



RAILGUN ROAD

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INTRODUCTION

ABOUT THE ADVENTURE

Railgun Road is a gonzo, post-apocalyptic *GURPS* adventure, although it can easily be adapted to other game systems (an *OSR* version is also available on www.1shotadventures.com). The adventure is set in the not-too-distant future, where some global disaster has wiped out most of humanity. It's been decades since anything resembling civilization has existed... and no one really thinks about it anymore.

Railgun Road is suitable for three-to-six 150-point characters. The end of the adventure includes pregenerated characters so you can get started right away, along with some backup characters in case someone meets a horrible end!

Characters introduced for the first time in the adventure are noted in ALL-CAPS. Skill rolls are in SMALL-CAPS. Sections marked with a map icon are side-quests and adventure hooks, and not important to the overall plot of the adventure. Sections marked with a person icon are opportunities for specific PCs, notably the pregenerated characters from the end of this adventure.

The World So Far...

In *Railgun Road*, the *exact* cause of the apocalypse that swept the planet is left vague or entirely up to the GM. Regardless, it was long before the PCs were born.

The region that the PCs live in is pocked with craters and radioactive meteors still regularly crash into the earth. While some of the PCs have ventured outside their home of Vagrant Town, they haven't gone far.

Just last week, half of Vagrant Town was wiped out when a big yellow meteor slammed into its eastern half. Barely an hour after the impact, a band of mysterious motorcycle thugs – the Rust Pact – rode into town shooting and looting. They were eventually chased off, but not before they stole three of the town's most precious possessions, including the town's canine mascot.

Vagrant Town's governor, Bosssduke Przybysz, is madder than a box full of atomic hornets. But he got knee-capped during

the attack, and can't lead a counter strike on the biker gang. But he's hand-picked a tough group of survivors to go take out the three leaders of the gang... and teach them once and for all, not to mess with Vagrant Town. To ensure a bloody victory, the bosssduke lent the band of survivors his prized possession – an experimental military railgun capable of leveling an entire block.

Adventure Summary

Railgun Road is an open-ended sandbox adventure. The PCs are tasked by their town boss to track down the three chiefs of the Rust Pact gang who attacked Vagrant Town, and bring back the precious items they stole: a half-full gasoline truck, a crate of surplus rocket launchers, and the boss's dog, Immortal Normal, who has been his loyal canine for over thirty years. The Rust Pact has scattered across a fifty mile range, and the players are going to have to track down each one by looking for clues. The order in which they do this is entirely up to them, and along the way they'll discover all kinds of wasteland surprises.

Fortunately, Bosssduke Przybysz is willing to lend the PCs his a prized possession – an old experimental railgun, which he hopes they'll use to exterminate the raiders.





KICKOFF

PRZYBYSZ'S FURY

The leader of Vagrant Town, BOSSDUKE PRZYBYSZ, is as skinny as a string bean and as tough as a dried piece of buffalo jerky. He's in his sixties, but other than a streak of silver hair, he appears a decade younger. His leg was badly injured in the raid the night before and so can't personally lead a counter-attack on the Rust Pact.

Bosssduke Przybysz

"You all smell like donkey crap, but I get it. That meteor hit us hard last night. Bet you were up all night trying to get the fires out in the south side. The fire killed fifty vagrants and burned the new prisoner's dance hall. Fortunately, it missed the underground gas reserves.

"But what you didn't see last night in all the commotion was even worse. Some new gang calling themselves the Rust Pact rolled in hard to the north. Killed our enforcer and three of her best men. That gang knew where to hit too... because they drove out of town with our only working gas truck, and they stole that crate of RPGs we recovered from that chopper crash last month.

"But worse... these Rust Pacters kidnapped my damn dog. They just grabbed poor ol' Immortal Normal, threw him in a van and buzzed off. I've had that dog for thirty years now. Gas truck was bad enough, but I'm not going to stand for them stealing my dog.

"My scouts tell me the gang was led by three chiefs, who fled Vagrant Town laughing. Laughing! So here's what I need. Track the Rust Pact leaders down and kill 'em. I want all three chiefs dead. Dead! And get our stuff back too. The town needs that truck and those rockets to keep us safe, and I need my damn dog. We clear?

"I suggest you get to ol' Whistle's garage and saddle up on some bikes. One of you can even drive the Sweet Sweet Pain if you can keep it driving in this heat. I even told Whistles to lend you my secret *extermination* weapon, too. You're gonna love it. Now get outta here, and don't come back until you got three Rust Pact heads to show me!"

On Immortal Normal...

"Normal's been my beloved dog for 33 years. He's still just a pup. You better get him back pronto."

On the stolen gas truck...

"It's still half full! Years of gas in there for us. I don't know how they stole it either, Whistles installed a nasty improvised nail grenade underneath it to protect it from thieves."

On the stolen crate of RPGs...

"Ten shiny new rocket launchers, stolen right under our nose. Don't want the Rust Pact using them against us. Better get them back fast."

On the Sweet Sweet Pain...

"It was my grandfather's van. The bearded wizard painted on the side is him, and it's good luck to everyone who rides in it. The engine's seen better days though, so you better go gentle on it in the heat."

On the Rust Pact...

"Don't know much, they're new. Heard that Loganville was wiped out by 'em a few months ago."

On how to find the chiefs...

"That's your problem, not mine. Old Whistles who runs my garage knows the area, go ask him."

The PCs' mission is clear. They need to find and kill each of the Rust Pact chiefs.

Whistle's Garage

Vagrant Town has a large garage dedicated to housing a dozen or so precious working vehicles. It's run by WHISTLES GUYVER, an old mechanic with wispy white hair and a severe squint. Whistles is also famous for keeping the town's

only working Swirly Shirley frozen yogurt machine in good order. It hums in the background, it's colorful anthropomorphic sign advertising three flavors.

Whistles welcomes the PCs, hands them a map (see **Hand-outs**), and provides each PC with a heavy motorcycle to make their journey. Each bike has a range of 200 miles, so he warns the PCs that if they are going to likely have to get more gas along the way. He advises them that both Crazyman's Needlegirl and Keg Central has a trading outpost.

Whistles will also lend the PCs the Sweet Sweet Pain, an old van painted with a wizard on its side. He warns them that it's finicky, and might break down in the heat. He'll throw in a box of jerky and a few additional gas tanks in the back, enough to give each of the bikes another 50 miles range in an emergency. He'll also throw a mechanic's toolkit in the back, in the event the van breaks down.

On the Rust Pact...

"Don't know much about them, but I saw one of their chiefs last night. Huge fellow screaming in an obnoxious accent. Bandana on his head was on fire... not sure if that was on purpose or not.

On Crazyman's Needlegirl...

"You won't miss it. It's a giant structure, oh I dunno, three stories tall. It's made from sticks and branches and built like a shapely woman, heh. Sort of holy ground for us wastelanders. Papa Mandibles keeps a well-run trading post underneath the big lady."

On Keg Central...

"Twenty years ago some military rolled in and dumped a thousand fuel barrels in the desert. No one knows why. But there's an outpost there now, easy to trade gas for supplies."

On Ripdan...

"Old guy's the oracle of the desert. Wastelanders say he knows the future. I don't believe in this bunk, but plenty of people do."

On frozen yogurt...

"Swirly Shirley here uses a low-draw compressor and a solar rig of my own design. As for ingredients, we got plenty: powdered milk, sugar scraped from ruins, and whatever mutant fruit will ferment without killing you. Try some!"

On what to expect in the wasteland...

"Gangs, sand squirmers, and far worse. There's a reason we don't go out there, ya know. I heard a week or so ago that a few gangs were out lookin' for an uncovered bunker. If you find it first, loot it, but be careful. Never know what's still alive in those things."

Heavy Chopper: ST/HP 33, Hnd/SR +1/2, HT 10f, Move 5/35, SM +0, DR 4, Range 200 miles.

Sweet Sweet Pain: ST/HP 68, Hnd/SR -1/4, HT 11f, Move 2/45, SM +4, DR 4, Range 400 miles. CB Radio. Holds 8 people. If driven offroad, roll 3d every hex; it breaks down on a roll of 14+.

Finally, Whistles hands the most impressive PC Bosssduke Przybysz's prized **experimental railgun rifle** (7dx3 (2) pi, Acc 7, RoF 1, Shots 10 (3), Range 2400/10000, ST 10B, Bulk -6, Rcl 3, 22 lbs.). The railgun is low on ammo, with only 10 shots, and Whistles has no more ammo to give. The railgun is poorly built, with exposed wiring. It also vibrates uncomfortably when it is turned on. It has Malf 14+.

Whistles warns the PCs that they'll likely get a shot or two out of the railgun before it breaks. Only an ARMOURY-6 or ELECTRICIAN-6 roll can get it working again after it breaks.

INTO THE WASTELAND

The main road out from Vagrant Town is swept with sand, debris, and chunks of asphalt. Still, it's better than the desert surrounding it. Vehicles can maintain about 50 mph on the road, so they can travel one hex per hour. Halve that speed in the rough off-road terrain of the desert.

The Whereabouts of the Three Chiefs

Unknown to the PCs, the three Rust Pact chiefs split up after the raid at Vagrant Town:

Firehead is with his gang at Keg Central, along with the gas truck. He's selling some of the gas to party hard there, completely unaware that he might be being tracked. Papa Mandibles at the trading post in Crazyman's Needle knows his location.

Silas Crowder took Immortal Normal and headed out with a few men to Cibola Hills. There, he plans to dissect the dog in an old military laboratory to discover his secret of immortality. Silas' location can only be found from an on-the-road random encounter.

Lady Cutwire is on the outskirts of the radiation zone with the crate of RPGs and the bulk of the gang. She went hunting a massive mutant bison believed to live in the area. However, most of her band was killed by a rogue AI, and they are now on the run. Her location can only be found from an on-the-road random encounter.

Using the Random Encounters

Railgun Road mixes set pieces with random encounters. The goal is to take out the three Rust Pact chiefs, but the journey to each one will be up to the whims of the wasteland.

The Straightforward Approach

For a more straightforward adventure that will last one to two sessions, use the following order of events to structure the adventure:

1. Roll an **On-the-Road Encounter** a few hours after the PCs leave Vagrant Town. The PCs will always get a clue as to the whereabouts of the three chiefs after an On-the-road encounter. The first clue will always be Firehead's location at Keg Central.
2. The PCs deal with Firehead at **Keg Central**.
3. Roll another **On-the-Road Encounter** as they leave Keg Central. This will give them another clue to either Silas Crowder's location in the Cibola Hills or Lady Cutwire's location near the Radiation Zone.
4. Traveling to either of those locations will require going off-road. Roll an **Offroad Encounter**.
5. The PCs will deal with another Rust Pact chief.
6. Roll another **On-the-Road Encounter**. This will give the final clue to the location of the last chief.
7. Traveling to the last chief's location again requires going offroad. Roll an **Offroad Encounter**.
8. The PCs will deal with the final Rust Pact chief.

Of course, the PCs may interrupt this order of events by visiting specific locations on the map. This is fine! Go with it, but don't roll any additional random encounters outside of the above unless you want to lengthen the adventure.

The Sandbox Approach

GMs can also run this adventure in a more sandbox style. This will likely take a few sessions to get through as the PCs are more likely to hit more random encounters and locations. In this case, let the PCs freely travel across the map, heading in whatever direction they choose.

For each hex traveled on the map, roll 1d. On a 5+, the PCs experience a random encounter depending on whether they are On-the-Road or Offroad. Remember, On-the-Road Encounters always give a clue to the whereabouts of a Rust Pact chief.

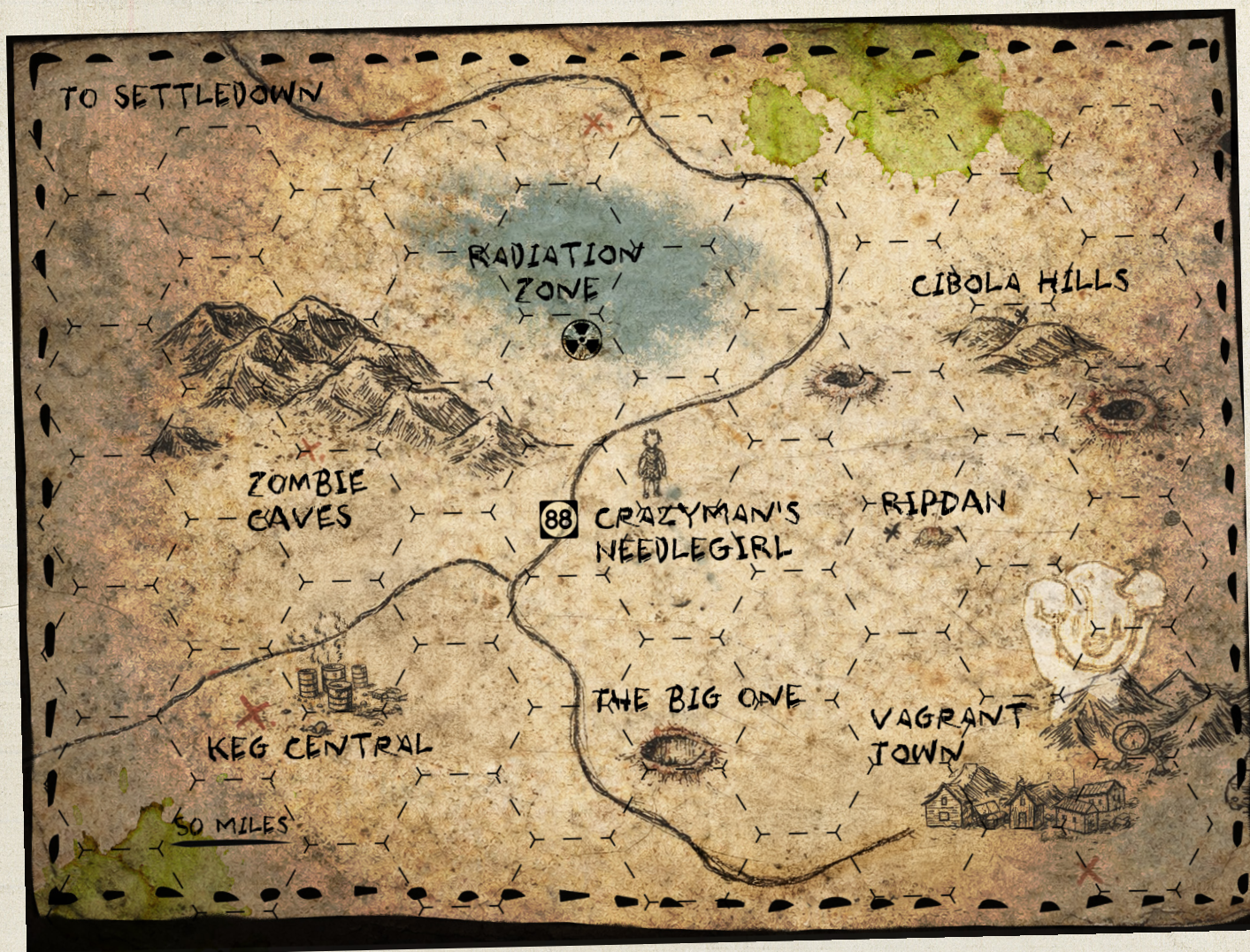
However, each hex traveled offroad also requires a NAVIGATION roll (-5 if traveling at night). If the PCs fail this roll, they are *lost* and end up in a random adjacent hex. They stay lost, moving randomly, until a NAVIGATION roll is made. Lost PCs trigger a random encounter on a 4+.

GM Tips

Railgun Road's encounters require a mix of cleverness, tactics, roleplaying, and firepower to overcome. Sloppy players may find themselves overwhelmed by the dangers of the wasteland. To capture these dangers, use the following tips:

- Limit ammunition. Ammunition is precious in the wasteland! The pregenerated characters have a loaded weapon but usually no additional ammunition. That's all Vagrant Town can spare. Don't give your PCs unlimited ammo. Only let PCs restock ammunition if they loot it from enemies, or trade something valuable at supply places like Keg Central. Generally a "good and useful" item like a gun, piece of armor or equipment, or week's supply of food will buy a full clip.
- Radiation! This adventure uses the alternative radiation rules from *GURPS After the End 1* (p. 24). Summarized, characters have Radiation Points (RP), which start at $(ST + HT)/2$. At 1/3 RP, PCs suffer -1 to all attribute and skill rolls. At 0 RP, PCs suffer -2 to all attribute and skill rolls, and -1 to all active defenses. Each RP lost after this also causes 1 FP. Double these penalties at -1 x RP and PCs must make a HT roll every second of strenuous activity or fall unconscious. Characters are essentially dead from radiation poisoning at -5 x RP. RP are recovered 1 every 24 hours, although there are some items which can help.
- Captives. If things go south for the players and they all get knocked out, don't just end the adventure. Have them wake up as captives in the Zombie Caves (p. 14) and let them try to fight or trick their way out.

Map of the Wasteland



ON-THE-ROAD ENCOUNTERS (1D)

1	Desert Beetles
2	Splodin' Donkey
3	Grub Grub Snack Loving
4	The Mangled Hulk
5	Glowmite Mounds
6	Atomic Furnace

OFFROAD ENCOUNTERS (1D)

1	Sand Squirmers
2	The Pinned Man
3	Jetpack Jerry
4	The Bunker
5	Wild Mutant West
6	Riders of Wrack



KEY LOCATIONS

There are seven named locations on the map. These include trading posts, helpful NPCs, and the locations with the three Rust Pact bosses. If players ask, they can make an AREA KNOWLEDGE roll to roughly recall the *italicized* introduction to each location.

