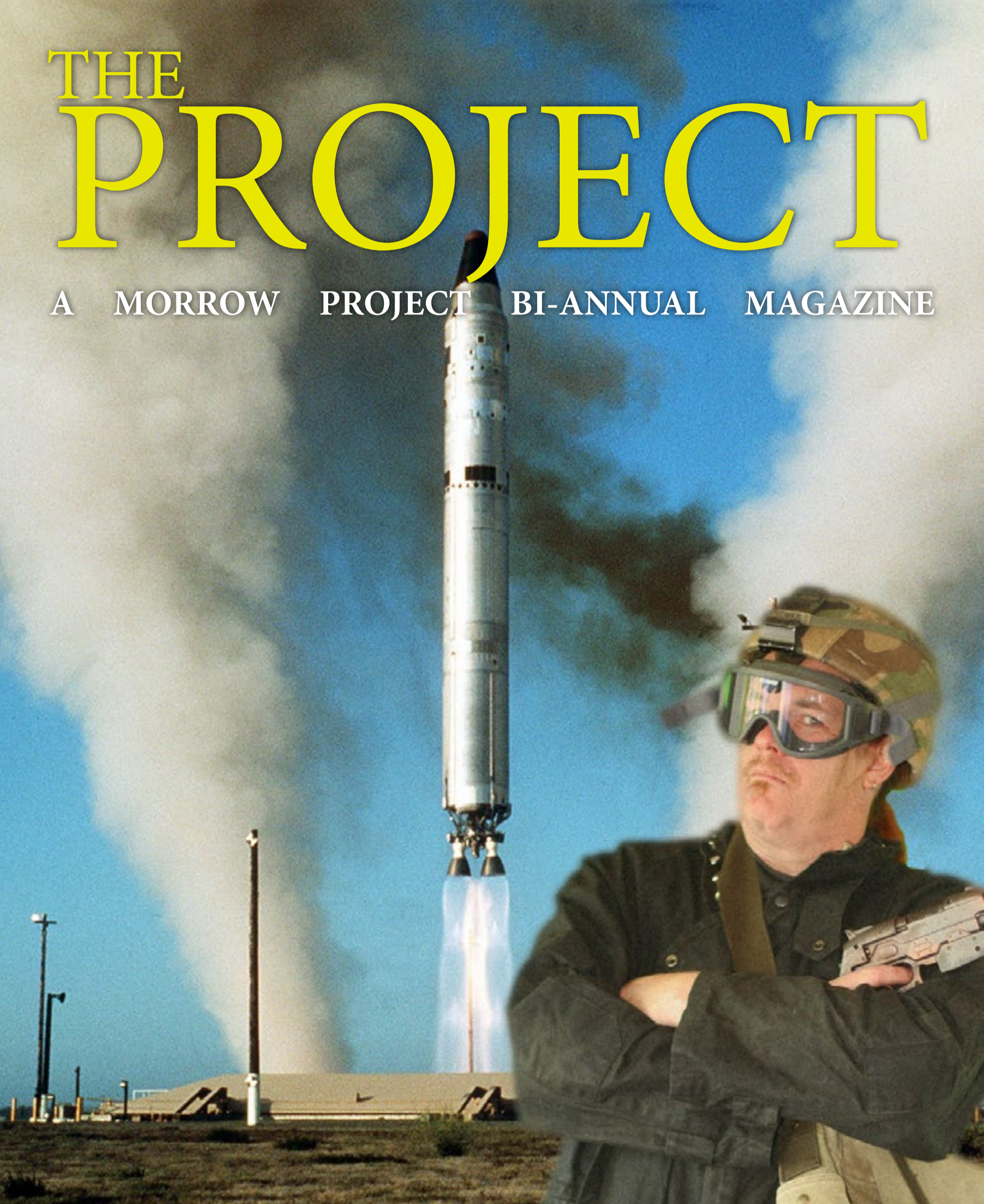


THE PROJECT

A MORROW PROJECT BI-ANNUAL MAGAZINE



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The Morrow Project is Available from Timeline LTD at

<http://www.timelineltd.com/>

CONTRIBUTORS

Cameron Taylor

Eric Sturm

Iron Angel Forge - AKA John Griswald

Julie Phoenix

Tim Gray

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From the Directors Desk

I want to thank everyone for taking time to download and read our inaugural issue. This magazine was a glimmer of thought a year ago when I started the To Morrows End podcast when I was jealous with other game systems having a magazine full of cool information for gamers, players and those that run the games. But I can not do this alone. Many of the players from the To Morrows End podcast also write for the magazine, and we want you to write for the magazine as well! This is a community effort to get more resources for the Morrow Project out there to help build the world for players and Project Directors (Game Masters to non Morrow familiar gamers) and help build the community of players worldwide.



This magazine only exists when we have content to publish, Right now we have a few contributors, and those few are carrying the load of the magazine, on top of that I am the only one doing editing, layout, publishing as well as researching images and taking photographs. Time-Line LTD graciously gave us permission to use their entire library of artwork in the issues, so that helps a LOT. But the whole magazine is a lot of work. I was hoping to do a quarterly release, but with the amount of work this involves as well as the low number of content submissions we have right now we are looking at a Biannual release. I really would love to be buried in content! Photos, Articles, stories, heck even an NPC or two to publish in the magazine! With your help we can make this a huge resource for the community.

This does cost money, but we want to release every issue free of charge to everyone, and Timeline LTD will help greatly with this by releasing on their store to remove any bandwidth costs. But we are looking at setting up a Patreon to allow supporters to gain early access to the magazine. More details about this will be talked about in the Facebook and Google Plus communities as well as covered in Issue 2 in detail.

Please give us feedback as to what you think about the magazine, and if you want to help please let me know at timgray1@gmail.com make sure to put MAGAZINE in the message subject so I can spot it easily.

Thanks!



Chris Garland at Timeline LTD has allowed us to use the classic Morrow Project Artwork in the magazine to help with spreading the word about the Morrow Project. Please thank them by buying a second or third copy of the rules or getting a copy for a friend that you think would like the game system.

TIPS FROM THE QUARTERMASTER

The Morrow project cache is one of the most important parts of a Morrow team deployment. Without the caches they would be without supplies in a few short weeks. In order to extend the deployment operational effectiveness several caches are deployed. This is great, but what are these caches? Details as to what they look like or what they are made from are not clearly documented. We all know you look for the USGS benchmark post with its brass medallion, but what about the cache itself?



Morrow Industries is trying to deploy all these teams and their caches under the watchful eye of everyone, so they need to be discrete as possible and look like normal construction for infrastructure around the country. Dropping in a cache needs to be incredibly quick so the caches need to be small and ready to go, this means pre-cast concrete that looks like a standard telecoms or sewer vault that is already loaded up with gear and sealed up. The deployment team would roll in with a set of trucks carrying the caches and excavation equipment. To go in dig the hole, drop the cache and bury it as fast as possible. Sod would be scraped and then re-laid over to make it harder to spot where any construction was completed. This means that urban camouflage would be used on the trucks as well as the actual cache vaults. Because they would be visible on the trucks carrying them out to the burial locations, in plain sight looking like sewer parts attracts less attention than a truck carrying covered and tarped large objects. There would also be false flag operations that went out with the real cache deployment teams that will attract the attention away from the real deployment teams.

