

# **Mallrats**

**A One Round Hell on Earth/Deadlands Tournament**

**by Steve Crow**

The Mall of America has remained one of the few centers of commerce in the post-apocalyptic world of 2094. Now, however, reports are emerging of strange deaths and sighting of bizarre creatures from within the mall. The current owner, Fat Tony, seems unaware of the problems or unwilling to investigate. Only your band of adventurers can look into the matter. Characters provided.

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This is a RPGA Network adventure game. A four-hour time block has been allocated for playing the game (or this round of the game), but the actual playing time will be about three hours.

It is a good idea to ask each player to put a name tag in front of him or her. The tag should have the player's name at the bottom, and the character's name, race, and gender at the top. This makes it easier for the players to keep track of who is playing which character.

Pass out the player characters based on class, gender, and/or race. Instruct the players either to prepare their characters now, or wait until you read the introduction, depending on the requirements of the scenario as described below. When they have prepared their characters, you may continue with the game.

**Scoring the game for RPGA points:** The RPGA has three ways to score this game. Consult your convention coordinator to determine which method to use:

1. *No-vote scoring:* The players write their names and numbers on the scoring packet grid, you fill in the top of the grid. That is all. No one is rated. This method is used for people who are just playing for fun.
2. *Partial scoring:* The players rate the game master and the scenario on their player voting sheet, and provide personal information, but don't vote for other players. The game master rates the scenario and completes personal and event information, but does not rate the players as a team or vote for players. This method is used when there is no competition, but the convention coordinator wants information as to how the game masters are performing, or the game master wants feedback on his or her own performance.
3. *Voting:* Players and game masters complete the entire packet, including voting for best player. If this method is used, be sure to allow about 15-20 minutes for the players to briefly describe their characters to the other players, and about 5-10 minutes for voting. This method is used when the players want to know who played the best amongst them, or when the adventure is run in tournament format with winners and prizes. Multi-round adventures usually required advancing a smaller number of players than played the first round, so voting is required for multi-round adventures.

When using Voting, rank the players in order of your voting choice while they are completing their forms, so that you are not influenced by their comments on your abilities.

The players are free to use the game rules to learn about equipment and weapons their characters are carrying.

Some of the text in this scenario is written so that you may present it as written to the players, while other

text is for your eyes only. Text for the players will be in ***bold italics***. It is strongly recommended that you paraphrase the player text, instead of reading it aloud, as some of the text is general and must be adapted to the specific situation or to actions of the player characters.

## Adventure Background

As related in **Hell on Earth: The Wasted West**, the Mall of America is one of the last bastions of civilization in the United States. Due to a lucky placement of the bomb that hit the Minneapolis/St. Paul area and the subsequent prevailing wind patterns, the Mall is just outside the irradiated area.

A few hours after the bombs dropped, a small-time mobster named Anthony "Fat Tony" Mulachi displayed remarkable foresight. He got together his men and moved into the Mall. They shot the few looters who had already moved into the place, and then took the entire Mall for themselves.

### What Has Come Before

For the last thirteen years Fat Tony has run the Mall with an iron hand. To an outsider, the place may appear as a paradise. Fat Tony organized the place, put up defenses, and then opened the Mall of America to the public once things settled down. As long as you have salvage to trade, you can go in and buy anything the place has. The trade caravans, recognizing the Mall as a major trade spot, pay the place regular visits and if there's anything you want, the Mall is the place to go. Only Junkyard rivals it as a bastion of civilization in the Wasted West.

Not all is as it seems, however. Old habits die hard. Fat Tony could have been a great leader. In fact, that is what he appears to be to the general public. No one would mistake him for a benevolent ruler. The Wasted West is harsh, and you have to be harsh to survive. But he trades fair, and provides a valuable service.

That wasn't enough for Fat Tony, however. Even before the Last War, he has acquired a taste for the good life. Sitting atop one of the largest treasure troves in the Wasted West didn't discourage this attitude any. A lot of what came into the Mall, he hoarded. He needed to provide top class restaurants in a world where meat was scarce. So when the fish and cows became tainted with radiation, he turned to...other sources. At first, he only used the corpses of those who tried to assault the Mall of America. Soon, however, that wasn't enough...

### The Situation Now

With greater demand for the Mall's services has come a greater need to feed the visitors in return for yet more

payment. Fat Tony and his men have taken to arranging for the “disappearance” of small groups travelers who come into the Mall who they think won’t be missed. In this manner, he hopes to keep his operation going as long as possible.

Even in 2095, though, people know people. A few of these disappearances have been noted, and some people are starting to worry.

Fat Tony’s descent into cannibalism has resulted in his transformation into a Servitor of the Reckoner known as Famine. Fat Tony has accepted this transformation wholeheartedly, as it has given him ever greater power. His loyal lieutenants have been similarly transformed into lesser creatures. Most of his other men, and the staff of the Mall are unaware of Fat Tony’s new nature. And that’s just the way he wants it.

Fat Tony currently is pretty much insane. As a Servitor of Famine, he is trying to spread a plague of Faminites across the Wasted West. Not only does he make folks “disappear” to fill his dinner table, but he serves unwitting visitors human flesh tainted so as to cause their transformation into Faminites once they leave the Mall. In his insanity, Tony is confident that the Mall is attractive enough that folks will come there even through steadily increasing number of Faminites. The more that come, the more flesh he has, and the more people that transform into Faminites. He hasn’t really thought much beyond this point, although like many Servitors he envisions that one day he will rule a good chunk of the world and his Master will grace him with even greater power.

### **Additional Resources**

Besides the basic *Hell on Earth* rulebook, a Marshal will find the following materials helpful: **Wasted West**, **Brainbusters**, **Children of the Atom**, **Spirit Warriors**, and **The Last Crusaders**.

### **Modifications**

If you have less than six players available, you should remove Jack Port (syker) if you have five players. Remove Carol Feltus (templar) as well if you only have four. This adventure should not be played with less than four players.

As Marshal, you should only draw two chips at the beginning of this even if you have only four players.

## **Adventure Synopsis**

**Mallrats** follows the standard *Deadlands* format, and is divided into the following chapters.

**Player Introduction:** This section is extremely brief. The characters are told where they’ve been and that’s it.

**Mallrats** follows the standard *Hell on Earth/Deadlands* adventure format, and is divided into chapters. Each chapter and subsection lists set chip awards.

**Chapter One—Battle in the Streets:** The player characters spot an ambush and come to the aid of a small group of travelers. Once they have rescued the travelers, conversation reveals that they are heading to the Mall of America to investigate the disappearance of representatives of their village that they sent there earlier. However, fearing the worse, they ask the PCs to look into a series of strange disappearances themselves.

**Chapter Two—All Your Shopping Needs!:** The player characters arrive at the Mall of America. They can purchase whatever they want, and can even meet with Fat Tony.

**Chapter Three—Hey Bub! Yeah, You! Over Here!:** One of the shopkeepers tries to meet with the PCs privately to tell them of her own suspicions. The characters will have to try to meet with them in secret just outside the Mall. They may also get a chance to meet Fat Tony himself.

**Chapter Four—Rats! Foiled Again!:** The players must make their way back into the Mall, and confront Tony and his lieutenants.

