

MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi has seen better days. Badly damaged during the war, both by direct action and the subsequent collapse of the economy, Mississippi was thrown into a state of anarchy that it has really never come out of. There are no large "empires" by any definition in the region, and what communities still exist are insular and often fiercely independent. Only along the rivers is there anything remotely civilized.

1) NUCLEAR TARGETS

COLUMBUS AFB (Columbus): SS-18M1 (single 25 Mt warhead); On Target; Low Air Burst

JACKSON (State Capital): SS-N-17 (MIRV: 3x 500 Kt warheads); On Target; Low Air Burst

KEESLER AFB (Biloxi): SS-N-8 (single 2 Mt warhead); On Target; Low Air Burst

NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALION CENTER (Gulfport): SS-N-8 (single 2 Mt warhead); On Target; Low Air Burst

CAMP SHELBY MILITARY RESERVATION (Hattiesburg): SS-N-17 (MIRV: 3x 500 Kt warheads); On Target; Low Air Burst

JOHN C. STENNIS SPACE CENTER (Gainesville): SS-17 (MIRV: 4x 200 Kt warheads); On Target; Low Air Burst

2) MORROW PROJECT ASSETS

Unnamed MP bolthole: Located beneath an old maintenance shed near the Mount Olive exit on US-49 southeast of Jackson.

3) MISSISSIPPI RIVER BANKS

Though much of the State of Mississippi has been suffering under drought conditions for the last few years, lands within a few miles of the banks of "The Mighty Mississippi"--either bank--receive adequate water. Enough, in fact, that conditions along the river are so much better that these lands warrant being categorized as a separate "region" within the state. Several communities along the river at the various lock sites serve as portages for the vital barge traffic that flows along the river. Since the early days of human habitation in the region, The River has always seen much traffic--from individual Traders in canoes to crews on keelboats and sailing skiffs--and while this has not changed, much of the barge traffic on the southern Mississippi and Ohio Rivers is sponsored or affiliated with the Kentucky Free State in some way. Because of this many of the river communities often play host to Free State "Commercial Agents" and "Resident Traders".

Greenville: Fairly typical of the smaller river towns along the eastern bank, Greenville receives much trade and travel from upriver and is steadily growing in size. The Highway 82 bridge spanning the river to [Arkansas](#) collapsed a century ago and much of the cross-river traffic is done by a large ferry that uses a horse-drawn rope system capable of carrying anything up to a five-ton truck. The town's mayor has a problem, it seems that his hottie daughter likes to sleep with all the men in town. Two days ago, she was raped by a KFS Commercial Agent--a slimy and pompous man named Slater, who is currently holed up in the KFS compound overlooking the ferry dock. Slater is warning the locals that if any harm comes to him the Free State will come with the torch. While this might be just an idle threat, the Mayor and his police have yet to take any action, other than preventing Slater from leaving town.

Vicksburg: A bustling city, home to 3,800 souls, and the largest river enclave between Memphis and the Gulf, everything about Vicksburg is centered around Trade. Even the City Council is made up of representatives of the larger Merchant Families. The river traffic is steady and the city has become a vital stopping point on the Mississippi River for both commercial and travel purposes. As the I-20 river bridge is still up, there is also a fair amount of overland travel and trade into and out of [Louisiana](#) from here. People live well in Vicksburg, and surrounding Warren County, better than anywhere else in the state by far. Many of the local mills and workshops have wood-fired steam engines providing power, but electricity is unknown. And while the city trades crude oil, the locals have little knowledge of its uses.

Gunpowder is known, and manufactured, but firearms technology is rather primitive as well as expensive; though the city has spent considerable monies on a perimeter of small forts around the city, equipped with heavy, black-powder cannon. Ability with rapier and crossbow are things to brag about, and Duels are common and accepted by society (and the Law).

The Army of Vicksburg--a surprisingly well trained and organized outfit--has recently declared victory in a year-long campaign against several regional bandit clans. For years these outlaw groups were quite a problem for the farms that fed the city, as well as raiding the oil caravans (see Trail of Tears). The outlaws had joined forces in an alliance meant to counter increased military action by the Army of Vicksburg, but, in a brilliantly planned and executed offensive by the combined Cavalry and Infantry, the Army caught the largest group in a vice in the Delta National Forest, then harassed the scattered survivors until, five months later in a surprise attack on their camp near Brownsville, almost all of the remaining outlaws were killed or captured. The entire campaign was planned and led by Colonel Sampson Beauregard, who has since achieved nearly cult status in Vicksburg society circles (much to the irritation of the Commanding General).

The Trail of Tears: Ten years ago, a trader in Vicksburg was exploring the ruins of the ancient "oil works" north of the city and discovered a faded map. Following the references, he discovered a workable oil pump in the abandoned ruins of a place called "Oil City", about 42 miles northeast of Vicksburg. Within a year, an overland route had been established through the wild and dangerous Yazoo River country, mostly following sections of the old US-61 and MS-3 Highways. Mule caravans carrying barrels of unrefined crude oil follow the trail about a dozen times a year, less in the summer months. The oil is then traded as-is to river merchants--mostly to Free State traders, who maintain a Resident Trader in Vicksburg, just for this reason. The trail route is fraught with danger, from bandits as well as mutant animals, thus the nickname--though the Army of Vicksburg's recent campaign against bandits has lessened the threat from that sector.