These vaults will be exactly the same as any sewer, fiberoptic,

or telecommunications vault except they are sealed inside and set up for secure access as covered in the Morrow Project 4.0 book. My caches are a bit more robust, Inside the reinforced concrete box and waterproofing coupled with a thick poly liner that contains all the equipment and supplies that will be heat sealed and nitrogen purged as well as desiccant packs in an attempt to create a non corrosive atmosphere inside. Even 150 years late, cutting into the poly bag will expel nitrogen at about 5-6 PSI if it is still sealed.

Another potential problem with the vaults is that if an area were to suddenly become submerged there is a chance that it will start to pop out of the ground, and seismic areas they may even move from the recorded location. Caches are designed to be opened once, emptied and then abandoned. They can not be sealed back up again to be water and air tight. The team can re bury it but the contents can get wet and damaged due to environment.

Cache contents can be all kinds depending on the team and cache type. Typical a generic supply cache will have the following in it, adjusted to what

the team was deployed with. The older cache designs were very generic in the early books to leave it up to the PD to decide what was inside. I believe the caches would have been tailored carefully for the teams to save space and pack as much useable items inside as possible.

- 1 full replacement set of resistweave BDU's for the entire team with underwear.**
- 1 full set of boots with 3 pairs of socks inside the boots for each member of the team**
- 1 full set of replacement gloves for each member of the team**
- 1 full set of first aid supplies to replenish what the team had when deployed.**
- 2 replacement radio batteries and a single replacement personal radio.**
- 1 Project survival manual and 2 project notebooks with 4 pencils**
- 1 deck of poker cards**
- 1 case of ammo for the rifles**
- 1 case of ammo for the pistols**
- 1 case of replacement ammunition magazines, 5 new magazines per weapon + cleaning supplies.**
- 1 case containing repair kits and parts to completely rebuild 3 rifles and 3 pistols**
- 1 case of ammo for the vehicle weapon**

- 1 repair kit and small parts for the vehicle weapon**
- 1 case of 24 grenades in the same ratios as when they deployed.**
- 1 replacement wheel assembly for their vehicle. (tire,rim,hub, etc) (this is laying on top)**
- 1 small vehicle repair kit (Bolts and assorted wear parts)**
- 1 case of assorted Project MRE's (24)**
- 1 case with water purification supplies (8 life straws and 1 large water filter)**
- 1 case with 4 trade packs**

You will notice that my Cache is pretty small. This makes it easy to deploy fast to avoid attention and allows the team to retrieve the contents quickly and carry it in their vehicle. Amounts are ambiguous so that you the PD can dictate what they have. Typical military will do a case of 5.56mm ammo in 2, M2A1 cans inside a wirebound crate. Giving you 1680 rounds. Typical pistols will be M882 9MM rounds in a M2A1 can that has 20 cartons of 50 rounds. So a case is just like above 2, M2A1 cans inside a wirebound crate holding 2000 rounds total. I am not a fan of giving a team huge stock-piles of ammo, they should be very concerned about every shot fired.

The trade packs of old Morrow had gold and silver coins. I disagree with these as most people will honestly have very little value in shiny trinkets after the world ends. My trade packs are as follows.

Packed into a small duffle bag the following contents.

- 12 250ml glass flasks with Whiskey, Rum and other non sweet liquors.**
- 6 basic sewing kits**
- 6 comb and brush sets**
- 6 folding knives with olive drab plastic handles**
- 6 stainless mult use spoon-fork with cutting edge**
- 6 ferro rod sparking fire starters**
- 6 small tins of fishing hooks small bobbers, and sinkers with 100 feet of monofilament**
- 12 small dark chocolate bars vac sealed with oxygen scavenging**
- 6 sealed packs of assorted hard candy**
- 6 metal folding compact mirrors**
- 6 knit hats**
- 1 sealed can of tobacco and 1 simple hardwood pipe**
- 1 small magnifying glass**



Bruce Morrow would have known that money loses its value without society and trading will become the real currency of the land. So the trade packs would be set up to trade to locals things they would want. Liquor will always be a staple for adults and candy for kids. Starting a fire and a tool is more important to someone than shiny gold coins. And a warm hat can sway someone to tell you a secret or let you stay for the night. The project would use items that other teams can readily recognize. For example the folding knives are all the same model and color so that a team encountering someone with one will know that person

Caches would not have any wood or cardboard inside them, so the old style US military wooden crates will be instead heavy plastic molded cases that are themselves waterproof. The contents of a cache needs to survive in order to make sure the team's mission is successful, so putting the contents inside sealed heavy plastic cases will mean the contents have a higher chance of surviving even if the cache's seal is compromised and flooded. This means that the teams will have storage boxes that they can technically bury somewhere and the contents will be safe for hiding in short term (like a couple of years). The Pelican cases will be Olive Drab or Desert Brown depending on the area.

has contacted a morrow team before. All items have UV ink stampings that are invisible to the eye but will lightly glow with MP on them under a UV lamp.

What about the other caches? Teams would have 1 or 2 caches that were designed for community support. A school in a box or community in a box systems would be there to give that team a way to get a school, hospital or even a police force with rudimentary local government back on its feet. We will explore those kinds of caches in the next issue.

The Blacksmith

By Doc MacAeode

The tribals are alright, you just have to establish boundaries. Give 'em respect, and expect the same. The old man taught me that. And some of the tribal families and clans have been trading with us for generations, are really old friends. I've hunted with Robert more than once, picked up a couple tricks from him. But he knows better than to be sleeping in my henhouse, scaring the hens half to death and waking me up in the middle of the night. Some of the other townspeople don't trust the tribals, and there has been enough blood spilled over the years to keep those fires burning. But when you're the town blacksmith, there is little point to shutting out that much business, no matter how much the neighbors bitch about it. And it helps with paying the Militia taxes, Christ knows they will come for their blood every goddamn year. Robert Hargood was from one of the families that had traded with us for decades. In fact, he had lived with us one winter when we were kids, and I had spent a winter with his people. He knew full well to come knock on the door. I reminded him of all this in the kitchen, as we whispered over a tallow candle and he ate cold stew from dinner. He grunted once or twice; he knew I was irritated, but it's not their way to make much for apology, at least not with words. I finally nudged the massive cloth wrapped bundle on the floor next to him. It must be important for him to hump that all the way to my place in the fall.

"I give up, Robert Hargood, what the hell is in the bag?" I was distantly considering kindling a fire for tea. I was going to be up for awhile anyway. Hell with it, I thought, and started stacking kindling in the clay cookstove. Licking his fingers, he chuckled, and turned towards the bag. The candle light highlighted the Power buttons tattooed on his cheeks, and a new chevron scribed on his chin.

"Big animal, Jon-Jon. A big animal came to me. Big Mary tanned 'em. And I need stuff." He said as he untied the tumpline and rolled out the biggest red griz hide I've ever seen. It must have been ten foot from nose to tail, the hair pristine. Red colored bear was a mutation, I am told, since the war. Hell if I know. I just knew they brought a premium from the trader's. Northern griz and lyger hides were popular in the southern regions. Trying to keep the shock



and, well, greed off my face, I looked him in the eye. Robert knew how much it was worth too. And there are no friends in business.

"Damn. Wheres Taker? He should have helped you drag this thing over." "He's crazy to get his own now. Red bear run together a lot. He is out in the Broken Shelf looking for more with Big Mary and Raises Honey." He turned back to his stew as I ran my fingers through the eight inch hair of the hide.

"Jesus. More days to him." I said, the old tribal expression of good luck. "Lucky not to get a gutful of barbed arrows in the Broken Shelf. Or ate by something with three eyes." The Broken Shelf was Ghost Clan country, still hot with radiation in places. And the Ghost people don't share with others.