THE BIG ONE

The largest crater in the area, the “big one” is almost a mile across. The center of the crater is said to contain a monolith made out of pure gold, or maybe even a crashed UFO, but whatever it is, the crater is far too radioactive to explore.

Anyone traveling through this hex suffers 2 RP. Spending time close to the actual crater causes 1 RP per hour! Going *into* the crater is pure foolishness; there’s enough radioactivity to kill someone long before they reach its center.

CIBOLA HILLS (SILAS’ LAB)

Decades ago, the remnants of the military used to have a few outposts in the hills. But then there was an outbreak of a strange disease that caused cilia-laden tumors to form on people’s faces, and the hills were abandoned.

A single-story, white building sits tucked into the hills, boxed in by a tall chain-link fence crowned with razorwire. Several motorcycles and a plate-armored van (DR 9) are parked inside the perimeter, the van’s panels riddled with bullet holes. The lab itself looks pre-war and utilitarian – flat roof, narrow windows, and stained concrete walls.

This hidden lab is the hideout the Rust Pact’s SILAS CROWDER retreated to after the raid on Vagrant Town. Years ago, Silas was a military doctor who worked at this lab. After an accident, he was infected by the *cibola virus*, which gave him great intelligence but at the cost of chronic pain and wild swings of personality. He believes that the DNA of the dog Immortal Normal can both cure his ailment and extend his life. With his callous assistant, DR. KAREN VON STREEDLE, he plans to experiment on the dog and learn its genetic secrets.

SILAS CROWDER

Rust Pact Chief



ST	11	HP: 11
DX	12	Will: 13
IQ	13	Per: 13
HT	12	FP: 12

Basic Speed: 6.0 Punch: 1d cr, reach C
Move: 6
Dodge: 9

Traits: Chronic Pain; Hard to Subdue 1; High Pain Threshold; Split Personality (one is cruel, the other is suave).

Skills: Bioengineering (Cloning)-12; Biology-12; Chemistry-14; Diagnosis; Traps-14.

Gear: He carries a gas mask and a grenade launcher armed with noxious gas grenades (1d+1 (0.5) cr, RoF 1, Shots 1 (3), Range 30/440, Bulk -4, Rcl 2). It creates an 8-yard radius cloud which requires three HT-2 rolls; one to avoid coughing, another blindness, and a third retching. Effects endure for minutes equal to the margin of failure.

Crowder’s gang typically keeps a guard or two outside the lab, keeping watch for any incoming trouble. If they see anyone approaching, the gang will gather outside the lab, ready to scare off trespassers. They also hide a man on the roof of the lab with an old hunting rifle (5d+2 pi, Acc 5, RoF 3, Shots 5 (3i), Range 800/3500, ST 11, Bulk -5, 8 lbs.) to provide cover from above.

If the PCs stealthily deal with the guards, they’ll be able to sneak into the lab and surprise Silas Crowder. The guards, however, don’t know much about his objectives. They only know he’s obsessed with the dog Immortal Normal and pays them well.

If the PCs assault the lab outright, Silas Crowder and Dr. Von Streedle will stay inside. Dr. Von Streedle will hide in one of the large refrigerators inside the facility with Immortal Normal, while Silas Crowder will prepare his grenade launcher. He plans to use tear gas on any intruders, and then

rush to make his escape – with Immortal Normal – in his armored van.

Rust Pact Gang Member (6): ST 11, DX 11, IQ 10, HT 10. Move 5. Driving-11; Guns-12. DR 1 (leather jacket); Yanni Pistol (2d+1 pi+, Acc 1, RoF 3, Range 160/1800, Shots 9+1 (3), Bulk -1, Rcl 2, 2 lbs.).

Dr. Karen Von Streedle: ST 9, DX 12, IQ 12, HT 9. Move 5. Callous; Cowardice. Biology-11; Brawling-13; Physician-11; Sex Appeal-9; Stealth-12. First aid kit; gas mask; syringe with Cibola Virus (1d-4 pi- damage; if hit, victim must make a HT-3 roll or contract the disease. In 72 hours, they will gain +1 IQ, -15 points of the Chronic Pain disadvantage, and Appearance (Ugly).

If the PCs are somehow able to capture and interrogate either of the scientists, they'll only get a little information from them...

On where the other chiefs are...

"I don't know. Firehead only wanted to party, Lady Cutwire said something about becoming a goddess. The Rust Pact is a temporary alliance."

On Immortal Normal...

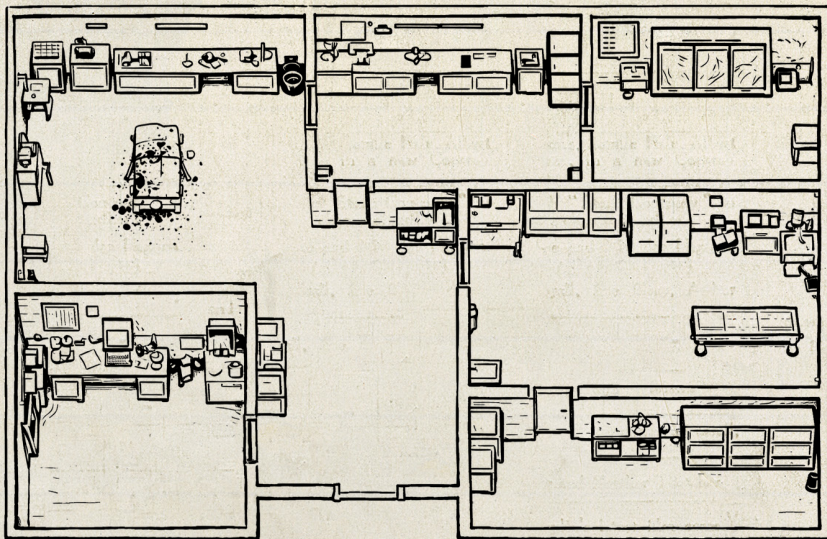
"A truly extraordinary specimen. There's no question his physiology holds the key to immortality, or at the very least, to cellular regeneration on a scale we've never seen. Within that four-legged frame could be the cure to disease, organ failure, aging... perhaps even death itself."

On the lab...

"Generations of scientists have lived beneath these hills, assigned to countless hidden labs. This lab devoted itself to the human lifespan... how to extend it, reshape it... and *end* it. Do not make an enemy of us. Knowledge is our weapon, and we've had centuries to learn exactly where it hurts."

Searching the lab finds several first aid kits, vials of unknown fluids, and a half-dozen body bags of deceased, frozen specimens of shriveled humans that all appear to be identical.

 And... the frozen specimens all look like Sunny Flay from the pregenerated PCs (and also her sister Phoenix Flay)! Turns out they were all *clones*... not sisters! This realization requires a FRIGHT CHECK-6!



CRAZYMAN'S NEEDLE GIRL

Decades ago a man erected a massive stick sculpture of a shapely woman. No one knows why he did it. The most common explanation is that it was an idol to his passed girlfriend. Now, there's an open-air trading post here, run by Papa Mandibles, and it's the closest thing to holy ground in the wasteland. No one fights at the Needle Girl.

Papa Mandibles is a fat man with monstrous, oversized incisors, giving him a sort of walrus-look. He's a serious man, but also one with dry wit and softness that will surprise folks. He's always accompanied by several well-armed guards which protect his trading post.

Papa Mandibles sells weapons, rations, jerry cans of gasoline, and some other miscellaneous sundries. In addition to his usual items, today he's selling a machete, a fireman's axe, a firefighter's helmet (DR 5, 2.5 lbs.), an old hunting rifle (5d+2 pi, Acc 5, RoF 3, Shots 5 (3i), Range 800/3500, ST 11, Bulk -5, 8 lbs.), and a VHS tape labeled "Home Movies #2." He has no idea what's on the tape, but he won't give it away for free.

Since there's no cash in the apocalypse, everything is bartered for. He especially values guns, books, clips of ammunition, tires in good condition, and sand squirmer carcasses (which make for good stew meat).

If the PCs did not obtain the location of Firehead from their first random encounter, Papa Mandibles will know it, though he'll want to trade something valuable for it. He also saw Silas Crowder and Immortal Normal recently, but did not see which way they went when they left.

KEG CENTRAL (FIREHEAD'S HIDEAWAY)

Keg Central is a bustling hub of activity in the wasteland, home to a few hundred men and women who fear nothing – except running out of fuel, booze, or bad ideas. It's a post-apocalyptic carnival built in the middle of abandoned shipping containers, RV husks, and empty fuel barrels. Drum circles thump day and night, vendors hawk grilled mystery meat and homemade grog, and every wall is covered in inappropriate art or hand-written rules nobody follows.

The PCs will likely come to Keg Central for a few different reasons:

Bartering

Keg Central has a handful of helpful merchants who will trade ammunition, fuel, and food to travelers. The merchants here are hawkish and will try to overcharge newcomers.

There is a notorious black market here as well, but finding it requires contacts or a STREETWISE or similar roll. The black market has a few interesting items:

- An old Browning light machine gun, which comes at the price of a small vehicle! (7d pi, Acc 5, RoF 10!, Shots 250 (5), Rcl 2, Bulk -6, Range 1100/4500, Bulk -6, ST 17M, 45 lbs.) It can even be mounted on a vehicle with an ARMOURY roll. Ammunition for this gun is equally rare, so it's only sold with a single magazine!
- Rad-Away. An experimental drug that will heal 1d RP. It will cost a full clip of ammo or a gun.
- Night Vision Binoculars. These are bulky and old and the instructions are in Russian. It will cost a *good* gun or equivalent. Gives Night Vision 4 and weighs 2 lbs.

Information

Keg Central has many people who are willing to talk in exchange for ammo, favors, or rides across the wasteland to other landmarks.

If the PCs specifically try to find out information about the Rust Pact, they'll learn that one of the chiefs, Firehead, is

FIREHEAD

Rust Pact Chief



ST 13 HP: 13
DX 12 Will: 11
IQ 11 Per: 11
HT 12 FP: 12

Basic Speed: 6.0 Metal Punch: 2d+1 cr, reach C
Move: 6 DR: 5 (light body armor)
Dodge: 10

Traits: Combat Reflexes; High Pain Threshold; Impulsiveness; Pyromania; Mechanical Arm (Blunt Claws, DR 3, Lifting ST 2, Striking ST 3). Obnoxious fake accent.

Skills: Acting-11; Brawling-13; Carousing-13; Detect Lies-11; Driving-12; Guns-13; Mechanic-11.

Gear: His mechanical arm deals 2d+1 cr damage (Parry 10). He wears light body armor (DR 5). He also carries a Bungle Boy sawed-off shotgun (1d pi, Acc 2, Range 40/800, RoF 2x7, Shots 2 (3i), Bulk -3, Rcl 1, 8 lbs); keys to the truck.

here in town, partying at a grog stop called Dingo Lame-o's. Otherwise, any CAROUSING or STREETWISE roll will reveal some random wasteland lore:

1	The Riders of Wrack have been seen east of here, sacrificing travelers to their dark gods.
2	A Rust Pact chief, Lady Cutwire, staggered north after a party that left the survivors regretting their names.
3	A few folks have seen men in jetpacks flying overhead recently. No one knows who they are.
4	The notorious and dangerously gorgeous Phoenix Flay is hunting for her next big score, and she <i>pays</i> .
5	The Logan Stones gang is tearing itself apart after their leader died, and the infighting is getting bloody.
6	The Rust Pact hit Vagrant Town, but then the three chiefs all went separate ways. Firehead's here though.

Dingo Lame-o's

Dingo Lame-o's is one of Keg Central's spacious grog palaces, built from the ruined shell of an old steakhouse. A big "No Mutants" sign is nailed to the door.

Parked outside is Vagrant Town's **gas truck**, guarded by three veteran Rust Pacters. One mans the cab, the other are sitting atop the cylindrical trailer, ready to fend off any would-be thieves. None have the keys to the truck (although it can be hotwired with a LOCKPICKING and MECHANIC roll).



Rust Pact Veterans (3): ST 12, DX 11, IQ 10, HT 11. Move 5. Combat Reflexes. Brawling-12; Driving-11; Guns-13. Yanni Pistol (2d+1 pi+, Acc 1, Range 160/1800, RoF 3, Shots 9+1 (3), Bulk -1, Rcl 2, 2 lbs.). Leather jacket (DR 1); frag helmet (DR 5).

Note that the guard in the cab can trigger the nail bomb that was installed underneath the trailer. He'll do this if he feels like the truck is in danger of being stolen. This does 2d [2d] cr ex damage to those nearby.

Inside the place, rusted road signs and faded kangaroo posters cover the walls, and a large sign says, "No fightin' until after last call!" above the bar. A couple dozen wastelanders drink, dance, and watch people drunkenly topple off the spring-loaded, rideable dingo at its center. If any mutants enter the place, the intolerant bartender BIG SUE SUE demands they leave.

At the bar, the Rust Pact chief FIREHEAD is partying hard with BRUTICUS BOWLCUT, his best friend, and several other gang members. They've been several days into bingeing, spending all the gas they stole away. Firehead and his "dingos" are very much ready for trouble – they know people would kill for their new truck's fuel.

Dingo Drunks (1 per PC): ST 12, DX 11, IQ 10, HT 11. Move 5. Dodge 9. Combat Reflexes. Brawling-12; Driving-11; Guns-12. Leather Jacket (DR 1); Yanni Pistol (2d+1 pi+, Acc 1, Range 160/1800, RoF 3, Shots 9+1 (3), Bulk -1, Rcl 2, 2 lbs.).

Big Sue Sue: ST 12, DX 11, IQ 10, HT 12. Move 5. Dodge 8. Intolerance (Mutants); Very Fat. Broadsword-12. Baseball Bat (1d+3 cr, Reach 1, Parry 9); Fire Extinguisher.

Bruticus Bowlcut (1): ST 13, DX 11, IQ 10, HT 12. Move 5. Dodge 9. Combat Reflexes; High Pain Threshold. Axe/Mace-12; Boxing-13; Carousing-12; Driving-10; Guns-13. Burgle Boy sawed-off shotgun (1d pi, Acc 2, Range 40/800, RoF 2x7, Shots 2 (3i), Bulk -3, Rcl 1, 8 lbs); Leather jacket (DR 1); Axe (2d+1 cut, reach 1, Parry 10U, 4 lbs.)

If the PCs pass themselves off as innocent strangers, and can convince the suspicious Firehead that they are only at the place for a good time, there's a high likelihood that Firehead will invite them to join his party. He and his band loves carousing.

However, if the PCs confront Firehead, he'll first act all friendly and warm, insisting that everything is a misunderstanding:

Firehead

"Aw nah, this is a big misunderstanding, mates! See, the Bosssduke of Vagrant Town paid me to nick the gas truck for a spell. Bloke was worried more meteors were gonna come screamin' down from on high and smash it to bits, yeah?"

But soon, Firehead will hatch a plan to kill the PCs. He has no desire to see his stolen fortunes reclaimed. His first plan will be to invite the PCs out to the truck to "show them a letter of understanding from Boss Przybysz" that he keeps in the glove compartment. This is a trick; he plans to signal to the guard in the cab to set off the improvised nail explosive installed under the truck's chassis, killing the PCs.

If the PCs refuse to go out to the gas truck, Firehead quietly signals to Big Sue Sue the bartender who is a good friend of his. At the right moment, she grabs a fire extinguisher from behind the bar and blasts it at nearby PCs. Two PCs within 3 yards of the bartender will get hit and must make a HT-3 roll or be stunned; they will also be blind for one second equal to their margin of failure. Firehead will use the distraction to blast the PCs with his shotgun and order the rest of his men to knock the PCs out.

If the PCs subdue or capture Firehead, he won't have a lot to reveal, but will do his best to save his own life.

On where the other chiefs are...

"Dunno, mate. Lady Cutwire's got delusions the size of a road train. Reckon she's headed north to bag some 'big game.' And Silas Crowder? Absolute nutter. Kept carryin' on that stupid pup was gonna unlock the power of the mind or whatever rubbish he's on about."

On the gas truck...

"Truck's still got plenty of gas for your Bosssduke! Just tell him I nicked a little sip. No hard feelings. And whoever planted that nail bomb under the chassis... clever bastard. Took one of my blokes out before I worked out how to reset the bloody thing."

RADIATION ZONE (CUTWIRE'S CAMP)

No one knows what caused this hazy hot zone – it's a full hundred miles from the nearest crater. The locals swear the radiation in this area misbehaves, pooling in low ground like thick yellow fog and tricking Geiger counters with false readings. Worse, folks say roving mutant warbands prowl the area at night, painted in ash and road tar. It's said they worship Ashhide the Immense, a kaiju-sized bison whose footsteps crack the earth.

Anyone traveling inside this zone suffers 1 RP per hour.

A hunting camp is set up just south of the radiation zone. It is a series of both sealed and unsealed tents, a handful of old cars, and a rusted school bus that bristles with rebar spears and desiccated and impaled corpses.

The camp is run by Lady Cutwire, a hotshot mercenary who plans to enter the hot zone to hunt and kill Ashhide the bison-god. She believes that if she bring down the massive beast, she'll earn the reputation as a god-killer among the mutants that roam the area, and be declared their goddess. Then, as they say, the wasteland's her oyster.

When the PCs track Lady Cutwire to her camp, they'll find it protected by a handful of Rust Pacters and a splinter group of Dust Drinkers – short, bald, pale white mutants, who would love to see her replace the ruling mutant theocracy in the area. The politics of the mutants in this area are intense and very confusing to outsiders.