The tiny communities along the Trail--none with populations larger than 50 people--were all insular, independent places before the establishment of "The Trail", and a couple of them even tried to institute "Tolls"--but the Army of Vicksburg was used to end those enterprises. The Trail of Tears starts at the fortress of Oil City, then runs through Mechanicsburg--which is only just starting to recover from being burned down by the Army of Vicksburg 6 years ago--to Satartia, then Eldorado, Ballground, and Redwood, before arriving at the fortified storage facility in northern Vicksburg.

Natchez: this city has survived riots, floods, fires, famines, and most notably plague. The terrain around Natchez on the Mississippi side of the river is rather hilly. The city sits on a high bluff above the Mississippi river and in order to reach the riverbank one must travel down a steep road to the riverside landing called "Natchez Under-the-Hill". This hilly terrain is in marked contrast to the flat lowlands found across the river.

Natchez (including the plantations of surrounding Adams County) is now home to 1,000 Citizens, exclusively Black. In the days immediately following the War, Natchez, being relatively unscathed, was inundated with refugees. Sickness was everywhere, but a particularly nasty virus started to affect those of European and Latino ethnicity; killing people of these genomes within hours of contraction. Some people of Black, Asian, and even Native American decent were also affected, but most of these cases recovered; it appeared that the African genome was immune to the disease. Whether this was a bioweapon, or some radiation-induced mutant virus was never discovered, but for several years following the Bombs, Caucasians, or anyone with enough Caucasian genetics in their background, quickly sickened and died when coming within several miles of Natchez. To the Natchez survivors of African decent, this mattered little--they still had to survive the other Horrors of the Apocalypse, and make a life for themselves. And they were quite successful at rebuilding their city and creating a new society, a thriving society which, while smaller in population than Vicksburg, to the north, is the technological equal of that city-state.

After several years, the "White Fever", whatever its origin, died out, and it was again safe for those of Caucasian origin to return to the area--but, only a decade after the Bombs, most mobile peoples were Outlaws and Raiders. These scum rushed to plunder Natchez, only to find a well organized and well equipped City Militia. For years, raider groups assaulted the City of Natchez, and for years, the survivors of such ill-fated groups would find themselves "repaying their debt to society" as convict labor on the cotton plantations.

The Natchez region pioneered cotton agriculture in the United States, and that is still true. Also true is that growing

cotton is a labor intensive operation, and without power equipment, the Citizens of Natchez have resorted to older ways--in addition to the 1,000 Citizens, Natchez is also home to 2,400 Slaves, mostly out in the plantations. In Natchez, Citizenship is reserved exclusively to those of Black lineage. Non-Blacks are considered "inferior" races, and good only for field labor. Traders come from as far away as Mexico and the KFS for the superior cotton grown here, but non-Black Traders are warned to tread lightly and behave respectfully.

4) NORTHERN PLAINS

The northern parts of the state have seen fields dry up and people flee in large numbers over the last century, leaving few pickings for marauders and bandits who have scoured the area of nearly anything left of value. Any bandits encountered will be of the local boy variety, mostly armed with little more than spears and knives.

Tupelo: The largest survivor community in the northern half of the state, with a population of 700, Tupelo is currently controlled by a white racist overlord named David Knowles. Knowles has set himself up as "King of Tupelo" and is busy forcing his power on anyone who wanders by. His faithful followers number some 100 well-armed--antique pre-War hunting rifles, mostly--thugs who have become complacent with having had it so easy. Knowles is very short of reliable ammunition, however, and has been seeking someone to trade with him for more. He is considering becoming a slaver for the Free State, as they can offer him ammo for slaves. Knowles' men are beginning to patrol the hilly terrain of the Pontotoc Ridge region, trying to see how many potential slaves actually live in the area.

Amory: living off the infrequent trade and travel on the Tombigbee River, the 40 people now living in Amory are dominated by Gregg Knowles--half-brother to "King" David Knowles, of nearby Tupelo--and his handful of revolver-armed Pistolboys. "Prince" Gregg, under orders from his brother, has begun clearing land for the construction of a slave market, where the Knowles' hope to attract KFS "Labor Acquisition" Agents.

Columbus Air Force Base: The most heavily Nuked place in all of Mississippi, this air base is now just a desert of sand and gravel and the blasted-out shells of buildings. Locals hold to a legend that there is an intact bunker under one of the ruined hangers on the base which contains some very powerful "technology magic" of the fabled "Skymen", and anyone with the ability to raise tons of rubble in a highly radioactive wasteland is welcome to it. The bigger mystery, though, is how/why *everyone* in northeastern Mississippi seems to know this same legend...