Robert didn't answer, meaning he didn't want to talk about it. If Life Taker wanted to push his crazy luck, that was on him. Crazy luck was a big part of manhood to many of the tribals, especially the New Lake People that Robert and Life Taker were from. They looked on it as personal power and bravery, and a man following it was expected to oftentimes not survive it.

We were silent for a few moments, as Robert finished his stew before lighting the fire and putting the kettle on. Then we drank mint tea and talked about weather and mutual friends. He told me the story of the deer drive that brought the bear to him, and I told him about my newest child. He finally laid down in the kitchen to get some sleep while I went back to bed. We would discuss the deal in the morning. At breakfast, Robert



held Samuel, the new baby, while the older children pestered him with questions and Marta fussed over him. Everyone oohed and aahed over the bearskin. I left him there while I went to the shop and start the forge with Jenna, my apprentice. Jenna was from Nealsville, forty miles away, and they didn't let tribals into their town. She had met Robert twice and still didn't trust him. But she knew to stay quiet about it. Business sometimes means dealing with people you don't like anyway. Jenna was running the blower bike when Robert came in, smoking his pipe. He always ate all he could at my place, same as I did at his. A game we'd played for years. The village was coming to life, as people went about their affairs the sound and bustle of the day was underway. There was tension though; Maxwell's tax platoon was due in a couple weeks, and the town council was frantically trying to get everything ready to make it as smooth as possible.

"That Marta, she cooks good. You're lucky Jon-Jon."

"That's a fact, Robert Hargood. Now what are you after for your bearskin?"

And we were off. Robert began to pile up goods, axes, kettles, needles, fish hooks, awls, a bit and brace, and more. Than he told me he wanted two smoothbores, with molds and screws, powder and lead to top it off. I retorted that a real man would forge his own axes, and that he clearly didn't need any gun at all, as his lance was obviously enough. I wondered if maybe he had lied, and that the neighbor kid found the bear dead and just showed it to him. He expressed his hurt at this, saying how he only took these shoddy goods off my hands to help me out, since I was famous for the poor quality of my craftsmanship, and it embarrassed him to see me work so hard without producing anything of worth. He assumed I lived off my wife's money. And so it went, until a price was agreed. I allowed him roughly half of his first offer, saying that my heart had always broken knowing that he lacked the manhood to produce children of any worth, and as a friend, I would help him out so that maybe he could buy a blind woman's affection. He said that he was letting me cheat him and that his children, wives and girlfriends would all pay the price for it that winter.

The banter was as fun as ever, and we were both laughing by the end. I was setting up to pour windmill gears as part of my yearly tax to the Tank Lords, so the morning was productive in more ways than one. He even offered to take Jenna off my hands and find her a decent man on the Lake. She scowled all the way out of the shop. He decided to stay one more night, bundling his goods up in the cloth he had brought. Some of the things he had bought he could make himself, but metal was getting harder to find in many of the areas he salvaged in. Plus, my family held secrets to metal-working that his people simply did not, and he was unable to correctly harden frizzens and other gun parts. He hung his new kukri knife off his sash, clearly pleased with it. And I did ask him to take Jenna and Marta in when the Tank lords came. Bad things can happen when the tax men are

here. He agreed, as he always did. I would send them with gifts for his family, and he would meet them an hours walk from town. Robert Hargood left the next morning, and I was already planning on how to get the best price out of Gomez the Shipman when he came to town next week. The traders always tried to come before the Tank Lords, looking for deals on anything people are afraid of losing to taxes. That red bear hide was going to get me a generator and lighting if I played my cards right.

Or maybe just cover my tax bill. As Robert disappeared into the trees, I was could again feel the twisting in my guts that Maxwell's people would be here before long. As Jenna and I began dressing gear teeth, I wondered what it would cost all of us.



Doc is a real world Frontier Man living on the top of the world, and will gladly get into a fistfight with a bear over the last of the whiskey.



GETTING STARTED AS A PROJECT DIRECTOR

By Tim Gray

Some seasoned Game Masters from other game systems get intimidated with running a MP game. There are a LOT of tables to reference as well as a lot that is different from other game systems, especially if you come from a D20 or D6 game system. In fact if you read through the rules book it is really easy to get overwhelmed right away. But I have some tips to make it a lot less daunting for you to get into the Morrow Project

The first thing to remember is that the rule books are a guide only. You are the Project Director so you can run the game however you see fit. I personally use a very different initiative system as well as a different damage system for goons. For example; Goons are 100DP/BP and when they hit 0 they are dead. No tracking locations, etc... just treat them as a blob of meat that when they hit a damage threshold they fall down and stop moving, the same goes for packs of animals. For example a Maxwell's Militia Goon 100DP/BP with an AWA of 20 firearms 1 this means they can actually shoot but not very good. They also have poor condition rifles that give them a -5. And they need to roll 36 or lower to successfully hit a player adjust the AWA up or down to scale the difficulty for your players. If they start destroying your team, drop the AWA to 15 and now they are rolling 26 to hit.. Goons do not need full stats, they are simply something for the players to kill while you move the story forward..

I also replace the initiative system with a traditional one where everyone rolls their initiative and they go in that order with exceptional successes adding to it. This simplifies the

combat to something that players are used to and makes it smoother, it made the introduction to the system painless for the new players. Remember, you are in control if you want to simplify things to make the game smoother for your players.

Embrace the tables, Yes MP has a lot of tables, but they do make your life easier, I print out or copy the tables that I use the most and make my own GM screen with them by using 2 three ring binders and some binder clips. I add the tables to sheet protectors and put them inside for fast and easy access. Getting rid of delays while you look things up in the book will really help the flow of the game for your players. Don't be afraid to force the result as well, If I want a certain result, I will roll the dice and then say what I want to happen if it moves the story along or makes things go more smoothly. I had a player that was hell bent on trying to break into a locked door in a old building, there was nothing at all behind the door, but they would not give up.v Add flavor but the door opens no matter what to get past it quickly and move the story along.

Also remember the world can be whatever you want. A realistic dystopian to MAD MAX and even to a Fallout like world is all available to you, and the team can have as much or as little resources as you want for your story. I have had teams wake with all their equipment destroyed or looted, to letting them "discover" a Morrow Project supply depot and waking that team up that will let them repair vehicles get replacements, etc.... It's all how you want that world to be for them.. Make everyone friendly or scared of the team. Hostile to them or embracing... you control how the world feels so do not think you are locked into a single style of play.



Art CC by www.psychee.org

And the world can change at your will. That friendly village may not really be friendly but instead afraid of the Krell advanced party that is using the town as slaves and are afraid for their life and doing everything the Krell are telling them to do until they strike.

Lastly do not get bogged down in rules, dont know what to roll for a task? Fall back to the stats, and at times I will even use a “give me a percentile roll, tell me the number of successes under 50%” This is my I have no idea but I want the player to think they are doing something roll. If I can’t figure out right away what they need to roll then give them a 50% chance roll. For example, in the instance where does a passing dire wolf and her cubs think the players are a threat? 50% roll. If I don’t want a combat then the result is, “the dire wolf and cubs flee into the thick underbrush you lose sight of them”

You can absolutely run MP like any other game you have ever ran or played, it’s just the setting and combat/task rules that are different, and even then you can simplify to keep your players smiling and enjoying themselves. I personally have a group of friends I call murder hobos unlimited. and the first time they ran through the “Liberation at Riverton” module for MP at the end they wanted to spend time and resources helping the townsfolk rebuild, build farms, etc... I was sitting there in awe and even blurted out, “WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?” The Morrow project is one of the few games that gives the players a direction and purpose other than personal gain and wealth. And most new players to MP embrace it. One thing I strongly recommend is that with new players give them a pile of pre generated characters to choose from, run them through Liberation at Riverton and at the end ask if they want to make their own characters. I had players chomping at the bit to make their own and spent the next 2 game sessions helping them make characters and sharing the book around the table. As a GM I find having 2 copies of the rules to be perfect. You have one for you and the second one for the players that did not want to carry the book or can’t afford it yet.

