed from the Weird West is around) or by tearing out the inner core of the tower.

Tearing out the core is a problem because large parts of it comprise the tower's radio transmitter, the only one in the area that can contact ComSat. Needle Hands is one of the satellite's friends. Through it, he can access billions of terabytes of information to aid him in his experiments. That's an advantage he won't willingly relinquish.

Needle Hands: Male Human Jkr 8; CR 6; Medium-sized human; HD 8d6; hp 34; Init +0; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 9; Atk +4 melee, +3 ranged; AL CN; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +8, Str 10, Dex 9, Con 8, Int 17, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills & Feats: Alchemy +8, Climb +4, Knowledge (arcana) +4, Knowledge (chemistry) +10, Knowledge (occult engineering) +7, Medicine +6, Scroungin' +4, Search +4, Tinkerin' +8, Wilderness Lore +6; Alertness, Jury Rig +4, Keen, Mechanically Inclined, Skill Focus (Alchemy).

Possessions: The syringes on his left hand contain a drug useful only to Needle Hands. The syringes on the right contain Brainburst (a drug that speeds up brain activity while it is in effect, but severely dampens them afterwards; +2 Int for 2 hours, -2 Int for 4 hours), which he has become addicted to.

Description: Needle Hands is in his late 40s but could easily pass for 60 thanks to a chronic, wasting disease. The constant drug abuse is hastening the end of his natural life. On his hands are the two huge leather gloves fitted with syringes.

The Poltergeist

Steinbrueck's tortured soul believes the only way it can escape the limbo it is in is for someone to complete the transmitter and "send" it to Heaven. He's wrong, of course, but he's a stubborn spirit.

The poltergeist can move physical objects up to five pounds in weight, and it can only do this three times per day. His usual bag of tricks is to lay the schematic for the transmitter over Needle Hands current work while he sleeps. Or to destroy whatever he's working on so that he'll abandon that project and (hopefully) get started on the transmitter.

It may seem a bit haphazard, but Steinbrueck is unfortunately too demented at this point to come up with any good plans. He is intelligent enough to know that few other humans are capable of rebuilding the transmitter, however, so he does his best to keep Needle Hands alive.

Steinbrueck's phantom also likes to keep his living counterpart from being distracted, so he often takes control of the spikers to keep away pestering intruders or heroes looking for help.

The Poltergeist: CR 2; Medium-sized undead; HD 2d12 (hp 15); Init +0; Spd. 60 ft.; AC (see below); Atk +3 ranged only; AL CN; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +6, Str 10, Dex NA, Con NA, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 13. **Skills:** Knowledge (arcana) +4, Knowledge (electronics) +8, Knowledge (occult



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engineering) +8, Intimidate +6, Speak Languages (Latin), Search +3.

Special Abilities: Immunity: The poltergeist can only be harmed by magic. It cannot be seen except by photographic equipment or supernatural vision, so even using magic against it is difficult. If a character suspects Steinbrueck's spirit is nearby (and it is) and wants to take a swing at it, add +10 to the DC to hit. If Steinbrueck takes any damage at all, he fades through the tower and hides somewhere normal folks can't get to; Poltergeist Storm: Once per day, the poltergeist can create a swirling storm of debris with a diameter of 13 feet. Anyone within the storm takes 2d6 damage the round she enters (or the storm begins), and again at the beginning of each round she's inside it thereafter; Throw Objects: The poltergeist can throw up to three five-pound objects per day. This causes 1d4 damage, or higher if Steinbrueck gets hold of large knives or the like.

Spikers

Needle Hands designed these creatures to protect him against the constant intruders looking to loot the tower. Unfortunately, they've been corrupted by Steinbrueck's poltergeist.

When left to their own devices, the spikers are cruel and ever-watchful hunters. If Needle Hands gives them a direct command, roll a contest of wills between the doctor's Wis and the poltergeist's. The spiker follows the winner's orders.

Even Steinbrueck isn't really interested in killing folks. He just tells the spikers to attack to scare people away. What he doesn't understand is that once they're in "attack mode," they don't relent until they or their prey are dead.

Spikers: CR 2; Medium-sized aberration; HD 3d8+6 (23 hp); Init +2; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 12 (+1 Dex, +1 natural); Atk +4 melee, ranged; AL CE; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +2, Str 14, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 7, Wis 7, Cha 7.

Skills: Climb +10, Hide +5, Move Silently +5, +3.

Special Abilities: Bite: 1d4, if a wound is caused, the victim must make an DC 20 Fort save or be paralyzed for 1d20 minutes; Fearless: spikers never suffer from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural resources, they will fight until slain; Spikers can climb any metal surface via their electromagnetic feet. Each one can carry up to 250 pounds of weight while doing so, even upside down.

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Spotted Owls

They're big, they're mean, they attack in groups of four to eight, and they positively love the taste of people. Here are their statistics.

Spotted Owls: CR 3; Medium-sized beast; HD 4d10 (32 hp); Init +2; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 12 (+1 Dex, +1 natural); Atk +4 melee; AL CE; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +1, Str 10, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 8, Wis 8, Cha 10.

Skills: Intimidate +6, Search +4.

Special Abilities: Claws: 1d6.

Wendigoes

A billion stories ended in the Apocalypse. One of the most tragic may never be heard by human ears.


You'll find complete information on the wendigoes in *Horrors of the Wasted West*. For now, just realize they are born when a human eats of another's flesh. They grew by the score in the Cascade Mountains in

The Space Needle

Howdy loyal readers. Truth often being stranger than fiction, we couldn't resist telling you that part of our Space Needle story is true. It illustrates how you can take a seed from real history and turn it into something creepy and cool for your campaign.

In the real world, the Space Needle was built by the Pentagon Corp. You can imagine how excited we got when we saw that! Even better, there is some controversy surrounding the Space Needle's construction. Victor Steinbrueck claimed to be one of the primary architects, but Wright and the other partners discounted his involvement.

We don't think there are any ghosts haunting the Needle these days, but you just never know, do you?



the early days of the Reckoning, while Famine worked her evil.

Unfortunately, humans didn't believe the wild tales. That left a peaceful race of creatures called the sasquatch as the only defense against the growing evil. War raged in the Cascades between the wendigoes and the sasquatches.

The first time through history, with the help of a few heroes, the sasquatches won. The second time, after Stone killed some of these heroes, the sasquatches lost. And they died in droves.

One of the wendigoes' weapons in this awesome arctic war were tribes of wolflings, half-human, half-wolf creatures that preyed on the weak like jackals. The wendigoes devoured the packs' leaders and made the rest their slaves. With their help, the wendigoes and wolflings wiped out the last of the sasquatches.

It may be that one or two "Bigfeet" remain, but no one's seen one in a decade. If any do survive, they must be awesome fighters indeed.

The Wizard's Tower

Okay, we don't have room to describe the entire setup in this book. That's okay, though, because it should change every time your posse gets suckered into it.

What do you do with this place? Try something different, that's what. Throw your group into a fantasy environment for a while. Or an espionage adventure. Or space horror.

Go to a game store, pick an adventure for another game, and run it. It's a great change of pace, and it allows you to try

out an adventure from another game line you've been eyeing for a while. That's fine by us—we're not jealous. And if you wind up buying something for another game, we're happy to help out our fellow game companies. Besides, we have faith you'll come back.

Whatever adventure you run here should feature an occasional glimpse of the Gamemaster (through vidscreens of course—he never gets close to the action). The bad guys the heroes fight are either violent mutants dressed up to play the part, or robotic constructs. The

posse shouldn't feel bad about fighting their way through the "actors." The bad guys are truly bad and want to prove to the Gamemaster that they should play a larger part in the next game.

As for the Gamemaster himself, he died a long time ago—the turn of the millennium, as a matter of fact.

But he came back, of course. Like most Deaders, he was in shock for a while, but once he figured out his abilities, he was overjoyed.

The federal authorities had put him out of business years before, but the Gamemaster secretly put together a new firm to repurchase the old building and turn it into the Wizard's Tower.

The things that happened inside before the Last War were pretty incredible, but the experience still wasn't real enough for the Gamemaster. He wanted the ultimate experience—real fights with life itself as the prize. It took the Last War to grant his wish.

These days, the Gamemaster can do most anything he wants. He's combined the best prewar technology with junker science and maybe a little black magic to create worlds in which even he can't always tell what's real.

He's not truly evil, just a little nuts. He's also something of a ham. He loves to sneak into his games to play a bit part. He just can't resist—as long as his guests



aren't killing everyone and everything they come across.

The Gamemaster: Male human Deader Jkr 10; CR 6; Medium-sized undead human; HD 10d6+8; hp 59; Init +2; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 11; Atk +8/+3 melee, +9/+4 ranged; AL CN; SV Fort +5, Ref, +7, Will +5, Str 10, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 18, Wis 17, Cha 13.

Skills & Feats: Bluff +5, Climb +4, Demolitions +5, Disguise +5, Drivin' (car) +5, Gamblin' +6, Hide +5, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (arcana) +8, Knowledge (biology, chemistry, electronics, occult engineering) +8, Medicine +3, Move Silently +5, Perform +5, Persuasion +6, Pick Lock +4, Profession (business) +8, Profession (teamster) +4, Ride +4, Scroungin' +5, Search +5, Sense Motive +5, Sleight of Hand +4, Speak Language (French, German), Tinkerin' +8; Wilderness Lore +6; Brave, Dinero, Firearm Proficiency, Jury Rig +4, Keen, Mechanically Inclined, Skill Focus (Knowledge (occult engineering), Tinkerin').

Special Abilities: Harrowed Powers: *Ghost*, *dead man's hand*, and *death mask*. You can look up these powers in the *Weird West* supplement *Way o' the Dead*. *Ghost* is in Chapter 6. For now, all you need to know about the other two is that *death mask* allows him to change shape (and, for him only, costume) as an action.

The High Plains

The Badlands

Fear Level 6

Devil bats, rattlers, young rattlers, and wormlings fill the Badlands. The only reason a posse might go here is to put an end to the worm cult. See, this is where all those damn wormlings come from.

A long time ago, in the 1800s, the great rattlers and a woman named Ursula came to an arrangement. She would bring them sacrifices, and they would give her incredible power. Ursula kicked the bucket a long time ago, but a line of new priestesses continue to fulfill her duties to this very day.

The great worms gathered about the Overhang, Ursula's altar high above the Badlands, and watched as captives were thrown to their waiting young. As the victims were consumed by the young rattlers, the old worms groaned an ancient song. Over time, nearly 200 years in fact, the young grew to adulthood. The males and females mated, and a few—a very few—

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began to fulfill the first phase of the rattlers' ancient plan: to create a whole new breed of queen.

The new queens were able to infect human captives with a viral form of rattler DNA. Over the course of two weeks, humans infected with the virus transform into wormlings.

Thus began phase three of their plan, to create thousands of wormlings across the country. This part was tough. The Agency figured out what was going on and informed other such organizations around the world. They did a decent job of wiping out the wormling colonies—until the Last War started. Then their duties took them elsewhere, and the colonies grew. Now, 13 years after the Last War, there are thousands of wormlings, mostly in the West.

Wormlings come from several varieties of great worms: salt, Mojave, Badlands, and more. They may have different colorations, but they're all basically the same—at least as far as the heroes are concerned for now.

Phase Four?

What's the next part of the great worms' plan? Check out *Hell on Earth: Unity* for the details. We can't tell you everything now, can we?

Boise, Idaho

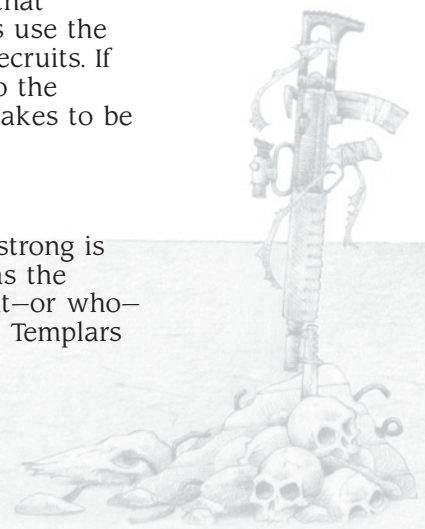
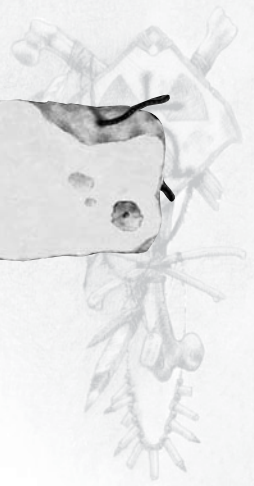
Fear Level 6

Boise is a strange place. It remains a Deadland despite its significant population of Templars and their best efforts to cleanse the city of its taint.