Rust Pact Gang Member (5): ST 11, DX 11, IQ 10, HT 10. Move 5. Dodge 8. Driving-11; Guns-12. DR 1 (NBC suit); Yanni Pistol (2d+1 pi+, Acc 1, RoF 3, Range 160/1800, Shots 9+1 (3), Bulk -1, Rcl 2, 2 lbs.). Note that their NBC suits have a special wrist device on them. It has an explosive (6d+1 cr ex) that Lady Cutwire can trigger; this keeps her men in line.

Rust Pact Crazy Artillerist (1): ST 11, DX 11, IQ 10, HT 10. Move 5. Dodge 8. On the Edge. Driving-11; Guns-12. DR 1 (NBC suit); KMZ RPG (7dx2 (10) cr ex, linked 6dx2 cr ex, Acc 1, Range 10/550, RoF 1, Shots 1, Bulk -6, Rcl 1, 15 lbs.); frag vest (DR 6).

Mutant Dust Drinkers (8): ST 14, DX 11, IQ 9, HT 12. Move 5. Dodge 8. Bad Temper; Combat Reflexes; DR 2 (tough skin); High Pain Threshold; Impulsiveness; Radiation Tolerance 10. Spear-13. Rebar spear (1d+5 imp, reach 1-2, Parry 10); Sack of sacred dust (increased ST by 1d for 1d minutes, 10 RP).

Lady Cutwire and her goons won't immediately open fire the moment the PCs are spotted. Instead, she's intrigued – anyone who has tracked her this far into the wastes has earned her attention. She orders several of her enforcers to approach, weapons visible, and escort the PCs to her sealed command tent.

Inside the tent, a friendly Lady Cutwire listens to the PCs' story. She'll be impressed that Vagrant Town had the tenacity to find her. However, if they demand their crates of RPGs back, she refuses, telling her story on how she wants to take down the great Ashhide the Immense.

LADY CUTWIRE

Rust Pact Chief



ST	12	HP: 12
DX	14	Will: 13
IQ	12	Per: 13
HT	12	FP: 12

Basic Speed: 6.0 Punch: 1d cr, reach C
Move: 6 DR: 20 (aircrew vest)
Dodge: 9

Traits: Appearance (Beautiful); Charisma 1; Curious; Combat Reflexes; High Pain Threshold; Megalomania; Natural Anti-Rad 1; Rank (Gang) 3.

Skills: Broadsword-14; Driving-13; Guns-16; Guns (Light Anti-Armor)-15; Intimidation-12; Leadership-13; Sex Appeal-13; Tracking-13.

Gear: Remote detonator; aircrew vest (DR 20); baseball bat (1d+3 cr, reach 1, Parry 11); Big Snake Revolver (3d pi, Acc 2, Range 190/2100, RoF 3, Shots 6 (3i), Bulk -2, Rcl 3); 6 doses of anti-rad (heals 1d RP).

ASHHIDE THE IMMENSE

Kaiju-sized Bison God



ST	200	HP: 200
DX	14	Will: 10
IQ	12	Per: 10
HT	12	FP: 12

Basic Speed: 5.0 Trample/Horns: 5dx5 cr
Move: 10 DR: 8 (hardened)
Dodge: 8

Traits: Crushing Striker (horns); DR 8 (tough skin, hardened); Discriminatory Smell; Enhanced Move (Ground) 1; Hard to Subdue 2; High Pain Threshold; Hooves; Night Vision 4; Quadruped; Peripheral Vision; Temperature Tolerance 1; Ultrahearing; Weak Bite; Wild Animal.

Notes: Ashhide is worthy of his namesake, standing the size of a three-story building and weighing a million pounds. Fortunately, he is usually a peaceful, reluctant animal. However, if he is wounded, his horns and eyes glow green with rage. He will charge nearby threats, trampling them underfoot or ramming them with his massive horns.

On Ashhide the Immense...

"Honey, believe the stories. He's a kong-sized bison. Gets bigger every year he soaks in the hot zone glow. The mutants out there? They worship him. Pray to him. Leave offerings and whisper his name like it's gonna answer back.

And here's the cute part. When I turn that walking miracle into buffalo rib stew, guess who they're gonna kneel to next? Me. Apron on, crown up. I don't just kill their god, I replace him. And that, sweetheart, is just the opening act. New followers, new territory, whole new résumé. You gotta start somewhere if you wanna build an empire, right?"

On the RPGs...

"I expect to need most of them to take down Ashhide. You can have the ones I don't use back afterwards. I'll be a goddess, so what do I need them for?"

She will not, however, tell the PCs where the rockets are hidden (they are in a sealed tent, guarded by two Dust Drinkers).

If the PCs come across as competent, Lady Cutwire demands the PCs join her expedition into the hot zone and help bring down Ashhide the Immense – either as scouts, bait, or fighters, depending on how useful they look. She'll promise supplies, ammo, and a cut of whatever glory is left after she takes down Ashhide.

The Death Bus

If the PCs refuse, stall, or try to walk away without agreeing to her demands, Lady Cutwire's patience snaps hard. She orders them loaded into the battered, chained-shut transport her crew calls the Death Bus. Then, she tells her mutant allies to drive the bus straight into the yellow fog, stop, and kick the PCs out with a single gun to defend themselves. Then the bus turns around and leaves them there.

Walking out of the hot zone is a brutal punishment. Roll a SURVIVAL (DESERT) and a NAVIGATION roll. If the SURVIVAL roll is failed, the PCs all take 2d-4 damage from desert maladies. If the NAVIGATION roll is succeeded, the PCs walk directly out of the zone, but they each take 2d RPs from the radiation. If the NAVIGATION roll is failed, they take 4d RPs before they escape! This is likely to knock them unconscious, in which case they'll awaken a few days later in the Zombie

Caves (p. 14). But ideally, the PCs better figure out a way to hijack the bus before getting themselves into this position!

The Death Bus: ST/HP 100, Hnd/SR -2/4, HT 11f, Move 1/30, SM +6, DR 5, Range 400 miles. Holds 40 people. The driver's compartment is separated from the back of the bus with heavy sheet metal (DR 5). The windows are welded shut, but can be smashed and wriggled out of with an ESCAPE+2 or DX-4 roll. Typically, a handful of mutants ride atop the bus to prevent escapees.

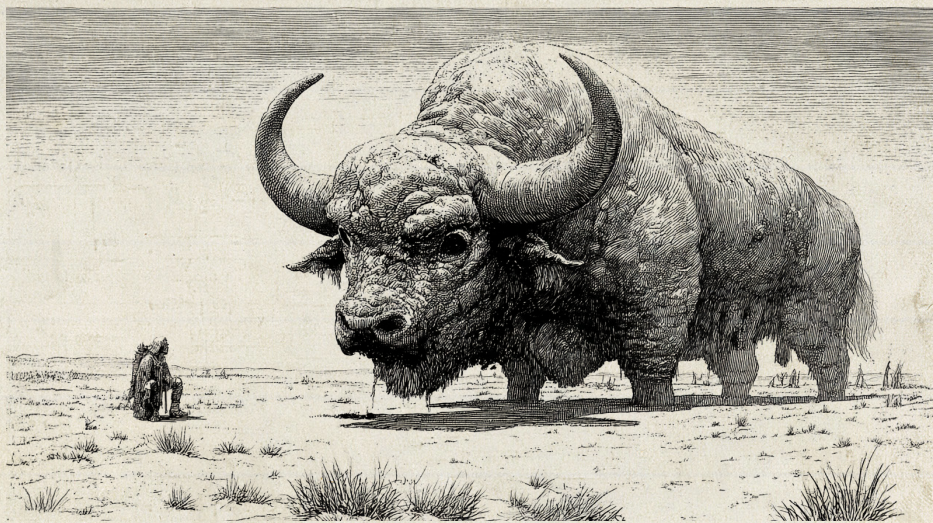
Ashhide the Immense

If the PCs agree to help Lady Cutwire, she'll equip them with radiation suits. Like the ones her men wear, these are equipped with devices on the right wrist that she can trigger to explode (6d+1 cr ex) if anyone gets out of line. If they ask, she's willing to give each PC a single KMZ RPG (7dx2 (10) cr ex, linked 6dx2 cr ex, Acc 1, Range 10/550, RoF 1, Shots 1, Bulk -6, Rcl 1, 15 lbs.).

Then, she'll load everyone on the bus and head out into the hot zone to find Ashhide the Immense.

It takes 2d hours for the PCs to find Ashhide the Immense. Cut this in half if a PC (or Lady Cutwire) succeeds a TRACKING roll. Don't forget, each hour in the radiation zone causes 1 RP to be suffered.

The great towering bison stares at the bus from across the yellow, glass-like desert. It stands 45-feet tall and has eyes that are solid black. The thing will just stare at humans, making grunts as loud as a jet engine. But it will not attack unless it suffers any injury, in which case it then charges the biggest targets intending to trample them into the ground. For extra fun, roll a die to see what he does each turn:



1	Bluff charge. Ashhide charges the toughest looking opponent but then veers away at the last minute.
2-3	Charge. Ashhide charges the largest group of nearby opponents, trampling the lot of them.
4-5	Vehicle charge. Ashhide tramples the largest vehicle, trampling it and trying to destroy it.
6	Burning aura. Ashhide's eyes glow green. Everyone in its sight takes 1d large area burn damage and 1d RP.

As great as the bison is, it cannot withstand more than a few direct hits from the powerful rocket launchers Lady Cutwire has brought to the fray.

After Ashhide has fallen, Lady Cutwire will climb the carcass and give a rousing speech to her men. They pitch tents atop the beast and wait for the hundreds of mutants that live in the radiation zone to emerge to worship her. Her plan does work... within a few weeks she's known as Lady Cutwire the Bison Slayer, and soon has an army of mutants at her service. But, mutant politics are complicated and the rituals of leadership are intense, and so it takes many years for her to effectively use this army.

She is true to her word, and will return any leftover RPGs to the PCs to take back to Vagrant Town.

RIPDAN

Ripdan is the wasteland's oracle-in-chief. He lives in a ramshackle wooden hovel at the center of a small crater. An old American flag acts as a curtain over his doorway. Here, he hosts a steady line of pilgrims and drifters. Night after night, he reads the sky like scripture, tracking meteors, smoke trails, and bad omens... and tells people exactly how their future is going to go wrong.

Two miles out from Ripdan's crater, the sky is always gloomy, dusty, and red-tinged. As the PCs near his hovel, they see handfuls of desperate pilgrims walking steadily towards the oracle's home. The pilgrims are an eclectic bunch; some are visiting Ripdan with visions of greatness, others want healing, and still others are just looking for any direction in the wasteland.

When the PCs arrive, they see a long line of pilgrims waiting their turn to visit the oracle. Ripdan only sees people at night, and even then, only a handful at once. Based on the number of people in line, it's going to take at least a couple of days to see Ripdan.

PCs talking to folks in line can get some information with good roleplaying or a Good or better reaction roll. Roll 1d:

1	The night the meteor hit Vagrant Town, three more hit Settledown to the north.
2	The Desert Beetles gang is riding again, forcing folks to trade their guns for stupid metal trinkets.
3	There's a school bus roving the highways, filled with radioactive children. Don't stop for it.
4	Silas Cutwire of the Rust Pact was seen at Crazyman's Needle Girl, picking up some dog's poop.
5	The Logan Stones went after a guy in a hatchback... then it started dropping mines and killed their leader.
6	A guy with a jetpack flew overhead yesterday. Crowd started firing on him and he escaped in the clouds.

No one in line is in the mood to give up their spot to see Ripdan. PCs who want to cut the line will have to either do some fantastic roleplaying, throw down some valuable items to bribe folks, or make successful INTIMIDATION, FAST-TALK, or DIPLOMACY rolls. A bad failure may start a brawl with a wastelander.

Wastelander (1): ST 12, DX 11, IQ 10, HT 10. Move 5. Dodge 8. Brawling-12; Guns-12. Yanni Pistol (2d+1 pi+, Acc 1, RoF 3, Range 160/1800, Shots 9+1 (3), Bulk -1, Rcl 2, 2 lbs.); leather jacket (DR 1).

Visiting the Oracle

Ripdan is a skinny man with a sharp chin, elf-like ears, and overly large, twinkling eyes. He wears faded military fatigues and sits on an old military supply crate. He suffers from day blindness, meaning he can see perfectly in the dark, but not at all in the sunlight. It's this vision that lets him read the stars.

Ripdan

"Ah! Vagrant Town's little truth-hunters. Come sniffin' after the Rust Pact and their naughty sins. Smart, comin' to me first. Most folks chase answers into the dust and don't come back. Now... tell me what you want to know, and I'll try readin' it in the sky."

Ripdan knows one of the chief's locations (one that the PCs have not yet located yet), which he'll reveal by telling the PCs to head in the direction of that chief. I.e., "Firehead is to the west, Silas Crowder is to the north, and Lady Cutwire is to the northwest." These directions are vague, but enough that a NAVIGATION roll can find the chief's location.

On the chief's locations...

"The Rust Pact was never meant to last. After the raid, each chief followed their own hunger, and the pack scattered to the wind. But don't mistake that for an ending... they'll circle back. They always do. But you can find your chief to the (north/east/northwest)."

On Immortal Normal...

"Silas Crowder was once a brilliant mind, sharp as a scalpel. Then the Cibola virus got its hooks in him and bent that brilliance into something crooked. Now he's convinced the dog carries a cure. You'd better move fast... because in two days, Immortal Normal will be neither immortal nor normal. Heh."

This prophecy starts a clock. In exactly two days time, Silas Crowder will kill Immortal Normal and dissect him!

On assistance...

"Look to the skies. A man named Jerome will fall from them, and if you've got the sense to kneel before his mad king... he'll be your savior."

If the PCs have recovered bloody feathers from the mechanical donkey that they may have encountered along the way, Ripdan will be delighted. He'll feel each feather, taste some of the dried blood, and then excitedly go into the crate he sits on to retrieve fatigues, improved frag vests (DR 4 vs. pi and cut, DR 2 for everything else, 8 lbs.), dog tags with random names on them, and army helmets (DR 4, 3 lbs.), which he gifts to the PCs.

On the feathers...

"Haha, the old M-Donkeys were part of the training cycle! We were grunts, sent out into the scorched desert to bag one before the other boots did. No sims, no do-overs. First squad back with a capture got the nod. Those were the glory days, back when being a soldier actually meant somethin'. So listen up. On behalf of the United States Army, I'm welcoming you as recruits. Wear these uniforms with honor, keep your heads on a swivel, and don't screw it up."

ZOMBIE CAVES

Everyone knows zombies aren't real. That would be ridiculous. But the mutants who live in the zombie caves are cannibals and love to eat brains. And they've ritually scarred themselves to have tough-as-leather skin. And they've mostly lost the ability to talk... so, yes, they're probably zombies.

There's really no reason for the PCs to come to the zombie caves. The mutants who live here are dangerous and just love to dine on more normal humans.

However, in the event that the PCs get captured, or pass out from radiation, there's a high likelihood that they'll end up prisoners of the zombie caves. The zombies have decent supplies, and so wasteland travelers often trade live specimens to the zombies in exchange for those supplies.

In the event that the PCs awaken here, they'll find themselves in the dark (-3 darkness penalty), stripped of supplies, and locked in a wooden cage in the rear of a small cave. The zombies never put more than 3 PCs in a cage. A table in the room is piled with bloody plates and utensils. Just out of sight, the PCs will hear a group of zombies disassembling whatever vehicles the PCs used to have, communicating to each other with grunts and the banging of wrenches on metal.

The captured PCs may be joined by another survivor, who has witnessed his own companions killed and eaten by the zombies. If the GM is generous, this terrified NPC might even know the location of one of the Rust Pact bosses, which he'll trade in exchange for rescue.

Escaping a cage requires a LOCKPICKING roll (assuming the PCs have managed to hide lockpicks on them), a ST roll against the cage bar's ST 15, or an ESCAPE roll to slip through the bars. If all else fails, two hungry zombies eventually arrive to unlock a cage and drag out the fattest PC to butcher and eat – giving the PCs a chance to fight free and run.

Zombie Mutant (2, +1 per PC): ST 12, DX 11, IQ 8, HT 10. Move 5. Dodge 8. Blunt Claws; DR 2 (tough skin); High Pain Threshold; Night Vision 3. Brawling-12; Wrestling-12. Claws do 1d cr, Reach C, Parry 8.

Getting clawed or bitten by a zombie mutant is bad. The next night, the PC must make a HT roll or suffer horrible headaches for 24 hours (-4 to all DX, IQ, skill and self-control rolls). High Pain Threshold halves these penalties.

If the PCs fight their way out of a cave, they'll likely discover that the zombies have completely disassembled and ruined at least one of their vehicles. The PCs' gear will be strewn on the floor, and it's also likely a few items will be missing. But a few broken items is better than being dead.



ON THE ROAD

All On-the-Road encounters give the PCs a clue as to the whereabouts of a Rust Pact chief. The first clue will always be to Firehead in Keg Central. The next clues will likely be towards the nearest chief.

1. THE DESERT BEETLES

The Desert Beetles are a reclusive motorcycle gang known for stylish paint jobs, forced trades, and a love for crafting. They emerge from their cavern headquarters only a few times each year. When they do, the roads are quietly abandoned. They are not known for outright violence, but their unhinged practice of “mandatory bartering” unsettles even seasoned wasteland travelers. The Beetles demand guns and fuel in exchange for their small, handmade metal animals – meticulously crafted from the chassis of old cars – and woe to anyone who dares question the quality of their work.

In the distance, a rising cloud of dust marks the beetles’ approach. Their bikes, heavily modified with curving armor that catches the sun, blinding those who stare too long. When they spot the PCs, they spread into a loose, deliberate formation.

