

Warriors of the Scorched Earth



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Avalon is proud to present a few NPCs for your Scorched Earth games. Use these characters as allies or foes in your game and have a blast with them.

342

The man they called Pa was a man with vision. He wasn't much interested in philosophy or society or government. No, Pa was a breeder. Pigs could be bred. Dogs could be bred. Horses could be bred. Why couldn't people be bred? Why couldn't people be bred to be the most hostile, most fearsome, and most dangerous predators the world had ever seen? Pa thought he could create the perfect human killing machines with hard work and experimentation.

It could be Pa's just a bit insane.

Pa started with kidnapping himself some children. Then he put them through exercises designed to strip any sense of morality out of them. Pa pushed them to their limit. Then he pushed them some more. Those that survived, he unleashed onto the world with a sense of joy. Those that didn't were food for the rest.

As Pa's experiments grew in scope, he began a breeding program, encouraging the best of his earlier experiments to procreate. To his way of thinking, mindless killing machines breeding together should create even better mindless killing machines. He didn't bother giving them names. After all, names belonged to people, not experiments.

Experiment number 342 was born during the worst winter storm Pa's homestead had seen in quite some time. The mother didn't survive but 342 did. Pa was quite pleased by how hardy the newborn was and began the training program immediately. As 342 grew up, he proved to be bigger, tougher, stronger, and crueller than any of Pa's other experiments. A cocktail of hormones and steroids helped push 342 to even greater heights.

Sometime after 342 reached seven feet in height, he was ordered to raid a nearby settlement and bring back at least five children. 342 grabbed his chainsaw and ran the entire way, eager to obey

Pa's orders. At first, the settlement's guardians proved to be no match for the giant, but then men riding armored vehicles came. Their machine guns cut into 342, introducing him to a new sensation: pain. Some distant part of 342's brain demanded he run, even as he foamed at the mouth and screamed his outrage. 342 listened to that spark of a survival instinct buried deep inside of him and he ran.

342 ran for miles before a lack of blood caused him to collapse. A small caravan of wanderers found him and nursed him to health. Too weak to fight, 342 was forced to submit and experience something he had never known before: kindness. It took days for 342 to heal enough to move. In that time the wanderers talked to him and told him about all they had seen in the world. Terrors, yes, but also wonders. Places where waterfalls still thunder and trees still grew and sunsets so beautiful they made the soul weep.

342 listened and he learned and he grew. Where once he was nothing but a rampaging killing machine, the wanderers drew out the person deep inside. By the time the wanderers came near Pa's homestead, 342 had even learned how to speak more than a few words.

When 342's fellow experiments attacked, he rushed to defend his new friends. 342 wasn't sure why he wanted them to live. He just knew that they had to. The one good thing 342 knew in the world had to survive. So, he fought off his fellow experiments, holding them back while the wanderers fled. Then, for the second time, 342 fled, wounded, into the night.

342 continues to run to this day. He occasionally makes new friends but he can't settle down. Pa, wanting to understand just what went wrong with his best experiment, travels behind him with a herd of experiments. If Pa ever catches 342, he'll kill him. If there are others around 342 when that happens, Pa will do even worse to them.

342

CR 7

XP 3,200

Male Battlekin Berserker 7

Medium humanoid (human)

Init +0; **Senses** Perception +0

Driver Score +3

Defense

AC 19, touch 10, flat-footed 19 (+9 armor, +0 Dex)

hp 68 (7d12+14)

Fort +7, **Ref** +5, **Will** +0; +4 to saves vs. fear effects

Defensive Ability fearless frenzy

Offense

Speed 15 ft.

Melee chainsaw +12/+7 (1d10+5/15-20) or armor spikes +11/+6 (1d8+4)

Ranged sling +7/+2 (1d4+4)

Special Attacks frenzy (10 rounds/day), intimidating glare, protective frenzy

Tactics

During Combat 342's strategies have grown more nuanced. He still relies primarily on the power of his muscles and his chainsaw but he has also learned that enemies are intimidated by his size and power. Against single opponents he will start by trying to demoralize them and then begin swinging his chainsaw. 342 tries his best to protect his friends as well, trying to put the focus of any fight onto himself. If he finds himself against overwhelming odds or his allies are in mortal peril 342 enters frenzy and begins cutting through his enemies, using his cleave, quick reflexes, and protective frenzy abilities to guard allies while cutting down multiple enemies every turn.