As Jo mentioned, the Grand Temple, the Templar's base of operations, is actually located inside the ghost storms that surround the town. The Templars use the storm as a sort of test for new recruits. If you can get through the storm to the Temple, you might have what it takes to be a Templar.

The Boise Horror

One reason the taint remains strong is the mysterious creature known as the Boise Horror. No one knows what—or who—the Horror is. The Simon and his Templars would give much to find out.





Denver

Fear Level—You gotta ask?

Ooh. Nasty place! Mommy, make the bad robot stop!

Hundreds of automatons prowl the ruined streets, looking for escaped humans from the nearby Combine slaveyards. This is the marshaling yard for eventual invasion of the West.

Throckmorton actually encourages the human resistance. It's good training for his robots. What weapons occasionally filter into their grubby hands are usually those captured by the Black Hats and brought back for scrap. Throckmorton allows some of them to fall into his enemies' hands just to give his robots some challenge.

In the next chapter we give you the statistics for the type of automatons the Combine sends out as scouts. You'll see more variants than you can shake a circuit board at in the Denver supplement. To hold you over until then, here's the statistics for the raptor. The Combine uses old refurbished helicopters for transport. The raptors are their escorts. They also serve as scout ships and patrol craft around Denver and the foothills of the Rockies.

Deadwood

Fear Level 6

As you know by now, the charred figure that destroyed Deadwood was none other than Raven. Ironically, his destruction of the city forced many of the Ravenites into the hills when the bombs hit, saving thousands of them.

Today, the elevated highways, towering skyscrapers, and rooftop walkways lie in piles of rubble. A pack of night terrors live in the few high-rises still standing.

A tribe of mutants, former street folks warped by the bombs, also lives in the ruins. They call themselves the New Sioux but are really a mix of many races. They're a violent bunch, loyal to Silas and the Cult of Doom. For whatever reason, they blame the Old Ways for their fate. They hunt Indians for food and for sport.

Raptor

The sound of an approaching Raptor is normally cause for dread. These heavily armored flying machines are the standard patrol vehicles of the Combine. They are armored to withstand most small arms fire and normally boast an impressive array of firepower. The standard patrol model carries twin, sponson-mounted M-120s and has sufficient internal capacity to transport a fully-armed squad of automatons.

Raptors are powered by a small ghost-rock reactor that drives an enormous turbofan engine. The thrust from this engine is vectored through nozzles which can be swiveled to allow the craft to hover or move in nearly any direction at full speed.

Use veteran walkin' dead statistics for the raptors abilities and skills, but treat it as a vehicle for damage purposes.

Raptor

AC	HP	Hardness	Speed
20	70	14 all around	2,000
Pass.	M.P.G.	Cost	
5	NA	NA	

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Robohunters

Of course every evil plan has a few flaws. In this case, it's the Denver AI's underestimation of the resistance. See, not all of the humans in Denver are content to hide in old basements and sewer tunnels waiting to be hunted like rats. A few have left, taking what they've learned to junkers and other techies who can help them build real weapons to take the robots down.

A very few of these survivors have managed to find or salvage military-grade power armor left over from the Last War. Avenging themselves on the forces of the Combine is usually their main mission.

They don't return to Denver. That would be certain death, and it would reveal their existence to Throckmorton. Instead, they wander the wastes, battling horrors to hone their skills and test their awesome suits. And should a robohunter hear of an automaton away from the watchful eyes of the Combine, she cannot resist the ultimate challenge.

Jo didn't mention the robohunters for the same reason. She doesn't want to jeopardize their operation.

Check out the robohunter archetype for an example of one of these suicidal lunatics.

Devils Tower

Fear Level 6

If you read the *Devils Tower: Fortress o' Fear* for the *Weird West*, you know all about what happened here. If you didn't, here's a quick and dirty recap.

A man by the name of Coot Jenkins tipped off a band of scientists to the Reckoners' little trick with Stone. The eggheads got together and managed to send a woman named Jackie Wells back into the past to try to put a stop to Stone's rampage through the past.

The means of traveling from one era to the next is difficult in the extreme, involving a torturous journey through the Hunting Grounds—and that's nothing compared to what's waiting on the other side of the portal: a race of alien crossbreeds who live in the tower's hollowed-out interior!

Whether or not Jackie succeeded in her mission is something for the heroes of *Deadlands: The Weird West* to determine. For all the details, be sure to check out *Fortress o' Fear*.

Confederate spies in the area had learned some sort of secret facility was buried within Devils Tower. When the bombs fell, they made sure to hit the geologic wonder with a city-buster. The bomb rubble half the tower but left most of the lower levels intact. That's where the crossbreeds lived.

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Those that didn't die by the storm were mutated, and the only thing worse than a mutant is a mutant alien.

These days, a large number of the crossbreeds live in the ruins, fighting off devil bats, rattlers, and horrors born of their nightmares in the Deadlands. The crossbreeds always respected technology. Now they worship it. Whenever the opportunity to gather gadgets presents itself, the mutants rally violently to the cause. Some still have the fantastic technology of their past, but these days such relics are few and far between.

Fort Bridger

Fear Level 3

Fort Bridger is a great example of a town rebuilt from the ashes. That's why the Fear Level is so low. It benefits from a levelheaded citizens' committee and frequent visits by Law Dogs like Cole Ballard and others.

The Freeman

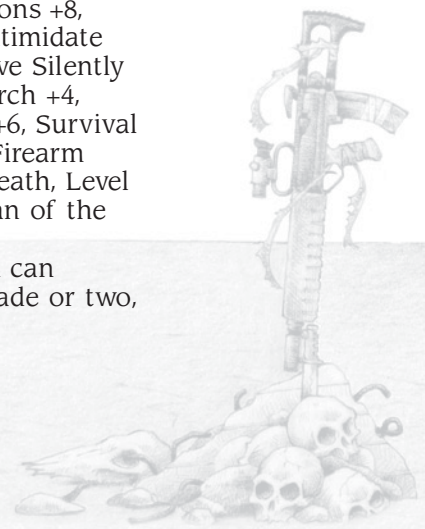
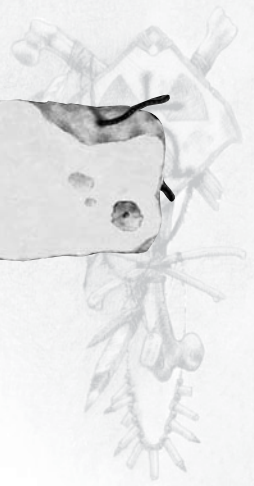
Fear Level 4 in most settlements

The Freeman are just as Jo described them. What she doesn't mention is that they don't ever sell their weapons. They often send out parties to either scavenge or buy more arms, but they never sell their own.

Typical Freeman: Male Human Wwr 5; CR 1; Medium-sized human; HD 5d10+5; hp 34; Init +2; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 11; Atk +6 melee, ranged; AL CN; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +1, Str 12, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 11, Wis 11, Cha 10.

Skills & Feats: Climb +4, Demolitions +8, Drivin' (various) +4, Hide +4, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (arcana) +4, Move Silently +4, Ride +6, Scroungin' +6, Search +4, Sense Motive +4, Speed Load +6, Survival +4, Swim +6, Track +6; Brave, Firearm Proficiency, Grim Servant o' Death, Level Headed, Light Speed +3, Veteran of the Wasted West.

Possessions: More arms than you can imagine, lots of ammo, a grenade or two, hidden knives, and so on.





Helltown

Fear Level 5

There's not much to add to what Jo says. Get out of line, and the whole town comes down on your head. If you can keep your nose clean, Helltown can be a useful place to rest and resupply.

Mall of America

Fear Level 4

This place is probably one of the nicest, safest places in the West—as long as you stay on Fat Tony and his boys' good side. Piss him off, and you'll wind up as the meat in the next spaghetti (really). For that little trick, Tony's already heading down the path to becoming a servitor of Famine.

Anyway, the Fear Level in the mall would be lower if Mulachi and his goons weren't so feared by everyone. If Tony ever truly becomes a servitor, who knows what will become of the mall?

Tony is indeed attempting to expand his operation, and he may have up to 40 storefronts open by the end of the year. He's even converting part of the mall into a makeshift "hotel."

Near Wichita

Fear Level 6

These witches are different from the kind we let our heroines play—because they're all dead. They're true horrors of the Apocalypse, born out of one woman's hatred of all men.

The woman who leads the coven was Jasmine Craft. She was one of the many who had read Annabelle Lee's *How to Serve Your Man*, but she was far more radical than most. Her experience with men was too horrible to describe (even for us), so she prowled the streets of Wichita as a prostitute and used her powers to kill them in the days before the war. She survived the bombs, but died a few months later from the glows, blaming men for starting the war.

She returned from life not as a Harrowed, but as a true abomination. After a few years of faithful service to the Reckoners (read: killing people), she was rewarded with a peculiar breed of walkin' dead.

These were all female and could cast spells just as she could.

The coven of 13 continues to hunt travelers to the city. Men who survive their initial attack are slowly tortured to death, and their "parts" are hung out to dry around the ruins of the city. It's a pretty gruesome sight.

Jasmine Craft: CR 8; medium-sized abomination; HD 6d10 (47 hp); Init +3; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 13; Atk +5 melee, +4 ranged; AL CE; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +7, Str 14, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 12.

Skills: Climb +2, Hide +3, Intimidate +6, Move Silently +3, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Sense Motive +4, Search +4, Wilderness Lore +5.

Special Abilities: Fearless: The witches never suffers from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural resources, they will fight until slain; Spells: The witches use the following powers as spells: *bolts o' doom* (4d10 damage, Range: Close), *cloak o' evil* (AC +4); Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, disease, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

The Sioux

The Old Ways Sioux have changed little in the last 200 years. They still live in teepees, hunt buffalo, and dance to the rain and the sun. That's why they survived the Apocalypse. No one had a beef with them, and no one thought it was worth saturation-bombing all of Dakota to make sure they caught the nomads in a blast.

The buffalo herds didn't fare quite so well. They've thinned to less than half their prewar numbers thanks to radiation and disease. That would be a problem for the Sioux if they hadn't lost an even greater percentage of their population fighting the Reckoner known as War.

For this reason, they're staying out of the affairs of the larger world. They don't tolerate trespassers, and trade caravans or scavengers who cross their lands get the same treatment settlers sometimes got in the old days. A few Templars and Law Dogs have made friends within the tribes, but they can't seem to get them to change their ways or to agree to join the "good guys" when Throckmorton eventually spills out of Denver.



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Crying Eagle

The Great Chief of the Sioux is a woman. (Some things change, even for the Old Ways.) The woman is called Crying Eagle. She is old, haggard, and blind, but she sees far more than those around her. She's got powerful medicine, and she knows how to use it.

Crying Eagle occasionally has glimpses into the future. She cannot control when or how her visions come, but when they do, they have (so far) been accurate. Her most frightening revelation is that the white man's war is not yet over. There will come one last great battle that can only end when the white buffalo is born.

The White Buffalo

In case you don't know much about Indian history, the white buffalo has been prophesied several times. When a pure white buffalo is born, it is a sign that the Creator has returned the land to the Indians. The dead ancestors of the Indians will rise, the whites will be removed from the land, and the buffalo herds will return and cover the plains.

The prophecy has yet to come true—but who knows what the future holds.

Tommy Two-Women

Most of the Ravenites who came to their brothers' and sisters' aid were not the wealthy casino and ghost-rock mine owners. They were the unfortunate members of the middle and lower class. These poor fools were rushed into the fight with arms hoarded by their more wealthy neighbors still hiding in the Black Hills. Most of the assault rifles the Ravenites used were manufactured by a company called Sacred Arms Industries, owned by Tommy Two-Women. (You can just guess how he got the name.)