Hiding

If the PCs succeed a DRIVING roll vs. the gang captain’s Perception 11, they can dash off the road and hide in some low hills or rocks, avoiding an encounter. If they fail, the Beetles chase the PCs firing shots at them until the stop or escape.

Parlay

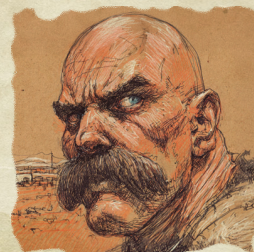
If the PCs hail the bikers, he gang circles around them and comes to a halt. The captain, BEN BARS, a heavy-set man with a big moustache lurches off his bike. He grabs a large leather saddlebag that clinks with metal. He demands guns and says they are willing to trade.

On why they need guns...

“We got centipedes big as rig haulers in the caves, sand squirmers brewin’ out here, and some military posse runnin’ loose, poppin’ folks for no damn reason.”

BEN BARS

Captain of the Desert Beetles



ST	13	HP: 13
DX	12	Will: 11
IQ	11	Per: 11
HT	12	FP: 12

Basic Speed: 6.0 Punch: 1d cr, reach C
Move: 6
Dodge: 9

Traits: High Pain Threshold; Rank (Gang) 2.

Skills: Artist (Sculpting)-12; Driving-12; Guns-12; Intimidation-11; Merchant-11.

Gear: He carries a .44 Skullcracker sidearm (3d+2 pi+, Acc 2, RoF 3, Shots 6 (3i), Bulk -3, Rcl 4, 5 lbs.). His motorcycle helmet gives him DR 5 (8 vs. cr).

Gang Member (5): ST 12, DX 11, IQ 9, HT 10. Move 5. Driving-12; Guns-11. Webma Revolver (1d+2 pi+, Acc 2, Range 120/1300, RoF 3, Shots 6 (2i), Bulk -2, Rcl 2, 2.5 lbs.).

On their metal animal trinkets...

“They’re not just beautiful, they’re totems. They’re a way of life. This dalmatian here is made from a ‘59 Chevy. It could save your life if a bullet hit it just right. We got lots more too. Maybe you’re into pugs? Or I got a zebra too, made from a DeLorean. You won’t regret saying yes to this trade. In fact, I’ve never had anyone ever say no.”

If the PCs give the bikers at least one firearm (or similarly useful survival item), they’ll get a cute metal animal trinket in exchange. If they refuse the trade, the Desert Beetles will draw their sidearms to intimidate the PCs. This is likely going to end in a fire fight unless the PCs make some fantastic DIPLOMACY or FAST-TALK rolls to talk their way out of it.

If the PCs make a trade, or defeat the Desert Beetles (and interrogate any survivors), they’ll get a **clue** to the whereabouts of one of the Rust Pact chiefs. If this is the first random

encounter of the game, the PCs will be told about Firehead's location, partying at Keg Central. Otherwise, it will be the location of one of the other two Rust Pacters.

2. SPODIN' DONKEY

In the wasteland, there are machines were built by unknown hands, for reasons long forgotten. They wander without direction, without explanation... relics of a purpose no one remembers. Among the strangest ones are the mechanical donkeys. Some m-donkeys are inert, harmless remnants of an earlier experiment. Others are not. A few emit distorted voices, repeating fragments of messages on endless loops. And there are rumors of donkeys whose metal hides conceal something far more final...

On the empty road ahead, the PCs see a solitary shape emerge from the dust. It's a olive drab donkey, mechanical, moving with deliberate slowness. Duct taped to its head are a handful of large, bloody eagle feathers. A faded American flag is stamped on its body.

A PERCEPTION (VISION)-2 roll identifies that the donkey's eyes are actually cameras, silently recording everything it encounters.

When the donkey spots something moving within 15 yards, it slowly, cartoonishly, ambles towards it. Then, the donkey's crackling voice box crackles to life with a vague military-style cadence:

The recording...

"Listen up, grunts. This is coming at you straight from the jungle, the drop zone, and every black-ops dirt patch that never made the briefing. Ears on. Two grains of sand will try to sell you a story about the old fire, but sand lies, always has. Feathers don't. You bring three feathers to the Stargazer and you'll get your medals pinned, front and center. But you scorch 'em and the timeline goes FUBAR. River of time starts crawling backward, mission blown, everybody pays. Clear?"

The message repeats every minute or so.

M-Donkey (1): ST 15, DX 10, IQ 5, HT 12. Move 5. DR 3. Quadraped; Injury Tolerance (Unliving); Unfazeable.

The donkey's programming just tells it to follow people and repeat its message. However, if the donkey gets within 5 yards of someone, it starts shaking violently. Then, it suddenly explodes, doing 7d ex [2d] cr ex damage to those nearby.

The donkey's camera eyes have been recording everything in its travels. If carefully disassembled, its primitive tape-based recording system can play back what it's seen. This requires an ELECTRONICS OPERATION (SURVEILLANCE) roll, although the roll is at -2 if the donkey was gunned down, or -5 if it blew itself up or was destroyed (-5×HP).

The camera footage reveals two things. First, it reveals a **clue** as to the location of one of the Rust Pact chiefs. If this is the first random encounter of the game, the PCs will be told about Firehead's location, partying at Keg Central. Otherwise, it will be the location of one of the other two Rust Pacters.

Either way, the chief stares cautiously at the m-donkey from a distance and says something along the lines of:

Rust Pact Chief

"I ain't got time for this donkey. No one get near it. Let's get moving towards..."

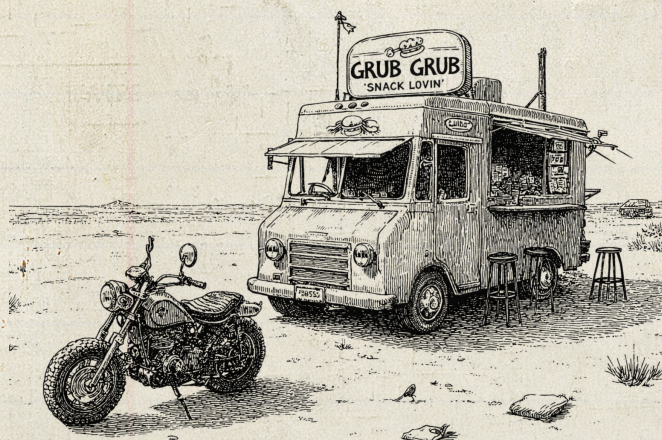
The location then stated depends on which chief the PCs are looking for next:

- **Firehead** says Keg Central.
- **Silas Crowder** says Cibola Hills.
- **Lady Cutwire** says the Radiation Zone.

A second recording shows a half-naked man pinned down to the ground somewhere in the wasteland, screaming for help. An AREA KNOWLEDGE-5 roll can identify through landmarks the rough spot where the man is pinned, roughly two hours away (see Off-Road Encounter #3).

Note that if the donkey's head feathers are brought to Ripdan (see p. 13), he'll be delighted and reward the PCs.





3. GRUB GRUB SNACK LOVING

On the highway ahead is a small, boxy truck. Its outside is painted colorfully, showing a cartoonishly happy chef serving up even happier fried land-crabs in a skillet. A fold-up sign that says "Grub Grub Snack Loving" is perched on the top of the truck. Three rickety metal stools are set outside the truck's counter. Parked near the food truck is a motorcycle with a fiery bird painted on it side.

Grub Grub Snack Loving is a food truck owned by the semi-famous BOMBA BATISTA. He gained his fame by broadcasting on short-wave radio, sharing his recipes – most of which would be impossible to cook with today's ingredients – with the world who could hear him. Eventually, he got famous enough that he took to the road in his food truck, relying on his fame, good will, and delicious soft-shell-land-crabs to keep him safe. An appropriate CURRENT EVENTS or COOKING roll will recall all of this information.

PCs observing the truck find no sign of obvious activity. There is a single door in the back of the truck to the kitchen area. The driver's cab is separated from the kitchen, and its doors are locked. The motorcycle is in perfect working condition, and a HERALDRY roll identifies it as belonging to PHOENIX FLAY, a notorious bandit known for stealing the unstealable.

If the PCs approach the truck, a sweaty Bomba Batista suddenly pops up and nervously welcomes the PCs to his mobile restaurant.

Bomba Batista

"Hey hey folks... got some good grub today, but stove's broken. You better move on, sorry!"

PHOENIX FLAY

Notorious Desert Bandit



ST	12	HP: 12
DX	13	Will: 13
IQ	13	Per: 13
HT	12	FP: 12

Basic Speed: 6.25

Move: 6

Dodge: 10

Punch: 1d-1 cr, reach C

DR: 5 (body armor)

Traits: Appearance (Beautiful); Combat Reflexes; Compulsive Lying; Extra Life 1; Kleptomania; Loner. Total foodie.

Skills: Brawling-14; Driving-13; Fast-Draw (Pistol)-14; Filch-13; Guns-14; Knife-13; Stealth-13; Throwing-13.

Gear: Leather jacket and body armor (DR 5); Smoke grenade x2; Stun grenade x2; Knock-knocker shotgun (1d+1 pi, Acc 3, RoF 2x12, Shots 4+1 (2i), Bulk -6, Rcl 1/5, 8 lbs.); Maverick revolver (2d+1 pi+, Acc 2, RoF 3, Range 140/1500, Shots 6 (2i), Bulk -2, Rcl 3); Frontier revolver (2d-1 pi, Acc 1, RoF 3, Range 90/1000, Shots 5 (3i), Bulk -1, Rcl 2, 1 lb.).

On the stove...

"Yup, just ran out of gas, my fault for not noticing it sooner. Sorry!"

On the motorcycle...

"Oh yeah, that's mine! Keep it hitched to the back sometimes for a quick cruise. Best not touch it, if you don't mind!"

A DETECT LIES or BODY LANGUAGE roll identifies that Bomba Batista is very nervous, lying, and scared.

On if he's alone...

"Haha, just me and the land crabs! Best be moving along now, folks!"

Out of sight inside the food truck is the bandit Phoenix Flay. She's crouched down in the shadows behind some boxes of land crabs, quietly pointing a shotgun at Bomba Batista.

With her robbery has been interrupted, Phoenix Flay just wants to escape to her motorcycle and flee. Depending on the PCs' actions, she may take different routes to do this:

- If the PCs come in to the food truck through its rear door, Phoenix will toss out a stun grenade and blast her way out. Anyone outside the truck within 10 yards must make a HT-5 roll or be stunned; roll HT-5 each turn to recover.
- If the PCs approach the situation more cautiously, she'll happily take chef Batista hostage, threatening to kill him and pin the blame on the PCs. She'll negotiate to arrange her escape. She'll even lie and say that she's set a bomb inside the truck with a dead-man switch; if she's killed, she'll blow the whole thing up.
- If the PCs disable her motorcycle, she'll take cover inside the truck and try to disable or kill the PCs and make her escape with one of their vehicles.

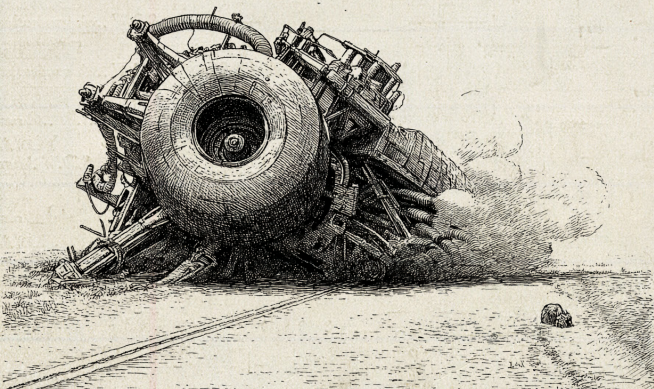
The Clue

Both Phoenix Flay and Bomba Batista have information on the whereabouts of the Rust Pact. The gang stopped at Batista's food truck shortly after the attack on Vagrant Town, and Batista heard their plan to split up. Similarly, Phoenix Flay parlayed with them and heard where one of the chiefs was heading. So as long as one person survives this encounter, the PCs will gain a **clue**. If this is the first random encounter of the game, the NPCs know about Firehead's location, partying at Keg Central. Otherwise, it will be the location of one of the other two Rust Pacters.

Bomba Batista: ST 11, DX 11, IQ 12, HT 12. Move 5. Charisma 1. Cooking-15; Driving-11.

4. THE MANGLED HULK

A bizarre wreck of unknown machinery, the size of a giant truck, lies across the highway. It's an angular heap of armored plating, shattered housings, and twisted struts. Thick hoses and cable bundles dangle from its underside like exposed tendons. The whole mass slowly rotates in place, grinding in the dust as a broken axle turns it a few inches at a time.



This wreck was an autonomous road-clearing drone, a “pre-war bad idea.” However, PCs will only guess its purpose with an **ENGINEERING-3** or similar roll. It was still working days ago, but after a century of use and a bad collision, an axle snapped, its motors burned out, and it's become permanently disabled.

A Chicken Underneath

PCs who examine the wreck and succeed on a **PERCEPTION (VISION)** roll spot a small compact car flattened beneath its massive wheels. It belonged to a member of the Rust Pact, who – after the raid on Vagrant Town – decided to play chicken with the road-clearing rig and lost.

The man, **CLUTCH**, is still alive, trapped inside the crushed shell, but he won't dare crawl out past the dangling live cables, grinding motors, and slow-turning tires. The PCs catch sight of his face mashed to the window, eyes wild, waving frantically for them to pull him out.

Clutch: ST 11, DX 11, IQ 9, HT 10. Move 5. Dodge 8. Impulsiveness; One-Eye; Overconfidence. Driving-12; Guns-11; Survival-8. Yanni Pistol (2d+1 pi+, Acc 1, RoF 3, Range 160/1800, Shots 9+1 (3), Bulk -1, Rcl 2, 2 lbs.).

There are a few ways to rescue Clutch, but the players will no doubt think of new ones.

- The PCs can talk Clutch into making a run for it, but this requires a great **FAST-TALK** or similar roll vs. his Will 11. Dodging past the underbody's dangling cables and tires requires two **DODGE+3** rolls. On a failure, roll 3d. On a 12 or less, the victim is hit by a piece of loose metal for 1d+1 cr damage to a random hit location. On a 13-16, the victim is hit by an electrical cable that does 1d+1 burn damage and requires a HT roll (-1 per 2 points damage) to stay conscious. On a 17+, the victim is run over by one of the massive tires, doing 6d cr damage.
- If the PCs can attach a chain or tow cable to the car, they can drag the car out as long as they themselves have a vehicle with at least ST 65 (e.g., a van or pickup truck).
- If PCs venture into the vehicle's control room and turn off the machine, Clutch can easily escape.

Clutch is a little battered and broken but will be grateful for the rescue. He'll explain that he was riding with the Rust Pact when he and a buddy decided to play chicken with the autonomous vehicle on the road. His buddy swerved away, he did not.

On the Rust Pact...

"We were real excited about what we found in Vagrant Town. But the three chiefs were going to split up afterwards. I only know where one of them was going."

He'll then give the PCs a **clue** as to the whereabouts of that chief. If this is the first random encounter of the game, he'll tell the PCs about Firehead's location, partying at Keg Central, expressing disappointment that he couldn't join him. Otherwise, it will be the location of one of the other two Rust Pacters.

On the Rust Pact's motivations...

"The chiefs said Vagrant Town was weak and didn't deserve to survive. That giant gas truck you had was gold to us, but it was just luck that we found the stash of RPGs. And that dog, man, he sure is a good boy. What's his name by the way?"

Clutch will decline to accompany the PCs, believing himself a great survivalist. Unless coerced, he'll walk out into the desert, later to be consumed by sand squirmers.

Control Room

PCs can climb the truck with a CLIMBING+1 roll. On its top is a hatch with a warning "High Voltage Electrical Shock Hazard" sticker on it. The hatch is unlocked.

Inside the vehicle is a sort of spacious control room. Several monitors and camera outputs flicker uselessly. A poor quality speaker inside the cabin plays "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go" on a constant loop.

Despite being an autonomous vehicle, there are two pilot chairs here, no doubt designed to operate as a safety override. A control yoke is in front of one of the chairs. However, touching the yoke results in a bad electrical shock for 1d-1 burn damage; the victim must also make a HT roll (1 per 2 points of damage taken) or fall unconscious.

Technically-savvy PCs can figure out some basic operations of the strange vehicle:

- An **ENGINEER** or **ELECTRONICS OPERATION (SECURITY)** can switch off the vehicle, causing it to grind to a halt with a shudder. Once it's off, it will not restart.
- An **ELECTRONICS OPERATION (SURVEILLANCE)** can rewind the vehicle's camera footage to briefly see a shot of two cars rac-

ing towards the autonomous vehicle, before one veers away and the other seemingly smashes into it.

- A **COMPUTER OPERATION** roll can decipher the basic programming of the vehicle – sweep roadside debris off the highway. Several critical damage reports to the motors and axles are being reported as well. The vehicle can also receive radio communications, but there was only one message received in the last five years: "Hello Friend. Please stand still" which was transmitted to the vehicle just a few days ago.