Frenzy Statistics When in frenzy, 342's stats are Driver Score +5; AC 17; hp 82; Will +2; immune to fear effects; DR 1/-; Melee chainsaw +14/+9 (1d10+6/15-20) or armor spikes +11/+6 (1d8+6); Ranged sling +7/+2 (1d4+6); Skills Acrobatics +14 (+7 with armor), Intimidate +13

Statistics

Str 18, **Dex** 10, **Con** 15, **Int** 10, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +7/+2; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 21

Feats Bloody Assault, Cleave, Extend the Bulwark, Furious Focus, Power Attack

Skills Acrobatics +10 (+3 with armor), Intimidate +10

Languages English

SQ bloodlust, close the gap +20 ft., combat proficiency (chainsaw), frenzy powers (intimidating glare, protective frenzy, quick reflexes), frenzied revenge, mad passenger 2, quick reactions

Combat Gear 16 stim packs, 2 radiation scrubs; **Other Gear** welder's nightmare, fleshtearing military grade chainsaw, sling, backpack, rope 50 ft., waterskin, 100 slugs

342's Motorcycle

Description

Two wheeled vehicle
Medium land vehicle
5 ft. x 5 ft. (600 slugs)

Defense

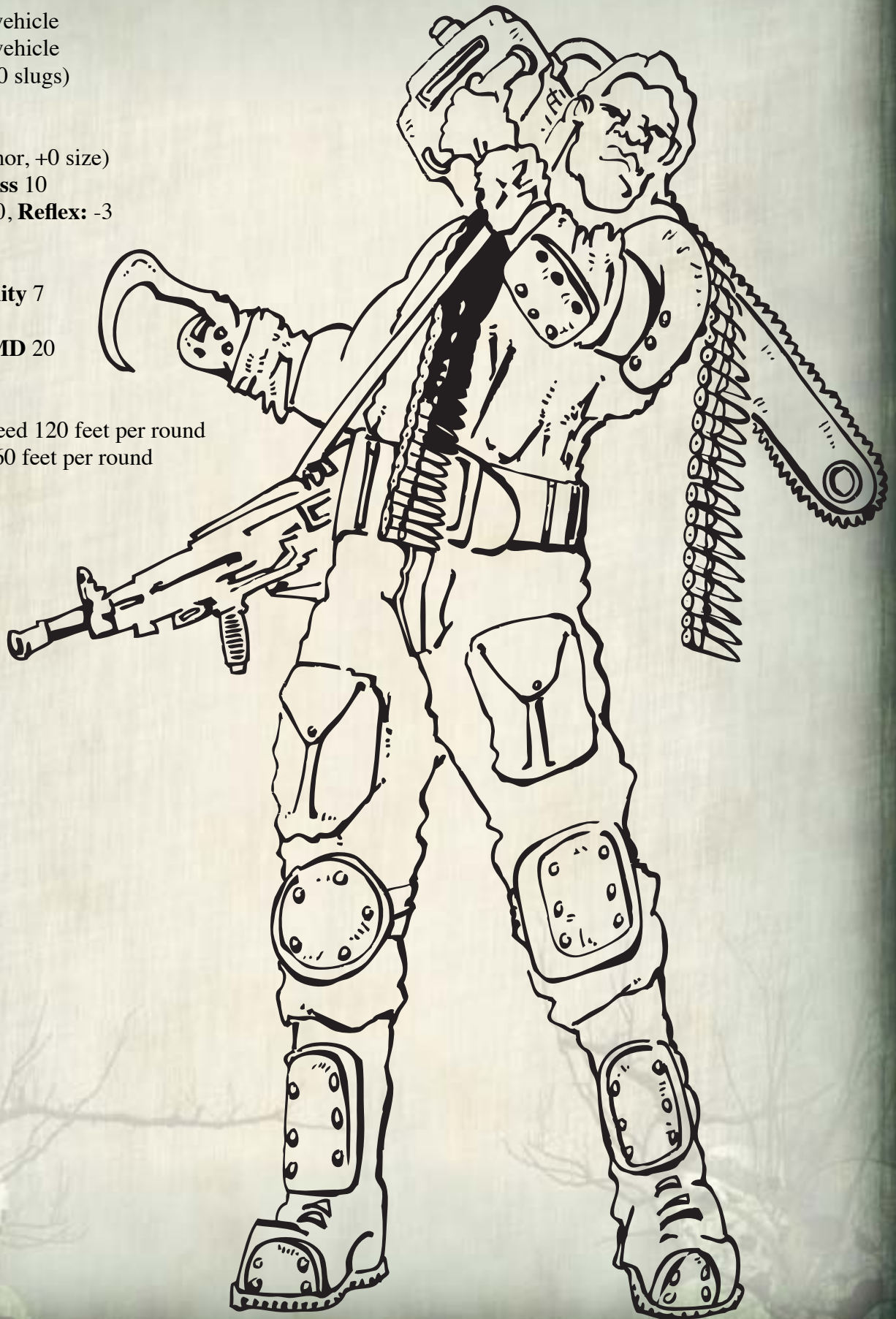
AC 10 (+0 armor, +0 size)
hp 60; hardness 10
Fortitude: +10, Reflex: -3