Small arms didn't do squat against War, but most soldiers never saw the Horseman himself. It was their lot to fight the hordes of walkin' dead and dogs o' War that trailed in his unholy wake. When the first companies of volunteers were hit by the zombie horde, they found the Sacred Arms assault rifles jammed after firing a few clips. The reason? Cheap metal in untested guns melted and warped the ejection pins. Many a brave died cursing Tommy's name.

Unfortunately Tommy survived the war. When word got back to the Ravenite refugee camp about what happened, he loaded up with his best gear and headed off into the wastes. He's still out there somewhere, traveling under a different name and trying to make up for his greedy past.

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Sky Pirates

The Sky Pirates are concentrating their efforts on Black Hat and raptor patrols that stray too far from Denver. They're also desperately trying to find the wreckage of Air Force One.

Ultralights

A favorite mount of the sky pirates, the ultralight is basically a hang-glider with an engine. Although not particularly rugged, this vehicle's light weight and low stall speed allow it to take off from nearly any stretch of flat ground.

Ultralight

AC	HP	Hardness	Speed
10	30	—	400
Pass.	M.P.G.	Cost	
2	30	3,000	

Air Force One

Ike Taylor (of Junkyard) has urged the Sky Pirates to find the remains of Air Force One and recover its data slugs. With luck, they can use the data to find some unexploded ghost-rock bombs. If they can, they might have a chance to stop the Combine. They couldn't use the bombs against Denver (Ike believes its shields are probably still in place), but they might be able to catch a large formation or two of dreaded automatons in the open and blast them into scrap.

At the very least, there might be some incredibly useful salvage in the plane's busted fuselage. The Librarians would also like to know exactly what happened to the plane and its precious cargo for their histories, kept at the Grand Library in Sacramento.

The problem is the spirits of Air Force One don't want to give up their secrets. Their spirits keep the plane hidden from anyone trying to find its final resting place. For those who really want to know more, you can find a complete description of Air Force One, its strange inhabitants, and just what happened that fateful day in the full-length adventure included in the *Denver* sourcebook.

The Mississippi Delta

Baton Rouge

Fear Level 3

The town of Baton Rouge is detailed in the *Hell on Earth* adventure *Hell or High Water*. Otherwise, it's just as Jo described.

Hell Swamp

Fear Level 5

Hell Swamp is just as bad as Jo describes it. Here's how to handle all those dangers.

The Mud

At the most inconvenient times (such as when some swamp horror is chasing the posse), the heroes are likely to step into thick, sucking mud. Have each hero roll a DC 10 Strength check for every 5 yards or part thereof she attempts to move. If she rolls a 1, she's fallen into quicksand and is sucked under in 1d4 rounds unless someone can help her out.

The Mosquitoes

Running into these nasty little buggers without repellent (which works great) is bad news. Any living soul with any exposed flesh is bitten if he gets within 10' of the swarm. Once bitten, a hero must make a DC 20 Fortitude save or become infected. The infection quickly spreads through the bloodstream (taking about five minutes), and begins to dissolve the victim's organs. From this point on, the victim is a goner. The details of the disease are just like Jo says: The victim's organs slowly dissolve. Only magic that heals the most serious diseases can repair this damage.

Giant Gators

You want giant gators? We got giant gators. Try this sucker for size.

Giant Gator: CR 4; huge beast; HD 7d10 (56 hp); Init +2; Spd. 20 ft. land, 30 ft. swimming; AC 12 (+1 Dex, +1 natural); Atk +7 melee; AL CE; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +2, Str 18; Dex 12, Con 14, Int 7, Wis 9, Cha 7.

Skills: Hide +5, Intimidate +6, Move Silently +5, Search +3.

Special Abilities: Bite: 1d6; Tail Lash: Causes only Str bonus damage, but knocks a person back 15 feet.

Cajuns

Typical Cajun: Male Human Wwr 2; CR 1; Medium-sized human; HD 2d10; hp 12; Init +0; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 10; Atk +2 melee, ranged; AL CN; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, +0, Str 10, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 11.

Skills & Feats: Climb +3, Craft (hunting, skinning) +4, Drivin' (swampboat) +2, Search +3, Survival +5, Swim +4, Track +4, Wilderness Lore +4; Brave, Firearm Proficiency, Grim Servant o' Death, Light Speed +2.

Possessions: Most of the Cajuns carry shotguns, but many carry hunting rifles as well. All of them keep a large knife on their person.

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Swampboats

These lightweight, shallow-draft boats are ideal for navigating through swamps, shallow creeks, or any area in which submerged hazards are a threat. These maneuverable vessels normally have a draft of only a few inches, and they have no submerged props to hang up on logs, giant crocodiles, and the like. Instead, they are pushed along by a large, aircraft-style propeller mounted in the stern. This allows them to move easily through the mire.

Swamp Boat

AC	HP	Hardness	Speed
12	50	—	400
Pass.	M.P.G.	Cost	
6	30	3,000	

Kansas City

Fear Level 6

Kansas City is a great place to go if a waster is looking for a quick case of the glows. The rad count in the city is incredible. Characters must make checks against radiation every 15 minutes instead of every hour as usual (see Radiation in Chapter 5).


New Orleans

New Orleans is home to lots of weird horrors. Walkin' dead are common, as are riverine creatures such as giant, flesh-eating fish and, of course, the giant gators.

Mama Tibutu

Mama is a voodoo priestess just like Jo said. Her home, the fourth floor of an old five-story bank in the French Quarter, is surrounded by charms and talismans that keep her safe from any supernatural horrors. That doesn't protect her against human raiders and the like, but she's a tough old cookie who can usually handle herself if needed. Besides, there are few scavengers out here, and even fewer raiders.

Mama Tibutu: Female Human Wwr 5; CR 4; Medium-sized human; HD 5d10+6; hp 46; Init +0; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 10; Atk +5 melee, ranged; AL CG; SV Fort +4, Ref +4,



+2, Str 11, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 15.

Skills & Feats: Climb +2, Faith (voodoo) +10, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Intimidate +9, Medicine +8, Scroungin' +6, Search +4, Sense Motive +8, Speak Languages (French), Survival +6, Tale Tellin' +6, Wilderness Lore +4; Brave, Firearm Proficiency, Level Headed, Light Speed +3, The Stare, The Voice (soothing).

Possessions: Mama Tibutu keeps a sawed-off pump-action 12-gauge shotgun beside her rocker.

Special Abilities: Voodoo Charms and Wards: Most of Mama's voodoo powers are subtle charms and wards. All of Mama's charms and wards take effect immediately. They cannot be "saved" for later use. Some that might be sought by the heroes (and the price Mama charges for casting) are:

Loa's blessing: keeps away swamp mosquitoes, snakes, and other small creatures for 1 week (\$100).

Remove Curse: removes most negative magical or spell effects from which a hero might be suffering. It's the Marshal's call if Mama's magic is more powerful than whatever condition the hero seeks to alleviate (\$500).

Tibutu's Talisman: Keeps supernatural terrors from directly attacking a single character for 1d4 days, though it could push a tree over on them, attack their companions, and so on (\$1,000).


Voodoo: Mama's other voodoo spells are only useful for her own protection. To cast them, she must simply make a DC 15 Faith check. They are:

Bolt o' Doom: Damage 4d10, Range: Close. Use Mama Tibutu's Faith roll as the attack roll as well.

Missed Me: Mama's is -4 to be hit for 1d10 rounds.

Description: Mama is a very large woman of Haitian descent. She wears a red bandanna on her head and can usually be found smoking a pipe while sitting in an old rocking chair.

River Rats



Back in the early 20th century, an entrepreneur imported a breed of rodent from South America called a nutria. Normal nutrias look like the result of an unholy crossbreeding experiment with a

water rat and a beaver. They weigh in at about nine pounds, have a ratlike tail, webbed feet, and really, really big teeth.

Nutria were bred for their pelts—which were called, interestingly enough, "Hudson Bay beaver" in some places. A hurricane released the population into the wild, and the critters reproduced like wildfire, until Louisiana was virtually overrun with the rodents.

Radiation changed a number of these. Of course, the mutant nutria, or mutria for short, are much worse than their prewar cousins. They've gained a few pounds, lost most of their fur—although a few tufts still hang on here and there—and have developed a taste for human flesh.

They hunt in packs of 30 or so and breed like mad.

River Rats: CR 1/2; small beast; HD 1/4d8 (1 hp); Init +2; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 11; Atk Claw +2, Bite +4; AL CE; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +0, Str 10, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 10.

Skills: Hide +4, Move Silently +4, Search +3, Track +4.

Special Abilities: Damage: Claw: 1d4; Chisel Bite: 1d6. Given time, these monsters can chew through reinforced concrete!

(The Other) River Rats

This band of cutthroats and mutineers are nothing but a bunch of river pirates. They raid all up and down the river, using artillery pieces to safely bombard medium or small settlements from a distance before going in for their tribute. They don't mess with the larger towns, but instead dock there and trade all the loot they've taken from other places up or down the river.

Elvira is the leader of these rats. She knows it wouldn't take much for the towns along the river to get together and fight her, so she raids less than her reputation would have one believe. And when she does, she picks targets her spies tell her are isolated or have bad relations with their neighbors.

Elvira's cautiousness extends to her fleet's frequent encounters with river leviathans and other horrors as well. If there is any sign of such a creature, the fleet retreats. A few clever Law Dogs have used old wrecks and some floating timbers to scare her off on more than one occasion.

When some horror surprises the fleet, the River Rats have adapted some clever tactics to cut their losses. First, all of the paddle-wheel boats have sharp blades and spikes attached to their paddles. These churn up the soft-skinned river



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leviathans—the Rats' greatest enemies—quite nicely.

Second, the bottom of all the boats have been painstakingly armored with whatever scraps their crews could salvage. These plates are rigged to the ship's generator, which has enough juice to send one high-voltage charge through the plates and into the surrounding water. That cooks most anything grappling a ship, and most man-size or smaller creatures within 20 feet of the hull (4d20 damage).

Finally, the crews all stay close together and fight like demons when one of them gets in trouble. When it is obvious a ship is doomed, however, the others leave it and her doomed sailors as chaff while they make their escape.

Typical River Rat: Male Human Wwr 4; CR 2; Medium-sized human; HD 4d10; hp 21; Init +2; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 11; Atk +4 melee, +5 ranged; AL NE; SV Fort +2; Ref +5; Will +1; Str 11; Dex 13; Con 11; Int 10; Wis 10; Cha 11.

Skills & Feats: Climb +6, Disguise +4, Drivin' (boat) +6, Gamblin' +6, Hide +3, Intimidate +4, Move Silently +3, Pick Lock +4, Pick Pocket +4, Scroungin' +6, Search +4, Speed Load +3, Survival +4, Wilderness Lore +4; Alertness, Brave, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Light Speed +2.

Possessions: Various, but most prefer assault rifles, shotguns (for boarding), and large knives.

The River Watch

The River Watch is made up of average men and women. Many of them are stationed in remote areas commanding large sections of the Mississippi. Their very isolation makes them frequent targets for wandering horrors. The pirates known as the River Rats sometimes kill them to keep them from passing too much intelligence on to nearby towns, and if Raven's necrotic hordes ever do cross the river, the Watchers won't survive the landing.

So why do they do it? Because somebody has to. Some were former Law Dogs who lost a limb or have a chronic ailment they can't shake and want to do some good with what's left of their lives. Others are just altruistic survivors who realize the danger that lies across the Miss. There's no pay or reward for this thankless task, so the men and women who do it are all heroes. Play them that way. Let them pass along crucial information to your heroes sometimes and, in the process, remind them what being a hero is all about.

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The Wild Southwest

Dead Towns

Those of you who came over from the *Weird West* might think this story sounds familiar. It should.