## **Player Introduction**

*Your characters have just defeated a group of renegade sawbones in Rochester, Minnesota. Somewhat depleted on goods and equipment, you’re getting ready to head north on I-35 towards the Mall of America near what used to be the Minneapolis/St. Paul area. Of course, most of the Twin Cities were devastated by three ghost-bomb strikes that hit during the Last War.*

*However, although none of you have been there, you’ve all heard tales of the Mall of America. Someone took it over just after the bombs dropped, and, holding out against looters, managed to turn it into a growing concern. Rumor has it that Fat Tony has managed to keep as many as 30 stores open.*

## **Chapter One—Battle in the Streets**

### **The Attack**

*It’s 10 a.m. in the morning, in August, 2095. You’re passing through Owatonna, about 40 miles south of Mall of America, looking for I-35 so you can take a clear path up to Mall of America. Down the street, about half a block away, you hear gunshots.*

A small group of raiders are attacking a delegation from the small Iowa community of Clear Lake. The raiders will be concentrating on bringing down the travelers (who have taken cover), so the PCs will automatically get a round of surprise. The group enters about 15 yards distance from the raiders, who are in turn 15 yards away from the Clear Lake party.

It's unlikely, but if the players choose to ignore the situation, the raiders automatically spot them and open fire.

Use the simplified combat rules for grunts: each raider can take 30 points of damage before passing unconscious: 36 points and they die. Check hit location for gizzard and head shots to obtain extra damage, and subtract armor if appropriate. A raider takes a -1 on all actions for each six points of damage they take (round up). You shouldn't bother applying wounds.

Map #1 shows the layout of the street and the position of the raiders. The four Clear Lake citizens (three women, one man) have taken cover behind a car and are returning fire sporadically, but are clearly outgunned and outnumbered.

This encounter exists primarily to get the players used to working together, and to lead them into the adventure proper. It should not be very tough. If luck is against the players, have the raiders retreat. The Clear Lake party is low on ammo and won't shoot unless absolutely necessary.

The raiders will also retreat if more than half their number are wiped out, if they get the opportunity.

### **Raiders (# of PCs) x 2)**

**Corporeal:** D:3d6, N:3d6, S:2d8, Q:3d6, V:2d8  
Shootin'/Various 3d6, Fightin'/Brawlin 3d6, Quick Draw 3d6, Speed Load 2d6, Throwin'/Balanced & Unbalanced 3d6

**Mental:** C:3d6, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6  
Area Knowledge Bluff 3d6, Gamblin' 3d6, Demolition 1d6, Guts 3d6, Overawe 3d8, Search 3d6, Scroungin' 3d6, Streetwise 3d6, Survival 3d6, Tinkerin' 2d6

**Pace:** 6

**Size:** 6

**Weapons:** Half the raiders have Hunting Rifles (30-06 ammo, 9 shots, Speed 1, ROF 1 Range 20, damage 4d8); the other half have Police Pistols (10mm ammo, 9 shots, Speed 1, ROF 1 Range 10, damage 3d6) w/2d6 rounds each

**Armor:** Light armor (-2 except for heads)

**Miscellaneous:** Each raider has about \$20 worth of salvage and 6 days worth of rations.

**1 White Chip:** Each hero who participates in the battle against the raiders.

### **A Plea for Help**

Once the dust has settled and the raiders have been killed or run off, the Clear Lake citizens will approach the group. After thanking the PC group for their assistance, the leader, Debbie Hammond, will outline their situation

*We're awfully glad to have you folks help out. We were heading up to Mall of America. Our little town had lucked on to some salvage a month ago. We sent two of our best fighters, Jack and Frank, to take half of it up to the Mall to trade for some ammo and medicine.*

*Problem is, we never heard back from them. We didn't have a way to send messages or anything. We figured that with all the weird creatures and stuff around these days, they probably just bought it.*

*Still, we didn't have much choice. We still had half that salvage, and the Mall's the only place around here that had the supplies we needed, and that we could trust.*

*Maybe you folks would be willing to help? There's not a lot of folks around you can trust these days, but you folks did come to our aid, which says something about you. You keep a quarter of what we've got and trade in the rest.*

Hammond has a list of the supplies they need. She can be talked down via *persuasion* to paying one-third of the salvage they have (about \$600 worth), but no lower. Of course, if the PCs want to do it out of the goodness of their hearts, she'll be glad to accept that offer too.

Debbie will be glad to prove her "worthiness" (within reason) if the Templar has any concerns. The Clear Lake community has a population of about 500, and includes about 50 mutants. Anyone making an *area knowledge: Minnesota* or *Iowa* roll (TN 5) can verify this.

If the PCs accept, Hammond will provide hand-drawings of Jack and Frank, her missing comrades. *I hope you find them, but I don't hold out much hope. Still, if you could ask around at the Mall, we'd appreciate it. At least we'll know if they made it that far and got it on the way back.*

From Owatonna, it is approximately 37½ miles to Mall of America. From Owatonna to Clear Lake it's 60 miles. Average travel rate on foot is 20 miles/day. Debbie will add, *When you folks get back to Clear Lake, we'll also be glad to give you room and board for a week. It's the least we can do.*

Hammond won't be deterred from getting the town's trade goods to the Mall. Even if characters with appropriate abilities offer to travel back to the town and help, she'll note that the PCs might be able to heal the sick they've got now, but that won't help a few months

down the road unless the party plans on hanging around Clear Lake permanently.

The PCs can simply refuse to help. However, they are heading towards the Mall anyway. Hammond will offer to travel with them (claiming safety in numbers). The players can accept or decline her offer as they wish. She won't pay them as escorts, however. If the party refuses, Debbie and the others will follow them about a half-mile behind.

The trip to the Mall of America takes the rest of today and up until about 4 p.m. tomorrow. The rest of the trip is uneventful. If they're with the group, Hammond and her three associates (Janet, Tom, and Margo) will stand watches along with the rest of the group. They have their own food supplies and aren't looking for charity.

**1 White Chip:** Each character if they accept Hammond's job offer.

## Chapter Two—All Your Shopping Needs!

This chapter is fairly free-form, as the players get a chance to explore the Mall of America as it exists "today."

### Making an Entrance

When the PCs arrive, describe the following:

*Your first glimpse of the Mall is of a large four-story building silhouetted against the ghost-rock clouds to the north. As you approach from the south, you can see that the parking ramps on the east and west are partially devastated: the years and the elements have taken their toll. The south parking lot is filled with hundreds of wrecked cars. The debris forms a "no man's land" through which there seems to be only one clear path, about 30' wide. If you squint upwards in the afternoon sun, you can make out armed guards mounting the ramparts. You can just make out two anti-tank guns mounted up there.*

*Just south of the lot is a large cleared area filled with camp sites. Apparently this area serves as a "hotel", although no one seems to be charging admission.*

If they are still with the group, Hammond and her people will want to go into the Mall right away to exchange their salvage for supplies. According to posted handbills, the Mall is open until 9 p.m.

The area south of the Mall is essentially a public camping ground. Fat Tony doesn't offer rooms within

the Mall, and he doesn't have enough guards to manage people using the area.

There is a code of honor of sorts: the other visitors will kick anyone out who picks a fight, and no one wants to be denied access to the Mall. Of course, if someone is foolish enough to leave their goods unguarded, that's another story. An informal "boomtown" has sprung up in this area. Tony forbids anyone from selling goods outside the Mall, upon denial of admittance, but a number of tents have sprung up where you can find a game of poker or buy a drink.

Eventually, the PCs will enter the Mall. This adventure assumes they do so upon arrival: the Marshal will have to adjust accordingly if they wait until the next day.