Ammo tracking can be a nightmare and a cause for “cheating” either intentional or inadvertently. The early editions of Morrow used simple types of ammo counters that allowed the player to keep track, I wanted it more interactive for the players. What I have done is made index cards for each player’s weapon with the most important information written on

them. Then they get separate index cards for ammo. Each magazine of ammo is a card they must hand me when they expend that ammo. Also each and every grenade is a card that they need to hand to me when they use it. This makes ammo a bit more realistic as they see it being used. Keep those cards and hand them back when they resupply from a cache. Index cards are cheap and easy to make, you can go as far as using poker chips or whatever else you desire. If you can trust your players completely, let them keep track of ammo in a traditional way, but I find it really makes them understand how fast they are burning through ammo when they have to hand it back to me. This makes it a lot easier for new players and new GM’s. To encourage interaction, I give the players a free action to yell anything to their team mates when they hand in a full ammo tracker card. This will get the combat a bit more of a cinematic feel to everyone as

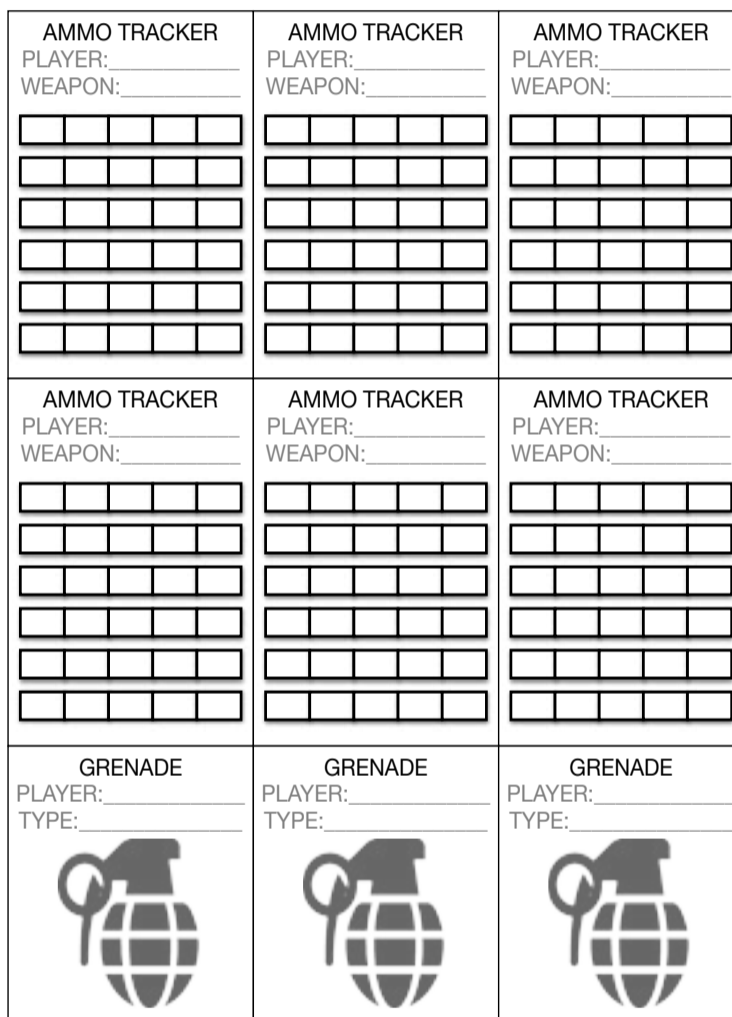
someone turns in a card and says “I’m reloading” or “Getting over run here” will get the attention of the other players even if they are distracted.

Some tricks that make life a little easier, if you are doing generic combat, get a “hit location die” and simply roll it. Only revert to the tables if your players are doing things like called shots and you and your players love to run a simulation. I also like to use a stack of index cards for initiative. Write down each of the players names and then your NPC’s put in initiative order and go. I then keep track of ammo and damage to each NPC on their index card so it’s no effort at all to see when they die or run out of ammo. Another trick I have used is percentile dice as a counter, etc... There are a lot of tricks I use as a PD that really speed things up for me. I have played with

a lot of tools from computer based to simple paper and tokens to really make the game more fun for me and the players, and I will cover these in future articles.

The most important thing is are your players having fun? Do they look forward to the next game session? Let them have fun and push them.

If you want a pdf printable copy of my tracking cards, Go to the end of the magazine. I added a full sheet of them at the end for you to easily print out and use. I print mine on 80lb card stock and cut them up for one time use. You could get them laminated so you can use dry or wet erase markers on them and they will become a lot more durable that way and honestly feel more substantial if you use the heavy Plastic Lamination.



FROM THE JOURNALS OF ERIN CARR

By Eric Sturm

Lt. Carr was frozen in 2014 with Contact team FC-002 outside of Jacksonville Florida. His specialty is anthropology, archeology and history. He has traveled the new world extensively and his journals are a popular source of information to many. These journals are banned within the Kentucky Free State.

I fled the slaughter of my team in Jacksonville to the south. I had no plan and no equipment; I just needed to get away from those creatures. Scared, hungry, and in emotional and physical pain I stumbled south for no reason. The horrors I fled both stole my sleep but sped my feet.

The patrols of the Knights of Saint John found me. Kind civilized men who offered me Christian hospitality, they bound my wounds and took me to their combined hospital fort and monetary. They recognized the Morrow Project patch on my shoulder as they loaded me into their supply wagon. I was too hurt to worry, too happy to find civilized humanity to ask in depth.

A few days later I awoke in a stone fort near the ocean tended to with kindness and competency. I learned these amazing people held an astonishing surprise. The Knights of Saint John, the Hospitaleers were founded by a 21st century man awoken from cryogenic sleep some 40 years earlier. He had taken over the old Spanish fort here in Saint Augustine and expended it as he recruited escaped slaves and orphans up and down the coast. He was equal parts warrior, healer, holy man and teacher. His story gave me hope and pride. I was told he was in poor health but had requested to see me when I was ready.

I learned today the creatures in Jacksonville are called “Children of the Night” and are a result of mutation since the war. They inhabit a number of cities through the country now in varying degrees of numbers. Jacksonville has an unusually large and organized society of these things. They even trade with the slavers from Savannah. That charming southern city is now an open port for salvagers and pirates. This new world is deadly and harsh but there do seem to be oases of hope like the Knights. I could do without religion myself but they seem to have been taught to practice the best parts of faith. Grand Master Stungis is an old man with a failing heart while still an impressive man. I was brought to him receiving a warm greeting. We have been talking the last few days of old TV shows and movies as well as his story. Somehow the U.S. Government knew of the Morrow Project and froze



Special Forces teams to monitor us, even tied to our wake up codes. He was tied to a recon team around Ocala, told me there were rumors of a base near the national forest as well. Like us he awoke to a nightmare. His team died off over a few years of disease and other new dangers till he found himself alone. This man did not give in to despair as I was doing. No, he built a new society here at the fort. They took back the ruins from savages, mutants and beasts and he brought faith, compassion, commerce and industry back to the city. He did alone more than I could imagine my team doing along. He stayed on mission for decades. I find myself humbled and shamed and resolve to be the example he has set. I told him all this and that I would recon the country and report my findings as best as I could. He was a one man Morrow Project for 40 years, bless this man.