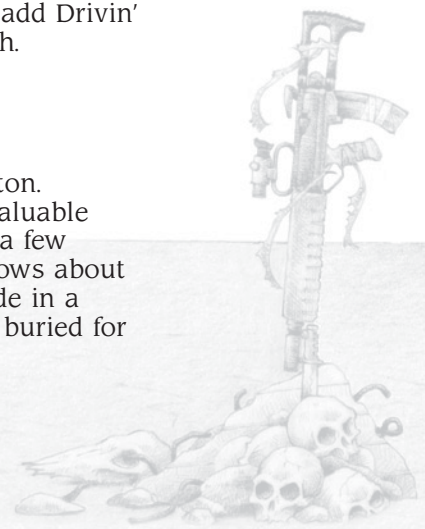
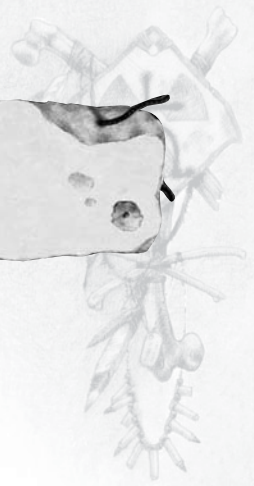
Back in those days, a train full of nosferatu traveled the rails by night. The unearthly "Night Train" would pull into a sleeping town and spill forth scores of vampires, who would then suck the town dry. That's why bodies have holes all over them—because several nosferatu feed on each victim at once. Few witnesses ever survived, but eventually a brave posse of heroes brought the Night Train to a fiery stop. (See the *Weird West* Dime Novel *Night Train* for the whole story.)

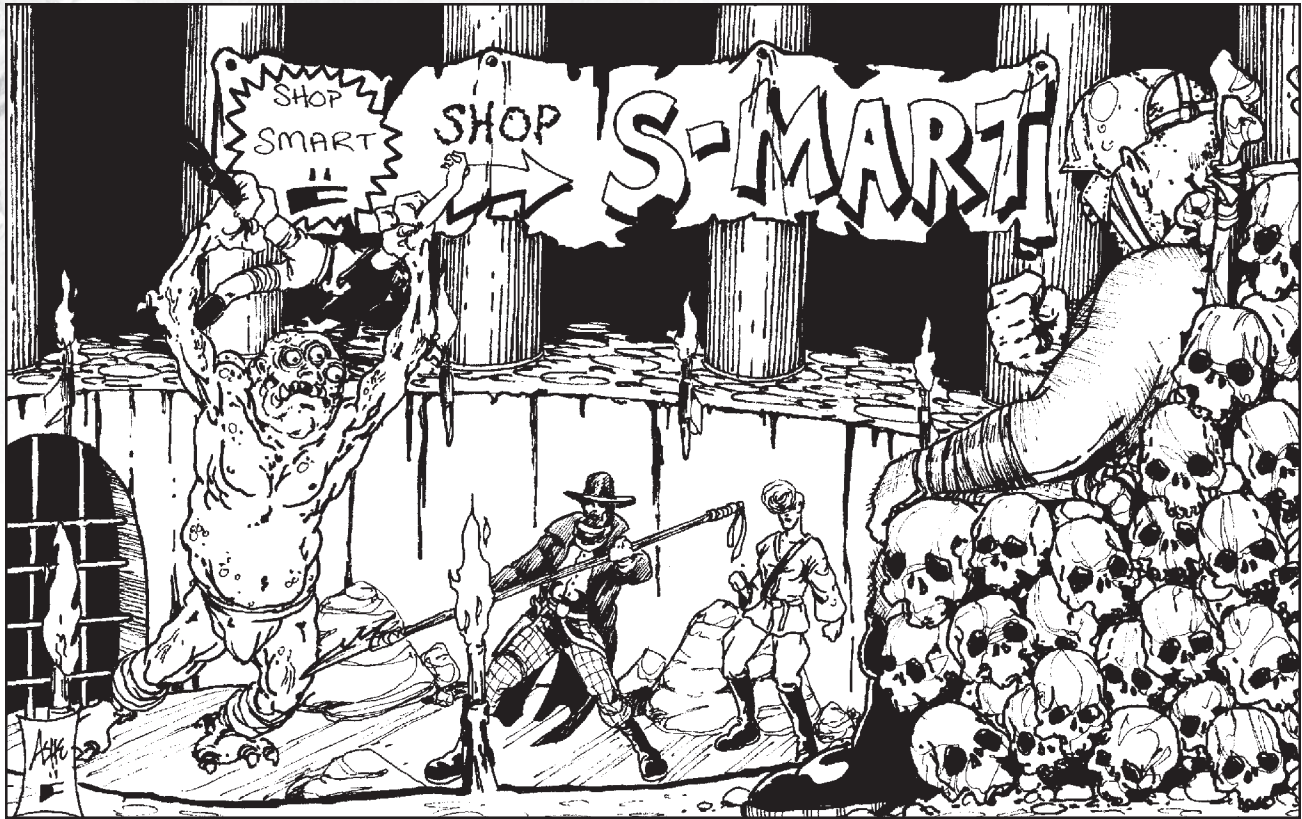
Or so they thought. There were lots more nosferatu out there. This bunch uses tractor-trailers just like those of old used trains. There are three of these semis of death in the "Night Convoy." While their transportation may have changed, their modus operandi hasn't. There are 20 of these bloodsuckers per rig: 18 in the back and two up front. Just like before, they pull into a town at night, unload, slaughter the populace, and enjoy a feast of blood. All they leave behind are corpses and tire tracks.

Check out the statistics for nosferatu in *Horrors of the Wasted West*, but add Drivin' (rig) at +3 to this particular bunch.

Houston

There's not much left in Houston. Junkers scavenged most of the valuable parts a long time ago. There are a few underground hangars no one knows about yet, but we'll tell you what's inside in a later supplement. Let's leave 'em buried for now.





The Lone Biker of the Apocalypse

The Biker is a servitor of Death, riding the broken highways of North America in search of the Harbinger.

Leonard Biggs was one of those mutants living in Las Vegas when Silas established the Cult o' Doom. He liked what the Mutant King had to say, but he just wasn't articulate enough to become a Doomsayer. So he became the next-best thing—one of Silas' soldiers.

Over the years, he did anything Silas or the Cult o' Doom asked of him, including murdering more folks than he could possibly count. He was one of the first through the gates of Virginia City during the legendary massacre, and he killed more than any other five Cult o' Doom soldiers combined.

Slowly, Leonard transformed into a servitor of Death. He kept his appearance but got all the usual servitor perks like invulnerability and nifty powers such as a

never-ending supply of shotgun shells and grenades dangling from his bandolier.

When Silas realized what Leonard had become, he sent him off in search of the dreaded Harbinger. If anyone can find the mutant child, Silas is sure Leonard can. And if he does, he knows what to do. Let's just say Leonard is especially hard on the little things.

Lone Biker: Death Servitor; CR 12; Medium-sized humanoid; HD 12d8+36 (125 hp); Init +4; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 12; Atk +16/+11/+6 melee, +14/+9/+4 ranged; AL CE; SV Fort +10, Ref +10, Will +4, Str 19; Dex 14; Con 18; Int 9; Wis 10; Cha 16.

Skills & Feats: Climb +3, Drivin' (motorcycle) +10, Search +10, Sense Motive +5, Speed Load +8, Track +10, Wilderness Lore +10; Grim Servant o' Death.

Special Abilities: Immunity: All forms of damage; The Harley from Hell: Leonard's bike is indestructible and never runs out of fuel; Heightened Smell: The Biker can smell out a mutant child at 50 yards; Unlimited Ammo: The Biker never runs out of ammo or hand grenades. If he's killed, his belt contains four grenades and 20 12-gauge shells. It doesn't replenish thereafter.

Weakness: The Biker can only be slain by a weapon made from the corpse of someone he has slain. Such weapons do full normal damage to him.

Coup: Whoever gets Leonard's coup inherits the Harley from Hell. It refuses to start for anyone else.

Near Dallas

Fear Level 6

Kane is a very clever servitor of Pestilence. The films he shows, mostly of the hardcore variety, encourage folks to have sex—lots of it. And of course, Kane has a mall full of beautiful men and women all too happy to accommodate—for a price. The trouble is, the “escorts” aren't real people. They're plague zombies disguised by Kane's illusion power. These creatures are festering with diseases they pass on to their clients.

Kane himself is something of a loser. His whole life revolved around movies. He had no friends and dropped out of school just before graduation. These days, he just shows movies for whoever he can get to come inside. He knows what he's doing but has never allowed himself to think about it. All he wants to do is watch and show movies.

Jeremy's stats are below. Use plague zombie statistics for the extras, but they don't attack. After spending some “quality time” with a hero or heroine, that character is automatically afflicted with a painful disease that turns their innards to soup.

Jeremy Kane: Pestilence Servitor; CR 12; Medium-sized humanoid; HD 12d8+36 (105 hp); Init +0; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 10; Atk +3 melee, ranged; AL CE; SV Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +7, Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 12; Wis 14; Cha 10.

Skills: Climb +2, Hide +5, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Move Silently +5, Scroungin' +3.

Special Abilities: Immunity: All forms of damage; Illusion: Just like extras in a movie, Jeremy's mind disguises his “actors,” the 20 or 30 so plague zombies that live in the mall with him. Only some kind of vision that can see past magical illusions allows a person to see the escorts for what they truly are.

Weakness: Jeremy can only be killed if his projector is destroyed. At that point he becomes mortal.

Coup: The person killing Kane becomes immune to the effects of all infectious diseases.

Phoenix

Fear Level 6

Death's passage through Phoenix marked it in a way that even the Last War couldn't. Anyone killed by walkin' dead in the area

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of the city rises from the grave on a result 1-5 on a d10.

S-Mart Overlord

Yup. The S-Mart Overlord is another one of those damn servitors. This one serves War.

During his pit-fighting days, the Overlord wore a metal harness and mask. After he became a servitor of War, these things melded with his flesh and are now part of his body.

Jo pegged his operation right. Below are the statistics of the Overlord and his Warmongers.

Overlord: War Servitor; CR 12; Medium-sized humanoid; HD 12d8+36 (139 hp); Init +6; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 14 (+3 Dex, +1 natural); Atk +16/+11/+6 melee, +15/+10/+5 ranged; AL CE; SV Fort +9, Ref +11, Will +5, Str 19, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 19.

Skills & Feats: Climb +4, Drivin' (car, motorcycle) +8, Intimidate +10, Sense Motive +4, Search +4, Survival +8, Track +6, Wilderness Lore +8; Berserk.

Special Abilities: Immunity: All forms of damage; Battle Axe, 3d10.

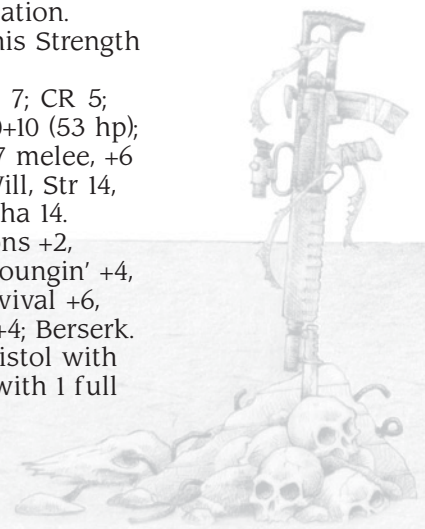
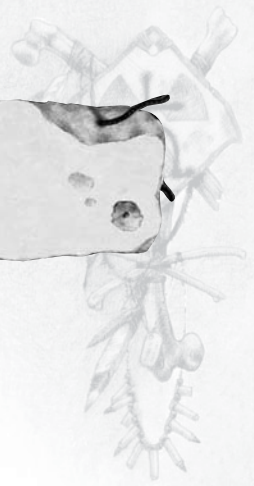
Weakness: When the Overlord was a pit fighter, he never turned down a personal challenge. That's still true today, and it's also the only way to kill the bastard. If a hero can defeat the Overlord in a real one-on-one, hand-to-hand duel, she can deliver a killing blow. This has to be a real challenge and one that the Overlord is aware of. Shooting him doesn't count, nor does whacking him on the head when he's not looking. It has to be a legitimate challenge, and the Overlord has to be able to see or hear it and get to the person issuing the invitation.

Coup: The Overlord's slayer has his Strength raised by +1.

