

CONNECTICUT

For some reason known only to Soviet strategic planners, nearly all the cities of Connecticut were smashed by nukes. This, combined with the swarms of refugees in the area and the general lack of viable agriculture in such irradiated country, meant that the population of the state dipped to just a few thousand within ten years. Today, Connecticut still has the smallest current population of any state versus what it had 150 years ago, less than a half a percent of 1989's population.

1) NUCLEAR TARGETS

Bridgeport, SS-N-17
Hartford, SS-18M1b
New Haven, SS-17
Waterbury, SS-19
New Britain, SS-18M2
East Granby, SS-17
Groton nuclear sub shipyard, SS-N-17
New London nuclear sub base, SS-N-8
Millstone 2 nuclear reactor, Waterford County, SS-19
Plum Island disease labs, SS-17

Discretionary nuclear targets:

Stamford, SS-17
Norwich, SS-N-8
Torrington, SS-N-17

2) MORROW PROJECT ASSETS

Recon Team RAT-98: Bolthole located in northern Connecticut.

Recon Team CT-1: A six-man Recon Team is frozen in the Haystack Mountain State Park in the northwest part of the state. The bolthole is located under a maintenance shed built by a Morrow subcontractor in 1976.

Science Team CTS-1: Bolthole located somewhere in Connecticut. Awoke per schedule in December 1992, and was lost during the post-war turmoil in the area.

3) CONNECTICUT URBAN CORRIDOR

Before the war, the New York City-Boston corridor was lined with small, semi-suburban communities, all of them demolished to differing degrees by nukes and 150 years of neglect and refugee migrations. From Greenwich on the old [New York](#) border, through Stamford, Bridgeport, Milford, Waterbury and New Haven, nukes fell like rain all throughout that terrible night in 1989. What the bombs didn't destroy, the riots and refugees and hurricane-like uncontrolled fires finished off by the end of the millennium.

150 years later, conditions in these neglected ruined cities are uniformly miserable. Urban cores are checkerboards of crumbling fire-blackened ruins. Scavengers and gleaners from Lyme and ports further asea have poked around the ruins for decades, but there remains untold caches of valuable salvage to be found for the brave. Often, the far outlying suburbs and manufacturing plants are visited by traveling salvagers from inland towns, though they rarely penetrate far into the ravaged cores.

Today: The Connecticut coastline now offers a number of smaller fishing communities with a tradition of fleeing instead of fighting. Across the entire coast from Stamford to New Haven there are perhaps 350 people to be found. Most of these people are in smallish groups, most along the shorelines but some scavengers still make a difficult living in

isolated pockets throughout the urban corridor. Life is very hard, with sickness and malnutrition a way of life. Former humans also inhabit the area, Maggots are common around New Haven and a curiously large grouping of Blue Undead can be found in the shattered streets of Waterbury.

The ruins of Norwalk: Fairly indicative of what you will find in the area. Hit by a nuke in the war, Norwalk was subsequently looted and sacked so many times it's only a burned-out hulk now. Pirates used it as a base for a time, but abandoned it and moved on when the radiation and disease proved to be dangerous even for them. A few dozen scavengers still occupy parts of the city, and they are often hunted by Cannibals and Maggots.

4) HARTFORD

Situation, pre-war: The state capitol of Hartford was a bustling city in 1989, with around 100,000 citizens making a living in industry and politics. The wide and fast Connecticut River cut the city in half, and suburbs were beginning to encroach upon numerous smaller farming towns to the west and east.

Situation, the war: The SS-18M1b actually hit Hartford, smacking into the corner of the eighth floor of a high-rise building on Broad Street downtown. While the bio-warhead was a dud, the concussion of the impact brought the tower down, and the ensuing dust cloud helped to spread the thick particles of the plague toxin from the shattered warhead across the city. Thousands died and the city nearly melted down in the chaos. Despite the disaster, the city never fully collapsed, and was able to remain a viable community throughout the dark, cold years of nuclear autumn.

Situation, today: Hartford is now doing better than most cities in the area, having a stable population fed by a thriving river trade and crops and gardens planted everywhere there is dirt. Total population of the city is nearly 2,800, with seasonal migrations of Traders and farmers causing that number to swell or reduce at times. As the population has increased steadily over the years, more and more land has been cleared for planting in the city center. There are several doctors in the city, one trained by a man trained by the Kentucky Free State. Considering all that has happened over the last 150 years, the citizens are doing well.