Offense

Maneuverability 7
Heft 1
CMB +10; CMD 20

Gear

Maximum Speed 120 feet per round
Acceleration 60 feet per round
Passengers 1
Mods None



Blue

When the bombs fell there were those that blamed the “other” for the destruction of the country. They believed that if only the immigrants and the atheists hadn't made America weak, she never would have fallen. A group of townsfolk terrified of outsiders and what they might do now that the world had been nearly destroyed formed a community centered around their isolationist sheriff. Under his leadership, anyone who wasn't the group's idea of right was gunned down. The sheriff and his followers, most of them former cops or the relatives of cops, swore to be the thin blue line between pure civilization and the savages. As time went on, the group functioned less like a town and more and more like a cult, with the sheriff at the center.

Blue was the sheriff's fifth son. From an early age he proved to be a crack shot with a gun. He killed his first man, a drifter searching for shelter, at the age of ten. By the time he was sixteen, Blue was already leading posses out into the wastelands to gather supplies and kill any savages they came across.

While out on one of those raids Blue found an old book about the police. Something about the cover, which showed a police officer in a clean blue uniform standing in front of a squad car, tugged at Blue's mind. He smuggled the book home and read it, from cover to cover. Blue learned about the true responsibilities of the men and women who stood on the thin blue line. To serve and protect. Not to worship and slaughter.

Blue tried to speak to his father about what he had learned but the sheriff would have none of it. He ordered the book burned and Blue beaten to purge him of his unclean ideas. The next time a vagrant wandered into town, the sheriff shoved the shotgun into Blue's hands and ordered him to pull the trigger.

Blue refused, and ran away, into the wastelands. For weeks he was chased by his father's men but, each time, he managed to outwit or outfight them. Eventually, Blue discovered that even his father, all-powerful in their own community, had limits to his power and reach. Away from his father's influence, Blue now wanders the wastelands, trying to be the kind of cop he's only read about in his treasured book.



Blue

CR 3

XP 800

Male Cultist Road Warrior (creedless) 3rd

Medium humanoid (human)

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision, **Perception** +5

Driver Score +3

Defense

AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +3 Dex)

hp 29 (3d10+3)

Fort +4, **Ref** +3, **Will** +3

Defensive Abilities immune to bleed damage

Offense

Speed 20 ft.

Melee police baton +1 (1d8+0/x3)

Ranged heavy pistol +4 (1d8/19-20) or shotgun +4 (2d4/18-20)

Special Attacks challenge 1/day (+1 to combat maneuvers and attacks of opportunity made against target of challenge)

Tactics

During Combat Blue prefers to keep his distance. If he's more than 10 feet away from an enemy, he'll use his heavy pistol. If the enemy closes he'll drop the pistol and draw his shotgun. Blue will use his challenge against lone enemies or against the most dangerous target or obvious leader if there is a group of enemies.

Statistics

Str 10, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 17

Feats Quick Draw, Toughness, Diehard

Skills Heal +5, Knowledge (geography) +4, Mechanics +5, Perception +6, Sense Motive +8, Swim +1. Stealth +4

Languages English

SQ double life (road warrior and gearhead), manipulative (Sense Motive), Gang ability, Road warrior vehicle bond, Treatment

Combat Gear 2 boost, 2 stim packs, 10 spare parts; **Other Gear** police armor, police baton, heavy pistol w/ weapon strap, shotgun w/ weapon strap, backpack, book on police ethics, flashlight, vehicle jack, 68 slugs

Blue's Speedster

Description

Four wheeled vehicle

Large land vehicle

10 ft. x 10 ft. (1,200 slugs)

Defense

AC 7 (+1 armor, -4 size)

hp 90; **hardness** 10

Fortitude: +10, **Reflex:** -8

Offense

Maneuverability 2

Heft d4

CMB +24; **CMD** 34

Gear

Maximum Speed 130 feet per round

Acceleration 65 feet per round

Passengers 4

Mods improved acceleration, improved max speed

Gorak Firehand

A lot can change in 50 years.

In the ruins of Devil's Lake, in what was once North Dakota, a group of savages hunt with spears and use horses to till fields. The Dakata tribe has fully rejected all technology, embracing the simple, reliable means of survival by which their ancestors lived five thousand years ago.

Here, guns and cars are seen as the demon's tools, untouchable and to be destroyed on sight lest the evil spirits corrupt. A robust luddite spirituality has grown out of this hatred, complete with ceremonies and exorcisms.