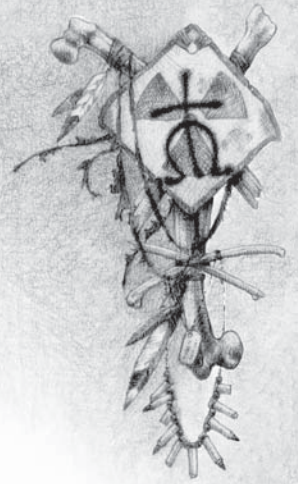
Warmongers: Male Human Wwr 7; CR 5; Medium-sized human; HD 5d10+10 (53 hp); Init +3; Spd. 30 ft.; AC 11; Atk +7 melee, +6 ranged; AL CE; SV Fort, Ref, Will, Str 14, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 14.

Skills & Feats: Bluff +3, Demolitions +2, Gamblin' +3, Intimidate +6, Scroungin' +4, Search +4, Speed Load +4, Survival +6, Tinkerin' +4, Wilderness Lore +4; Berserk.

Possessions: Kevlar vest, Police pistol with 2d10 rounds, Thompson SMG with 1 full clip, large club.







Chapter Ten: Horrors of the Wasted West

What would a post-apocalyptic wasteland be without a collection of creepy, crawly, armored, voracious, many-toothed things?

Not much, that's what! So we've cooked up a passel of horrible creatures for you Marshals to throw at your poor put-upon posse. The critters in this chapter are deadly foes for your wasteland survivors. And there are more in the upcoming *Horrors of the Wasted West D20* book.

Monsters in *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* are mostly summoned from the deepest fears of humanity, so remember that the statistics we give here are just guidelines. If you decide a Night Terror ought to have a breath attack, then by all means, douse your heroes in pungent gas, scathing flame, or flesh-eating acid. You should also check out *Horrors of the Weird West*, which has a mess of creatures that were here before the world went blooey.

There are also several creatures common to *Hell on Earth* we didn't list here, such as vampires and werewolves. Those creatures are handled just fine in the *Monster Manual*—we don't need to repeat them here.

Without further adieu, Marshal, let's talk about the scaly, slimy, slithering, hopping, nasty things your posse might run into.

Or from.

Automaton

Medium-size Undead

Hit Dice: 8d12 (92 hp)

Initiative: +0

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 13 (+3 armor)

Attacks: Slam +4 melee

Damage: Slam 2d6

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Armor, Fearless, Regenerate, Self-Destruct, Undead

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +4

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 10, Con —, Int 9, Wis 8, Cha 1

Skills: Climb +2, Hide +3, Intimidate +5, Scroungin' +4, Search +3

Feats: Automatic Weapon Proficiency, Firearms, Simple Weapons

Climate/Terrain: Any

Organization: Squad (6-10)

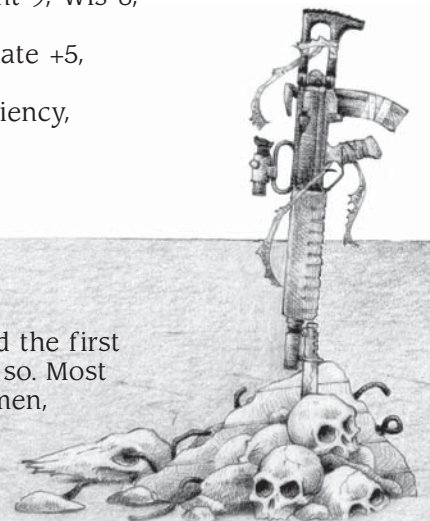
Challenge Rating: 8

Treasure: None

Alignment: Lawful evil

Advancement: None

Dr. Darius Hellstromme created the first automatons way back in 1870 or so. Most believed they were "clockwork" men,



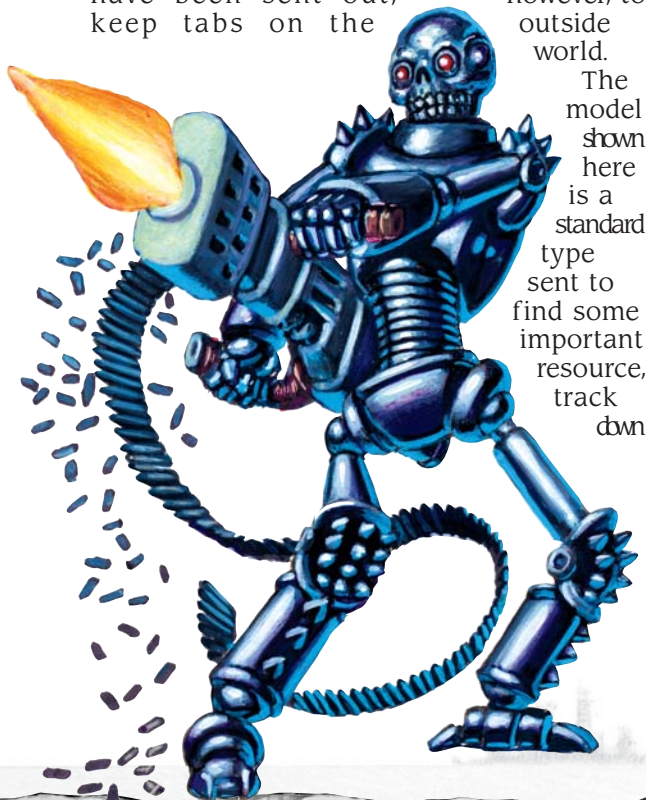
propelled by an extremely complex combination of steam and gears. What no one could figure out was how the automatons could *think*.

It took Hellstromme's rivals many years to finally crack the "secret of the automatons." It was actually dirt simple: the body was made of steam and gears, but the brain was that of the walkin' dead.

Both the USA and the CSA eventually figured out the secret. They experimented with their own automatons for a while, but their scientists weren't ruthless enough to "train" their new soldiers. Sometime during the Faraway War, though, those scientists went Hellstromme one better and created cyborgs: Harrowed with enough tech wedged in their undead bodies to take down an army.

For a long time, Hellstromme had little use for automatons—up until the Faraway War. His constant battles with the anouks forced him to resurrect the program. In 2076, he created the first of a new breed.

Where Hellstromme might be now is a mystery to all, but his automated factories in Denver continue to churn out automatons. The most powerful creations remain there, guarding the base and General Throckmorton until they're ready to take over the West. A few "recon" units have been sent out, however, to keep tabs on the outside world.



The model shown here is a standard type sent to find some important resource, track down

some piece of information, or kill someone thought to be a threat. Though they may look like robots, remember there's a zombie brain in charge—complete with a manitou straight from Hell. Automatons are mean, crafty, and full of tricks.

Combat

Armor: AC +3.

Auto-Targeters: +4 to ranged attack rolls.

Fearless: Automatons never suffer from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources. They fight until slain.

Gear: Chain gun (12mm; Shots: 120 (stored in its chest); Critical: 19-20/x2; Damage: 2d8+3). The automaton's iron arms act as a brace, allowing it to ignore recoil.

Grenade Launcher: (Mini grenades; Shots: 20; Damage: 4d12; Burst Radius: 20) Grenades are fired from a tube in the automaton's shoulder and can be launched on the same action as it fires—with no penalty.

Regenerate: Automatons don't actually *regenerate*, but they can heal themselves by scavenging for parts in ruins. Treat this as a normal Heal check made once per day of Scroungin' against a DC of 10.

Self-Destruct: When an automaton is put down (0 hp), it explodes for 6d20 damage with a Burst Radius of 10.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Black Hat

Medium-size Humanoid (Human)

Hit Dice: 2d8+1 (15 hp)

Initiative: +1

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 13 (Dex +1, Armor +2)

Attacks: Slam +2 melee

Damage: Slam 1d8

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: None

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +1

Abilities: Str 13, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 12

Skills: Drivin' +3, Gamblin' +3, Intimidate +4, Scroungin' +2, Search +3, Speed Load +3, Survival +3

Feats: Automatic Weapon Proficiency, Firearms, Simple Weapons

Climate/Terrain: Any

Organization: Band (20-25)

Challenge Rating: 1

Treasure: Standard

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Alignment: Neutral evil

Advancement: 4-5 HD (as they rise through the ranks)

The most common troops of General Throckmorton's Combine are collectively called the "Black Hats." They are bullies, thugs, savages, and murderers given the best arms available in the Wasted West by the robotic factories in Denver.

Even though they are all soldiers of the Combine, only hardware such as weapons and vehicles are issued to them. Clothing, most armor, and even their trademark hats must be scavenged from the wastes.

Black Hats travel in platoon-sized elements of 20-25 men and women. Since the group is so small, all the scum who enforce Throckmorton's know each other. That means donning a Black Hat and attempting to infiltrate them just gets you ventilated.

These platoons are filled with rabble and roam far away from Denver, scouting out and quelling resistance. They're preparing for the more-determined expansion of the Combine once Throckmorton feels the time is right.

Closer to Denver, Throckmorton's troops are more organized and disciplined. They wear different-colored hats to denote their various stations, and they're supported by automatons, hover tanks, and airborne attack craft, all manufactured in Hellstromme Industries' robotic factories.

Booby Traps

With thousands of human troops scouting the wastes for the Combine, Throckmorton knows it is inevitable that his troops may occasionally be defeated or even captured. He could care less about the loss of human life. What he's really afraid of is letting his ammunition, weapons, vehicles, and other valuables wind up in the hands of his foes.

For this reason, the Combine uses 10mm caseless ammo—completely unusable by any other pre-War weapon. Even more frightening, every soldier of the Combine has a small chip inserted into his spinal column.

Should someone without one of these chips attempt to use a Combine weapon or vehicle, the device immediately detonates. This effect doesn't apply to items the Black Hats have taken or salvaged, only to their personal weapons and vehicles (those items issued by the Combine itself). Armor is not issued by the Combine.

Weapons generally detonate with a 1d20 explosive force. Vehicles detonate as if a grenade

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went off under the driver's seat (Damage: 4d12; Burst Radius: 20).

Combat

Armor: Scavenged Kevlar (AC +2).

Gear: Black Hats carry Hellstromme Industries Damnation assault rifles (Ammo: 10mm; Shots: 30; Critical: 19-20/x2; Damage: 2d8+3). Most also have a large knife (1d6) and a single grenade (booby trapped, of course).

Croakers

Medium-size Beast (Aquatic)

Hit Dice: 3d10 (22 hp)

Initiative: +0

Speed: 30ft., 45ft. swimming

AC: 6 (-4 blubbery skin)

Attacks: Claws +2 melee, bite +3 melee

Damage: Claws 1d4, bite 1d6

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: None


Saves: Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +1

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 11

Skills: Hide +3, Move Silently +3, Swim +12, Track (water only by blood) +6

Feats: None





Climate/Terrain: Aquatic
Organization: Raiding Party (10-15)
Challenge Rating: 1
Treasure: None
Alignment: Neutral evil
Advancement: None

The creation of the Maze awakened several ancient races, many of them aquatic. The largest of these are the croakers, fishlike humanoids living in vast underwater communities across the Maze.

Although the croakers aren't abominations as such, they comprise a cruel and merciless race. Croakers worship a dark sea-goddess who demands frequent sacrifices. For several decades now, the high priests of their evil religion have claimed that the goddess demands human sacrifices. Victims are abducted from the many boomtowns around the Maze and given the ability to breathe water by injecting them with strange elixirs. Then they are pulled hundreds of feet below the surface and slowly murdered in the croakers' unholy rituals.

The details on croaker society and their strange cities will be revealed at a later date. In this entry, we'll concentrate on the standard croaker raiding parties that occasionally visit the surface world.

Typical raiding parties looking for sacrifices consist of 10-15 croakers armed with crossbows. A shamanic priest leads the school of warriors and lends support should the croakers encounter well-armed defenders. The group looks for small groups of humans and then attacks, killing all but one, who they then kidnap as described above.

Occasionally, croakers raid entire towns built too close to their lair. In this case, many raiding parties are put together, resulting in a massive force of several hundred warriors if need be. The croakers always try to outnumber their foes three to one.

Combat

Armor: Blubbery skin (AC -4).