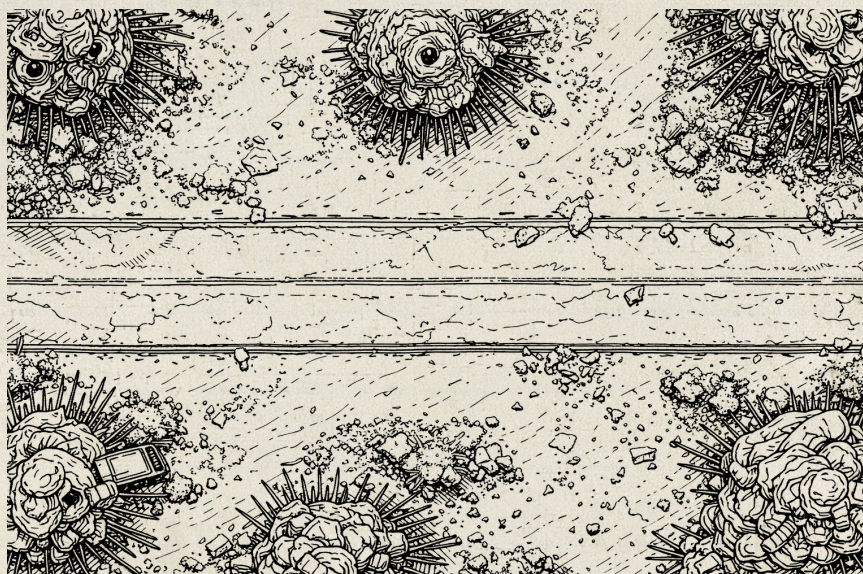
Unfortunately, no amount of luck or skill can get the massive vehicle working properly again.

5. GLOWMITE MOUNDS

Over the last century, the desert's ambient radiation has warped its native life. Among them are the termite termites – dog-sized, burrowing insects that lie dormant underground for seasons, then erupt without warning. When they surface, their towering mounds punch through rock, asphalt, and concrete alike, turning solid ground into a death trap overnight.

Ahead on the highway, the PCs see giant, three-story termite grounds blocking the road ahead. A rusted gray van with broken windshields is lodged halfway up one of the termite mounds. Spray painted on the side of the van are the words "Crowder Nine."

While the PCs don't know it yet, this van belonged to the convoy that attacked Vagrant Town, one of Silas Crowder's five vehicles that participated in the attack. While escaping the battle, it failed to dodge these erupting termite mounds. Its crew was promptly eaten by giant termites.



The mounds are radioactive. Anyone exiting their vehicle here suffers 1 RP. Driving through the mounds is *also* dangerous. The sound of the PCs' vehicles attracts the giant termites. There is a 50% chance that each vehicle will get attacked by a leaping creature that emerges from a mound to swoop down on the vehicle, or even attempt to carry off a motorcycle rider back to its home to be devoured.

Furthermore, loud noises, like gunfire, have a 1 in 6 chance of attracting another termite each turn. If the PCs aren't careful, they'll be swarmed by the termites, up to a maximum of 3 per PC.

A CLIMBING roll is required to climb up to the van. Both the driver's seat and passenger's seat is covered with blood and viscera. Looking in the back, however, spots a stack of six first aid kits in the back of the van, along with an old See Ya Soon sniper rifle (7d+1 pi, Acc 5, Range 1100/4800, RoF 1, Shots 5 (3), Bulk -6, Rcl 4, 10 lbs.) that has a sticky note attached to it.

The Sticky Note Clue

The **hand-written sticky note** in the back leads to one of the Rust Pact chiefs (see **Handout A**). However, climbing into the back of the van is precarious and requires a DX or ACROBATICS roll. A failure causes the weight of the van to shift and crash down the mound, doing 1d cut damage to anyone still inside.

6. THE ATOMIC FURNACE

The Atomic Furnace is a legendary bright-red, 14-wheeled truck that prowls the desert highways, it's grill a steel mushroom cloud. They say no one's ever seen the driver and lived. Maybe he's a psychopath. Maybe he's a wraith that's been dead for a hundred years. But when the Furnace gives chase, it doesn't bluff or break off; it rams vehicles off the road and leaves nothing behind but flaming wreckage.

Appearing in the PCs' rearview mirror is the Atomic Furnace! It hurdles down the road, aiming right for them.

The Atomic Furnace: ST/HP 90, Hnd/SR -1/4, HT 11f, Move 2/55, SM 4, DR 6, Range 800 miles. Holds 2 people.

The Atomic Furnace has been modified to be fast and brutal. A steel cow-catcher has been mounted to the front of the truck, all the better to ram cars off the road. The truck, however, has severe problems navigating off-road, and it will not follow anyone escaping in rough terrain.

THERMITE TERMITE

Worst of the Glowmites!



ST	8	HP: 8
DX	11	Will: 10
IQ	1	Per: 12
HT	11	FP: 11

Basic Speed: 5.5
Move: 5
Dodge: 9

Bite: 1d cut, reach C
DR: 3 (chitin)

Traits: 360° Vision; Combat Reflexes; Extra Legs (6); High Pain Threshold; Lifting ST 2; Nictitating Membrane; No Fine Manipulators, Sharp Teeth; Striking ST 4; Super Jump 3; Wild Animal.

Skills: Brawling-13.

Notes: When termite termites die, roll 3d. On a 12 or less they explode in an intense burst of napalm-like goo, doing 3d burn explosive damage and 1 RP to anyone one yard away, and halving damage for each yard further away. If someone finds an un-exploded carcass, they can retrieve a vial of the explosive goo with a NATURALIST-2 roll.

RED JACK CALDER

Atomic Trucker



ST	13	HP: 13
DX	13	Will: 11
IQ	11	Per: 12
HT	12	FP: 12

Basic Speed: 6.25
Move: 6
Dodge: 10

Claws: 1d+1 cr
DR: 5

Traits: Bloodlust; Blunt Claws; Combat Reflexes; DR 5 (Force Field, Hardened 1); Driver's Reflexes 2; Dark Vision; Hard to Kill 2; High Pain Threshold; Injury Tolerance (Un-living); Obsession (Run everyone off the road); Pyromania.

Skills: Brawling-14; Driving-16; Innate Attack-15; Mechanic-11.

Notes: Red Jack Calder has a psionic pyrokinesis attack (3d burn, Acc 3, Range 10/100). He's effectively undead and takes less damage: imp & pi++ are x1, pi+ is x1/2, pi is x1/3, pi- is x1/5.

The truck's driver is RED JACK CALDER, a man who was once burned alive by a flamethrower, somehow survived, and came back to this world fueled by rage and the desire to set things aflame. He possesses a form of pyrokinesis, which he uses to light his opponents and their vehicles on fire. He's difficult to glimpse through his truck's tinted windows, but anyone who gets close and makes a PERCEPTION (VISION)-3 roll during this encounter sees his horrible face... and suffers a FRIGHT CHECK for it.

If the PCs bolt off-road, he'll blast his horn angrily at them but won't follow. He'll just keep barreling down the highway. If they stay on the road, he'll try to ram one of them.

To simplify this encounter, roll a contest of DRIVING skill between Red Jack Calder and his target. If Red Jack succeeds, he rams his opponent; otherwise his opponent escapes. He'll make one more attempt on a different opponent before giving up.

If rammed, working vehicles get a DODGE roll (half Driving skill + vehicle's Handling modifier) to avoid a collision. If the Atomic Furnace collides with a motorcycle, it will destroy the bike utterly, throwing the rider with brutal force (4d cr damage). A collision with a larger vehicle like a van or car will do 2d cut damage to the passengers and require the vehicle to make a HT roll to stay working.

If the PCs escape, a few hours later he'll appear again, as if from nowhere. This time, his strategy is to get close enough to an opponent's vehicle and then use his pyrokinesis to try to catch one of the PCs' tires on fire. Any damage to tires requires the vehicle to make a HT roll or get a flat, crippling the vehicle until it is changed. Once a vehicle is crippled, he'll try to ram it.

The Pyro-Vision

Red Jack Calder respects those that survive his wrath. And he knows things about the wasteland.

If a PC glimpsed his visage, the next night a horrible pyro-vision sent by Red Jack. In the flames they see a familiar landmark, warped and half-collapsed, a lone silhouette of a Rust Pact chief standing motionless as the fire licks around her. Then Red Jack

steps through the inferno, his outline burning brighter than the blaze, fixes the PC with a molten stare, and reaches out as the fire pours over them, melting them away in a screaming light.

If the PCs are looking for their first chief, the vision will be of Firehead standing outside Dingo Lane-O's in Keg Central, screaming as he falls to the ground on fire.

Lady Cutwire will be in a city of tents, all on fire, as a giant looming creature emerges from a mushroom cloud towards her. Mutants scream in terror as radiation washes over them.

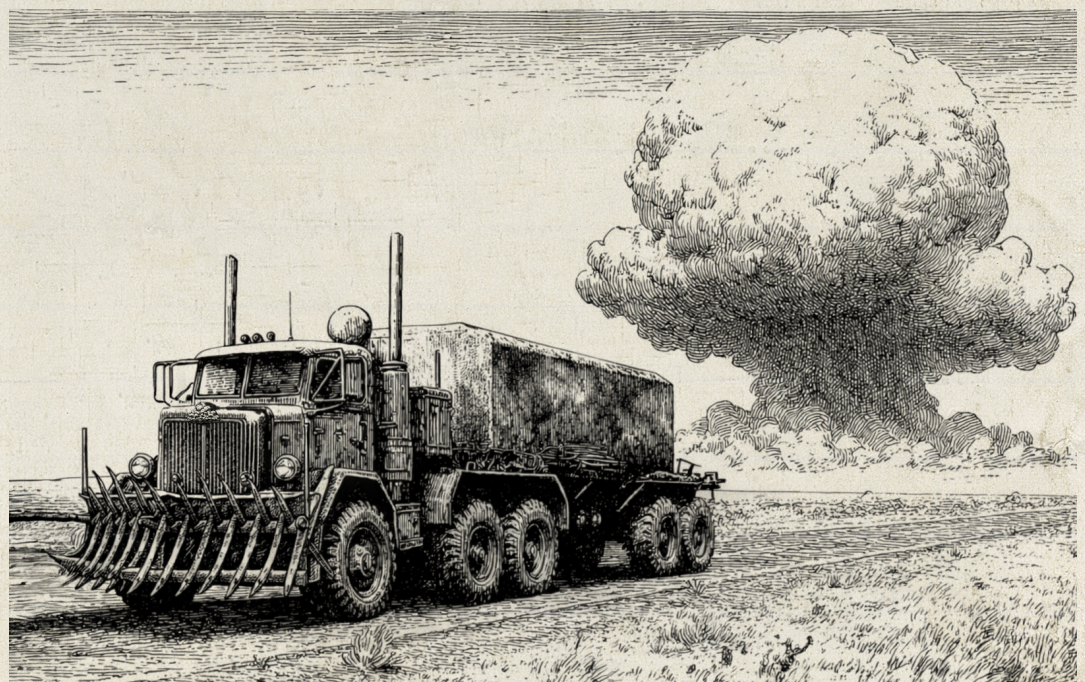
Finally, Silas Crowder, his lab coat on fire, weeps as fire burns a white building in front of him. Hills are clearly seen in the background.

If no PC saw Red Jack Calder's visage, and they have a CB radio, they'll get a message from him a few hours later.

Red Jack Calder

"If the Furnace spares you, it means he wants you to meet someone. I know what you're looking for, and I don't want them to have it either."

This will be followed up by the location of the next Rust Pact chief. Red Jack is a man of few words and says little else. But what he says was true. He sees Firehead as an imitator. He does not want Lady Cutwire owning RPGs that could theoretically take him out. And he has a soft spot for dogs.





OFFROAD

While clues to the Rust Pact's whereabouts are found on-the-road, the wilderness holds its own, *stranger* secrets.

1. SAND SQUIRMERS

Sand squirmers are vicious, worm-like horrors that thrive in the hottest stretches of the desert. Wasteland rumors persist that an irradiated military scientist once died in an outhouse somewhere in the desert, and what emerged were these giant, mean-spirited maggots.

Sand squirmers come in two sizes: sand maggots, which are slightly bigger than a dog, and squirm-kings, which grow to the size of a small car.

As the PCs travel the wasteland, a squirm-king suddenly bursts from the ground, forcing a random driver to make a Driving-based DODGE roll or skid out of control into nearby sharp rocks. The vehicle must make a HT roll to avoid a busted tire; if the driver is exposed, they take 1d cut damage to a random body part.

Several smaller sand squirmers burst from the ground nearby, hungry for a meal.

Sand Maggot (1 per PC): ST 12, DX 10, IQ 2, HT 10. SM -2; Move 5. Dodge 8. Born Biter; Chameleon 1; DR 2 (tough skin); High Pain Threshold; Sharp Teeth; Vermiform; Wild Animal. Brawling-12; Stealth 12. Bites for 1d cut.

Squirm-King (1): ST 17, DX 10, IQ 3, HT 11. SM +3. Move 5. Dodge 8. Born Biter; Chameleon 1; DR 2 (tough skin); Enhanced Move 1 (Ground Speed 10); High Pain Threshold; Sharp Teeth; Vermiform; Wild Animal. Brawling-12; Stealth 12. Bites for 2d+2 cut.

GM's Note: If this encounter happens within 50 miles (1 hex) of the The Big One crater, the Squirm-King is bright green and radioactive. Everyone present will take 1 RP after the battle, another and 1d RP if they were wounded by it.

After the ambush, anyone who thinks to slice open the squirm-king will suffer 1 RP but find a surprisingly high-quality, steel belted motorcycle tire (+1 to resist being punctured), a spiked biker helmet pitted with stomach acid and complete with a skull inside (DR 3, 6 vs. crushing, 3 lbs.), and a finely-balanced gold chainsaw, emblazoned with the name "Bone Zamboni". Its motor is busted, but can be fixed with an appropriate MECHANIC roll (sw+1d cut, Reach 1, Parry 0U, 25 lbs., ST 11, uses Two-handed Axe/Mace at -1).

2. THE PINNED MAN

When wasteland gangs identify a traitor, sponger, or do-nothing, they punish them harshly. In this instance, a half-desiccated young man, FRONK FELTZER, is staked to the ground with chains, each limb stretched out painfully. He only wears a loin cloth. Just a few feet from the man, a weirdly bright-green radlesnake eyes him hungrily. Fronk is hoarsely talking to the snake, insanely trying to plead for it to undo his chains.

Radlesnake (1): ST 3, DX 12, IQ 2, HT 14. SM -1. Move 6. Dodge 10. Bloodlust, Combat Reflexes. Brawling-14. Its bite does 1d-5 imp with venom, which requires a HT-2 roll every hour, for 10 hours, with each failure doing 1 RP and 1d toxic damage.

Radlesnakes are highly-aggressive. A NATURALIST roll recalls them as the honey badgers of snakes, but ten times as suicidal and twenty times as radioactive. Anyone approaching Fronk will get attacked by the territorial creature.

If Fronk is rescued, the PCs find he's suffering from bad heat stroke which is making him hallucinate and slur his words. If treated with water and medical attention, he'll explain his situation.



Fronk

"I belonged to a gang called the Logan Stones. See, we're all that's left of Loganville after it got hit hard by the Rust Pact bastards a few weeks ago. Recently our leader Charlie died when he hit a mine, and his son Charlie Jr. took over the group. Charlie Jr. never liked me because I dated his girl before he did. So he klonked me over the head and when I woke up, well, I was all chained up out here. But hey, better than being left at the zombie caves!"

On the Rust Pact...

"Haven't seen them in ages. Heard they were going to hit Vagrant Town. Hopefully they got eaten by sand squirmers instead."

On what he's seen...

"Charlie Jr. told us there's a newly-uncovered loot bunker somewhere around here. He was looking to claim it. Said there's crazy valuable stuff inside."

If the PCs search for the bunker for six hours or more, they'll find it (see p. 24).

Fronk is very grateful for a rescue, and on a Good reaction or better, will shyly ask to accompany the PCs. He's not especially useful, but will do his best to be helpful to the PCs for the rest of the adventure.

Fronk Feltzer: ST 11, DX 10, IQ 10, HT 9. Move 4. Dodge 7. Driving-9; Guns-10. Clueless. Always gets people's names wrong.

3. JETPACK JERRY

With an ear-piercing whistle and a scream, a flying man suddenly crashes out of the sky just a few yards from the PCs. A random player must make a Driving-based DODGE roll to avoid running over the man.

The man, JETPACK JERRY, is badly injured from the crash. He's conscious, but both his legs are broken. Nearby, a spear-like flagpole lies broken on the ground. Its flag is red with a blue mountain in its center.

He points an odd-looking pistol, with lights that blink red and blue, at the PCs and threatens them:

JETPACK JERRY

Ozark Empire Scout



ST	10	HP: 10
DX	12	Will: 12
IQ	11	Per: 12
HT	11	FP: 11

Basic Speed: 5.75

Punch: 1d-3 cr, reach C

Move: 0 (broken legs)

Dodge: 8

Traits: High Pain Threshold; Fanaticism.

Skills: Guns-12; Piloting (Flight Pack)-12.

Gear: He carries an experimental Ozark Mk1 gauss pistol (4d (3) pi, Acc 3, Range 500/2100, RoF 3, Shots 40 (3), Bulk -2, Rcl 2, 2 lbs). His jetpack flies at Move 30 (60 mph), minimum Move 3. It has ST/HP 17, DR 10, and can carry one person. It weighs 200 lbs. and has a range of 300 miles (of which 150 miles are left). He has a waist pack with an Ozark Empire flag in it.

Jerry

"Y'all best stop right there. I ain't here for myself... I'm standin' for my king, the great King of the Deep Holler, and since I got here first, this here's his ground. Turn around now and git gone, or he'll come down on ya with the full weight of his empire, and it won't be gentle."

The man is a fanatic, loyal to his king, and he continually insists the land the PCs are standing on now belongs to his empire. Jerry will hold his fire only if the PCs retreat immediately or swear loyalty to the Empire. If they comply, he orders them to plant the flag on a nearby hill, then pulls a second banner from his bag and instructs them to drape it across their lead vehicle, marking them as servants of the king. Then he tells them to claim the nearest settlement (Keg Central or Crazy Man's Needle Girl) for the Ozarks while he awaits rescue.