Government: The state government is still here, operating at vastly reduced levels, having very little influence on affairs in Connecticut outside of Hartford County. A remarkable windmill was constructed atop the State Capitol building years ago, which runs a flywheel generator, which provides steady, if limited electrical power and lights for the city government.

Security forces: By a few months after the war, all the remaining Connecticut National Guard personnel were consolidated and reformed in Hartford by the struggling state government. This formed the core of a militia force that still protects the city today. Total manpower is around 370 men at this time, well-equipped with the stores and weapons from six area NG armories.

Commerce: Trade is conducted up and down the Connecticut River, with much trade and travel going south to the open sea and the major port of Lyme. Trade upriver with Springfield, [Massachusetts](#) has been severely curtailed in the last few months as a Plague outbreak has forced most river traffic to halt. A large trade bazaar has been open for years on the grounds of the old Hartford Airport, located along the banks of the river. The five standing hangers are used for booths and storage, along with drying fish and sorting salvage during the winter months. Of the five large bridges across the Connecticut River, two are still standing and offer passage for a fee. These are the Charter Oak (US-5) and the Bissel (I-291) bridges, but only the Bissel is suitable for vehicles over 20 tons.

History Remembered: At the Hartford Airport is also one of the strangest sights you will see in this area. The citizens of the area (and the owners and operators of the exhibit) are proud to have an Airplane Museum. Sitting in a corner of a hanger building are a Connecticut Air National Guard F-4 Phantom jet and a American Airlines McDonald-Douglas MD-11 airliner, both well cared for over the decades by people who have recognized the value in remembering the achievements of the past. Both planes were originally stripped of electronics and other parts, but the damage has been well concealed. Operated by the collective owners of the trade bazaar, the plane museum attracts more visitors than you might expect. Kids and adults pay a small fee to sit in the Phantom's cockpit, the glass canopy long ago removed to allow better access. The airliner often hosts important delegates from other towns, the Hartfordites using their prize to

impress and often intimidate the foreigners. One of these emissaries, from the Kentucky Free State, was just here two months ago. Upon seeing the airplanes, he offered to buy the jets for "a mountain of trade goods". The owners told him no, and he then went away, promising to return soon with "an offer they can't refuse". As even rumors of the KFS' power and wealth have reached this far northeast, the citizen's of Hartford are not sure what the man meant for sure.

5) UPSTATE CONNECTICUT

The ruins of Torrington: This upland city is rapidly falling into decay and ruin. The business districts and industrial areas have been looted and sacked over the years, and the few people living here mostly farm small garden plots. Dogs and cats have become food staples.

Danbury: While missed in the nuclear strikes, Danbury was smashed by refugee migrations just as effectively. This city is still just a gutted and looted shell, home to barely 40 scavengers.

New Milford: The semi-permanent base of a strong bandit clan. Mounted on a large number of horses, they have raided extensively about the countryside, stealing food and women. Their current harem even includes young girls from both the Adams State in the Berkshires and the Champlain Nation to the west. It is rumored that the brother and father of the girl abducted from their farm in eastern [Massachusetts](#) have been stalking the bandits to retrieve her. They are said to be armed with fantastical weapons of amazing power, given to them by reptilian aliens from the Earth's core.

Canaan: Typical of numerous tiny farming towns. The citizens have tried hard not to let their town turn into a mess. In every space available, someone is growing a garden or raising chickens.

6) EASTERN CONNECTICUT

Norwich: A mix of productive farmers and townspeople occupy this city now, all trying to improve their life daily. The town's defenses are provided by a 50-man militia unit armed with mostly edged weapons and crossbows.

The ruins of New London/Groton: Atomized by nuclear weapons, these twin port cities are now just ruined shells. Long ago stripped of anything of value, fires still smolder in the mounds of coal in the heavy manufacturing areas in the outskirts.

7) LYME

Situation, pre-war: The mouth of the Connecticut River was once just a collection of small sleepy New England towns. Tourists came and went, lobsters were boiled and kids played soccer in the lawns. A fairly perfect life for most people.

Situation, the war: The sudden rain of nuclear missiles changed that idyllic life forever. Within hours, streams of refugees, many armed, many more dying from injuries and radiation, swamped the area. Fortunately, most refugees didn't stay long and once they moved on, the surviving locals came out of hiding and began to rebuilt. The majority of the locals banded together and began to look for a new location to settle down. The intact I-95 highway bridge across the river just north of Lyme was a natural gathering point and over time a large settlement grew up on both sides of the bridge.