Doombringer

Medium-size Undead
Hit Dice: 6d12+6 (49 hp)



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Init: +0
Speed: 30ft.
AC: 10
Attacks: Slam +3 melee
Damage: Slam 1d6
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.
Special Attacks: Nuclear powers
Special Qualities: Invulnerability, Undead
Saves: Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +4
Abilities: Str 10, Dex 10, Con —, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 12
Skills: Faith +10, Hide +3, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (arcana) +4, Move Silently +3, Search +4, Wilderness Lore +5
Feats: Grim Servant o' Death
Climate/Terrain: Any
Organization: None
Challenge Rating: 4
Treasure: None
Alignment: Chaotic evil
Advancement: None

Silas has hundreds of Doomsayers in his service. Most look like the character class in Chapter 2 (remember that they wear green robes, though).

Silas has many other troops at his disposal, from mutants to special priests. Among these are the Doombringers, ugly, mutated creatures more monster than human. They retain a feral human intelligence but are twisted and consumed by their hatred for norms, disloyal mutants, and especially heretics.

Even Silas doesn't want many of these wackos around, so he sends the worst of them off into the wastes to hunt down heretics. Even he doesn't know that the Doombringers have transcended their humanity and become undead abominations.

Combat

Nuclear Powers: Most have four to six powers, usually including *atomic blast*, *emp*, *nuke*, and *tolerance*.

Invulnerability: Doombringers can be "killed," but even if they're disintegrated, their atoms reassemble in 1d6 days. The first thing most do when they return is hunt down their killers.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Weakness: Only Doomsayer magic that delivers a maiming wound to the head can permanently destroy a Doombringer.

Coup: The character gets 1 point of Armor when resisting radiation-based attacks.

Lurker

Huge Aberration

Hit Dice: 12d8 (89 hp)

Initiative: -1 (Dex)

Speed: 10ft.

AC: 11 (Dex -1, size -2, natural +4)

Attacks: Claw +13

Damage: Claw 4d4

Face/Reach: 10ft. by 5ft./15ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Armor, Camouflage, Fearless, Immunity

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +7

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 9, Con 15, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 11

Skills: Climb +4, Hide +10, Search +3

Feats: Blind Fight

Climate/Terrain: Any ruined city

Organization: None

Challenge Rating: 7

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Advancement:

None

Remember that abominations are often drawn straight from the fears of humanity. The lurker is the perfect example of such a creature.

Junkers and other scavengers forced to enter the cities in search of treasure cannot help but get creeped out by the eerie "blast architecture" caused by Deadlands. Girders look like twisted claws, building facades resemble leering skulls, and piles of debris look like corpses or monsters waiting to pounce on unsuspecting trespassers.

The lurker grew from such fears. It is a huge, hulking abomination made of metal beams and other scraps of rusted, jagged metal. It sits atop something of value, something it knows scavengers cannot resist, and

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it waits—immobile and patient—for sometimes months at a time.

When an unwary scavvie comes to collect bait, the lurker comes to life. Its metal body shrieks from the stress, and heavy, spider-like arms of steel flash down in an attempt to impale the surprised victim.

Then the lurker drains its victim of its blood (presumably drawing out all its iron and other minerals) and moves on to another hunting site.

Combat

Armor: AC +4.

Camouflage:

The lurker's high Hide applies only when it is

motionless. Once spotted, it has little hope of hiding again. Its prey can hear it creaking (if it moves) and can recognize its "parts" if it tries to look like a ruined frame again.

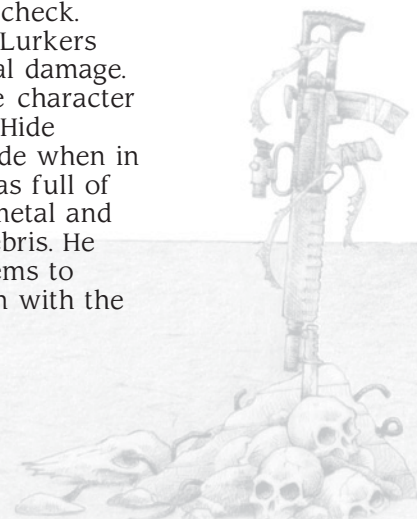
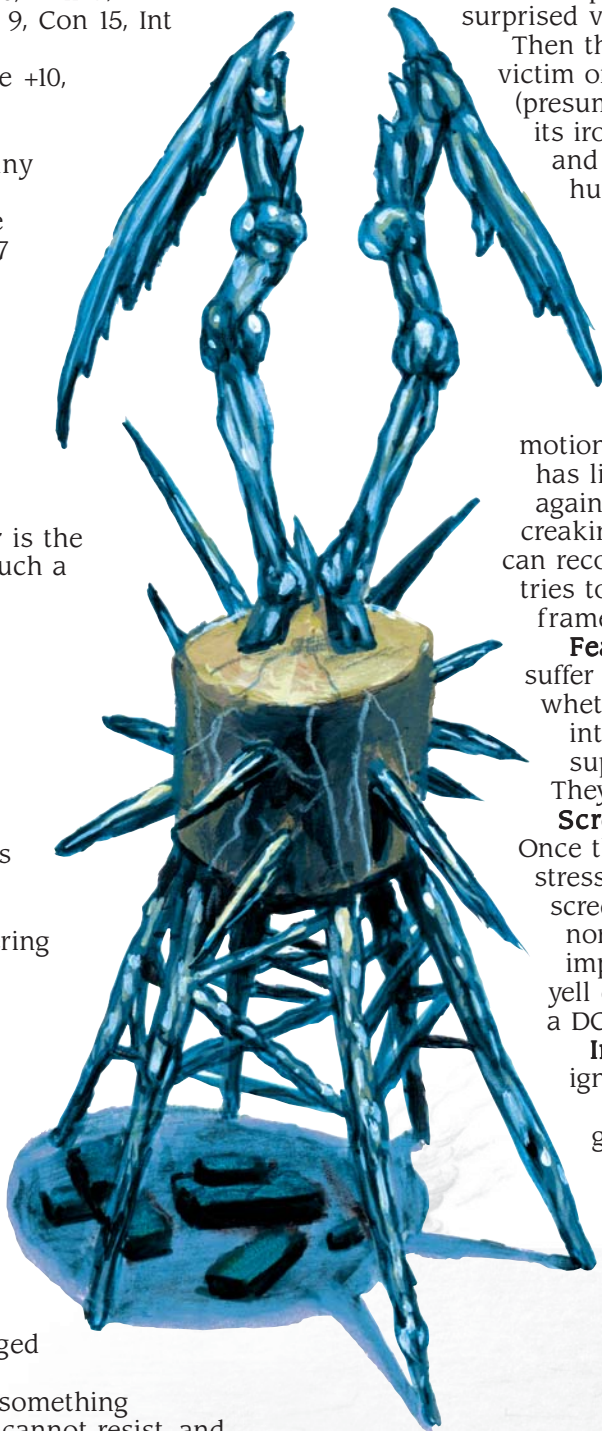
Fearless: Lurkers never suffer from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources. They fight until slain.

Screeching Limbs:

Once the lurker moves, the stressed metal of its body screeches so loudly that normal conversation is impossible. Those who yell can only be heard on a DC 20 Listen check.

Immunity: Lurkers ignore subdual damage.

Coup: The character gains +6 to Hide checks made when in urban areas full of twisted metal and other debris. He just seems to blend in with the stuff.





Night Terror

Medium-size Aberration

Hit Dice: 4d8 (28 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 10ft., 60ft. flying (average)

AC: 12 (Dex +2)

Attacks: Claw +3 melee, bite +2 melee

Damage: Claw 1d4, bite 1d6

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Death From Above, Drop, Screech

Special Qualities: None

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +2

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 12

Skills: Climb +2, Hide +4, Move Silently +4, Search +3

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: Mountains (including skyscrapers)

Organization: None

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Chaotic evil

Advancement: None

Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's the last thing you'll ever see!

Night terrors are hideous, harpy-like creatures that live on the tops of old, ruined skyscrapers. They range far and wide, looking for prey and dragging the soft bits back to their bone-covered lairs for the feast.

Night terrors are crafty creatures born from pure nightmare. Besides picking off lone travelers and scavengers in the streets below, they're not afraid to land on the wing of an aircraft and start ripping it to pieces. (They're *very* smart when it comes to aircraft for some reason.) When the flying prey crashes, the night terror simply lands and scoops up all the soft parts.

For ground-based prey, the night terror lets out an unearthly screech to stun it, then picks up the shocked victim and drops it from a great height.

Combat

Death from Above: Victims on foot (or sometimes in the back of open-topped vehicles) get picked up and dropped from great heights. To pick up a victim, the night terror must make a successful melee attack and then succeed in an opposed Strength roll. Give the creature a +4 bonus

if it strikes with surprise or the victim is stunned.

Drop: Each round a night terror hangs onto a victim, it rises another 30 feet, dropping its prey at 150 feet for 15d6 damage. If the thing is taking damage from a particularly stubborn piece of meat, it might be forced to drop him earlier. Anytime it takes a wound and is stunned, it drops its prey automatically.

Screech: The night terror's unearthly screech is used once the thing is close—within 30 feet or less. Anyone who fails a DC 15 Fort save is stunned until he makes a Constitution check against the same DC.

Toxic Zombie

Medium-size Undead (Aquatic)

Hit Dice: 3d12+3 (25 hp)

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Speed: 15ft. (5ft. out of pond)

AC: 11 (Dex +1)

Attacks: Claw +3 melee, bite +2 melee

Damage: Claw 1d4+1, bite 1d6+1

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Acid, Goo-Bombs

Special Qualities: Fearless, Skeletal, Undead

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +2

Abilities: Str 13, Dex 12, Con —, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 9

Skills: Hide +3, Intimidate +4, Move Silently +3

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: Toxic Aquatic

Organization: Nest (5-20)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Advancement: None

It's amazing how much illegal dumping took place in the years before the Last War. After the Apocalypse, with no one around to put fresh loads of earth over the megacorporations' dirty secrets, many of these toxic dumps leaked into nearby ponds or created their own cesspools of deadly ooze.

Sometimes, desperate travelers in need of water give these ponds a try. Most of them drop dead within minutes of inhaling, touching, or drinking the sludge. Occasionally, they actually fall into the stuff and become toxic zombies.

These hideous creatures are human and sometimes animal corpses. Their stained flesh drips off them in soggy rivulets, and corroded, jagged fingerbones poke through what remains of their hands to form deadly claws.

Toxic zombies lurk just below the surface of these ponds and watch anyone who passes by to see if they die (whether



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by inhaling the fumes or drinking the water). If the travelers are too smart or somehow survive the pond, the zombies attack.

Toxic zombies rise from the water, magically buoyant, to gain surprise. Their rib cages hold globs of sticky, acidic goo pulled from the very bottom of the pond, and they can hurl up to six of these before having to return to the bottom to "reload" (which takes 1d4 actions).

If the prey runs, the toxic zombies give chase, but only up to 30 yards or so from their pond. They don't have much in the way of feet, and they don't want to be caught out of their hideout.

The water these creatures dwell in is always deadly. Folks inhaling the fumes (up close) must make a DC 10 Fort save. If they fail, they take 3d6 damage. If they get a natural 1, they drop dead on the spot. Increase the DC to 20 and 4d10 damage should someone actually drink the stuff. These numbers work for most toxic ponds, but some are less dangerous, and some are far more so.

Combat

Acid: Toxic zombies have an acidic touch that causes 1d20 damage to any location they hit with their goo-bombs, claws or teeth.

Fearless: Toxic zombies never suffer from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources. They fight until slain.

Goo-Bombs: These are blobs of acid and other hazardous wastes scooped from the very bottom of their putrid homes. Goo-bombs cause 1d20 damage to whatever they hit.

Skeletal: Toxic zombies are little more than skeletons. Roll a die for any bullets or other narrow, impaling attacks that hit. On an odd result, the attack passes through harmlessly. On an even result, the attack does normal damage.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.



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Coup: If the entire lair is wiped out, there is no permanent coup, but all characters who attempted to count coup may drink from the sludge pond as if it were clean water for the next 1d6 days.

Trog

Large Aberration

Hit Dice: 2d8+3 (16 hp)

Initiative: +0

Speed: 20ft.