About that pistol...

"Shoot, the Ozark Empire's a downright miracle o' gears and sparks – this here's just a lil' rubber-band popper compared to what our boys carry."

Miraculously, his jetpack mostly survived, but he'll defend it with his life if anyone tries to take it.

About that jetpack...

"Queen City's best tinkers built this pack just for me. Goes from nothin' to sixty in 'bout three seconds flat, like somethin' outta tomorrow... though I ain't gonna lie, she lands a tad rough."

About the Ozark Empire of the Deep Holler...

"Now listen here, the Ozark Empire ain't just a place, it's a dang thunderstorm made outta steel and stubbornness, stretchin' from holler to horizon with lights still burnin' like the old world never died. King Mitch sits up high like a scrapyard prophet, wearin' a crown of golden gears and good intentions, always smilin' like he already knows your name. Nothin' that powerful stays still for long, remember that!"

If there are any others in the area...

"Nope, just me and Jerome. Jerome's the best forward scout King Mitch has too. We're both due to report back in a few days."

If the PCs earn Jerry's trust, he'll agree to let them help him. If the PCs perform first aid and splint his legs, he'll be appreciative. He'll tell them that he'll put a good word in for them. He will not, however, give them his pistol or jetpack without extraordinary roleplaying or an Excellent reaction roll.

However, helping Jerry has its benefit. A day or so later, his comrade Jetpack Jerome appears from the sky to reward the PCs with some extra supplies, including their very own gauss pistol, some freshly fried chicken, a six pack of New Coke, and a first aid kit containing five syringes of Backwoods Fix-All, which heal 1d damage.

Otherwise, if left alone, in about fifteen minutes Jerry will recalibrate his jetpack, and painfully off to the east.

JETPACK JEROME

Grizzled Ozark Empire Scout



ST	12	HP: 12
DX	12	Will: 13
IQ	12	Per: 13
HT	13	FP: 12

Basic Speed: 6.25
Move: 6
Dodge: 10

Punch: 1d+1 cr, reach C
Kick: 1d+1 cr, reach C
DR: 1 (leather jacket)

Traits: Ambidexterity; Callous; Code of Honor; Combat Reflexes; Hard to Kill 1; High Pain Threshold; Fanaticism.

Skills: Guns-14; Intimidation-13; Karate-13; Observation-13; Piloting (Flight Pack)-13; Stealth-12; Tracking-13.

Gear: Carries two experimental Ozark gauss pistols (4d (3) pi, Acc 3, Range 500/2100, RoF 3, Shots 40 (3), Bulk -2, Rcl 2, 2 lbs). His jetpack flies at Move 30 (60 mph), minimum Move 3. It has ST/HP 17, DR 10, and can carry one person. It weighs 200 lbs. and has a range of 300 miles (of which 150 miles are left). He wears a leather jacket (DR 1).

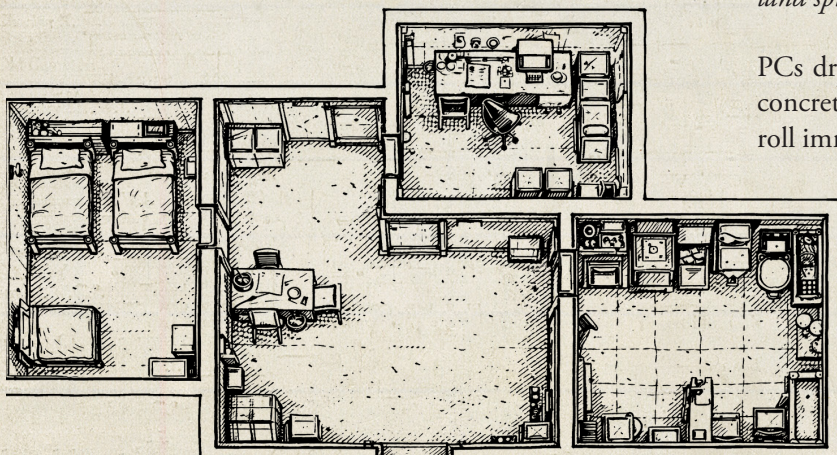
Jetpack Jerome's Revenge

If the PCs kill Jetpack Jerry, his friend Jerome will find his corpse the next morning. Then, he'll use his exceptional tracking skills to hunt down the PCs. At a particular inconvenient time, he will appear and try to kill them, hovering out of reach with his jetpack and raining gauss needles down upon them.

4. THE BUNKER

Old bunkers dot the desert landscape, the winds exposing them over time. When one is uncovered, folks from all over the wasteland spring into action to loot it.

PCs driving on this stretch of road may spot a half-buried concrete structure in the distance. A PERCEPTION (VISION) roll immediately identifies it as a recently uncovered bunker.



The bunker door is a thick slab of chipped steel. Its painted institutional green and marked with a faded radiation warning and heavy locking wheel. The door isn't locked, but the seals are fused by rust, pressure, or decades of neglect. Opening it requires a ST roll against the seal's ST 15. Two people can

help on the door, with a second person adding +1 ST to the effort.

The bunker interior is dim and sickly-lit, the air thick with dust, stale metal, and a faint smell of sweetness. Somewhere deeper inside, something hums steadily... followed by the high-pitched, grating shriek of something mechanical moving back and forth.

There are four rooms in the bunker: a central area, a bedroom, a work room, and a storage room.

Central Area

The central area has a table and few metal storage chests which contain musty old clothes. A careful search and a PERCEPTION (VISION)-3 roll discovers that there's a **hidden camera** near the entrance, facing the rear wall. It is connected to the work room.

The floor along the northern wall is deeply gouged, as if a heavy machine once sat here and was recently dragged away. Tucked beneath a nearby trunk is a colorful bent metal sign reading "Swirly Shirley"—the name of the missing frozen yogurt machine (see [Handout B](#)).

Bedroom

Two adult beds and a child's bed are in this room. A large, dried bloodstain is on the floor here.

Underneath one of the beds is a locked chest. Inside, it contains a locket with no picture, a VHS tape labeled "Home Movies #1" and a diary that describes in detail the many ways a frozen yogurt machine can be improved.

Work Room

A humming old computer with a green screen CRT is powered on here. It gives options to play two games, *Super Invader* and *International Grand Prix*, or launch a database program that contains details of all the provisions in the storage room. If anyone plays any of the videogames, they'll see that the high scores for each game is held by someone named BAX.

There is also a VCR hooked up to an old color TV. The VCR is supposed to be recording the footage fed to it by the security camera in the main entrance, but there is no tape in the machine.

If the PCs play the VHS tape they found in the other room, they find that the tapes are mostly reruns of old "Kron & Ragnar" cartoon shows. However, occasionally there are a few seconds of a man working on the frozen yogurt machine. The man's back is always turned, his face never clearly seen.



 If the PCs find the Home Movie #2 tape from Craze Man's Needle Girl, this tape will eventually show the man's face... but only for a few frames. Horrifically, the man appears to be an ape-man, or at least someone wearing a very realistic mask. This will be enough to terrify the pregenerated character Chispa Moreno, who is under the delusion that the apes instigated the apocalypse!

GM's Note: You can download a video of these VHS tapes at 1shotadventures.com

Finally, an old dot matrix printer is here. Every few minutes it loudly screeches to life, printing out the same few "Connection Lost" lines (see [Handout C](#)). However, reading the entire message gives the eerie impression that something horrible has gone wrong with the Swirly Shirley machine:

POLARSERVE TECHNOLOGIES FROYO-1.2 OFFLINE
REBOOTING

HELLO FRIEND :)
PLEASE STAND STILL.

THANK YOU FOR WAITING
YOU ARE NEXT.

SWIRLY SHIRLEY IS ONLINE
DO NOT RUN.

ERROR: CUSTOMER NOT COMPLIANT
BEGIN SERVING PROCESS.
SMILE! :)
IT MAKES IT EASIER.

YOUR ORDER IS READY
YOU ARE NOT.

YOUR SAFETY IS IMPORTANT TO US.
COMPLIANCE IMPROVES OUTCOMES.

WE VALUE YOUR FEEDBACK.
PLEASE STOP SCREAMING.

CONNECTION LOST...
CONNECTION LOST...
CONNECTION LOST...

Storage Room

This storage room is still filled with boxes of freeze dried rations, barrels of fresh water, tools, a fire extinguisher, flashlights, medical supplies, and piles of novels, comic books, and coloring books. There is also a box with a Geiger counter and several small energy cells, including one replacement for each of the C cells that power any gauss pistols that the PCs may have picked up.

An old Remington rifle is mounted to the wall and still in good working order (7d pi, Acc 5, RoF 1, Shots 5 (3i), Range 1000/4200, ST 11, Bulk -5, 8 lbs.).

On hooks in the rear of the room are two NBC suits (DR 1, 3.5 lbs.) that can protect someone from radiation for 72 hours. One of the suits is child-sized. A third hook is empty and has no suit.

5. WILD MUTANT WEST

A cluster of wooden buildings was thrown up here to mimic a Wild West town – false fronts, sun-bleached planks, all built fast and cheap. A crooked boardwalk cuts down the main drag, half-swallowed by sand, and the saloon doors creak endlessly in the wind.

The old movie set has been claimed by JONNY FARK, an obsessed, young director determined to drag “civilization” back into the wasteland with a new movie he’s making. He’s perched high on a rusty crane, strapped into a wobbling seat wrestling a massive film camera into position. Below, he screams frantic directions at an angry, 8’ ogre-like orange mutant in a battered cowboy hat. Jonny calls him BLAINE CARRINGTON, but Blaine isn’t paying attention. He’s grunting and rocking the crane on purpose, trying to shake Jonny loose so he can hit the dirt...and become lunch.

Nearby, two “stage hands” – long-necked mutants with gaunt faces and no noses – nap under on a shady porch.

Jonny Fark

“Hey! Hey! Can I get some help here? I’m having a little disagreement with the talent... Blaine Carrington here is just hungry. Can you grab him something from the canteen?”

If the PCs watch this play out, Jonny’s shouts for help will eventually wake up the stage hands. They’ll shout at Blaine Carrington and try to lure him into one of the buildings to feed him. The mutant ogre has no interest in eating other mutants, it seems.

BLAINE CARRINGTON

Hungry Radhulk Performer

ST	23	HP: 23
DX	12	Will: 9
IQ	7	Per: 9
HT	13	FP: 13



Basic Speed: 6.25

Move: 12

Dodge: 9

Punch: 2d cr, reach C

DR: 12 (tough skin)

Traits: Appearance (Monstrous); DR 12 (tough skin); Enhanced Move (Running) 1; High Pain Threshold; Odious Personal Habit (Eats People). Usually just speaks his name.

Skills: Brawling-13; Innate Attack (Breath)-13; Performance-7; Two-handed Axe/Mace-12.

Notes: Once an hour, Blaine can roar and emit a burning heat breath. This is a jet attack that travels 10 yards, doing 4d burn damage to anything in its path.

Gear: Just a big cowboy hat, a vest, and a sheriff’s badge. However, when *really* angry, he’ll pick up a piece of debris the size of a maul (4d+5 cr, Parry 9U, Reach 1-2).

If the PCs get too close to Blaine Carrington, he’ll roar and charge them, trying to grab one of them. If he does, he’ll retreat to one of the saloons to eat his victim.

If the PCs attack Blaine Carrington, Jonny Fark will scream at them to leave his star alone, saying Blaine will become the biggest celebrity in the land once the film is finished. If they kill Blaine Carrington, Jonny Fark will curse at them, dismount his crane, and head to his car behind one of the buildings to flee the scene. He’ll drive to Keg Central to find a new star, but may also use some of his influence to hire mercenaries to capture the PCs and use them as unwilling “stuntmen” later on.

If the PCs “rescue” Jonny Fark from his hungry actor, either by feeding or subduing Blaine Carrington, he’ll happily engage them,

On his movie...

"My film's called *Sheriff Goliath: Die in Dust*. See, about ten years back I stumble onto this bunker, sealed tight, like the world was saving it for me. Inside? Cameras, projectors, editing gear, miles of film stock. And in that moment I understood it plain as day: this is why I survived. To make the movie. The one the wasteland needs.

"I've been filming it for ten years. Ten. Whole. Years. Scene by scene, shot by shot. Truth captured on celluloid. I'm about halfway done, but I keep losing my supporting actors to this big, suave bastard over here... hey, stop smirking, Blaine, you're a menace to the industry haha! It's set me back, I'll admit it.

"But Blaine Carrington here? Blaine's destiny. He's gonna bring the world back together again, you watch. People don't need hope, they need a story. And Sheriff Goliath... he's the law that's gonna make 'em believe."

Jonny Fark is a obsessed with his film, and won't do much else for the PCs unless they're willing to help him. In fact, he'll try to convince the most attractive PC to film a scene with Blaine. This is a dangerous idea.

On helping with filming...

"You absolutely belong in my film. You should be immortalized alongside Blaine Carrington. All I need you to do is to let him throw you from that roof. Don't worry, I've got a pile of old mattresses around here somewhere..."

On his hidden bunker...

"I'm not telling you where it is. My life's work is in that bunker. Not to mention a still-working frozen yogurt machine. Blaine loves his desserts."

On Blaine Carrington...

"Found him a decade ago. He's a pretty decent actor as long as he's not hungry. He doesn't say a lot of words, but that's in character for Sheriff Goliath. Plus, he keeps the crew safe. Yeah, he's got a temper and tries to eat me from time to time, but *actors*, right?"

On the mutant stagehands...

"Oh that's just George and Marty. They're lazy as all get out, but they're good for lugging around equipment. And George is a good stuntman, too."

Jonny Fark: ST 11, DX 11, IQ 12, HT 11. Move 5. Dodge 8. Obsession (Finish his film); Sense of Duty (his crew). Area Knowledge-12; Driving-12; Photography-12.

Mutant Stagehands (2): ST 12, DX 11, IQ 9, HT 11. Move 5. Dodge 8. DR 1; Injury Tolerance (No Vitals); Sense of Duty (Jonny Fark). Driving-12; Knife-11. In a fight, they'll attack with their knives for 1d-1 imp, Reach C, Parry 7.

Jonny has excellent area knowledge. If the PCs can befriend him, he will trade with them or help direct them. Specifically, he has details on:

- He knows that the lab in Cibola Hills has been occupied again. He said he used it once as a filming location, but when he went back to do reshoots, he saw the Rust Pact keeping guard there. He left.
- He once saw a massive bison roaming near the Radiation Zone. "As big as a mountain!" he exclaims. He fled the area, though is thinking about how it could play a part in the finale of his movie.
- A few days ago, he saw a man in a jetpack fly overhead. Jonny admits he would love to get his hands on technology like that.

The Set Buildings

The wooden buildings are shoddily made, with many of them missing walls. One of them is filled with food, however, including boxes and boxes of old Swirly Shirley-brand strawberry cupcake mix, which the stage hands have baked into large chunky cakes that taste off to everyone except Blaine Carrington, who enjoys them.

Another building, a sheriff's office, has an old generator. It doesn't work, but there's spare gasoline in here, enough to fill up the PCs' motorcycles. There's also an old screenplay under the sheriff's desk, entitled *Red Dust Rider*. It might be useful in a trade, as wasteland folks appreciate good entertainment.

Behind one of the buildings is Jonny Fark's brown Pontiac Acadian hatchback, rigged with a film camera bolted to the frame. The trunk has been replaced with a crude mine-dropper, letting the would-be director capture rolling explosions on film, and discourage anyone chasing him. A heavy chain is mounted to the rear bumper, used to drag Blaine Carrington from one shooting location to the next.

Fark's Hatchback: ST/HP 42, Hnd/SR 0/3, HT 10f, Move 3/30, SM +3, DR 4, Range 350 miles. Holds 4 people. It carries a minelayer with 5 mines. If hit with more than 200 lbs. of pressure, they explode for 5dx2 cr ex damage. Each mine weighs 15 lbs, and has a Malf of 15+.

6. RIDERS OF WRACK

Some gangs are so savage they're barred from every corner of civilization. One of the worst is the Riders of Wrack, a band that truly believes they are the divine Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. They ride massive warhorses, carry blades and grenades, and butcher anyone foolish enough to cross their territory.

The Riders of Wrack are fanatics. They believe their only purpose is to carry souls to their dark gods, so they fight fearlessly fight to the death and take no prisoners. Their dark gods insist that they take souls face-to-face, so while they use grenades and traps to disable victims, they crave serving them death face-to-face, using their black swords and morningstars.

The Riders are expert ambushers, hiding behind crags, hills, and old destroyed buildings. When they see potential victims, they burst outwards screaming their guttural battle cries and throwing grenades to disable any vehicles. If the PCs fail a PERCEPTION roll vs. the Riders' Camouflage-13, they'll be surprised by this ambush, and must make an IQ roll each turn to recover from being stunned (+6 with Combat Reflexes).

The Riders' doom horses are fantastically hardy and tough, and can go a week without food or water. However, taming one is difficult, and requires an ANIMAL HANDLING (EQUINES)-3 roll to successfully ride.

Doom Horse: ST 24, DX 11, IQ 4, HT 12. Move 8. DR 4. Bad Temper; Combat Reflexes; Enhanced Move (Ground Speed 16); Fearlessness 2; Hooves; Quadruped. Brawling-12; Survival (Plains)-10. They can kick for 2d+1 cr damage.

If the PCs loot the Riders of Wrack, a MERCHANT roll recognizes that their hated helmets are of great value for intimidation purposes, and can be traded in places like Keg Central for valuable guns, ammunition, or gas.

Capturing a rider won't help the PCs much; they come from the far north and barely speak the same language as the PCs.