Stungis has ordered his monks to bequeath me his remaining personal gear and to offer me sanctuary at the Fort. He asked me to speak at his funeral which we all know is coming soon. The monks are already in mourning but they have taken his lessons well and will continue his mission. I will head to Ocala to see what I can find of the team that awoke with him, he never found them himself, and perhaps the rumored base. This society of monks is amazing. Laymen can work and have full rights, though only those who pledge themselves to the order are allowed to administer the organization and attend the higher function training. All are taught to read;

they can work metal and have limited electricity for the hospital and trade work. The most important thing is they value knowledge, safety and compassion. Their cavalry practices with the sabre while carrying revolvers and bolt action rifles hand made here at the fort.

The monks themselves respect their Grand Master but they do not revere him, he has taught them better than that. They gather now at the fort awaiting the funeral, they accept his passing and seem to want to express their gratitude to the man.

The funeral was meaningful and moving. It was an expression of how Stungis saved their lives then their souls, taught them and made a safe part of the world. There was commitment to his character as well as his mission. Part of that was the election of a new Grand master, the crafty soul decreed that leadership is a general election of the order and they in turn serve the community at large. Still an old soldier, he left a seed of democracy in the theocracy he raised. He rests now in the earth under a simple cross and an American flag. That flag will fly at his grave and from the fort henceforth.

Life continues, the mission will never end for them or I. Air scouts depart to track a slave ship plying the coast lines. They have a few dozen ultralights, a simple technology for them to maintain and using fuel they can make. In this fallen world even this simple craft gives them a huge advantage in intelligence and reconnaissance. Word of these Children of the Night moving out from the city on raids sends a platoon of cavalry into the field. Crops are toiled, supplies inventoried, plans are being made.

Time for me to make my plans has come. I have a good sword, two pistols, a lot of trail food, the Staff Sergeants' wrist compass, camel back and work gloves. Amazing how Morrow Project geared us up and all I really seem to want now is clean socks and a roll of toilet paper. There is what Stungis taught me. It was not his equipment or even his training that gave him success. It was his tenacity and strength to stay true to his self and get the job done. His morality and knowledge were what affected this world more than his M4 and night vision.

Tomorrow I go south again. I am told that the Children are in all the cities, that gators and boars are numerous and huge yet even they fear the invasive snake population. Brazilian pepper trees and kudzu dominate the landscape. There are rumors and wild tales as well but this new world is filled with unknown possibilities. What outlandish rumor could be true I cannot say but I will find out and report as best I can.

NAME: Knights of Saint John

TYPE: Religious, warrior and healer monks.

LOCATION FOUND: Saint Augustine, Florida.

ENCOUNTER SIZE: Patrols in the region are of 8 man teams, though lone travelers are sent on medical missions.

TECH LEVEL: In Medical level E, repair of items up to level E, production of level G

POWER/ RESOURCES: Steam

WEAPONS: Handmade Bolt action rifles, crossbows, swords,

SPECIAL ATTRIBUTES: Christian religion with emphasis on protection of people from harm.

TRADE: The Knights trade their medical skills and the protection of their military force from salvers, caravan guards and so forth. The Knights do not produce enough food for their needs so are dependent upon trade; as well they are unable to produce complex pharmaceutical.

SKILLS: Well respected for medical skills and military toughness.

DESCRIPTION: Based upon the ancient Knights of Saint Johns or Hospitaleers these are men of faith who practice medicine and warfare. Their martial skills are for defense of themselves and the innocent. Based out of the old Spanish fort Castillo de San Marcos their artillery keeps the slavers at bay and their sword arms and firearms have cleared the city ruins of dangers. They offer sanctuary to any traveler or resident; they will fight to protect the city and were instrumental in setting up local regional trade via their protection and oversight. Their religion is Christian, a liberal form of Catholicism. They do not recruit or push their religion but will answer any questions and encourage anyone to learn more. Their population is 400 and they have 175 men under arms all trained as cavalry with an additional 75 militia. All members of the order are trained in combat and advanced first aid, while then trained (OJT) as doctors, administrators, farmers, soldiers, etcetera.

So you want to be a Morrow Candidate?

By Cameron Taylor "Doc"

Well sign here and walk through the big airlock over there... Right so besides being like a caricature of the best of the best, of everything, you have to have the proper training, the right mind set, and buy into Morrow's ideal where should I began?

"OK so where do I begin?"



Like incoming freshman evading college campus to get classes settled, today's modern Morrow Project member, or Doomsday preparedness needs to start somewhere. Well the line is not too long and you might actually learn something. This ongoing article will give you some inside education and training to begin your path to preparedness, and resilience.

Know how to communicate. The days of using coded speech for police, fire and EMS (that's a 10-4, 10-21 and a 10-96) are over and done. Plain language between everyone is the spice of the day, and its really appreciated. For many of you have served in the military much of what is next is old hat to you, but to many others its a glimpse into how communication flows between organizations and why.

The National Incident Management System (NIMS) is a standardized approach to incident

management developed by the United States Department of Homeland Security. By using the Incident Command System (ICS), that has been incorporated into the NIMS is the a standard, on-scene, all-hazards incident management system already in use by firefighters, hazardous materials teams, rescuers and emergency medical teams. The ICS has been established by the NIMS as the standardized incident organizational structure for the management of all incidents.

So how do you learn the NIMS/ICS way? Well it's not to difficult here is where you start. <https://training.fema.gov/is/courseoverview.aspx?code=IS-100.b> This is a self directed for NIMS/ICS. All you need to do is sign up and follow the directions.

"So I now know Disaster Speak, what next?"

How is your CPR or First Aid? Still holding onto that card from 5 or 10 years ago? Yea its time to update.

"Hey that costs cash man!"

Not if you are creative and a decent human, it won't. American Heart Association and Red Cross are ALWAYS looking for instructors, and if you are willing to donate your time back to either organization by teaching (often times only a 2-3 times a year) and you get free education to help save lives. Look into your area for who what and where? http://www.heart.org/HEARTORG/CPRandECC/CPR_UCM_001118_SubHomePage.jsp# type in your zip code and sign up.

"Excellent now I can pump chests, run a AED... what else you got form me?"

Next time... Disaster Life Support!



The Life and Times of Charley Steele

By Julie Phoenix

Chapter 1

Charlene Steele wasn't having it. She was not going to deal with this guy who thought that he was better than her. He was being a jerk. They just assigned her to this unit yesterday. She wasn't quite sure she liked it. Her old job had been much more interesting. She had been able to explore the depths of his psyche, to help him come to terms with his gift. Then she had the baby and suddenly she was here. She didn't know if her being pregnant had offended him in some way. She was only sure that he had stopped requesting her presence more and more as her pregnancy became more obvious. Her new job was in intake. She was supposed to be doing evals on new recruits. It was largely uninteresting, but she knew the end was far too real. She knew it would happen and she knew that these were the people responsible for rebuilding after it was over. Now, she was charged with making sure they were the best choices.