However, this rejection of technology has left the Dakata disadvantaged against their less pure peers. To combat this threat, one child a generation is raised to handle the demon's tools without corruption. He wields both gun and motor alike in protection of his tribe, but is forever separated from them, forbidden to father children or take a wife. This protector is the Firehand, and the Dakata's current Firehand is Gorak.

Gorak is equal parts feared and respected by his tribe's members. From his garage on the edge of town, he meditates and chews the sacred Maraja leaf to remain steadfast against the demons. He understands that his is a heavy burden, and that if he lets down his guard for but an instant the temptation could take him as well.

Over the years Gorak has cleared the surrounding areas of threats. Without a clear enemy, his tribe's members see the Firehand as the biggest danger to the Dakata people. Now Gorak travels farther and farther afield in search of enemies. He remains loyal to his tribe, but is understanding of their concern. After all, who could trust a Firehand?



Gorak Firehand

CR 1

XP 400

Male Savage Gearhead 1

Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +0, low light vision

Driver Score +4

Defense

AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor, +2 Dex)

hp 8 (1d6+2)

Fort +3, **Ref** +5, **Will** +2

Defensive Abilities Derby survivor 1

Offense

Speed 20 ft.

Melee police baton +1 (1d8+1)

Ranged sniper rifle +2 (1d12), heavy pistol +2 (1d8/19-20)

Tactics

During Combat If given the opportunity, Gorak will use his sniper rifle to initiate combat and take out a target early on. In combat Gorak will use his heavy pistol or police baton, from the back of his war jeep when necessary.

Statistics

Str 12, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 16, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 7

Base Atk +0; **CMB** +1 (+3 sunder and disarm vs. manufactured weapons); **CMD** 13

Feats Exotic weapon proficiency (sniper rifle)

Skills Appraise +7, craft (poison) +9, disguise +2, hack +7, heal +6, knowledge (old world) +7, knowledge (geography) +7, mechanics +7, perception +6, scavenge +6, survival +8

Languages English, french, spanish, german

SQ Enlightened, vehicle bond +1 (war jeep)

Combat Gear leather plating, police baton, sniper rifle, heavy pistol; **Other Gear** flashlight, mobile battery pack, sabotage charges, 50 spare parts, 2 stimpacks, vehicle jack, 55 slugs

War Jeep

Description

Effective gearhead level 1

Four wheeled vehicle

Large land vehicle

10 ft. x 10 ft. (1,000 slugs)

Defense

AC 9 (+3 armor, -4 size)

hp 100; **hardness** 15

Fortitude: +10, **Reflex**: -10

Offense

Maneuverability 0

Heft d6

CMB +28; **CMD** 38

Gear

Maximum Speed 110 feet per round

Acceleration 40 feet per round

Passengers 4

Mods improved max speed

Nidala

Life in the wasteland is hard enough for most, but those who were born differently face trials that others can't even fathom. Such is the way for Nidala, a woman who should not be alive. A wanderer without a language, survival is the only thing that matters to Nidala, doing her best to make it along the blasted plains and to her next day, caring only for the only creature that's ever been loyal to her, her wolf Kashi. Each rising sun is just another day closer to death for Nidala, searching for something worth living for in the waste.

For most like herself, Nidala would have been killed as soon as she was found to be disabled. She nearly was too, determined mute at the age of 3 due to complications with her birth. Her parents couldn't handle the thought of raising a child like her, so they left her to the raiders to do with as they pleased. Found by one of the less savage of the plain's gangs, she was used as a slave by their members. The earliest memories Nidala has are of her being ordered around, made to clean clothes and fetch supplies.

As she worked, she collected books from wherever the raiders would travel, finding one with the basics of sign language. Showing it to her keepers, the gang slowly began to learn it together to help with non verbal communication, and soon it became the standard form of conversing between them. Silence was the group's calling card, overtaking settlements in the dead of night with little more than muffled screams and silenced gunfire following behind them. Soon everyone in the area was aware of the danger of the 'hand talkers.'

The only companion that Nidala truly trusted was her wolf, Kashi. Much like herself, he had been left to die for a disability, the wolf lacking an eye and left badly bleeding. Nursing Kashi back to health, the two soon made for a formidable team. While Kashi would track, Nidala would follow in kind, the two flanking lone enemies before tearing them to shreds. Only a solitary howl of victory would signal a kill to the rest of the gang, often announcing the beginning of a raid as Nidala lead them into battle with Kashi by her side.

Nidala could have lived the rest of her life burying her resentment for her family and the harsh treatment of the bandits, but such was not the case. She and her new family were the victims of an ambush in the night, the flash of explosives and ringing of gunfire almost seeming to have a melody to them as the group was nearly wiped out, leaving only Nidala and a few scattered survivors.