AC: 11 (Size -1, natural +2)

Attacks: Slam +1 melee

Damage: Slam 1d8+1

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Immunity, Thick-Skinned

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +1

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 11, Con 17, Int 7, Wis 7, Cha 12

Skills: Intimidate +8, Survival +5

Feats: Berserk

Climate/Terrain: Any

Organization:

Tribe (100+)


Alignment: Neutral

Advancement:

None

Trogs are the most pitiable mutants. They are lost souls who have become mutated beyond belief but are too stupid and stubborn to die. They do not breed, but simply wait for less-mutated souls to eventually succumb to the local ruins' warped embrace. Then they are ready to join the trogs' numbers.

Trogs gather in large groups of a hundred or more, bowing to the strongest and most fearsome of the lot. Ferocity is a commodity in their savage tribes. Settling things peacefully means screaming at the top of their lungs, beating their chests, or smashing rubble with their



clubs (thus the high Intimidate). When that doesn't work, trogs fight to the death while the rest of the tribe gathers around and watches the carnage.

Silas uses trogs as expendable shock troops—absorbing the brunt of a resistant community's ammunition—before sending in his slightly more valuable mutants, then finally his own Doomsayers and other troops. Over 1,000 trogs live in the ruins of old Las Vegas. If not for Silas ordering them into suicidal charges, that number would be growing by the day.

Combat

Immunity: Immune to radiation and +6 to resist Doomsayer powers.

Rock-chuckin': Trogs throw chunks of rubble (Damage: 1d4, or bigger depending on what they can lift). Most also carry a large club with nails driven through it (1d6+3).

Thick-Skinned: AC +2

Walkin' Dead

Medium-Size Undead

Hit Dice: 2d12+3 (16 hp)

Initiative: -1 (Dex)

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 11 (-1 Dex, +2 natural)

Attacks: Slam +2 melee

Damage: Slam 1d6+1

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Undead

Saves: Fort +0, Ref -1, Will +3

Abilities: Str 13, Dex 8, Con —, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 1

Skills: Bluff +5, Climb +3, Hide +5, Listen +5, Move Silently +5, Search +2

Feats: Firearms, Simple Weapons

Climate/Terrain: Any

Organization: Mob (11-20)

Challenge Rating: 1

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Chaotic evil

Advancement: None

Walking dead are clever killers, raised by the Reckoners (or evil humans) to wreak havoc and destruction. The manitous which animate these dead shell have their own personalities. Some prefer to skulk in the shadows while others race straight for the freshest meat.

Walking dead do eat flesh—brains are particularly yummy. The manitou uses this life energy to continue animating its shell.

Combat

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Walkin' Dead (Veteran)

Medium-Size Undead

Hit Dice: 4d12+6 (34 hp)

Initiative: -1 (Dex)

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 11 (-1 Dex, +2 natural)

Attacks: Slam +2 melee

Damage: Slam 1d6+1

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Undead

Saves: Fort +0, Ref -1, Will +3

Abilities: Str 13, Dex 8, Con —, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 1

Skills: (30) Bluff +5, Climb +3, Hide +5, Listen +5, Move Silently +5, Search +2

Feats: Firearms, Simple weapons

Climate/Terrain: Any

Organization: Squad (6-10)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Chaotic evil

Advancement: None

There are a lot of corpses lying about the Wasted West. Don't be surprised when some of them get up and start chasing folks.

Walkin' dead are animated corpses temporarily inhabited by manitous. They're very common in ruined cities, creepy old graveyards, mausoleums, battlefields, or any other large concentration of bodies.

The first listing is for "civilian" undead. This one here is for better stock, such as zombies raised from a battlefield, a military cemetery, or the like. Both forms are fast and mean. Sometimes they act like the slow, arms-out types, but that's only to fool folks into letting them close enough to bite.

Combat

Tactics: Veteran walkin' dead are even more likely to use clever tactics in combat. They often have plenty of weapons and ammo as well.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Wormling

Medium-size Aberration

Hit Dice: 4d8+4 (28 hp)

Initiative: +1

Speed: 20ft., 30ft. burrowing

AC: 11 (Dex +1)

Attacks: Claws +2 melee, bite +3 melee

Damage: Claws, bite 1d10 (due to acid)

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Acid

Special Qualities: Burrowing

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +3

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 9

Skills: Hide +4, Move Silently +4, Track +5

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain:

Underground

Organization: Pack (6-10)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Chaotic evil

Advancement: None

Wormlings are mysterious subterranean creatures first discovered over 100 years ago. No one knows their exact origin, but many scientists believe they are some sort of strange human/Mojave rattler hybrid because they possess the DNA of each. (Exactly how this crossbreeding took place is a mystery probably best left unanswered.)

This conclusion seems to be supported by the fact that wormlings generally appear in the same regions as their larger cousins—although some of these creatures have been spotted as much as 200 miles from the nearest Mojave rattler sighting.

The one thing that is known for sure is that wormlings are bad news. They normally hunt in packs of six to 10, and very few things can escape these ruthless predators. Most wormling "packs" stake out a territory as their hunting grounds and defend it against all comers, human, wormling, or otherwise.

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These hunting grounds are studded with pit traps which the wormlings make by removing the earth from beneath a section of ground and lining the resulting hole with bits of jagged metal and sharp rocks. Anyone stepping on one of these weakened areas falls in and takes 2d6 damage to a random hit location. Spotting one of these traps requires a DC 15 Search check.

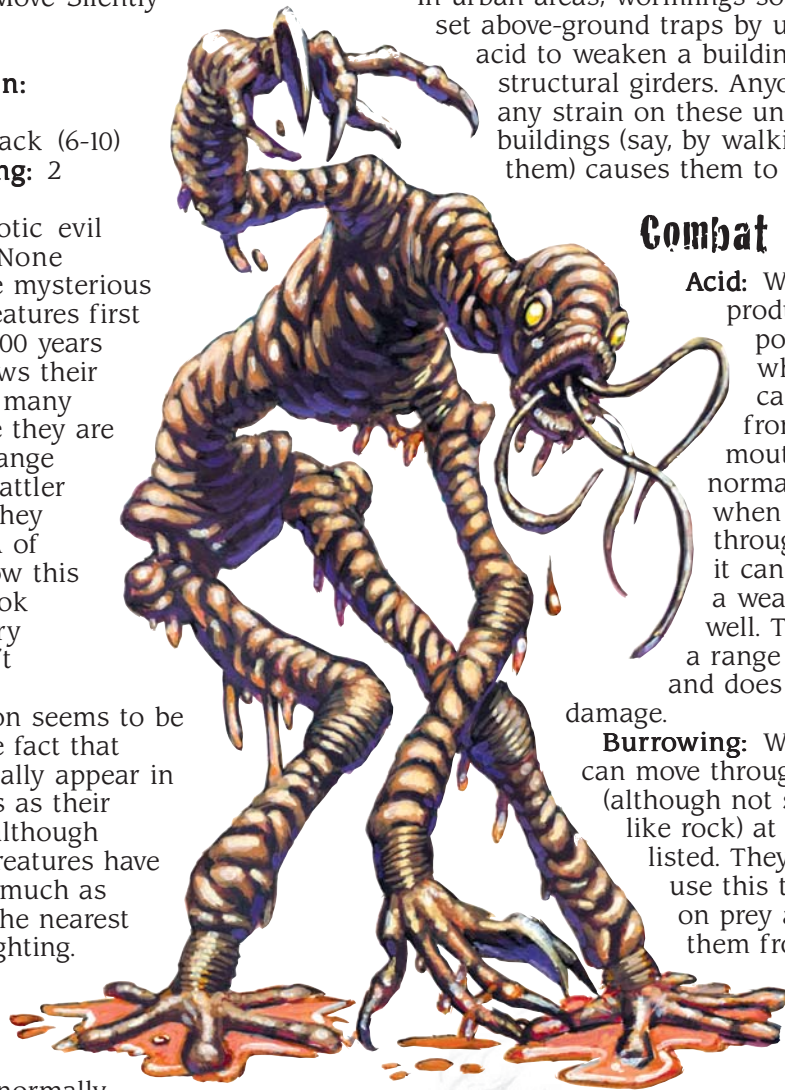
In urban areas, wormlings sometimes set above-ground traps by using their acid to weaken a building's structural girders. Anyone placing any strain on these undermined buildings (say, by walking through them) causes them to collapse.

Combat

Acid: Wormlings produce a powerful acid, which they can spray from their mouths. This is normally used when burrowing through rock, but it can be used as a weapon as well. The acid has a range of 10 feet and does 2d10

damage.

Burrowing: Wormlings can move through soil (although not solid things like rock) at the speed listed. They like to use this to sneak up on prey and grab them from below.



Name: _____
 Player: _____

HP | fate chips

Abilities

STR	temp	mod	temp
DEX	temp	mod	temp
CON	temp	mod	temp
INT	temp	mod	temp
WIS	temp	mod	temp
CHA	temp	mod	temp

Level

Character Level _____
 DSR _____
 JHR _____
 SCU _____
 SVK _____
 TTR _____
 TMP _____
 WWR _____
 Align _____

Statistics

AC										
temp	misc	size	ability mod	shield	armor	base	total			
REF										
temp	misc	ability mod				base				total
FORT										
temp	misc	ability mod				base				total
WILL										
temp	misc	ability mod				base				total

Melee

	size	misc	base attack	total	
STR	+		1ST	=	
			2ND		
			3RD		
			4TH		

Initiative

dex bonus + misc bonus = total

Skills

skill name	rank	ability mod	misc	total
		+	+	=
		+	+	=
		+	+	=
		+	+	=
		+	+	=
		+	+	=
		+	+	=
		+	+	=
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		+	+	=
		+	+	=
		+	+	=
		+	+	=
		+	+	=

Ranged

	size	misc	base attack	total	
STR	+		1ST	=	
			2ND		
			3RD		
			4TH		

Feats

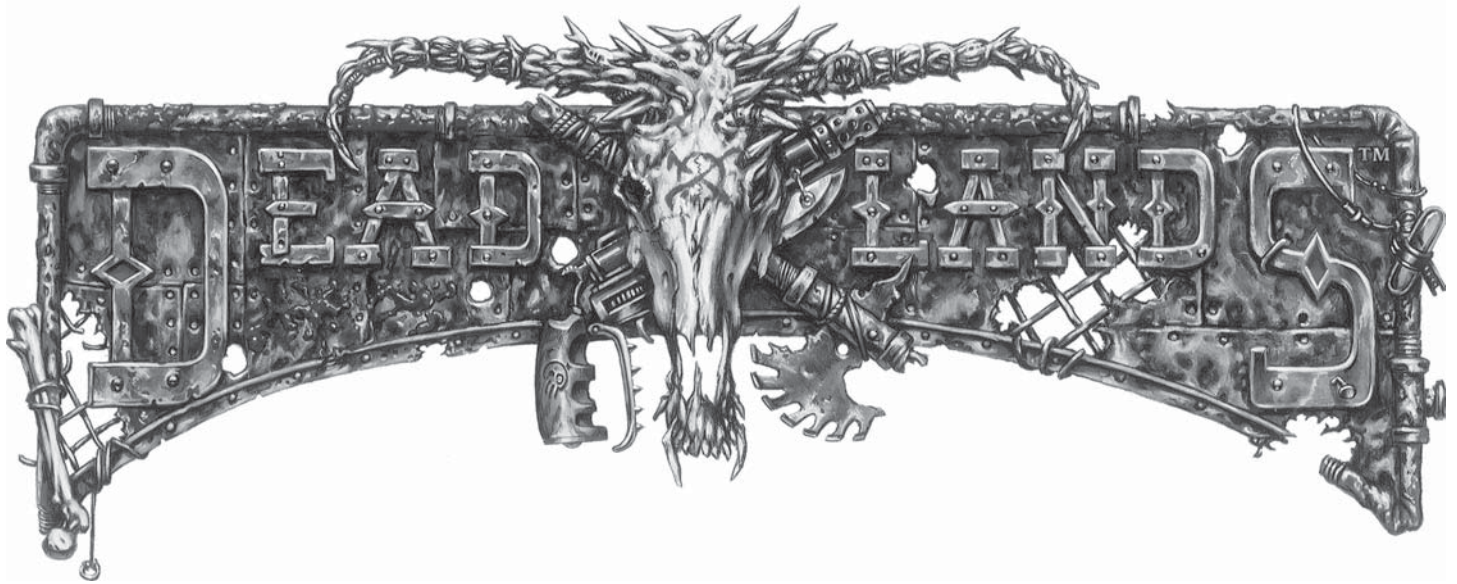
Weapons

name			rounds					
range	critical	damage	misc	feat	hand	mod	base	total
name			rounds					
range	critical	damage	misc	feat	hand	mod	base	total
name			rounds					
range	critical	damage	misc	feat	hand	mod	base	total

Ammunition (mark with paper clip)

Strain (mark with paper clip)

Ammunition (mark with paper clip)



Converting from Hell on Earth Classic to Hell on Earth D20

Converting from Hell on Earth to Hell on Earth D20 is somewhat difficult and requires several decisions. It's difficult because regular Hell on Earth is a skill-based system and the D20 system is level-based. There's no good way to say "your Hell on Earth character is a 5th level Doomsayer." Even if there was, it may mean another character in the same posse, who has been adventuring just as long, is an entirely different level.