The one in front of her now. He probably wasn't a good choice. He seemed to think the world revolved around him. Or perhaps she was just disgruntled. After all she was in a mood today. Yesterday for all she knew she would have a cushy job for the rest of her life. She just listened to his stories. Nothing difficult about that. She comforted him from the nightmares. She listened to the changes in the plan as they happened. Yes, it was a lot of responsibility. After all being responsible for the mental well being of Mr. Morrow himself was an important job. It was something she was proud of. Now, she did this.

The man in front of her was named Jerry, at least according to the file. He had come in the first time about a month ago. It was obvious that he had been guided through the paperwork. But, everything was in order. The T's were crossed. The I's dotted. Everything seemed fine there. He had no real fam-



ily save a wife and an elderly mother. He had his physical and was deemed fit. In order to complete the process one had to be in semi fit condition. They would be put through a rigorous training process and would need to be able to survive the freeze. All of these things she knew like the back of her hand. At least in theory. She had never seen the process in person. Her job was just to do the final vetting and deem them psychologically fit.

Now mind you, they had been through an evaluation before. But she was the final say. The other eval was just to make sure that they were able to be on grounds. That they weren't being absolutely insane and wanting to take out the whole operation. Basically, it was to make sure that they could move on with the vetting process. It was her job to then make sure that they could actually do the job.

It was a big job and it required quite a bit. The job was to through the training process, to get cryogenically frozen and then to wake up at a given time to help rebuild the earth. One did have to be pretty psychologically fit in order to do that. Especially with the things she had heard.

She sat with the man in front of her, keeping a steady eye on the paperwork on her desk. He was already pushing her buttons and she didn't want to blowup on him. After all it was her first day. She leafed through the paperwork to see

what the initial eval had to say. It didn't have much, just a box checked passed and a piece of paper with some notes. "Subject has ego issues" was the line that jumped out at her. "Alright Jerry", she said, "shall we begin?"

"I thought we already began when I walked in this place a month ago" he said.

"That was a beginning, yes." she said. "tell me, was it what you expected?"

"Well, little lady, you aren't what I expected" he laughed.





“Let’s try to stay on topic here”. Tell me about the day you first came here. What was your experience? What did it feel like?”

“I’m not sure what you mean?” he said,

“Let’s start here” she said, “Tell me what you saw when you first entered the building to sign up.”

“Don’t you want to know why I signed up in the first place?”

“No. I don’t. I want to know what you saw. We can get into that stuff later. Let’s just stick to the facts right now. Tell me what the space looked like”

“Alright, I’ll play along.” he said. “I don’t understand why you women have to have descriptions of everything”

Charley blinked at him, she struggled but kept a blank face. He was obviously a sexist asshole. It wasn’t the first time he had used phrases like “you women” or “little gal”. There clearly was no reason for it other than self importance. She decided to play the game a bit, explore that avenues “Tell me what you mean by that? Do all women ask you to describe things?”

“It’s always, what are you feeling, what are you thinking. It’s exhausting,” he said.

“What do you find exhausting about it?” she asked, knowing that she needed to avoid why questions in order to get any information out of him. She made herself as neutral as possible. Although it was impossible to hide the fact that she was a woman, she didn’t want to appear to be attacking him

“I don’t want to have to talk about things constantly. Just go do

something and get it done. Don’t sit and talk about it constantly. It goes nowhere” he said.

Charley had enough, she excused herself for a moment. “I’m going to get a cup of coffee, would you like one?” she didn’t really hear his answer as she left the room.

Her office felt depressing to her. It was a windowless room made of a cream colored brick with nothing but a large windowless door on it made of thick steel. She hadn’t bothered to put anything on the walls. What would she put up there? Inspirational quotes? That seemed oddly sarcastic given the circumstances. In the room were very few pieces of furniture. A desk, a filing cabinet and two chairs. The desk was stock for a governmental type office. Made out of cheap metal. It made the room echo more, The chairs were a bit more comfortable. Hers was an office chair made by Steelcase, a furniture company in Michigan. They made high end office furniture. It seemed to be the one piece that was posh in her office. Something more than absolute necessity. The other chair was a standard office waiting room chair. It was slightly cushioned, but not much with a stained looking red cover. The filing cabinet was a standard 6 drawer cabinet complete with the forms she had to fill out for each client that visited her.

She quickly strode toward the coffee machine walking casually among the people working away at their desks. Her office was just one of many in this building and the assistants shared one large space. Space was a bit limited down here but they were adding all the time. She poured her coffee with a bit of cream and sugar and a cup for him just in case and headed back toward the office. She needed another plan, this one wasn’t working and she was tired of his games. She thought as she walked along. She took a deep breath and opened the door. It was time to begin.

“OK Jerry, she said as she sat down the cup of coffee in front of him, “I said I didn’t want...” he interrupted.

“Personally, I don’t care what you want. You see, I’m the final step before you are accepted. You either play or you don’t. Its



up to you. But if you are accepted is solely my decision. So, you can not answer the questions, but if you don't then you don't get in. Got it? You make me happy or you go home."

"Do I still..."

"No, I ask the questions, you answer" Charley inserted. Tell me about your home life."

"What do you want to know?" he asked obtusely

"Tell me about your relationship with your wife"

"She's my wife, she does the cleaning and the cooking. She makes the beds and she does what a woman is supposed to in them".

"How old is she? What does she like?"

"She's 31, four years younger than me. She likes to cook and clean and make me happy"

"Do you think you could do these things with out her?"

"I don't know, never thought about it."

"Tell me about your friends"

"My buddy Alex and I, we watch football. Go to games when we can. Sometimes the guys and I go out and have a few beers. All pretty normal stuff"

"How do you feel about leaving all of them behind?"

:"What do you mean?"

"I am pretty sure you were told what your goal is here? What your job entails?"

"Oh, I'm prepared for the end of the world. We are stocked up on food and ammunition. I even got me a closet full of toilet paper. Ain't nobody coming to get us and our stuff."

"Jerry, if we accept you into this, you won't be home for the end of the world. You will be cryogenically frozen after you are trained. The training alone will take years. All of this will remain a secret. They will not know where you are going and why. Chances are when you

wake up they will all be dead. Do you understand this?"

"Uh... yeah."

"And how does this make you feel?"

"I think I can manage. I mean, we still get the money right?"

"Right, if I accept you, you still get the money. I think our session is done now. Thank you for your time. Someone will be in touch."

She watched as Jerry went out and walked out the door. Then she sighed heavily. If this is what every one was going to be like she didn't think she could take it. The man clearly did not understand what the job entailed and even if he had he couldn't have done it. He was stuck in the 1950s. She pulled out the paperwork and began to add the rejection pieces to his file, creating his psychological profile.

The day had been a long one, three people interviewed, lots of paperwork and she was ready to go home. She was getting ready to head out the door when a fellow worker stepped in. "Hello Charlene he said "How are you tonight?"

"I'm fine Allan, please call me Charley" she said "What can I do for you?"

"Oh nothing, Charley, I just thought I would say hi. No one else has introduced themselves?"

"No, they haven't. I really haven't had much time though to tell you the truth.

"No wonder they are saying what they are saying." he replied





“What do you mean?” she asked

“I’m not one to gossip you know,” he started.

“OK, well... she started

“But, you know they are saying that you are unfriendly, stuck up even. They want to know how you got such an important job with out even interviewing.”

“ I am just here doing my job. I didn’t know anything about office etiquette” She avoided the obvious last question.

It was made very clear when she first started working for Morrow that she did not talk about what she did or the fact that she even worked there. She would avoid that at all costs.

“So where were you before this?” he asked trying hard not to pry. But prying anyways.