With the others dead, Nidala knew this would be her only chance to leave the group, finishing off the stragglers from her own gang and disappearing into the night. She had nothing left to tether her to others, no family and no home, and she wandered the waste as a ghost. It takes a lot for Nidala to care about a situation, and those who have met her would most likely describe her as a cold and unfeeling travel partner. If at all possible, Nidala will avoid driving, instead needing to tend to Kashi who has a tendency of getting car sick.

Nidala

CR 1

XP 400

Female Nomad Scavenger 1

Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +6

Driver Score +1

Defense

AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor, +2 Dex)

hp 12 (1d10+2)

Fort +2, **Ref** +4, **Will** +4

Defensive Abilities none

Offense

Speed 20 ft.

Melee ornamental sword +3 (2d4+7, 18-20/x2) or machete +3 (1d6+5, 19-20/x2)

Ranged longbow +3 (1d8 20/x3) or heavy pistol +3 (1d6, 19-20/x2)

Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6

Tactics

During Combat Using her longbow only for the opening volley, Nidala generally prefers to sneak to her targets using a smoke grenade as cover. If she can sneak up on her foes, she will begin combat with a sneak attack from her ornamental sword.

Statistics

Str 16, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 12, **Wis** 14 **Cha** 8

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 16

Feats endurance, exotic weapon proficiency (longbow), power attack

Skills craft (firearms) +5, handle animal +3, hack +5, knowledge (old world) +5, perception +6, scavenge +6, stealth +5

Languages ASL, english

SQ patch job 3/day

Combat Gear stim packs (3) smoke grenade (3);
Other Gear leather plating, machete, ornamental sword, rifle slugs 35 sl

Kashi

Medium wolf (animal)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +5; low light vision, scent

Defense

AC 17, touch 12, flat-footed 15 (+3 armor, +2 Dex, +2 natural)

hp 6 (1d8+2)

Fort +5, **Ref** +5, **Will** +1

Defensive Abilities none

Offense

Speed 50 ft.

Melee bite +1 (1d6+1 plus trip)

Special Attacks trip

Tactics

During Combat Kashi will always flank with Nidala whenever possible, following her orders to the letter.

Statistics

Str 13, **Dex** 15, **Con** 15, **Int** 2, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +0; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 14

Feats armor proficiency (light)

Skills perception +5

Languages english

SQ link

Combat Gear none; **Other Gear** leather plated barding

Nidala's Vehicle, The Long Road

Four wheeled vehicle

Large land vehicle

10 ft. x 10 ft.

Defense

AC 8 (+3 armor, -4 size)

hp 100; **hardness** 15

Fortitude: +10, **Reflex**: -10

Offense

Maneuverability 0

Heft d6

CMB +28; **CMD** 38

Gear

Maximum Speed 100 feet per round

Acceleration 40 feet per round

Passengers 4

Mods none



Parker Lee

Parker Lee's parents were people of science. Her mother was a doctor. Her father, a chemist. They were rational people who became convinced that mankind was on a collision course with destruction. Using their life savings, the Lees built an underground shelter and stocked it with everything they would need to survive for years. When the bombs came, they were ready. Mother, father, and one year old daughter fled into their bunker to wait out the coming nuclear winter.

Parker Lee grew up in that little fallout shelter. She was loved, of course, and cared for. Her educated parents ensured that she was educated as well. It turned out Parker took after both her parents, proving to be a genius in both chemistry and biology. By the time she was eleven, she knew as much as many college students majoring in those subjects.

Not long after Parker's thirteenth birthday, her parents grew ill. At first, it seemed to be a simple cold. Things quickly grew worse, however. Within weeks the adults could barely move and their own efforts could not find a cure. Parker did everything she could but she could not stop whatever was killing her parents but nothing worked. They died within hours of each other. Parker never discovered the cause. Like so many things in the wasteland, their death seemed pointless, random, and utterly unfair.

Parker stayed in that little fallout shelter with the bodies of her parents for another three years. She spent her time studying the textbooks on science and medicine her parents had left behind. By the time the food completely ran out, Parker was as knowledgeable about the science of healing and the science of chemistry as anyone still alive.

Opening the seal on their family home drove Parker into a panic attack. It took her days to work out the courage to go outside. Parker buried the remains of her parents under an old, gnarled crab apple tree that refused to die, even in the wasteland. Then she armed herself with her father's pistol and several bombs of her own design.

Parker has been wandering ever since. She's never made a new family and never found a new home. The scientist in her has discovered that the wastelands of the new world offer countless opportunities for study. She always has hundreds of notes based on observations and experiments scribbled on anything from bits of broken chalkboard salvaged from wrecked schools to burn marked journals dug out of old cafes. She intends to write a book on the new biodiversity of the world, one day.