Although there are entrances on all four sides, they are all locked and gated, and large semis have been pulled up in front of them. The semis' engine blocks have been removed. The entrances to the "anchor" stores on the NE, SE, SW, NW corners have also been sealed, as have any fire escapes, other store entrances, and loading bay doors.

Once the PCs head for the southern Mall entrance, read the following:

*The path from the tent city north to the Mall is easy enough to follow, and wide enough that you have no problem getting past those coming back from the Mall. You can feel the eyes of the guards on the Mall roof watching you. However, you're hardly the only ones playing the place a visit, and no one seems to be paying you any special attention.*

*There are four armed guards at the south entrance. They give you the once over, then point to the sign that says, "No Guns Permitted Beyond This Point!" Under that sign is another one that says, "\$20 Admission Fee!"*

*Next to the signs is a window in the wall and a wizened old man who is just returning an impressive array of rifles to some departing guests.*

The old guy is Eb, who will greet the players with a cackle of laughter and then ask for their weapons. *"Unpowered knives and swords permitted, everything else stays here, folks, unless you're bringing it to trade!"* He'll give them a receipt for anything they turn over, and be quite offended if anyone suggests their weapons might not be there when they return. He'll be equally insulted if someone acts as if they think he'll steal from them. *"Havin' guns go missin' ain't good for business, and we want folks to come back here. Besides, with all the weapons we've got here, your piddly little peashooters don't add up to much."*

If the PCs want to sell their weapons, or just want to use that as an excuse for smuggling something in, Eb

will explain, *“The Appraiser’ll take care of you down the hall. Turn everything you’ve got over to her.”*

Once the characters have turned in all of their non-trade weapons, the guards will frisk them down to be on the safe side, then let them through the south entrance. There is a small “gate” that they have to pass through which contains a metal detector. Standing just past it is a bright, chipper woman in her late 40’s. Her hair is completely white and pulled up in a bun. She’s wearing a pair of overalls and has a jewelers’ loupe in one eye. Behind her are two more armed guards. As the PCs approach, she’ll greet them:

*“Greetings, ladies and gents. I’m Bev, but you can call me ‘The Appraiser.’ We make sure anything you got to sell stays here: that way there’s no confusion about anything you happen to have on you that you don’t have a receipt for, if you catch my drift.”*

*“Anyhoo, I’ll subtract your \$20 admission fee for the next 24 hours, give you Mall ‘cash’ for anything you might want to sell, and a receipt for personal stuff. The shopkeepers here are salesman, not hugglers. All the prices are posted, and we don’t negotiate. The price that’s listed is the price you’re paying. If you don’t like it, take your business elsewhere.”*

*“When you come back out, we’ll give you back all your stuff as long as you don’t do something dumb like lose your receipts. If you want, we’ll also give you back salvage rather than the stuff you brought with you, if you want to trade it in. You don’t get to keep the cash: you only get to spend what you get here.”*

*“There’s guards all over the place, and they’ll make sure that you buy something. Try not to look like you’re loitering, because if the guards figure you are, they’ll toss you out and there’s no refund on your admission.”*

Bev is honest and accurate: she’ll give list value (allowing for wear and tear) for anything the PCs present to her. She doesn’t haggle either, and the guards will be glad to reinforce that as necessary. She will accept anything, even rare items that the Mall doesn’t sell. Fat Tony trades these items to the Convoy on its semi-annual visits in return to more popular items.

Once Bev has assessed everything that the PCs want assessed and stored everything else, they’re free to go into the Mall.

### **The Mall Proper**

Map #2 provides a layout of the area that the group will see on their first visit. There are no maps or locations of specific stores provided. Basically, the players can find a store containing practically any list item they want.

Guns, ammo, armor, rations, drugs, spook juice...you name it, they’ve got it.

The Mall doesn’t have junker devices, relics, syker drugs & training devices, and vehicles. For the purposes of this scenario, the characters provided won’t be able to afford any such things anyway with the funds they are provided with.

The main areas of the Mall that the characters can reach are outlined below.

**Stores:** Currently, 35 storefronts are in operation. Basically, any item on any equipment list in the basic rulebook or *Wasted West* can be found here. Ammo and spook juice goes for 150% of list price: everything else for 125%. All items are marked with a price, and as Bev noted there is no haggling allowed. Any salesperson will flatly refuse to modify the price. An adventurer who persists in such attempts will get a visit from Mall Security.

Anything purchased, weapons or otherwise, will be wrapped up and then delivered to the appraisal gate. The shopper can pick them up when he departs.

Take careful note of what the characters purchase, as it is important to defeating Fat Tony in Chapter Four.

**Amusement Park:** This large indoor park area takes up the entire central courtyard on all four floors. Visitors are not allowed into this area, as Fat Tony has not restored it to working order, and has no plans to do so. A security gate bars access.

**Fat Tony’s Café:** This is the largest of the Mall’s five restaurants, and the one that Fat Tony himself supervises. The cuisine is Italian, and a decent meal runs about \$50. There are both vegetarian and meat dishes. The waiters will extol the virtues of the meat dishes in particular, but won’t be too pushy. They know nothing about exactly what goes into the veal.

Eating a meat dish at the Café could cause problems. See **Meeting With Tony** below for more detail.

**Restaurants:** The other four Mall restaurants, unnamed, are closer together. Two of them provide Italian fare, while the other two serve a variety of steaks, burgers, and seafood brought in from the Mississippi. Cost of a meal here runs about \$25. The food here is untainted and can be eaten without risk.

### **What About The Rest?**

The Mall has partial power, enough to run the lights, keep the internal phones going, and maintain the Muzak system.

The entrances to the north and southeast anchor stores are sealed from the inside as well. Past the restaurant, the corridors have been sealed off (for now) by Fat Tony to prevent anyone from wandering into other areas of the mall. There are elevators (not shown), but they have no power. The interior stairwells are also

sealed off. Fat Tony doesn't want anyone wandering outside of the shopping area.

### **Proof of Purchase**

The group will have no trouble getting the goods that are on the Clear Lake list if they agreed to make the purchase for Hammond and her people. There is more necessities on the list than the group can buy no matter how much salvage Hammond had left, so their best bet is to spend all their money and get as much as they can. If Deb and the others are with them, they will go on their separate way, thanking the group for the pleasure of their company.

Any attempts to engage the various shopkeepers in conversation will succeed, but for the most part they really don't have much to talk about. Each of them has a small cot in the back of their particular store, and they aren't allowed access to the sealed-off areas of the Mall either. They all speak highly of Fat Tony, and have heard of nothing suspicious...or at least, nothing they want to admit to publicly. There is one exception: see below.

### **Wanna Fight?**

For the sake of this adventure, any attempts at this time to get into the other areas of the Mall through stealth will automatically fail. A number of guards equal to twice the number of PCs will show up. Use the stats for the Raiders given earlier as necessary. Make the following changes to them: 1) Increase their *Deftness* (and all related skills) to d8s; 2) Give them all NA Commando submachine-guns; and 3) give them -4 armor on all locations except the head. If the first group is defeated, a second group of equal number will try to snipe at the group and drive them out of the mall.

Let the PC do whatever shopping they desire. When it looks like they're getting bored, or they try to ask about the missing Clear Lake people, proceed to the next chapter.