“Oh, I’ve been with the company for a while now,” she replied casually. They just asked me to fill in here so I did. She knew as soon as she said it that it would contribute to her uppity status with the coworkers but she didn’t care. As far as she was concerned no one needed to know. She wasn’t trying to make friends. She was just here to do a job. As a matter of fact she just wanted to go home. She just wanted to see her husband and daughter. But this man was intent on talking. “So, yeah anyways, I just thought I’d stop and say hi, maybe you can take some time and introduce yourself to the others tomorrow.”

“Yeah I’ll see what I can do about that.” she said. “Meantime, I should get going.”

“Yeah, yeah me too” he said as he stood there awkwardly.

She left her little office room and headed out the double doors at the end of the long room. She paused momentarily for the search. The security here was impeccable. You were not allowed to bring anything in or out of the facility. No one got in or out with out a badge and an retina scan. They also had cameras everywhere. Hidden cameras of course, since this was a secret facility.

Morrow was very secretive about his mission. He did not let others in on his little secrets. No one knew of the master plan. Absolutely no one admitted to working in one of his offices. As a matter of fact the intake facilities were all disguised as other things. They were often insurance agencies, there was a construction company near here. They even had offices in the social security office. She laughed when she saw the TV cartoon Archer because she had actually heard of an intake in a laundry mat. Maybe they stole that idea. Who knows. She did not work in an intake facility though. Hers was after intake. This is where the paperwork got done, where people were sent for their physicals and for her final psychological evaluation. The place was completely underground, in a bunker of sorts, except much bigger. The walls inside were all a cream off white color and made mostly of brick. Except the medical wing. Those walls were army medical green. Sort of a mix between moss green and someone threw up on me green. There were miles of hallways all leading to different parts of the facility. There were large meeting areas where no one ever went. Or at least no one that she knew. She suspected that the research facilities were also down here somewhere. Or at least some of them. She walked out of the main facility and into the elevator. This place was below what looked like a gravel pit. It was in perpetual construction mode, so trucks coming and going was never an issue. Where the elevator came up looked like a construction trailer on the outside. She rose up and went out the trailer door.

The Peppercorn Incident

By Tim Gray

The Setup:

The team is in a very small town in “anyplace” and in the open air market when they hear a woman scream and yelling and see what looks like a fistfight at the other end of the market.

When they arrive there are two men fighting over a bag, the table of produce is overturned, and a woman on the ground bleeding from her face but sitting up. A crowd is starting to gather when the team arrives.

Right before the team tries to intervene, the small bag lands at the feet of one of the team members. (Inside is a bunch of small round black objects, they smell strongly of pepper. They are in fact peppercorns) The moment the bag is picked up by one of the team members, the fight stops and one of the men yells out, “THOSE ARE NOT YOUR PROPERTY, GIVE THEM TO ME NOW.” He then stands up and heads to the team member holding the peppercorns and tried to take them.

PD Notes:

There is about 100 grams (3.5 ounces/ about 200) of dark green and black peppercorns in the small leather bag. It ties closed at the top with a small strip of leather and is a single round piece of leather with holes punched for the tie.

Before the war pepper is commonly available for everyone, but after the war it is incredibly rare. When it does appear in a market only 20 peppercorns can sell for more than the price of old world weapons in excellent condition, basically A full bar of chocolate will buy you 2 peppercorns. Most working folk have no idea what pepper is, but the Frozen chosen absolutely do and they crave it and spend a lot of resources to get it. And if someone finds out what it is and tastes it, they crave the flavor, it makes the horrible squirrel and muskrat almost enjoyable.

The two men fighting are Clem and Daniel. Clem and his wife run a travelling trade in the market and have done so for years doing a loop of about 100 miles. They head north in the summer and south in the winter. They will sell nearly anything, Maggie, his wife, will go out and find wild berries to gather and sell, she knows of a grove of wild raspberries about 10 miles south of here that it seems almost nobody else has stumbled upon as they are the only ones with these small tart delights, they will stop there and pick every



single berry and spreading them out on tarps from their wagon to dry in the sun, then pack them in some old mason jars they traded for. Clem has a couple of mason jars on the cart filled with moonshine and some berries in it making it a deep crimson red.

Clem and Maggie only arrived in the town a week ago, but 2 weeks ago they came across a man that was travelling and weary from the road, he could barely walk and asked if he could pay for a ride. He rode in back of the wagon for the rest of the day until they stopped to make camp for the night. That is when clem smelled the strong odor of blood from their passenger, the man was bleeding as his shirt and coat was soaked by now and his speech was slurred. They Tried all they could to make him comfortable, but they did not know much about first aid. That night around the fire Clem gave him as much moonshine as the man wanted to kill the pain. For this act of kindness he handed clem a small bag and said, “What is in this bag will buy you a farm. I want to thank you for your kindness and help, nobody has ever been nice to me and I have done some very horrible things in my life.”

The man then announced that he needed to sleep, and layed down on his bedroll with a pistol in his hand on his chest.

Clem was confused, in the fire light he could not see much but this bag barely weighed anything and it smelled odd. Were these seeds? He carefully closed the bag as the man cared more for these little things than anything else he was carrying.

In the morning, Maggie was making a pine and birch bark tea to help their new travel companion when Clem tried to wake the man, he was cold to the touch and not breathing and obviously passed in the night.

Clem and Maggie will remember and tell this story to any of the team members if questioned.

Clem:

Clem Jacobson, is a tall man about 6' 2" tall and very thin about 38 years old. Blond hair and one blue eye and one green eye. He enjoys the drink a little too much and has obvious signs of light alcoholism as well as the ravages of the bathtub rotgut most places sell and trade. He has a small corked bottle he constantly slips off of when nervous. He has a visual tick of scratching his neck and arms and says "you know" a lot when talking. "He is over there you know" or "you know I am not sure where I put that." he is dressed in good handmade clothing and his leather jacket actually has a cloth lining with many pockets in it to keep anything valuable on hand and away from pickpockets. He wears boots that are leather with worn leather soles that look like they are from the renaissance era. And are wrapped with leather thongs.

When looking at anything close up it is obvious he has a vision problem and needs basically reading glasses or a magnification glass, he has neither and has seen neither in his travels.

Maggie:

Maggie is a lot younger than Clem and has no idea what her last name is, just that everyone called her maggie for as long as she can remember. She is a short 5'2" tall has long brown hair and looks to be about 19-20 years old. She is dressed very much like Clem except she is wearing a leather skirt over her pants. Under that skirt she carries a crudely made 6 inch long dagger and knows how to use it. Maggie does not talk much and looks to Clem before talking. She will talk quietly and looks at the ground a lot and will refuse to be separated from Clem. +30% to a skill check if the person is female. -30% to the skill check if the person is male.

Maggie has been with Clem since she was 15 she was sold to another man at age 14 as a bride and one night while being beaten all she can remember is looking up as Clem grabbed the man's hand as he was about to strike her with a pistol and stabbed him through the throat. Maggie idolizes Clem and sees him as her protector. Clem has never harmed her and has done whatever he could to keep her safe and fed with a home. Maggie fell in love with him rapidly.