The doctor in Parker has learned that there isn't enough healing to go around. She stays in any one community just long enough to teach the basics of medicine to whomever seems capable and then moves on, knowing that her healing skills are always desperately needed in whatever settlement lies just over the horizon.



Parker Lee

CR 1

XP 400

Female Ruin Dweller Bomber 1

Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision, **Perception** +7

Driver Score +2

Defense

AC 13, touch 11, flat-footed 12 (+2 armor, +1 Dex)

hp 9 (1d8+1)

Fort +3, **Ref** +3, **Will** +1; +2 vs. disease, poisons, and radiation effects

Offense

Speed 20 ft.

Melee crowbar +1 (1d4+0/x3)

Ranged bomb +2 (1d8+2 fire) or tactical pistol +2 (1d4/18-20) or stun gun +2 (DC 11)

Special Attacks bombs 4/day (1d8+2 fire, DC 13)

Tactics

Before Combat Parker will do her best to put keep some distance between herself and any potential opponents.

During Combat Parker relies on her bombs, throwing them at enemies and doing her best to avoid splash damage to any allies. She will withdraw rather than engage in melee combat. If an ally is reduced to negative hit points, Parker will risk attacks of opportunity in order to stabilize them and drag them to safety.

Statistics

Str 10, **Dex** 13, **Con** 12, **Int** 15, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 12

Feats Skill Focus (Heal), Throw Anything

Skills Craft (biochemistry) +6, Heal +8, Knowledge (old world) +6, Mechanics +7, Perception +7, Scavenge +6

Languages English, Korean, Mandarin

SQ ruin runner, scavenging tinkerer, trick

Combat Gear 3 stim packs; Other Gear leather armor, crowbar, stun gun, tactical pistol, backpack, bedroll, chemistry set, healer's kit, flashlight, mobile battery pack, tent, 25 slugs

Parker Lee's Motorcycle

Description

Two wheeled vehicle

Medium land vehicle

5 ft. x 5 ft. (600 slugs)

Defense

AC 10 (+0 armor, +0 size)

hp 60; **hardness** 10

Fortitude: +10, **Reflex**: -3

Offense

Maneuverability 7

Heft 1

CMB +10; **CMD** 20

Gear

Maximum Speed 120 feet per round

Acceleration 60 feet per round

Passengers 1

Mods none



Rosa Dorado

For some people, stories are more than just stories. Just ask Rosa Dorado, the woman who's made it her life's goal to be the next big folk tale. Life for someone like her is more than just about living, seeing people struggle to get by in this hell on earth. No, for someone like Rosa, life in the wasteland is about the chance for freedom and adventure, a whole new frontier like she read about when she was young. The plains hold many secrets and mysteries, and that's just what Rosa wants.

Born the oldest of 8 siblings in a family hoping to tame a patch of the badlands, from a young age Rosa was good at scraping by with as little as she needed. Her only possessions were a pair of toy guns and an old picture book full of stories about the pioneer days. Those tall tales of strangers coming in to tame a town and save the day were what she lived for, and she spent every day practicing with her toy guns, from mastering aiming down their cheap plastic sights to firing off weak rubber bullets against home made targets (and occasionally her siblings if the chance presented itself.)

After a while, Rosa was allowed to accompany her parents on hunting trips. She found she was able to take down wildlife with handguns even more easily than her parents could with a hunting rifle. Soon after, she did the hunting exclusively for her family, often times leaving for days on end searching for new targets. On one of her trips she located a group of bandits harassing some of the other settlers, a group her and her family knew well. Knowing she could sacrifice a few bullets, she quickly dispatched the thugs, and for the first time felt like a true hero.

She ended up spending several days with the family she saved. When she finally headed back home, she found her mother and father killed, a large hatchet embedded in each of their spines. Guilt wracked her mind. She vowed to finally start living up to her heroic ideals. It was hard leaving

her family, but Rosa knew that it was for the best. She found the safest place she could for them before heading out. Her excursions didn't lead her far from home, but as her siblings grew, she slowly started to travel farther and farther out into the wastelands.

That was five years ago, and to this day Rosa still wanders the badlands as she searches for others to help, always upbeat and cheerful despite the odds. Known for her positive attitude and winning smile, she's left a trail of lovers behind her a mile wide, men and women both falling to her charms. For Rosa, anything more than friendship is fleeting, knowing that sooner or later she will have to head to the next settlement and help their people along the same as the last.

Regardless of the responsibility she feels she has to the badlands, she also takes at least a week out of the year every year to return home to her family to help celebrate the holidays. With a bounty of weapons, food, and small toys she's salvaged over the year, Rosa's return is as much celebrated as the holidays themselves among the Dorado family. She even carries a large sack and red and white fur outfit for the return home, hoping to keep the magic of the season alive for the youngest of her family.