## **Chapter Three—Hey Bub! Yeah, You! Over Here!**

### **Dark Suspicions**

If the PCs try to ask the shopkeepers about the missing Clear Lake adventurers, they will have no luck with one exception. The exception is Rick Tomlinson, a skinny guy who's only been working at the Mall for the last six months. As such, he isn't as intimidated by Fat Tony as the long-timers who run the other shops. Rick can run almost any shop you want that the PCs go into and start asking questions about. Rick should not be working in

the gun, weapon, or ammo stores, for reasons explained later.

Once Rick finds out the group is asking around about missing people, read the following:

*The shopkeeper, a skinny, sallow looking fellow, glances around furtively. Then he becks over [whichever PCs are doing the asking] and whispers, "The name's Rick. I might know something about some missing folk. But we can't talk about it here. Meet me at 10 p.m. tonight, outside the door at the southeast store."*

If the players somehow managed to avoid hearing anything about the missing folks, or show no interest in looking into what they've heard, Rick will still take an interest in the group, but his approach will be a little different.

*The shopkeeper, a skinny, sallow-looking fellow, looks a bit nervous. He seems to be trying to summon up the courage to talk to you about something. Finally, he slips over and whispers, "The name's Rick. We don't get your types in here much and I'm thinking we could use some help. Something's going on, something bad. If you're interested, meet me at 10 p.m. tonight, outside the door at the southeast store."*

Rick will say nothing further in the Mall, no matter how much the PCs pressure him.

**1 White Chip:** Each hero if they decide to meet with Rick later.

### **Meeting With Tony**

This encounter can occur under two different circumstances.

1) If the group specifically asks the guards to see Fat Tony, read the following:

*The guard looks you over for a bit, then goes over to a wall phone and dials a number. He seems to be relaying your request to someone at the other end. After a minute he nods, hangs up, and says, "Da boss is amused and intrigued by your plucky request. Meet him at Fat Tony's Café at 7 p.m. He says da meal is on him."*

2) If it looks like you have a little extra time and need something extra to do, go with the following sometime prior to 6:30 p.m:

*As you exit one of the stores, a guard approaches you. "Yo! Da boss, Fat Tony himself, has noticed youse*

*and is intrigued. It's not often we get such a diverse group of folks such as yourselves in here. Da boss would would like to see youse at 7 p.m., at Fat Tony's Café. He says da meal is on him."*

If the PCs refuse this request, Fat Tony will take it well enough (i.e., he won't have the group shot). It's up to them.

If they accept the invitation, they will be let into the restaurant and seated any time after 6:30 p.m. Drinks go for the list price (\$2 for a stiff drink). Promptly at 7, read the following:

*A tall, lean man with black hair in a rats' tail, wearing a well-tailored pre-War suit, sweeps into the Café, flanked by three Mall guards. He glances about, spots your group, and breaks into a smile. He strides over and takes a seat at the head of your table.*

*"Greetings, ladies and gentleman. I am Anthony Mulachi—'Fat Tony,' to my friends. I am the proud owner of all that you see about you. I understand that you are seasoned adventurers, and I always like to make the acquaintance of such bold and daring individuals who make the world safe for myself and my customers."*

*"But where are my manners? Surely you are all hungry, and I can assure you that the food here is to die for! May I recommend the ham and mushroom pizza? Or perhaps the veal? Although we get very few requests these days, the chef here makes an excellent vegetarian pasta."*

If asked about his nickname, Fat Tony will simply note that it was bestowed him on irony, and that he's never been fat a day in his life. This is in fact true, just in case you were wondering. The players might think otherwise: make *scrutinize* rolls if they express doubt. Any of the old-timers among the shopkeepers can verify Tony's story.

Fat Tony will have the veal, and will not take any further steps to encourage the group to eat the meat dishes. He figures that if he pushes it the group will become suspicious, and he's probably right.

In fact, the ham and veal are...well, not. Rather, they are human flesh. Anyone who consumes this meat must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll or begin the slow transformation into a Famine over the next 24 hours. This transformation will not occur before the end of the adventure. However, feel free to emphasize the growing pangs of hunger that the infected characters begin to experience as the rest of the adventure unfolds.

The most likely way to catch on to the true contents of the meat dishes is the Templar's *Sixth Sense* gift. The TN for this is 9 (11 – 2 levels of *Sixth Sense*). Have the Templar make this roll first, before anyone starts eating.

Other characters can try to spot tainted meat set before them, but this is an extremely hard (13!) *Cognition* roll (no related skill will help).

For the *Sixth Sense*, *Cognition*, and *Vigor* checks, have the players make the roll but don't tell them what they are making the roll for or what attribute or skill they are using. They can spend chips as normal.

Here are the relevant die rolls necessary for the characters:

	<b>Vigor</b>	<b>Cognition</b>	
Lektor	2d10		2d6
Heliot	2d10		3d8
Templar	4d10		XXX
Toxic Shaman	4d10		3d8
Syker	2d10		2d6
Scavenger	3d8		4d10

No one has any relevant skill or ability to identify exactly what the meat is. If accused of serving them tainted meat, Fat Tony will apologize profusely. He'll observe that he was going to eat food from the same shipment as them, which he'd hardly do if he were going to poison them. He'll note that sometimes they do get an irradiated shipment, and is more than willing to accept the PCs' word that there is something wrong with the meat. In fact, he'll thank them profusely for bringing it to his attention.

Fat Tony won't offer to eat their meals once they've stated their suspicions: not because it will affect him (he's already a Servitor of Famine), but just because normally he wouldn't offer to eat someone else's tainted food once they've pointed out to him it's tainted. Unless one of the players comes up with a really good con, he's not going to agree to eat their meals for some other reason either. The guards are still present, and will automatically notice any attempts to switch dishes.

If the players are really paranoid, and insist that Fat Tony try their dishes before they figure out the meat is tainted, he'll cheerfully do so.

During the dinner, Fat Tony will make what passes for casual conversation in the Wasted West. He'll note that he is getting more and more visitors all the time, and should be expanding to 50 stores by the end of 2095. He'll boast about his reputation for maintaining the Mall and keeping it safe for anyone with some purchasing power to come visit.

If asked about missing guests, he will shrug and deny everything. *"We get a lot of people through here, and I can't really keep track of any of them. What they do once they leave here is their own business."* He's lying through his teeth with this, but he's far too experienced a liar for anyone to see through him. *Scrutinize* checks will reveal nothing.



There is one exception to this, however. Fat Tony's one weakness as a Servitor is that any good purchased in the Mall can kill him. And Tony knows it. He'll ask the adventurers what they purchased, how often they use it, if they think they might make similar purchases in the future, etc.

If any of the players express curiosity over Tony's curious emphasis on their newly purchased goods, have them make a *scrutinize* roll opposed by Fat Tony's *bluff* of 4d8. If they succeed, they will get the impression he is indeed somewhat nervous about whatever weapons and ammo they purchased, but will be unable to discern any further detail.

Here are the necessary rolls:

<b>Scrutinize</b>	
Lektor	2d6
Heliot	2d8
Templar	2d8
Toxic Shaman	1d8
Syker	3d6
Scavenger	4d10 (unskilled <i>Cognition</i> )

One other result of this encounter is that if the characters do any shopping for weapons and ammo after meeting with Fat Tony, he will instruct the shopkeeper to give them some "special" gear. More on this in Chapter Four.

Fat Tony will express great interest in the characters' exploits. Time permitting, feel free to encourage the players to make up a few adventure stories. Tony doesn't plan on making them vanish: he figures they're way too powerful and noticeable for that. If the Templar or the Lektor disappear, their organizations might come looking. He doesn't want anything to disrupt the smooth flow of his operations.