Ripley: The dusty ruins of this small town along the buckling tarmac of Highway 15 are the current hide-out of a surprisingly well-organized nomadic Biker Gang, "The Wasters". There are perhaps a dozen pistol and shotgun-armed men in the group riding heavy "Mad Max" style motorcycles, along with an equal number of women and children dependents driving a half-dozen equally cobbled-together small trucks. Their bikes are their lives, so, though uneducated, these Bikers have a positive genius for keeping mechanical devices functional. A couple of the 'smarter' ones even know how to read. The Wasters have located a well, and coerced a pump to working at bringing water up from far below. They're settling in for a few weeks, while they boil up a big load of alkyfuel for their vehicles.

The lost Thunderbolt: In a wooded ravine in the old overgrown Holly Springs National Forest is a crashed Free State P-47 fighter plane. The plane was being flown out of a base in [Tennessee](#) on a recon flight a month ago when it suffered a mechanical failure and crashed. The pilot, a young man named Marcus Bainbridge, from a Danville military family closely related to the Rich Five, died instantly in the accident. A large search effort was launched across the Tennessee River soon after the loss, but they were looking in the wrong area and never found the wreck. The site was found, however, by the Biker Gang from Ripley. The Bikers stripped the airplane of everything useful--and among the items they retrieved from the plane was the pilot's diary. In it, Bainbridge describes the dark underbelly of the Rich Five, complete with many revelations of incest and patricide amongst the Elite Families--for whom various branches of his own family have served as estate guards. One of the smarter Bikers can read and has figured out the value of this diary--either to an underground movement in the KFS, or to the Elite Families, themselves. Now they just have to figure a way to get in touch with anyone from the KFS, without getting themselves blown away first.

5) CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI

Once the nuclear fires of the War died down, the Bienville National Forest began reclaiming the central part of the state,

and for several decades, without Humans to interfere, the Primordial Forest returned. But recent droughts have hit the forest hard, especially during the unseasonably hot summers, with the attendant threat of forest fires. Beside the threat of fires, epidemics hit the scant Human population of this area pretty hard every few decades, severely reducing said population every time. Currently there are almost no functioning settlements above the family farm level in this area--except for the Choctaw Indians. The small Choctaw reservations of the Bienville Forest have returned to "The Old Ways", and now thrive as several small tribes of semi-nomadic hunters, moving among a series of established campsites during the year. In this region, a Crossbow is seen as "Super-High Tech", and a sharp steel knife is worth a man's life.

Meridian: Almost completely abandoned as droughts depleted the food reserves to the point where the town collapsed. The total population is now reduced to only four old men who live at the ramshackle "Trading Post", and mainly spend their time playing cards out on the porch.

The ruins of Jackson: Nuked during the war, this ruined city is often called "The Deadhole" by local travelers. Now just home to a few scavengers and Blue Undead, many of the later congregated around one of the MIRV craters in the eastern part of the city.

Grenada Lake: Now just a marshy, shallow bog, the Grenada hydroelectric dam having collapsed decades ago. This area is home to a small population of people, living off the fish and fowl in the marsh.

Interstate 55: This north-south freeway is in terrible shape. Scrub oak, thin locust and brush have broken it up in many places and wind storms have nearly covered it completely for long stretches. The hilly stretches through the Bluff Hills are especially damaged, by washouts and sun cracking. The route is rarely traveled, but does provide an easy navigation aid for local traders.

6) SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI

In the southern part of the state, the fishing trade along the Gulf Coast is the main occupation. The people tend to be more independent than others, resulting in a shrinking gene pool.

The ruins of Biloxi: During the war, Keesler Air Force Base was hit by a 2 Megatonne nuclear weapon. The damage was enormous and the fires raged for weeks. The area of total devastation stretched from I-110 in the east to I-10 in the north to Popps Ferry Road in the west. The surviving citizens buried their dead as best they could, until the sheer numbers got out of hand and the survivors fled to the north. The dying did a fair amount of pillaging and looting on their way out and most of the city was reduced to ruins. 150 years later, no one lives between Biloxi Bay and I-10 at all. Through a freak of wind patterns, much of the initial fallout fell out to sea, and today Biloxi's radiation levels are relatively low, though this is not common knowledge.

The ruins of Gulfport: In the immediate aftermath of the nuke on Biloxi just fifteen miles away, the Naval Construction Battalion Center--and the Strategic Materials Reserve that was stored there--was hit by a 2 Megatonne nuclear weapon. The US Navy evacuated the naval base survivors amidst much violent rioting and fighting. There has been some planning by various empires over the last century about salvaging the mountains of (mildly radioactive) materials--huge piles of bauxite, tin, and copper ore can still be found here in varying quantities--but there have never been any resources available for such an undertaking. After 150 years of neglect and small-time looting, the place is such a mess that finding anything valuable, anymore, would be a chore. But still, somewhere under those shifting dunes, lies thousands of tons of valuable ores.

Clermont Harbor: A quiet fishing hamlet on the sandy shores of the Gulf, beside the shaded groves of the Buccaneer State Park, Clermont Harbor is now populated by about three dozen people. Surprisingly, this small settlement have a batch of special crossbows capable of throwing a bolt a considerable distance with great force. These weapons are quality-built, not thrown-together, and show a degree of design and craftsmanship unheard of to simple fishermen.

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