As brave as Rosa is, she is also reckless, taking on problems far larger than herself. Her boundless confidence has gotten her into trouble more often than not, and while she's well meaning, her temper can lead her into taking stupid risk. She's also a bit of a show off, especially if there's a young child around she can impress or inspire. Her most treasured items are a collection of pictures that her siblings have drawn of her, carrying them next to her heart next to a diary she keeps, the last page of it including a message to publish it if she's found dead with it so that her stories can live on through the next generation.

Rosa Dorado

CR 12

XP 19,200

Female Settler Wild Gunner 12

Medium humanoid (human)

Init +3; **Senses** Perception +23

Driver Score +8

Defense

AC 19, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+6 armor, +3 Dex)

hp 94 (12d10+24)

Fort +10, **Ref** +11, **Will** +6

Defensive Abilities outlaw technique (adamant defiance)

DR 4/slashing or bludgeoning

Offense

Speed 15 ft.

Melee M.G. switchblade +12/+7/+2 (1d4, 19-20/x2)

Ranged M.G./silenced heavy pistol +12/+12/+7/+2 (1d8+12, 19-20/x2) or hollow point./M.G. shotgun +12/+12/+7/+2 (2d4+14, 18-20/x2)

Special Attacks outlaw techniques, sharp shooter

Tactics

During Combat Always anxious, Rosa will start any encounter she can with a shotgun stinger. At a distance she'll pick off foes with her heavy pistol, but she's far more interested in mixing things up at close range, burning through style points to help end encounters quickly.

Statistics

Str 8, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 14, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +12/+7/+2; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 24

Feats amateur technique specialization (trigger happy havoc), accelerated adaptation, deadly aim, expert gunner, extra style, extra technique mastery (adrenaline junkie), quick draw, point blank shot, precise shot, rapid shot, skill focus (perception)

Skills acrobatics +15, diplomacy +18, knowledge (local) +17, mechanics +17, perception +23, sense motive +18, scavenge +18

Languages ASL, english, french, mandarin, spanish

SQ dead eye, outlaw's style (7 style points), ready for anything, rebel, steel negotiator, stylish recovery

Outlaw Techniques adamant defiance, adrenaline junkie (mastery), hot lead signature, powderburn tattoo (DC 20, mastery), shotgun driver, shotgun stinger (DC 20, mastery), trigger happy havoc (mastery, specialization)

Combat Gear stim pack (10), frag grenade (10); **Other Gear** bulletproof (2) riot gear, H.P.M./M.G. shotgun w/weapon strap, modified motorcycle, M.G./silenced heavy pistol, M.G. switchblade, sabotage charge (6), spare parts (200) slugs 3180

*Rosa's attack and damage statistics factor in deadly aim.

Rosa's Vehicle, Dorado Chaser

Description

Two wheeled vehicle
Medium land vehicle
5 ft. x 5 ft.

Defense

AC 10 (+0 armor, +0 size)
hp 60; hardness 12
Fortitude: +10, Reflex: -1

Offense none

Maneuverability 7

Heft 1

CMB +10; CMD 20

Gear none

Maximum Speed 130 feet per round

Acceleration 60 feet per round

Passengers 1

Mods bullet proof tires, bullet proofing,
hairpin mechanics, improved max speed



Runt

Gadria, first born of chieftain Gorlain of the Panhandle plains, was destined for greatness. Her birth was foretold in the black lightning over the Boise ruins, and on the night of her conception the grey jackals howled in fear. She was a pure child, perfect of form, free from the evil spirits that plagued so many others, and the wise woman decreed that she would one day rule the Panhandle from Amarillo to Tulsa.

Her twin brother was nearly thrown out with the afterbirth. Tiny and malformed, the mutated child blinked a third, white eye on his left cheekbone and did not cry or scream. The wise woman deemed him too full of dark spirits to live, but when she drew the knife Gadria bawled and held her brother. The chieftain forbade the mercy slaughter against the wise woman's direst warnings, and the child was named Runt.

Gadria grew into a strong, clever woman. She hunted with men ten years her senior, mediated disputes once she hit puberty, and counseled her father on the important issues of her people. Runt was in every way her opposite. A tax and burden on the tribe, Runt was barely able to walk. His incredibly hobbled legs and crooked spine meant he should could not hunt, nor gather, nor defend against raiders. Runt remained quiet and dull, sitting slothly in dark corners and doing as he was told.

And yet, Gadria and Runt were inseparable. She protected her little brother from abuse and threats, and fought many times on his behalf. Though Runt rarely spoke, Gadria spent hours on end telling him stories, and teaching him the value of words over spears, the power of negotiation over action. It was only in Gadria's attention that Runt was happy, and he drank in every syllable with adoration.