Converting Player Characters

The first thing that must happen is the Marshal must decide what level he *wants* player characters to be. You should then translate your hero's Attributes but after that abandon these conversion rules and recreate your hero as if you had advanced to that level through the D20 system. That's the only way to ensure your D20 character gets the right skills, feats, and other important perks he needs for that system. If you ignore this advice, you'll have a loosely translated hero, but he won't be set up to take advantage of higher-level feats or prestige classes.

You'll also have to decide what class your hero is. In most cases, this is fairly easy to figure.

Once you determine your level and class, you will also determine your Hit Points, and you will be able to choose the appropriate Feats and skills for your chosen profession.

Converting Monsters and NPCs

If you are the Marshal, and you're looking at a Hell on Earth sourcebook and want to translate a monster or character, you should likewise decide what level you want him or it to be. If we give you a formula for

this, it may mean that some threat in an introductory adventure, by virtue of a high skill, is far too great a challenge your low-level posse.

That said, we can get you started.

Attributes

To convert Attributes from Hell on Earth to Hell on Earth D20, you must calculate "conversion totals." Do this by adding the coordination and die type of your character's Hell on Earth statistics as instructed below. A score of 3d8, for instance, is a total of 11, while a 2d6 has a conversion total of 8. If you're told to average different statistics, average the totals and round up. Averaging the 3d8 (11) and 2d6 (8) above, for example, yields an average of $(11+8/2)=10$.

The conversion total plus 2 is your character's statistic in Hell on Earth D20.

Attributes

Hell on Earth	Hell on Earth D20
Strength	Strength
Dexterity	Average of Deftness plus Nimbleness
Constitution	Vigor
Intelligence	Average of Smarts and Knowledge
Wisdom	Average of Smarts and Spirit
Charisma	Mien

Example: A hero with a 4d8 Vigor has a conversion total of 12. Adding 2 to that number gives the character a Constitution score of 14.

- Quickness is not used in Hell on Earth D20.
- Cognition is translated into the Spot skill (see below)

Skills

As with levels, you have a decision to make before translating skills. For a realistic translation, or to recreate a player character in Hell on Earth D20, you should start the character at 1st level and then progress him normally to the appropriate level.

If you want a quick translation, simply double the

Hell on Earth skill level for Hell on Earth D20. If a hero has a Lockpicking skill of 4d12, for example, you ignore the d12 and double the skill level of 4 for a total of 8.

Some of the skills listed below refer to Hell on Earth skills as well. Figure a conversion total for these just as you did Attributes. Quick Draw, for example, is a skill in Hell on Earth but a Feat in D20. The text says "Characters with a 14 or better Quick Draw skill get the Quick Draw Feat." That means to get a conversion total, and if it adds up to 12 or more, give the character the Quick Draw skill. A Hell on Earth gunfighter with a Quick Draw of 4d8, for example, has a conversion total of 12 and thus gets the Quick Draw Feat in D20.

Skills

Hell on Earth Skill

Academia
religion, nature, or other)

Animal Wranglin'

Area Knowledge

Artillery

Arts

Bluff

Bow

Climbin'

Cognition (Attribute)

Demolition

Disguise

Dodge

Drivin'

Faith

Fightin'

Filchin'

Gamblin'

Guts

Horse Ridin'

Language

Leadership

Lockpickin'

Mad Science

Medicine

Overawe

Performin'

Persuasion

Professional

Quick Draw

Ridicule

Science

science)*

Scroungin'

Scrutinize

Search

Shootin'

D20 Skill

Knowledge (Arcane,

Handle Animal

Wilderness Lore

Knowledge (Artillery)

Craft

Bluff

Ignore

Climb

Apply to both

Spot and Listen

Demolition*

Disguise

Ignore. Characters with a Dodge of 12 or better have the Dodge Feat

Drivin'*

Faith*

Ignore--dependent on class and level

Pick Pocket

Gamblin'*

Ignore. Fear checks are dependent on Will save in D20.

Ride

Speak Language

Ignore

Open Lock

Mad Science*

Heal

Intimidate

Perform

Diplomacy

Profession (specific occupation)

Ignore. Characters with a Quick Draw of 12+ have Quick Draw Feat.

Ridicule*

Knowledge (type of

Ignore

Sense Motive

Search

Ignore.

Sleight o' Hand

Sneak

Silently and Sneak

Speed Load

Streetwise

Survival

Swimmin'

Tale Tellin'

Teamster

Throwin'

Tinkerin'

Trackin'

Trade

Sleight of Hand*

Apply to both Move

Speed Load

Gather Information

Wilderness Lore

Swim

Tale Telling*

Handle Animal

Ignore

Tinkering*

Characters with a 12+ trackin' have Track Feat

Profession (specific occupation)

**Denotes a new skill found in this book.*

Other Skills

Here are a few D20 skills that need to be figured separately. Not every character should have these skills of course, but if you think they should, here are their rough equivalents.

D20 Skill

Alchemy
the New Science)

Animal Empathy
equivalent

Appraise

Balance

Concentration

Decipher Script

Disable Device

Escape Artist

Forgery

Innuendo

Intuit Direction

Jump

Read Lips

Scry

Spellcraft

Tumble

Use Magic Device

Use Rope

Wilderness Lore

Rough Equivalent

Alchemy (see Way of

No Hell on Earth

Half Smarts

Half Nimbleness

Half Spirit

Decipher Script*

Tinkering

Half Average of

Deftness and

Nimbleness

Half Smarts

No Hell on Earth equiv.

No Hell on Earth equiv., but give a +5 bonus to those with the Direction

Sense Edge

Half Average of

Strength and Nimbleness

Half Average of

Cognition and

Knowledge

No Hell on Earth equiv.

Particular spellcasting

skill, like Faith, but

enforce a -4 penalty to

understand magical

abilities of another type

Half Nimbleness

Half Smarts

No Hell on Earth equiv.

Come on, it's a rope.

Maybe Survival if you're

really desperate.

Survival

Want More?

We've been making **Deadlands: Hell on Earth** since August of 1998, so there's a cache of awesome sourcebooks out there for you to check out if you've enjoyed your trek into the Wasted West.

There are also two specifically D20 companions on the way for **Hell on Earth D20** as well—*Horrors of the Wasted West* and the *Hell on Earth D20 Companion*. Find them at your local game store or visit us online at WWW.PEGINC.COM.

Classic Hell on Earth

Below are a list of classic Hell on Earth adventures, Dime Novels, sourcebooks and accessories you can use with **Hell on Earth D20** and the conversion notes in this book!

Adventures

Hell or High Water: The first stand-alone 48-page adventure for Hell on Earth gets things started off with a bang. Travel to the sunken city of Baton Rouge, where an ancient evil is stirring from its slumber to renew its reign of terror on the city's unsuspecting citizens.

Something About a Sword: This adventure for the Hell on Earth roleplaying game pits your posse against hideous mutant attacks, rad-priests, and even peace-loving hippies in a desperate race to find the mysterious sword of a missing Templar, lost somewhere in the ruins of western Wyoming. Only the strong survive in the Wasted West. But to the victor goes the spoils!

The Boise Horror: The legendary Boise Horror is revealed at last! This adventure takes the heroes from the Templar's headquarters in Boise to an important treaty conference in the back rooms of Junkyard, and a final showdown with the Horror itself! This is a 64 page adventure with Cardstock Cowboys!

Urban Renewal: It starts simple enough. Go into one of the wrecked buildings of Junkyard and clear out any squatters or creatures lurking there. But this is Hell on Earth. And no job is ever simple. And wow, there are sure are a lot of roaches in this deathtrap. . . Join in one of the creepiest adventures we've ever published, by Lucien Soulban. This twisted tale even comes with all the Cardstock Cowboys you need to play!

The Unity: Don't let the title of this adventure fool you, Marshal. Sure, it's about the Unity, but there's nothing harmonious about this ghost ship, friend. In fact, this bloodstained vessel is about as evil as they come. And you're going to hurl your posse smack into its gore-spattered hulk. But we're getting ahead of ourselves. Before your posse hurls themselves into the void, they have such sights to see—the Combine's Harvest, the strength of the Iron Alliance, the secret of the Harbinger, the coming of a new terror, the crippling of old enemies, the secret of the great worms, the whereabouts of Doctor Darius Hellstromme, the sundering of the Hunting Grounds, and the return of the greatest evil the world has ever known as well. Those who survive this nightmare just might get a glimpse of the alien world known as Banshee. This epic mega-adventure for Hell on Earth concludes the main storyline we've been developing since 1998. It includes rules for Quick Combat, source material on the new armies of the wasteland, the aftermath of the Harvest, and a brief glimpse of the third and final Deadlands tale—Lost Colony!

Dime Novels

Leftovers: Our first Dime Novel for the Wasted West features Teller, a tale-teller who does more than just talk. Accompanied by Tasha, a savage girl raised after the Apocalypse, Teller struggles to stop a war between norms and muties that was triggered by the appearance of a ravenous servitor of the Reckoners. This tale of terror won an Origins Award for Best Fiction!

Infestations: This second Dime Novel for Hell on Earth details the continuing adventures of Teller in the Wasted West. Like all our Dime Novels, this is half hard-nosed fiction and half heart-pounding adventure.

Killer Clowns: Wasteland wanderer Teller and his two companions, the enigmatic gunslinger, Gabriel Roth, and the seductive sniper, Brooks are hired to rescue some hostages from a renegade road gang. Their search takes them to an amusement park called Dempsey Island: "The Place Where Dreams Come True." But this amusement park has been under management since Judgement Day, and the heroes are going to have to face down monsters to escape with their lives.

Accessories

Cardstock Cowboys: This packs of 3D standups includes several versions of all our archetypes, monsters, and even vehicles!

Sourcebooks

Iron Oasis: Journey to Junkyard, the only free city in the Wasted West and the main setting for Hell on Earth! Iron Oasis contains a complete description of Junkyard as well as rules for aerial combat and bionics for living heroes.

Shattered Coast: Explore the dark, dangerous canyons of the Great Maze-circa 2094! Scattered groups of survivors eke out a living here, prying ghost rock from the towering cliffs or scrounging salvage from the shattered hulks the naval battles of the Last War left behind. Heroes can also visit the Grand Library in Sacramento, and if they're unlucky, learn of the Librarians' secret agenda.

Denver: "Denver: the place where no one goes!" Or at least, not many return from! This new 128 page book for Hell on Earth has the complete skinny on the Combine, their plans for the domination of the Wasted West, the resistance and their famed robo-hunters, and even a cache of new powered armor to help fight Throckmorton's monstrous machinations! The Big Story that ends the first chapter of Hell on Earth starts here, so don't miss it!

Denver: Inside this book you'll find out just what the Mutant King and his head nutjobs are up to—and what they've already done to the "treacherous" Armanans who left their little inbred family. Besides all that scaly-skinned goodness, there's a host of new powers and mutations for the evolutionarily-challenged members of your own posse! And as if that's not enough, City o' Sin contains a full-length adventure pitting your own heroes against the latest machinations of Silas and the Cult o' Doom!

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