RIDER OF WRACK

Death-obsessed Savages



ST	14	HP: 14
DX	13	Will: 12
IQ	11	Per: 11
HT	13	FP: 13

Basic Speed: 6.5

Move: 6

Dodge: 10

Sword: 2d+2 cut, reach 1

Flail: 2d+3 cr, reach 1

DR: 6 (tough skin and mail)

Traits: Bloodlust; Combat Reflexes; High Pain Threshold; Fearlessness 2; Fanaticism (Dark Gods); Night Vision 3. Always kills foes face-to-face.

Skills: Broadsword-15; Camouflage-13; Flail-14; Riding-14; Shield-14; Stealth-12; Tactics-12; Throwing-14.

Gear: Carries either a fine broadsword (2d+2 cut or 1d+5 imp, Parry 11, Reach 1, 3 lbs) or a morningstar (2d+3 cr, Parry 11U, Reach 1, 6 lbs, -2 for foes to Parry). Each carries two powerful impact grenades (8d+2 [2d] cr ex, 1 lb.). They wear mail shirts (DR 5, 3 vs. cr) and a greathelm (DR 8).



END OF THE ROAD

WRAPPING IT UP

With the three Rust Pact chiefs dealt with, the PCs are welcomed back to Vagrant Town. While the wasteland is a depressing place, the people know how to celebrate a win. Boss duke Przybysz declares a day of victory and arranges for the PCs to parade up and down the streets in their vehicles, a confetti cannon raining colorful debris upon them as the crowds cheer. The parade ends with Boss Przybysz triumphantly firing a newly-repaired railgun one time for each defeated chief. Whistles tsks at the damage the PCs' vehicles have sustained, but invites them back to his garage for a generous helping of frozen yogurt.

For completing the adventure, the PCs should receive 2 character points. They should receive an additional 1-2 character points for good roleplaying. Furthermore, if they managed to recover the majority of Vagrant Town's supplies, they should receive an additional character point, and perhaps a positive Reputation. The PCs may have earned a Patron in Boss Przybysz, or an Enemy of the various gangs, cults, mutants, and mercenaries of the wasteland if they have not dealt with them effectively during the adventure.

EXTENDING THE ADVENTURE

Post-apocalyptic wastelands work better when not everything is explained. The GM can easily expand any of these unresolved plot threads into follow-up adventures:

- The Flay Clones: In Silas Crowder's lab, the PCs find shriveled clones identical to Sunny Flay and Phoenix Flay. Are more "sisters" still out there? And why were the originals found at that old helicopter crash?
- The Vagrant Town Inside Man: Bossduke Przybysz suspects the Rust Pact "knew where to hit," targeting hidden fuel and RPGs. Was there a traitor? A follow-up adventure could send the PCs hunting him down.
- The Malevolent "Swirly Shirley" Machines: Whistles keeps a frozen yogurt machine running at Vagrant Town, but bunker records hint the machines may be sentient... and even homicidal. The truth behind Polarserve Technologies is left for a future excursion into the wasteland.
- The Ozark Empire: Jetpack Jerry and Jerome scout for a tech-advanced empire armed with gauss pistols. Their goals and the exact location of their homeland remain unknown. Vagrant Town may send the PCs to investigate.
- Ape Apocalypse: Chispa Moreno insists intelligent apes caused the end. A bunker VHS showing an "ape-man" at work suggests he may not be entirely wrong.

ADVENTURE NOTES

Special thanks to Liam Connors for providing some of the crazy encounters in this adventure. The characters in this adventure use the "Knowing Your Own Strength" optional rule from Pyramid #3/83. For VTT assets for this adventure as well as more one-shot adventures for *GURPS*, visit 1shotadventures.com. If you enjoyed this adventure, or ran it for a group, all the author asks is that you give a shout out and let him know how it went. Post a note on 1shotadventures.com or give a shoutout to thalcos on Threads. You can also check out my [YouTube channel](#) to see overviews of adventures like this.

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UPDATE LOG

- 1.0 - Original *GURPS* version
- 1.1 - Added two new pregenerated PCs

Handout - Player Safe Map



Handouts

Firehead forgot his
rifle back in Vagrant
Town. Meet up with him
at Keg Central and give it
back along with a purple
murple.
- Lady Cutwire



Give this to Crowder
before he takes the dog
to Cibola Hills.
He says he needs it
for some roof job.
- Firehead



Lady Cutwire needs a bigger
boomstick, but she's
wants this one anyway.
I know you're sweet on her —
but if you cross paths again,
steer clear. She won't just
be smokin'... she'll be
glowin' mad radioactive!

Handout A - Glowmite Mound Notes

Give the players ONE of these notes. If it's their first clue, give them the first one Lady Cutwire, revealing Firehead's location. Otherwise, give them one of the others, hinting to a Rust Pact chief that they haven't found yet.

Handouts



Handout B - Swirly Shirley Sign in the Bunker

Handouts

POLARSERVE TECHNOLOGIES FROYO-1.2 OFFLINE
REBOOTING

HELLO FRIEND :)
PLEASE STAND STILL.

THANK YOU FOR WAITING
YOU ARE NEXT.

SWIRLY SHIRLEY IS ONLINE
DO NOT RUN.

ERROR: CUSTOMER NOT COMPLIANT
BEGIN SERVING PROCESS.
SMILE! :)
IT MAKES IT EASIER.

YOUR ORDER IS READY
YOU ARE NOT.

YOUR SAFETY IS IMPORTANT TO US.
COMPLIANCE IMPROVES OUTCOMES.

WE VALUE YOUR FEEDBACK.
PLEASE STOP SCREAMING.

CONNECTION LOST...
CONNECTION LOST...
CONNECTION LOST...
CONNECTION LOST...
CONNECTION LOST...
CONNECTION LOST...
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SEE YA SOON SNIPER RIFLE

Damage: 7D+1 PI Acc: +5 RoF: 1 Range: 1100/
4800
Shots: 5 (3) ST: 10† Bulk: -6 Rcl: 4

WEIGHT: 10 LBS.



BOSSDUKE PRZYBYSZ' RAILGUN

Damage: 7Dx3(2) PI Acc: +7 RoF: 1 Range: 2400/
10000
Shots: 10 (3) ST: 10B Bulk: -6 Rcl: 3

WEIGHT: 22 LBS. MAF 14+



OZARK MK1 GAUSS PISTOL

Damage: 4D(3) PI Acc: +3 RoF: 3 Range: 500/
2100
Shots: 40 (3) ST: 9 Bulk: -2 Rcl: 2

WEIGHT: 2 LBS.



KNOCK-KNOCKER SHOTGUN

Damage: 1D+1 PI Acc: +3 RoF: 2x12 Range: 2400/
10000
Shots: 4+1 (2) ST: 10† Bulk: -6 Rcl: 1

WEIGHT: 8 LBS.



YANNI PISTOL

Damage: 2D+1 PI+ Acc: +1 RoF: 3 Range: 160/
1800
Shots: 9+1 (3) ST: 9 Bulk: -1 Rcl: 2

WEIGHT: 2 LBS.



MAVERICK REVOLVER .44

Damage: 2D+1 PI+ Acc: +2 RoF: 3 Range: 140/
1500
Shots: 6 (2) ST: 10 Bulk: -2 Rcl: 3

WEIGHT: 3 LBS.



WEBMA REVOLVER

Damage: 1D+2 PI+ Acc: +2 RoF: 3 Range: 120/
1300
Shots: 6 (2) ST: 9 Bulk: -2 Rcl: 2

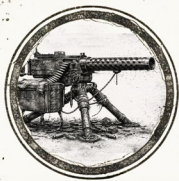
WEIGHT: 2 LBS.



FRONTIER .38 HOLDOUT REVOLVER

Damage: 2D-1 PI Acc: +1 RoF: 3 Range: 90/
1000
Shots: 5 (3) ST: 9 Bulk: -1 Rcl: 2

WEIGHT: 1 LB.



BROWNING LMG

Damage: 7D PI Acc: +5 RoF: 10! Range: 1100/
4500
Shots: 250 (5) ST: 17M Bulk: -6 Rcl: 2

WEIGHT: 45 LBS.



BURGLE BOY SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN

Damage: 1D PI Acc: +2 RoF: 2X7 Range: 40/
800
Shots: 2 (3!) ST: 10† Bulk: -3 Rcl: 1

WEIGHT: 8 LBS.



SKULLCRACKER REVOLVER

Damage: 3D+2 PI+ Acc: +2 RoF: 3 Range: 500/
2100
Shots: 6 (3!) ST: 11 Bulk: -3 Rcl: 4

WEIGHT: 5 LBS.



HUNTING RIFLE

Damage: 5D+2 PI Acc: +5 RoF: 3 Range: 800/
3500
Shots: 5 (3) ST: 9† Bulk: -5 Rcl: 3

WEIGHT: 8 LBS.



KMZ ROCKET LAUNCHER

Damage: 7DX2 (10) CR Acc: +1 RoF: 1 Range: 10/
550
Shots: 1 ST: 9† Bulk: -6 Rcl: 1

WEIGHT: 15 LBS. linked 6D+2 CR EX



BIG SNAKE REVOLVER

Damage: 3D PI Acc: +2 RoF: 3 Range: 190/
2100
Shots: 6 (3!) ST: 10 Bulk: -2 Rcl: 3

WEIGHT: 3 LBS.

SWEET SWEET PAIN



ST/HP: 68 Hnd/SR: -1 / 4 HT: 11F
DR: 4 Move: 2 / 45 SM: +4

400 MILES RANGE. CB RADIO. HOLDS 8 PEOPLE.

FUEL TRUCK



ST/HP: 100 Hnd/SR: -1 / 5 HT: 11F
DR: 5 Move: 2 / 45 SM: +5

900 MILE RANGE. CB RADIO. HOLDS 3 PEOPLE.

FARK'S HATCHBACK



ST/HP: 42	Hnd/SR: 0 / 3	HT: 10F
DR: 4	Move: 3 / 30	SM: +3

350 MILE RANGE. 5 MINES (5DX2 CR EX, Malf 15+)

THE DEATH BUS



ST/HP: 100	Hnd/SR: -2 / 4	HT: 11F
DR: 5	Move: 1 / 30	SM: +6

400 MILE RANGE. HOLDS 40 PEOPLE.

HEAVY CHOPPER



ST/HP: 33	Hnd/SR: +1 / 2	HT: 10F
DR: 4	Move: 5 / 35	SM: +0

200 MILE RANGE

HEAVY CHOPPER



ST/HP: 33	Hnd/SR: +1 / 2	HT: 10F
DR: 4	Move: 5 / 35	SM: +0

200 MILE RANGE

HEAVY CHOPPER



ST/HP: 33	Hnd/SR: +1 / 2	HT: 10F
DR: 4	Move: 5 / 35	SM: +0

200 MILE RANGE

HEAVY CHOPPER



ST/HP: 33	Hnd/SR: +1 / 2	HT: 10F
DR: 4	Move: 5 / 35	SM: +0

200 MILE RANGE

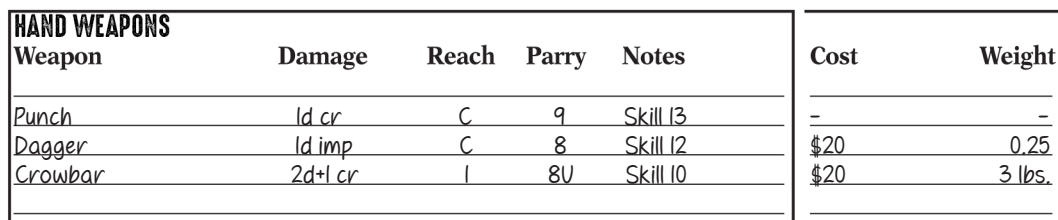
HEAVY CHOPPER



ST/HP: 33	Hnd/SR: +1 / 2	HT: 10F
DR: 4	Move: 5 / 35	SM: +0

200 MILE RANGE

[illegible]

[illegible][illegible]

You're a mechanic by trade and a survivor by paranoia. You flinch at sudden noises and never trust a shadow that looks even vaguely primate. You know the truth of the old world's end. Apes did it. Not bombs. Not accidents. Apes.

You keep engines alive because machines don't lie the way people do. Radios, static, broken schematics... you see patterns others miss. The Rust Pact isn't random; they're operatives. Rockets, the boss's immortal dog, fuel... all taken together, it's a test run. Phase one.

People call you crazy. Fine. Crazy's just what they say when you're early. You'll keep watching, because when the intelligent apes finally show themselves, you plan to be ready.

Name SUNNY FLAY Player _____ Point Total 150
Ht 5'8" Wt 140 Size Modifier 0 Age 29 Unspent Pts -
Appearance Generous but fiercely jealous wasteland hunter

ST	12	[20]	HP	12	[0]	CURRENT	MOVE	6
DX	13	[60]	Will	12	[0]		DR	7 (flak vest)
IQ	12	[40]	Per	12	[0]	CURRENT	RP	
HT	11	[10]	FP	11	[0]			11



BASIC LIFT (ST×ST)/5 32 lb **DAMAGE** Thr 1d Sw 1d+2
BASIC SPEED 6.25 [0] **BASIC MOVE** 6 [0]

ENCUMBRANCE

None (0) = BL	32
Light (1) = 2 × BL	64
Medium (2) = 3 × BL	96
Heavy (3) = 6 × BL	192
X-Heavy (4) = 10 × BL	320

ACTIVE DEFENSES

Dodge	Parry	Block
9	9 (Unarmed)	—

REACTION MODIFIERS

Appearance +2, or +4 from attracted folks
Status _____
Reputation -2 from Jealousy

ADVANTAGES & PERKS

[illegible]

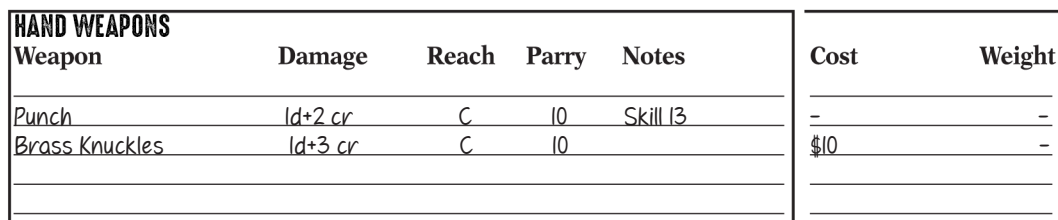
DISADVANTAGES & QUIRKS

Charitable (mild, resist on a 15 or less)	[-7]
Jealousy	[-10]
Sense of Duty (Friends and companions)	[-5]
Slow Healing (half as fast)	[-5]
	[]
	[]
	[]
	[]
Gives generously, but expects loyalty in return	[-1]
Loves the thrill of big game hunting	[-1]
Names her rifles after spices	[-1]
Collects (and often steals) sunglasses	[-1]
Jealous when other people are praised	[-1]
	[]

SKILLS

[illegible]

[illegible]



SPEED & RANGE TABLE			HIT LOCATIONS		POSSESSIONS		LOOT	
For complete table, see p. 550.			Modifier	Location	Item	Location	Cost	Weight
Speed/ Range Modifier	Linear Measurement (range/speed)		0	Torso	Blast Boots (DR 15/2)	Feet	\$350	5 lbs.
			-2	Arm/Leg	Layered Leather Vest (DR 3)	Torso	\$220	26 lbs.
			-3	Groin	Personal basics	Pack	\$5	1 lb.
			-4	Hand	Small backpack		\$60	3 lbs.
			-5	Face	Bandages	Pack	\$10	-
			-7	Skull	Box of mismatched ammo*	Pack	\$50	2 lbs.
			<i>Imp</i> or <i>Pi</i> attacks can target vitals at -3 (x3 dmg) or eyes at -9 (x4 dmg)		Light metal helmet (DR 3)	Head	\$40	2 lbs.
Close	0-5 yds	0*	LOOT					
Short	6-20 yds	-3						
Medium	21-100 yds	-7						
Long	101-500 yds	-11						
Extreme	501+ yds	-15						

[illegible]

WASTELAND

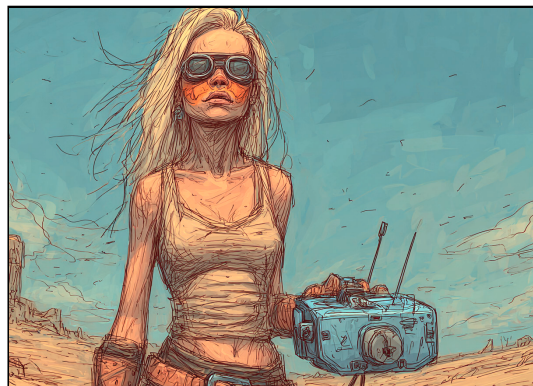
Name TIFFANY LATCHA BELL Player _____ Point Total 150

Ht 5'7" Wt 124 Size Modifier 0 Age 22 Unspent Pts -

Appearance Cryo-thawed psychic survivor, haunted by dolphin memories and lost science

ST	9	[-10]	HP	9	[0]
DX	12	[40]	Will	12	[0]
IQ	12	[40]	Per	12	[0]
HT	12	[20]	FP	12	[0]

MOVE	6
DR	4 (psi)
RP	10



BASIC LIFT (ST × ST)/5 16 lbs DAMAGE Thr 1d-3 Sw 1d-1
BASIC SPEED 6.0 [0] BASIC MOVE 6 [0]

ENCUMBRANCE	
None (0) = BL	<u>16</u>
Light (1) = 2 × BL	<u>32</u>
Medium (2) = 3 × BL	<u>48</u>
Heavy (3) = 6 × BL	<u>96</u>
X-Heavy (4) = 10 × BL	<u>160</u>

ACTIVE DEFENSES		
Dodge	Parry	Block
9	9 (Prod)	-

REACTION MODIFIERS	
Appearance +1	
Status	
Reputation +1 from employers	
-1 for those who recognize you	
-1 from those you don't tolerate	
-1 from past victims or those with empathy	

ADVANTAGES & PERKS	
Appearance (Attractive)	[4]
DR 4 (Psionic Force Field, Costs 3 FP per minute)	[19]
Fit (+1 to all HT rolls)	[10]
Gizmo I (once per game, pull out a useful item)	[10]
Retrocognition I (see reverse)	[14]
Super Jump 2 (jump 4x as far, 28 yards or 7 yards high)	[10]
Talent (Artificer) I	[10]
	[]
	[]
	[]
	[]
	[]

DISADVANTAGES & QUIRKS	
Gullibility	[-10]
Impulsiveness	[-10]
Reputation -1 ("Weird dolphin girl", recognized 9 or less)	[-2]
Sense of Duty (Friends and companions)	[-5]
Supersensitive (-1 or worse to DX and IQ rolls if people within 20 yards)	[-15]
	[]
	[]
	[]
Confuses premonitions with nostalgia	[-1]
Gets psychic headaches - "brain freeze"	[-1]
Psychic flashes interrupt her mid-sentence, she rolls with it	[-1]
Trusts anyone who sounds confident	[-1]
Uses 1980s slang	[-1]
	[]

SKILLS	
Name	Level
Chemistry	10 [1]
Computer Operations	12 [1]
Driving (Motorcycle)	11 [1]
Electrician	12 [1]
Electronics Operation (Comms)	12 [2]
Electronics Repair (Comms)	12 [1]
Engineer (Robotics)	11 [1]
Escape	12 [4]
Explosives (Demolition)	12 [2]
Explosives (Ordnance Disposal)	11 [1]
Guns (Pistol)	12 [1]
Hazardous Materials (Nuclear)	11 [1]
Knife	13 [2]
Mathematics (Applied)	10 [1]
Retrocognition	12 [4]
Riding (Dolphin)	11 [1]
Scrounging	13 [2]
Shortsword	12 [2]
Smith (Iron)	12 [1]
Thrown Weapon (Knife)	13 [2]
	[]
	[]
	[]
	[]
	[]



Weapon

Punch	1d-4 cr	C	9	Skill 12
Cattle Prod	1d-3 burn	I	9	Skill 12
	HT-3 (stun)			
Small fine knife	1d-3 imp	C,I	8	Skill 13

Weight

\$50	2 lbs.
\$30	0.5

Weapon

[illegible]

Weight

[illegible]

For complete table, see p. 550.