Then came the storms. For two months, radioactive hailstones fell from the sky. The tribe was forced underground, and all game in the surrounding area dried up. Food was scarce. Chieftain Gorlain took his bravest warrior to hunt far afield, and left young Gadria in command until he returned. He never did.

Underground and hungry to the point of madness, the tribe began to fracture. Stockpiles were running low, and tribesmen began to count rations out till the last day. When the old wise woman died of bloodeye fever, it was met with relief - now there was another few days of rations for everybody else.

Which got people thinking.

The vote was civil enough: Runt had to be killed to spare her rations. Gadria would hear none of it. She did her best to shame the tribesmen, to tell them that if they killed one another they were nothing more than animals. But when she turned her back, a knife found its way deep into Gadria's skull, and she fell to the ground, twitching.

Then Runt opened his mouth, and the cave was filled with thunder. From his twisted lips rolled wave after wave of power, curses which shook the tribesmen to the bones. They fled from the onslaught, emerged from the cave, and were struck down by the glowing hailstones.

For a time, Runt nursed Gadria back to health, feeding off the now plentiful reserves. But when his sister regained consciousness, she could no longer speak. She looked at Runt with the same affection as always, but her movements were broken, her face perplexed, and her mind scrambled. She would never speak again.

When the hail storm ended, Runt and Gadria made their way out of the cave. Together they made their way to the settlement of Glowing Creek, where Runt now spoke for the both of them.

And, to his amazement, people listened.

Now Runt and Gadria roam the wastelands, doing their best to get by. They hold no creed or oath except to each other, and follow in the service of no false god or morality. They look out for one another, naturally suspicious but willing to take on tasks that might guarantee their survival for another few months.

Runt

CR 7

XP 3,200

Male Mutant Demagogue 7

Small humanoid (human)

Init +0; **Senses** Perception +1

Driver Score +5

Defense

AC 15, touch 11, flat-footed 15 (+3 armor, +1 size, +1 natural armor)

hp 27 (7d6)

Fort +1, **Ref** +2, **Will** +6

Offense

Speed 15 ft.

Melee shiv +2 (1d4-1/19-20)

Ranged pistol +3 (1d4)

Special Attacks proclamation (DC 19 - cower, inflict doubt, momentary confusion, weakness), speech 21 rounds/day (DC 18 - fascinate, inspire courage, inspire competence, inspire driving, sooth, suggestion), lingering doubt, minion (Gadria, bodyguard), witness

Tactics

During Combat Runt stays towards the rear of the action, inspiring courage in his allies and in his minion. He attempts to use cower or momentary confusion on any who draw too near, but otherwise shoots enemies with his pistol. If he is not in immediate danger, Runt will send his minion Gadria away from his side and into the fray.

Statistics

Str 8, **Dex** 10, **Con** 8, **Int** 10, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 21

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +1; **CMD** +11

Feats persuasive proclamation, toughness, mutation (leather skinned), armor training (light)

Skills diplomacy +15, intimidate +20, sense motive +11, stealth +10

Languages English

SQ mutations (stunted, bully, leather skinned), pillar of devotion (intimidate)

Combat Gear leather plating, shiv, pistol; **Other Gear** radiation scrub, 40 spare parts, 2 stimpacks, vehicle jack, 1,633 slugs

Gadria

Bodyguard Demagogue Minion

Effective demagogue level 7

Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception -1

Driver Score +4

Defense

AC 23, touch 12, flat-footed 21 (+9 armor, +1 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 shield, +1 Natural Armor)

hp 45 (6d8+18)

Fort +5, **Ref** +3, **Will** +8

Defensive Abilities solo tactics

Offense

Speed 15 ft.

Melee military grade serrated battleaxe +7 (1d8+3 +1d6 bleed)

Ranged machine pistol +8 (1d6/xf)

Statistics

Str 14, **Dex** 15, **Con** 17, **Int** 8, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 7

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 18

Feats coordinated defense, dodge, stick together, shield focus, swap places, toughness

Skills Climb +0

Languages English (cannot speak)

SQ devotion

Combat Gear welder's nightmare, hubcap

Runt's War Rig

Description

Eight wheeled vehicle

Colossal land vehicle

10 ft. x 30 ft. (2,500 slugs)

Defense

AC -3 (+3 armor, -16 size)

hp 240; **hardness** 20

Fortitude: +10, **Reflex:** -20

Offense

Maneuverability -3

Heft d12

CMB +56; **CMD** 66

Gear

Maximum Speed 80 feet per round

Acceleration 20 feet per round

Mods mobile propaganda center, responsive steering



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