After an hour, Tony will make his apologies, saying that he has to look to business and prepare for the Mall shutdown at 9 p.m. He'll wish the heroes well, thank them for the dinner conversation, and depart.

Fat Tony's statistics are presented in Chapter 4 if you need them. The intent here is to introduce Fat Tony, but not give the PCs enough reason to want to hack him apart...yet. If by some chance combat breaks out, you're probably going to have a short adventure! In this case, the three guards are in fact Fat Tony's Goon Cannibals (see Chapter 4) and combat breaks out right in the Café. Feel free to discourage this by reminding the players that there are still lots of Mall guards around (although not in the restaurant) who can probably arrive in a few moments' notice.

**1 White Chip:** Each character if they initiate a meeting with Fat Tony.

**1 Red Chip:** Any character who senses something wrong with the meat and warns the others.

**1 Red Chip:** Any character who makes their *scrutinize* roll and senses Fat Tony is oddly persistent in finding out what they purchased.

### **Ill-Met By Moonlight**

If the group decides to meet with Rick at 10 p.m., read the following:

*The night is overcast, preventing the moon from displaying your movements as you make your way through the wrecks in the south parking lot. You can hear the occasional echo of footsteps from the guards atop the Mall, but no one seems to notice you.*

*As you approach the southeast department store, you see a side door open and a tall, skinny figure slips out. He moves a few cautious steps away, and you can see that it is Rick.*

The players can wait as long as they like, check for ambushes, etc. However, eventually they will approach Rick. When they do, read the following:

*"Glad to see you folks decided to show up. I've got to tell you, there's some weird stuff going on. People disappearing, strange noises from the center courtyard, some of my fellow shopkeepers saying they saw some weird shadows...the list goes on and on."*

*"Those two guys you were asking about? Yep, they were here. About three weeks ago. I chatted with them a bit. They said they were from Clear Lake, were picking up some supplies, and then took off. Except I checked with some friends I have out in the tent camp. Nobody saw them leave."*

*"And you're not the first ones looking for missing folks. I've had a dozen people over the last six months all asking after missing visitors. Some of them never made it out of the Mall and back to the tent camp, either."*

*"Don't get me wrong—there ain't a lot of missing folks. I'd say no more than 30 in six months. Of course, that's only the ones I've heard about. Then again, some folks just disappear for...other reasons. There's a lot of dangerous stuff out there."*

*"I don't talk to the boss much. Some of the visitors ask him or the guards about their missing folk, and he says he don't know anything about it. Maybe he don't. He's building something important here, and he's got a ton of salvage. What's he got to gain by making folks disappear? People get word of it, they're not going to visit. It don't make no sense, but there you are."*

*“Of course, I don’t see a lot of the boss. He’s not what you’d call a hands-on kinda guy. When he ain’t around schmoozing with the customers, he’s always locked away in the central courtyard. And in the middle of the night you often hear all kinds of weird noises coming out of there.”*

*“In any case, I thought you’d want to know. I don’t plan on sticking my neck out any further than this—I don’t plan on disappearing anytime soon.”*

**1 White Chip:** Each character if they meet with Rick.

### **Lights On!**

Rick doesn’t know much else, but give the players a minute or two to ask him anything that they want to. Then read the following:

*Suddenly there is a flash of light from above as a searchlight illuminates the nearby wrecks.*

The guards think they’ve heard a noise, and are coming over to investigate. They have a *Cognition* and *search* of 3d8: the PCs should make opposed *sneak* rolls against a single roll of the guards. All players get a +2 to their rolls if they hug the wall, as the searchlight can’t shine directly down.

If the players succeed, the guards wander off.

If at least one character fails, the guards will open fire. The guards are treated as the raiders listed earlier, but they have d8s for *Deftness* and related skills, and they are armed with Hunting Rifles.

Rick will go back in the door and close and lock it behind him. He won’t have a problem with the group trying to come in with him, but he won’t wait long for them.

The guards will not come down off the roof: they won’t even call for inside reinforcements. Fat Tony is confident of the Mall’s impenetrability, and figures sending folks out will just give someone a chance to get in.

However, the guards will put a regular watch on the door that Rich came out through and drop molotov/spook juice cocktails on anyone they see approaching.

If the group evades the guards’ attention, Rick will prepare to go back inside once they are through asking him any questions. Of course, now would be a perfect opportunity for the heroes to get into the Mall with all their equipment.

Rick will be leery about letting the adventurers use his private route: a *persuasion* roll is required. It is opposed by Rick’s *scrutinize* of 3d8. More than one person making the attempt will scare him off: Rick will go back into the Mall rather than let people take turns at persuading him.

Rick won’t put up a fight if the “heroes” attack him. He will ask that they knock him out and tuck him away somewhere in the Mall so it doesn’t look like he was involved in their break-in.

### **Other Ways To Get Into The Mall**

If Rick manages to elude the group, or the PCs avoid meeting with him, their ability to get into the Mall with weaponry will be rather limited.

Their best bet is the shaman’s *gas form* ability. The door into the southeast store can be opened easily from the inside. The alarm switch is clearly visible from within, and can be switched off as long as the door hasn’t been broken down.

Most of the Mall’s other doors have been sealed shut, and cannot be opened from the inside.

The heroes can try to bust through the door. This will require a *Strength* roll against a TN of 13. The doors are wired, and this will alert the guards. There’s no way to bypass the alarm from the outside.

The Mall has a large skylight, but it is made out of heavily reinforced glass. The PCs can climb the Mall walls (TN 9: all the fire escapes have been torn down to prevent just such an occurrence), avoid the guards (see the aforementioned *Cognition* statistics), shatter the window (also TN9), and climb down into the courtyard (pretty much impossible without 80’ of rope, but they should have enough). If they manage to do all of that, proceed to Chapter Four. The shaman’s *lighter than air* favor will make the first step a moot point.

The group can simply try to enter the Mall legitimately during business hours, and try to meet with Fat Tony. If they return the next day, Fat Tony will suspect the gig is up, and ask them to meet him in the courtyard. The main problem with this approach is that the party will only have swords and knives. The Templar might be okay with this, but it’s unlikely the rest of the group will be. Worse, Tony is immune to normal swords. Even if someone purchases a sword in the mall, they will have to wait until they depart to get it.

They could also get into the Mall and simply make a break for the courtyard, hoping Fat Tony is there (he will be). The gate can be broken down with an Incredible (11) *Strength* roll. It cannot be opened from the inside without a key, which only Tony has.

The final option for the PCs is to try to steal a few guns within the Mall, and then go to confront Tony. This will typically require a *sneak* roll against a TN of 11. Failure means the shopkeeper or the guards notice and forcibly try to evict the offending character(s).

### **Not A Clue**

It’s remotely possible that the characters have avoided any mention of missing Mall visitors, and have

deliberately chosen to avoid meeting with Rick. You kinda have to wonder about why they're playing in an RPGA adventure in the first place if that's the case!

Still, there are a few other ways you can get them involved.

- 1) If they purchased weapons and/or ammo after meeting with Fat Tony, have them discover that at least one of the guns is defective. They'll probably want to have a chat with Tony about his return policy. He'll refuse them armed entrance
- 2) One of Hammond's comrades, Beth Storm, will track down the party in the tent city and tell them that Deb has gone missing.
- 3) Paranoid, Fat Tony will lure them adventurers back into the Mall with an offer of a special sale of some legendary weapons, syker drugs, etc. He'll claim he is holding an auction in the private courtyard, away from prying eyes. Then he and his lieutenants will attack: go to Chapter Four.