Speed/ Range Modifier	Linear Measurement (range/speed)	
Close	0-5 yds	0*
Short	6-20 yds	-3
Medium	21-100 yds	-7
Long	101-500 yds	-11
Extreme	501+ yds	-15

** in melee combat, ranged attacks suffer a penalty equal to Bulk of the weapon*

Modifier	Location
1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5
6	6
7	7
8	8
9	9
10	10
11	11
12	12
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92	92
93	93
94	94
95	95
96	96
97	97
98	98
99	99
100	100

0	Torso
-2	Arm/Leg
-3	Groin
-4	Hand
-5	Face
-7	Skull

Imp or *Pi* attacks can
target vitals at -3 (x3 dmg)
or eyes at -9 (x4 dmg)

LOOT

Item

[illegible]

Weight

[illegible]

Retrocognition. Touch an object or enter an area to get a vague sensation about its past, the emotions involved, and when that occurred. Make a Retrocognition skill roll. Your margin of success determines the time frame (e.g. 1 is 10 days, 4 is 30 years). A critical success gives you an actual vision. Failure means you must wait 24 hours before trying again on that object.

You were found in an abandoned lab near the Cibola Hills, sealed in a cryo-capsule with a dolphin named Ingo. He didn't survive the thaw, and though the memories feel secondhand, you're still sad. Everyone in Vagrant Town tells you he was your closest friend... and you believe them.

Since waking, you've experienced strange psychic echoes, as if something of Ingo bled into you during the freeze. You barely remember the old world — just flashes of interning at the lab and working on secret projects now lost to the haze. But none of it matters, Bosssduke Przybysz has been kind to you, and in return, you help him keep his best technology in good working order.

\$

15 Lbs.

Name COLONEL FREON Player _____ Point Total 150
Ht 6'3" Wt 180 Size Modifier 0 Age 65 Unspent Pts -
Appearance Blue-skinned mutant gunslinger, one-handed, honor-bound, desert-hardened

ST	11	[10]	HP	11	[0]	CURRENT		[0]	MOVE	6
DX	12	[40]	Will	12	[0]			[0]	DR	2
IQ	11	[20]	Per	12	[0]			[0]	(skin+jacket)	
HT	12	[20]	FP	12	[0]	CURRENT		[0]	RP	



BASIC LIFT (ST×ST)/5 25 lb **DAMAGE** Thr 1d-1 Sw 1d+1
BASIC SPEED 6.0 [0] **BASIC MOVE** 6 [0]

ENCUMBRANCE

None (0) = BL	25
Light (1) = 2 × BL	50
Medium (2) = 3 × BL	75
Heavy (3) = 6 × BL	150
X-Heavy (4) = 10 × BL	250

ACTIVE DEFENSES

Dodge	Parry	Block
9	9 (Unarmed)	-

REACTION MODIFIERS

Appearance -2
Status -1 from non-mutants
Reputation +1 from those you serve or command
 -1 from stubbornness

ADVANTAGES & PERKS

Born Soldier 2	[	10	]
Damage Resistance 1 (tough skin)	[	3	]
Damage Resistance 3 (burning damage only)	[	6	]
Gunslinger (Pistols only, see reverse)	[	10	]
Heroic Feat of Dexterity (once per game, +1d DX for 3d sec.)	[	10	]
Sharp Claws	[	5	]
Temperature Tolerance 2	[	2	]
	[	10	]
Mutations (Freakishness 7)	[		]
Natural Anti-rad (Extra RP 5)	[	4	]
Red Sight (Infravision)	[	10	]
Redundant Organs (Injury Tolerance - Unliving, see reverse)	[	20	]

DISADVANTAGES & QUIRKS

Appearance (Ugly)	[-8]
Code of Honor (Soldier's)	[-10]
One Hand (-4 on tasks that typically use two arms)	[-15]
Social Stigma (Mutant)	[-5]
	[]
	[]
	[]
	[]
Easily annoyed by kids and teens	[-1]
Gives military rank to his companions	[-1]
Loves frozen yogurt	[-1]
Pretends to know the wasteland better than he does	[-1]
Dislikes liars	[-1]
	[]

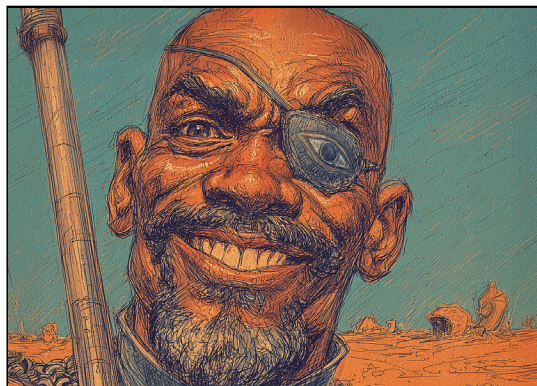
SKILLS

[illegible]

Name ROSCO ST. DAVY Player _____ Point Total 150
Ht 6'1" Wt 190 Size Modifier 0 Age 38 Unspent Pts -
Appearance Overconfident charmer, medieval-obsessed, smiling at death

		CURRENT	
ST	13 [30]	HP	13 [0]
DX	11 [20]	Will	12 [0]
IQ	12 [40]	Per	12 [0]
HT	12 [20]	FP	12 [0]

MOVE 4
DR 4 (mail)
RP 12 



BASIC LIFT (ST × ST)/5 40 lb **DAMAGE** Thr 2d-1 Sw 1d+1
BASIC SPEED 5.75 [0] **BASIC MOVE** 5 [0]

ENCUMBRANCE

None (0) = BL	40
Light (1) = 2 × BL	80
Medium (2) = 3 × BL	120
Heavy (3) = 6 × BL	240
X-Heavy (4) = 10 × BL	400

ACTIVE DEFENSES

Dodge
9
(+Shield)

Parry
IIU
(Mace+Shield)

Block
II
(Shield)

REACTION MODIFIERS

Appearance -1

Status

Reputation +1 from extroverts

+1 from Charisma

+2 from naive folk, -2 from veterans

+1 from con artists and salesmen

-1 from sober-minded folk

ADVANTAGES & PERKS

[illegible]

DISADVANTAGES & QUIRKS

Broken Bionic Eye (roll every 6 hours, works on an ll or less)	-4
One Eye (-2 DX in mee, -6 on ranged attacks unless you aim)	
Compulsive Carousing	-5
Overconfidence	-5
Squeamish	-10
Brags right before it works	-1
Calls danger a "bad joust"	-1
Feels danger in his teeth - lots of toothaches!	-1
Obsessed with feudalism	-1
Signature line - "I do my best work when the drawbridge is already on fire!"	-1

SKILLS

[illegible]

Name SHEPHERD CROSS Player _____ Point Total 150
Ht 6'0" Wt 165 Size Modifier 0 Age 44 Unspent Pts -
Appearance Famous - but reluctant - wasteland preacher

		CURRENT	
ST	12 [20]	HP	12 [0]
DX	11 [20]	Will	12 [0]
IQ	12 [40]	Per	12 [0]
HT	13 [30]	FP	13 [0]

MOVE
6
DR
0
(mail)
RP
12



BASIC LIFT (ST × ST)/5 32 lb **DAMAGE** Thr 1d Sw 1d+2
BASIC SPEED 6.25 [0] **BASIC MOVE** 6 [0]

ENCUMBRANCE

None (0) = BL	32
Light (1) = 2 × BL	64
Medium (2) = 3 × BL	96
Heavy (3) = 6 × BL	192
X-Heavy (4) = 10 × BL	320

ACTIVE DEFENSES

Dodge	Parry	Block
9	8 (Unarmed)	—

REACTION MODIFIERS

Appearance _____

Status _____

Reputation +3 when recognized

+1 from those who demand respect

+1 from Charisma

ADVANTAGES & PERKS

[illegible]

DISADVANTAGES & QUIRKS

Alcoholism	-15
Secret (Not really a preacher - utter rejection!)	-10
Always looks a bit nervous	-1
Pretends dead people can whisper a few last words to him	-1
Doesn't curse except for "Atomic Biscuits!"	-1
Talks with accidental inspiration	-1
Refuses to open his best bottle of whiskey	-1

SKILLS

[illegible]

WASTELAND

Name USELESS BRAKES BRENDA Player _____ Point Total 150

Ht 5'9" Wt 240 Size Modifier 0 Age 50 Unspent Pts -

Appearance Supposedly the worst driver in the wasteland

ST	15	[50]	HP	15	[0]		
	11	[20]		Will	9	[0]	
	9	[-20]			Per	9	[0]
	12	[20]				FP	9
CURRENT		CURRENT					

MOVE	5
DR	5/3 (frag vest)
RP	13



BASIC LIFT (ST × ST)/5 63 lbs DAMAGE Thr 2d-1 Sw 2d+
BASIC SPEED 5.75 [0] BASIC MOVE 5 [0]

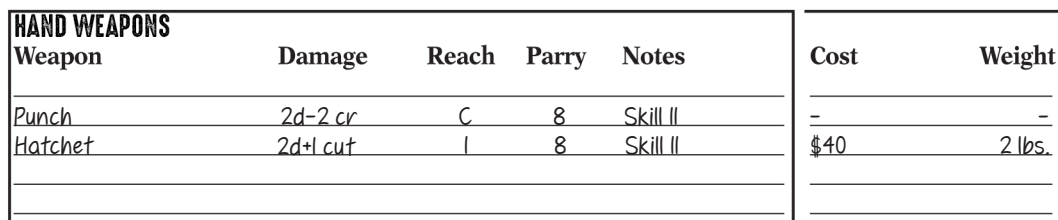
ENCUMBRANCE	
None (0) = BL	<u>63</u>
Light (1) = 2 × BL	<u>126</u>
Medium (2) = 3 × BL	<u>189</u>
Heavy (3) = 6 × BL	<u>378</u>
X-Heavy (4) = 10 × BL	<u>630</u>

ACTIVE DEFENSES		
Dodge	Parry	Block
8	8 (Hatchet)	—

REACTION MODIFIERS	
Appearance +	
Status	
Reputation -	
+2 from young folks, -2 from experienced folks	

ADVANTAGES & PERKS	
Animal Friend I	[5]
Attractive	[4]
DR I (tough skin)	[3]
Heroic Feat of Strength (once per game, +1d ST for 3d sec.)	[10]
High Pain Threshold (ignore shock penalties, +3 to avoid stun)	[10]
Unfazeable (immune to Fright Checks)	[15]
	[]
	[]
	[]
	[]
	[]
	[]
DISADVANTAGES & QUIRKS	
Fat	[-3]
Klutz (roll DX each day or else suffer problems)	[-5]
Overconfidence	[-5]
Reputation -1 (Worst Driver in the Wasteland)	[-5]
	[]
	[]
	[]
	[]
Incompetence - Driving!	[-1]
Can't whisper	[-1]
Loves heights	[-1]
Gets attached to stray animals	[-1]
Constant optimist	[-1]
	[]

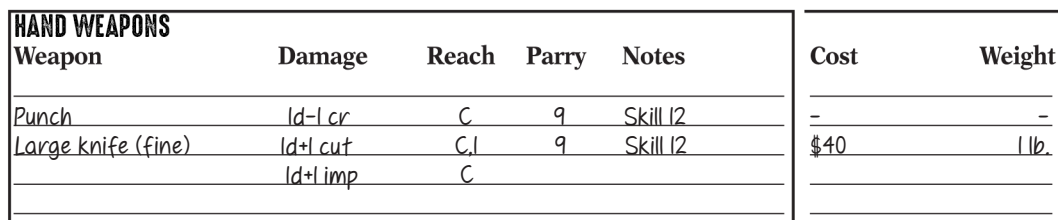
SKILLS	
Name	Level
Animal Handling (Dogs) (includes +1 from Animal Friend)	10 [2]
Armoury (Body Armor)	8 [1]
Axe/Mace	11 [2]
Carousing	12 [2]
Carpentry	9 [1]
Climbing	12 [4]
Engineer (Lighter-Than-Air)	8 [1]
Explosives (Demolition)	8 [1]
Fast-Draw (Pistol)	11 [1]
Filch	12 [4]
First Aid (heals 1d-1 HP)	10 [2]
Forced Entry	13 [4]
Gambling	9 [2]
Gesture	10 [2]
Guns (Pistol + Rifle)	12 [4]
Holdout	9 [2]
Mathematics (Applied)	7 [1]
Mechanic (Lighter-Than-Air)	9 [1]
Piloting (Lighter-Than-Air)	10 [1]
Riding (includes +1 from Animal Friend)	11 [1]
Sewing	11 [1]
Sex Appeal	12 [2]
Throwing	11 [2]
Veterinary (includes +1 from Animal Friend)	9 [2]
Wrestling	12 [2]
	[]

[illegible][illegible]

You earned the nickname "Useless" the day you rolled the Bossduke's rare pre-war roadster straight through the wall of Whistles' garage. Nobody's let you forget it. Sure, stuff has a funny way of going real wrong whenever you're around... but somehow it usually turns out okay in the end.

Now the Rust Pact has run off with Immortal Normal, the dog you've loved for years. Even worse, those lousy jerks burned up your hot air balloon during the attack. The Bossduke told you it was best for you to stay in town, but that's just plain silly. You even packed a body bag. Folks figured it was for you. You just grinned and said, "Nah. It's for the dummy that stole Immortal Normal."

BACKUP PC!

[illegible]

CHARACTER NOTES	
	Your bike got exploded mites, nothing left of it now but a molten lump of steel...
	You've been lost in the desert for... some amount of days.
	You can't remember why the gang abandoned you in the first place...
	But you're pretty sure there was a good reason...
	Is that a group of wasteland wanderers on the horizon?
Totals:	\$ 31 Lbs.

Your bike got exploded by thermite termites, nothing left of it now but a molten lump of steel...

You've been lost in the desert for... some amount of days.

You can't remember why the gang abandoned you in the first place...

But you're pretty sure there was a good reason...

Is that a group of wasteland wanderers on the horizon?

"CHISPA" MORENO

Handy Conspiracy Nut



PER 11 - UNLUCKINESS

SUNNY FLAY

Wasteland Hunter



PER 11

SHOGGY THE BEAR

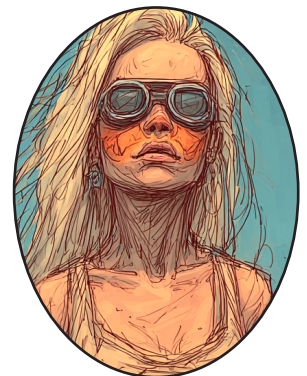
Supply Master



PER 10

TIFFANY LATCHA BELL

Cryo-thawed Psychic



PER 11 - SUPERSENSITIVE

COLONEL FREON

Mutant Gunslinger



PER 12

ROSCO ST. DAVY

Confident Charmer



PER 12 - DANGER SENSE (12-)

THE SHEP

Holiest Man of the Wasteland

PER 12 - SERENDIPITY - REPUTATION +3 (10-)



USELESS BRAKES BRENDA

Worst Driver in the Wasteland?

PER 9