Daniel:

Daniel Stout is 5'11" tall and about 250 pounds and built like a bodybuilder and it shows through his clothing. His head is shaven and he has crude tribal type of tattoos on his head and neck. He has a beard that is black. He is wearing all black clothing and has a leather belt with a holster that holds a very short double shotgun holstered in it strapped to

his leg. He is wearing old world leather motorcycle boots that are well worn but signs of repairs. His clothing looks better made than most but is dirty and has some wear. Under his shirt he has a well made leather shoulder concealed holster that holds a .45 revolver

Daniel works as a deputised recovery agent for the free city of Centerville. He will refuse to say where Centerville is and only reply with, "if you were allowed to know where you will be told." he will proudly show his badge that is mounted in a well worn leather wallet. He will refuse to be disarmed unless forced to. He is very situationally aware and will not allow himself to be surrounded and move to avoid having anyone to his back. His weapons are obviously pre war and in very good condition. Whoever his employer is they have knowledge and resources. Questions about the town or the leaders will be met with, "That is none of your concern" or other response. Daniel will not give up any details unless he is put under severe force, he will be killed by his employers for any breach of contract and talking about them is a breach of contract.

If your players are murder hobos, Daniel has 230SP/BP has a 50 skill in firearms, a 60 skill in hand to hand combat with a bowie knife. He also has a 40 skill in hand drawing still life, as he has been interested in art since an early age, but I doubt we will deal with that information in game.

His shotgun is a double barrel 12 GA with buckshot, the Pistol is a 6 shooter 45 long. He has 16 rounds of 12Ga buck on him and 36 rounds of .45ACP. He also carries a small bag that has 1d6 of spent brass casings in it. If your team kills him and loots the body, or they decide that torture is the best way to get information. He is carrying all of the above plus a brass key (modern) around his neck and a map with several markings on it. If your team really decides to go full torture mode it will be difficult to get him to give up the location of Centerville. -20 on all persuasion skill rolls no matter what skill unless he is certain he will die at their hands and talking will end his suffering (Wow your players are monsters!) then he will give up the information. Do a percentile roll, over 50% and he gave them very distorted information due to physical and mental distress. Now go get your players captured for being evil.

If the team decides to follow him they have a -10% on any stealth or tracking skills as Daniel is an experienced fighter and bushman that can tell when he is followed. He will loop around on his track once a day no matter what to see if he is being followed by looking for tracks. If he thinks he is being followed he will intentionally look for ground to not leave prints like moss or leaves, or will change direction to try and lose them. If you really want the team to follow him home then simply make it difficult for them but not impossible.

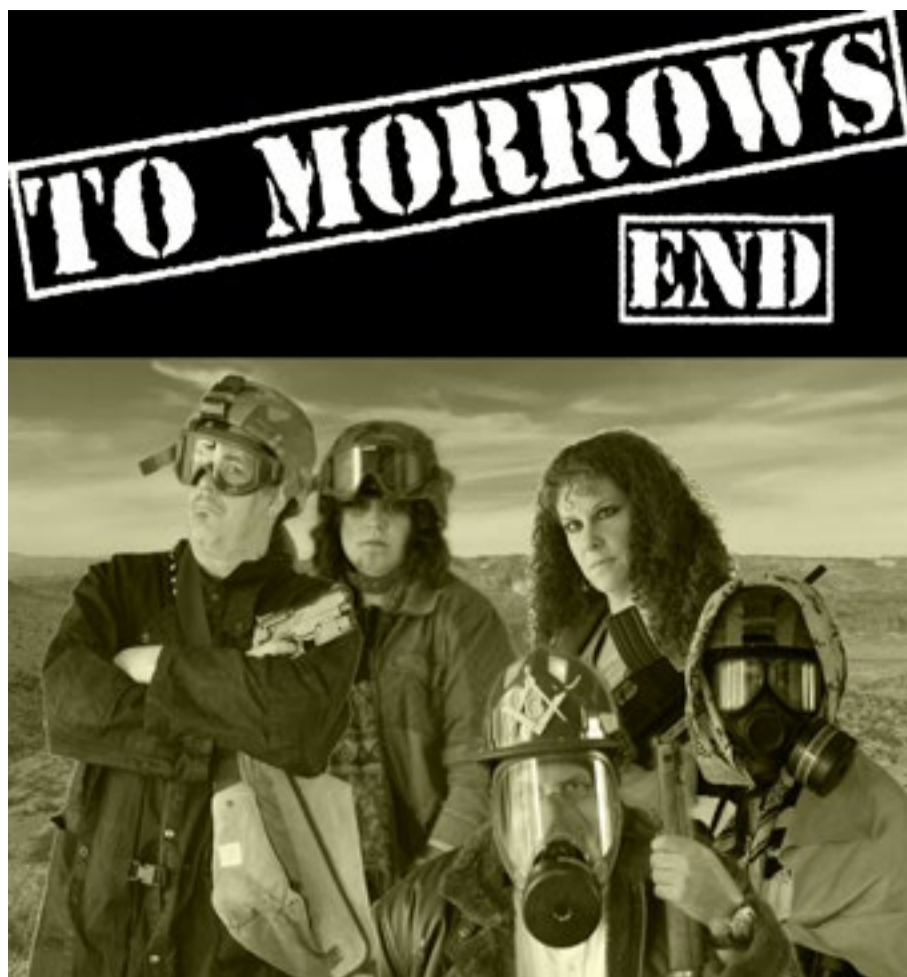
The Situation:

This is the good old Players deal with a NPC fight filler scenario. Your players should be freaked out about someone having pepper as it is insanely rare. It is NOT grown anywhere in the USA in a large scale. The only place possible to grow them is south tip of florida as they need high humidity and heat, if temps drop below 75F they die. So this is a great hook to get your players attention and to lead them somewhere. You can give them the information in a myriad of ways. Have them Tail Daniel to follow him home, or torture him until he talks, etc...

Daniel is here to recover the property of the leaders of Centerville, and that property is the precious peppercorns. The problem is that the courier was supposed to have 2 Kilograms (4.5pounds or over 4000) of peppercorns in the delivery. Where are they and where are these “thieves” hiding them are what Daniel is most interested in. “People like you can not understand what these are” is the kind of responses that he will erupt with until someone mentioned how they are used and what it does to food flavors. Daniel has tasted pepper as his employer will reward the men for exceptional work done with a little bit of pepper on a meal. He will be very surprised to hear of anyone that is not one of the supreme leaders that has used pepper regularly.

The pepper shipment was stolen, but it was stolen by one of the leaders by sending out his men to ambush the courier. The courier was dipping into the deliveries and grabbing a very small amount for himself every delivery run and that is how he had some of his own. He escaped the ambush with only his life and what he had on his person, but took two rounds to the stomach. He walked for 2 days on a rarely used back road until the others found him. You can expand that Clem and Maggie buried the man and they honestly would have taken his things as dead men dont need material things, this will reinforce to Daniel that they killed the courier as his belongings are among theirs.

As the PD you now have plenty of options. Help recover the shipment? Find Centerville? What about Clem and Maggie? This can be used as a in between adventure at whatever town they are currently at or even a hook into a bigger adventure for your team. Trafficking Peppercorns created empires in the old world and it can absolutely do the same thing in the wastelands. People can be driven to kill over spices, and once the common folk taste it they will try and get it themselves. So this luxury can cause a lot of strife in the world for the players.



TO MORROWS END PODCAST IS THE ONLY LIVE PLAY PODCAST FOR THE MORROW PROJECT. YOU CAN FIND IT ON ITUNES AND GOOGLE PLAY OR BY GOING TO

[HTTP://TOMORROWSEND.RPGSTUFF.NET](http://tomorrowsend.rpgstuff.net)

NOTE: TO MORROWS END PODCAST USES ADULT THEMES AND LANGUAGE. PARENTAL DISCRETION ADVISED.

AMMO TRACKER

PLAYER: _____

WEAPON: _____

AMMO TRACKER

PLAYER: _____

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