**1 Red Chip:** Any character who persuades Rick to let them in.

**1 White Chip:** Each character for gaining entry into the Mall.

## Chapter Four—Rats! Foiled Again!

### The Showdown

Ultimately, the party will gain entrance to the central courtyard. Map 3 provides the layout. Most of the area is filled with artificial trees and brush.

Either Fat Tony will be present (if he somehow became suspicious of the heroes and invited them in to kill them), or he will arrive as they enter the courtyard.

If only four players participate in this adventure, Fat Tony should only have two henchmen: adjust the following text accordingly.

*The courtyard is filled with a variety of artificial plants ranging from vines to trees. A variety of amusement park rides, based on some forgotten cartoon character from almost a hundred years ago, wind their way through the faux vegetation. A three-story indoor ferris wheel towers over the entire area.*

If the characters entered the courtyard on their own, don't bother with *sneak* rolls. Just read the following:

*You turn at a sound behind you. Fat Tony and three of his men step out of the fake underbrush. Tony is*

*extremely upset. "You fools! Why couldn't you have stayed away?!? Famine, my lord and master, would have been content to let you live for now, and you could have had anything you wanted here. But now...now, it's too late! I must silence you, so that the secrets of my Mall are never revealed!" As you look on in horror, Fat Tony begins to...swell. There is a ripping sound as his human skin tears, revealing scraggly brown fur underneath. A snout pokes out where his nose was as his eyes draw backwards to the sides of his head. He stretches upward, becoming not so much larger as taller—almost 8'. Behind him, his three henchman begin to grow as well. However, they become both taller and wider, however. Within seconds, Fat Tony has transformed into nothing so much as some giant rat-man hybrid, while his men are huge, far stronger looking versions of the same.*

If the characters are meeting with Fat Tony at his request:

*Fat Tony and three of his men step over from a side entrance. Fat Tony shakes his head sadly. "I'm afraid there is no auction. The only thing I'm selling here today is death. You couldn't be content to stay away, and enjoy all the commodities I had to offer. Instead, you had to poke your noses in where they didn't belong. Nnow, as my master Famine commands, you must be destroyed. But rest assured, your bodies will provide excellent fodder for the visitors who come after you." As you look on, Fat Tony begins to...swell. There is a ripping sound as his human skin tears, revealing scraggly brown fur underneath. A snout pokes out where his nose was as his eyes draw backwards to the sides of his head. He stretches upward, becoming not so much larger as taller—almost 8'. Behind him, his three henchman begin to grow as well. However, they become both taller and wider. Within seconds, Fat Tony has transformed into nothing so much as some giant rat-man hybrid, while his men are huge, far stronger looking versions of the same.*

At this point Fat Tony and his three men will charge. Their goal is simple: kill the PCs and chow down.

Tony's men have no special defenses other than sheer supernatural toughness. They'll attack whoever looks the most threatening.

Fat Tony is supremely confident in his supernatural immunity. His only concern is if the characters are using any Mall weaponry. If someone is using a gun or sword purchased at the Mall, have them make a *scrutinize* roll against Tony's *bluff* of 4d8 to notice him flinch visibly away from the weapon. This roll doesn't require an action. He will flinch even if he suspects

they are using such a weapon. Tony will direct his men to attack anyone so armed.

If Fat Tony is shot with a bullet purchased at the Mall, or wounded with a weapon from one of its stores, he will howl in agony as green ichor bursts forth. By comparison, other weaponry will have what appears to be a normal effect. However, once he is down, Fat Tony will start regenerating as per the normal rules for taking down a Servitor (**Wasted West**, pg. 117).

As noted earlier, if the characters purchased any weaponry or ammo after they met with Fat Tony, he made arrangements to have them partially sabotaged. One bullet in five that they were sold is a dud. Also, the firing pins were partially filed through on the guns and the cutting blades were subtly weakened. Each time such a weapon is used, there is a 1-in-5 chance that it breaks before inflicting any damage, and is subsequently useless.

Feel free to reward the players for creative use of other Mall-purchased items. Rations purchased at the Mall, for instance, act as poison to Fat Tony. They can try to strangle him with straps from purchased backpacks. Or even set him on fire with spook juice that they bought earlier.

On the other hand, you don't have to give them the benefit of the doubt. If they don't specify they are loading their guns with Mall-purchased ammo after they make purchases, then don't assume they do. Ideally, even with normal weapons the group should be able to put him down. Once they see him regenerating they will have a bit more time to figure out how to put him down for good.

If Fat Tony is laid low with normal damage, it shouldn't be hard for the group to somehow use any Mall purchased goods to put him down for good.

If the party didn't buy any Mall goods, they're in trouble. Fat Tony's weakness relates to his hoarding of the Mall goods, not the Mall itself. So they can't use parts of the Mall to hurt him: no trapping him under falling debris or beating him to death with a fake tree. They can, of course, simply stand there and keep Fat Tony from regenerating as per the Servitor rules. That will probably get kind of boring after the first few hours, however.

If the players are completely unfamiliar with the Servitor rules, have them make *academia: occult* rolls against a TN of 7 to remember that Servitors have one particular weakness. Other than the few small clues planted through this adventure, there will be no other way to discern what that weakness is, however. Experimentation might give them the solution. Alternately, if they absolutely don't have a clue and you want to take pity on them, have each character make an *academia: occult* roll against a difficulty of 15 to figure it out.

If they can't figure out how to put Fat Tony down for good, they may have no choice but to flee. The guards will not try and stop them.

### **Fat Tony**

**Corporeal:** D:2d6, N:2d12, S:3d12, Q:5d8, V:3d12

Dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin' 6d12, sneak 5d12

**Mental:** C:2d12, K:1d6, M:3d12, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d8

Scrutinize 3d12, overawe 7d12, bluff 4d8

**Pace:** 12

**Size:** 10

**Wind:** N/A

**Terror:** 7 (11 with Fear Level)

**Special Abilities:**

Armor: 1

Claws (Str+2d6), bite (1d12+2d6)

Fat Tony moves so fast that it is hard to maintain a bead on him. Burst fire suffers a penalty of -4 for each burst fired after the first, rather than -2.

Infection: Anyone taking Wind or at least one Wound from a claw or bite attack (after chips are spent) must make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll or turn into a Famine over the course of the next 24 hours (as per **Wasted West**, pg. 115).

**Immunity:**

All (including magic)

**Weakness:**

Fat Tony can only be killed by something purchased at the Mall of America.

**Coup:**

The character can cure "Famine" infection. This requires a *Spirit* roll (against TN 5) to help anyone infected by Fat Tony himself, or TN 11 against any other victim of Famine infection (**Wasted West**, pg. 15).

### **Goon Cannibals (3)**

These are Fat Tony's lieutenants, who willingly participated in acts of have partaken in the actual act of cannibalism to impress their boss and to gain great power. They've got it, but at the cost of transformation into hideous wendigo-like creatures. They are somewhat weaker than the "standard" cold-weather wendigo, but also lack those creatures' weaknesses.