Situation, today: Today, Lyme is burgeoning trading and fishing hub. This is the most prosperous town in the entire state, living off the river trade and plying the waters of the ocean with a large fishing fleet. There are a large number of commercial agents from Hartford here; assuring that their city receives the best prices for goods and fish. They have some contact with the New Confederacy to the south, with a few trading ships visiting per month.

Commerce: A brisk trade is conducted both along the shores and up the Connecticut River. Communities to the north like Hartford and Springfield benefit greatly from the flow of goods from the port of Lyme. Fish and salvaged goods go north, and grains, timber and manufactured items come back down the wide river. Ships also arrive on regular schedules from ports in the south and further north, including Icelandic and New Confederacy traders. A large and elaborate system of trade equivalencies has long been in service and many local trading clans have grown quite rich. A Mailman

office is operating in Lyme as well.

The Bridge: The Interstate 95 bridge is the center of Lyme identity. You are either from the west side of the bridge or the east, and the differences are monumental. In 2011, the bridge was badly damaged by a drifting train of barges, cut loose in a summer storm. While long ago repaired, and constantly maintained, the span is structurally unsound for vehicles weighing over 20 tons to cross. Large fortifications have been built on the east side of the bridge and passage across is heavily regulated. To prevent another disaster like what happened in 2011, huge breakwaters have been placed in the river channel upriver of the bridge to assure that no more collisions take place.

The Four Families: Lyme is run by four powerful families, all sharing the trade profits and occasionally eating their young in bursts of infighting to establish which is the more influential. Three of the families are "Old Bloods", from the Lyme area from before the war. These are the Robertsons, the Romeros and the Larsens, the last named actually originally from the suburbs of New London. The fourth family, the Eisenbergs, has its roots in a refugee ship from Virginia that landed here about fifty years ago. These exiles from the reformed United States of America brought with them a fortune in guns and scientific tools and have slowly been gaining influence in Lyme. The older families often look upon these "Virginians", as they call them, with scorn and disdain, though they begrudgingly admit their prowess in trade deals. It is rumored that the Virginians are secretly planning a take-over, perhaps with the assistance of outsiders. The Old Bloods frequently keep fishermen on the payroll to keep an eye out for any suspicious boats entering the area.

East Lyme: The community on the western shore has long been the center of power in the area. The vast majority of wealth and industry is concentrated on this side and the standard of living is remarkably high. There are perhaps 1,100 people living on this side of the river, around 400 of them clustered in the built-up area around the bridge. Farms spread out to the east as far as Four Mile Creek, combined with imported food and ample fish stocks, make the population healthy and productive. Infant mortality is down to near 10% and many people are living into their sixties and seventies again, causing a population boom unheard of in this region.

West Lyme: Since anyone can remember, the western bank of the river town has been the seedy side, where all the unwanted and criminals end up, mixing with refugees from inland and poor local fishermen. Poverty is rampant here, and violent death is a common end to residents of the shantytowns. The police rarely patrol this area (and never after dark) and few self-respecting residents of East Lyme ever cross the river. Many of the fishing fleet sailors live on this side, and where there are sailors, there are brothels, saloons, churches and graveyards. The population changes daily, but is usually around 1,200 or so.

Oyster Bay: Named for the shallow Oyster Creek that flows through the area, this "far western suburb" of West Lyme is the most dangerous and unhealthy place to live. Oyster Bay is a community of the shunned, ex-convicts and the infectious, maybe 375 in total. Life spans are measured in months and even the dirt-poor people of West Lyme are loathe to go here. It is from the huddled ranks in Oyster Bay that men are recruited for the most deadly salvage missions to the nuked cities in the region. The general rule is that if a man can survive ten trips to the radiation-poisoned and mutant-filled ruins of New York City and coastal Connecticut, then they can become full citizens of Lyme. As can be expected, very few make it that far.

Shipyards: Along the sifting shores on both sides of the river mouth south of Lyme are a number of shipbuilders. Wooden hulled boats are built in the warm summer months, put together with hammers and sweat on the sandy beaches and then slid into the water on rails for final fitting out. Lyme is known for excellent coastal fishing skiffs. Some years ago they tried their hands at larger ocean-going vessels, but nearly every one of them has sunk when even mild storms were encountered. The fault lies in engineering mistakes in the ballast distribution, problems that have been fixed. Their reputation has been stained, however, and visiting traders from ports far away turn down any offers to buy large ships from Lyme. As they can't sell their ships, the shipbuilders are trying to interest the Lyme leaders in trying their hand at whaling again.

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