**Corporeal:** D:2d6, N:2d8, S:3d12, Q:3d8, V:3d10

Dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, sneak 3d8

**Mental:** C:2d10, K:1d6, M:3d10, Sm:1d8, Sp:2d8

Overawe 5d10

**Pace:** 12

**Size:** 10

**Wind:** N/A

**Terror:** 5 (9 with Fear Level)

**Special Abilities:**

Claws (Str+2d6), bite (Str+2d6)

Night Vision (can see in the dark)

**1 Red Chip:** Any player who proves Fat Tony's weakness. This can be given to someone who figures it out based on a *scrutinize* check, or if they figured it out earlier but prove it here for the first time when they get the chance.

*[These chips won't really be handed out as they will have no use after the adventure ends. Still, they are provided here for completeness.]*

**1 Blue Chip:** Each character who participates in the fight and defeats Fat Tony.

**1 Legend Chip:** Per the normal rules if a *tale-tellin* rolls is made.

### **The Aftermath**

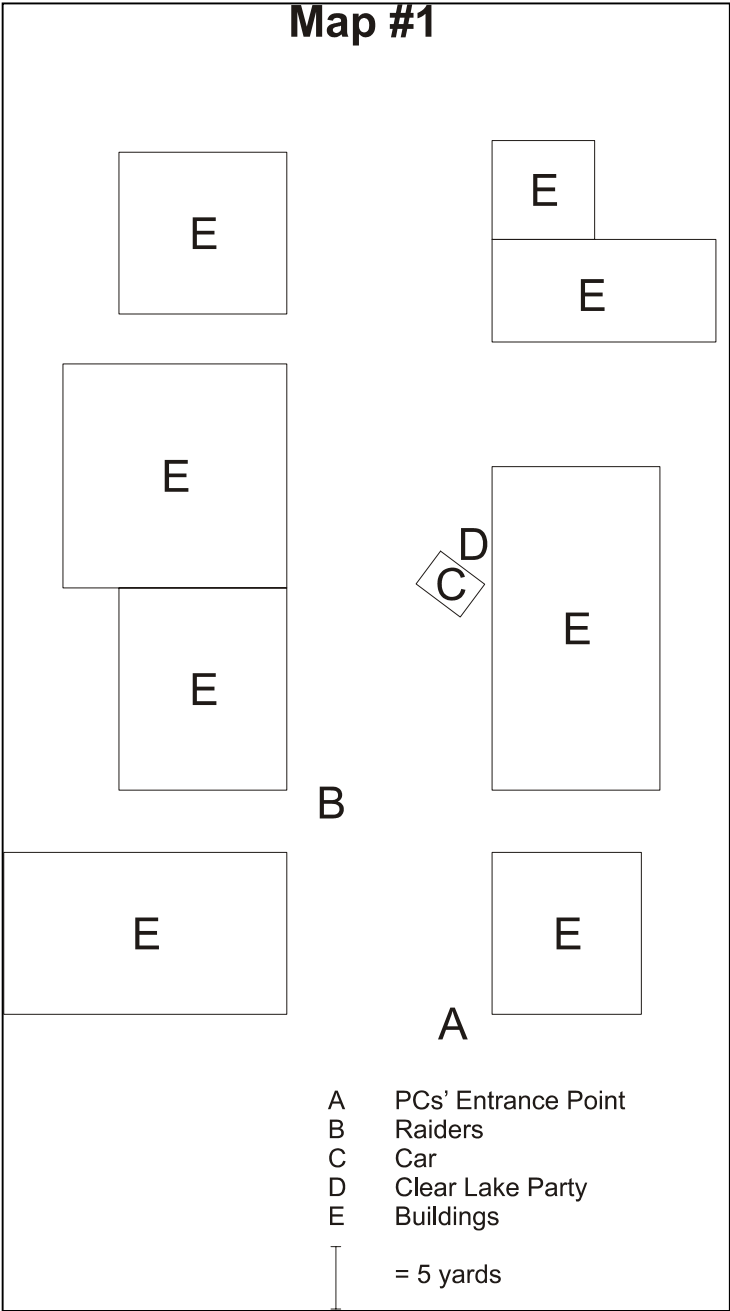
Fat Tony will remain in his rat-human form upon his death, and is just recognizable enough for his identity to be verified. The guards and shopkeepers knew nothing of Fat Tony's true identity or plans. They also don't plan on disputing any reasonable story given by the Templar or Lektor.

It really doesn't matter what the players decide to do about the Mall for the purposes of this scenario. They could try to take it over themselves, although it is unlikely that the Templar (with her oath of poverty) will want to quit the Order and become a mall manager! The Lektor or Syker might want to use the Mall as a base for their respective groups. Feel free to let the players discuss it among themselves, particularly if you have some time remaining.

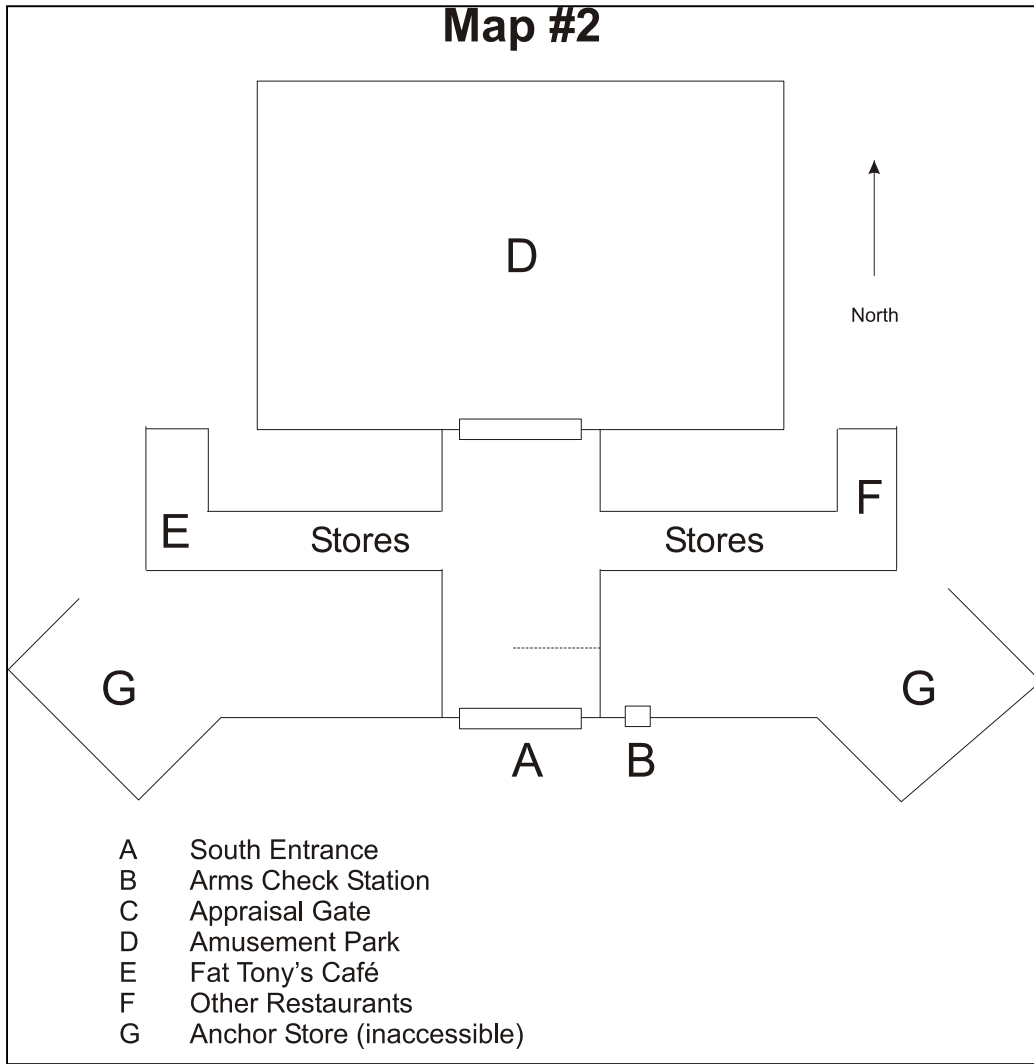
If the player characters have no interest in taking the Mall over, Bev, Eb, and Rick will suggest putting the place under the communal management of all the staff.

**The End**

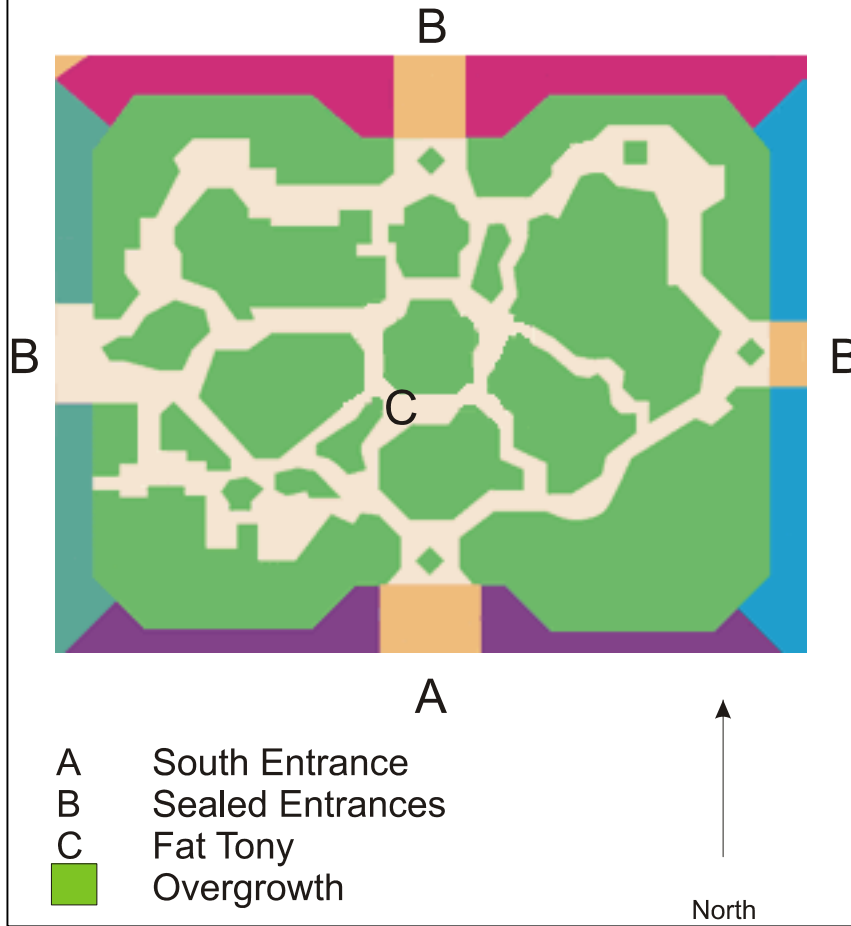
**Map #1**



# Map #2



# Map #3





## Nebefer (Lektor of Amarna)

### Corporeal:

**Deftness:** 1d6

*Shootin': crossbow 4d6*

**Nimbleness:** 2d6

*Climbin' 1d6, fightin': sword 3d6, sneak 1d6*

**Quickness:** 4d6

**Strength:** 3d6

**Vigor:** 2d10

### Mental:

**Cognition:** 2d6

*Scrutinize 2d6, Search 3d6*

**Knowledge:** 4d10

*Academia: occult 4d10, area knowledge: Idaho 2d10, language: English 2d10, medicine 2d10*

**Mien:** 1d8

*Leadership 3d8, overawe 3d8*

**Smarts:** 3d8

**Spirit:** 2d12

*Faith 6d12, guts 4d12*

**Edges:** *Arcane background: lektor 3, child of the atom 2*

**Hindrances:** *Enemy 1: Cult of Doom, heroic 3, oath 3: obey the Holy Writs, ugly as sin*

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 22

Strain: 12

**Miracles:** *Aegis, Altered States, Atomic Blast, ICBM, Powerup, Tolerance, Touch of the Doomsayers*

**Mutations:** Extra head (major mutation: on the back of his head, tends to babble and swear, not much brain)

**Gear:** Sword, crossbow (with 20 bolts), leather armor (-2, all locations), backpack, compass, 50' of rope, tent, 20 days rations, \$25 in salvage

You don't even remember your life before the bombs fell in 2081. You're not concerned: if the sun-god Atum has chosen to wipe your memory, then there must be a good reason. You know only that you were brought in by the priests of Amarna and trained how to use your gifts. Once you had mastered the gifts of the gods, you were commanded to go out and fulfill the gods' destiny.

That was three years ago. For the first year you traveled by yourself, proving you were worthy to be assigned a helot (bodyguard). Major Samantha James was assigned to you and the two of you have traveled the wastes, aiding mutants whenever you could and fighting the abominations that the evil ones, the Reckoners, had unleashed upon the land.

### What You Know About the Others:

Major Samantha James: Your loyal Helot, and an experienced military officer from before the bombs dropped. You have worked closely together for several years, and you would trust her with your life.

Carol Feltus: This Templar, like all her kind, protects only those she deems worthy. You have no problem with this, for you have no sympathy for evil mutants and others that would turn their back on their neighbors. Her Templar abilities have proven useful on many occasions, and she is perhaps the most formidable fighter in the group.

Lungs Black-as-Night: This young woman has powers that can blot out the sun itself! Still, she typically uses her abilities to clean smoke and gas rather than create it, so she doesn't interfere with your own sacred calling to Atum. She is, if anything, even more versatile than you are, and skilled with a bow as well.

Jack Port: This soldier and Syker was one of the ones who stayed behind on Earth when many of his kind were hauled off to Banshee. He represents the old ways, but still he is as devoted to ridding the land of the foul presence of the Reckoners as any Servant of Atum.

Machiste: This human is a scavenger, but one who devotes his skills to the group. There is little about the ruined cities that he does not know, and little within them he cannot find. Until the day when the Gods lift the Chosen Ones up, you will need the services of individuals such as he. Besides, considering how much he travels through the irradiated ruins, he will no doubt be among the Chosen soon enough.

### **Rad Miracles**

*Aegis*: TN 5, Speed 1, 1 Strain + 1/round, Range 5 yards/*faith*: creates wall of force, AV3 +1/raise

*Altered States*: TN *Spirit* of target, Speed 2, 2 Strain, Duration 1d6 rounds/*faith*, Range 5 yards/*faith*: Adds +2 steps to target's *Strength*, *Vigor*, and *Nimbleness*, reduces Knowledge and Smarts to 1d4

*Atomic Blast*: TN 5, Speed 1, 1 Strain, Range 20 yards/*faith*: does d10 damage per success and raise

*ICBM*: TN 5, Speed 2, 3 Strain, Range 100 yards/*faith*: does 3d10 damage + 1d10 per raise

*Powerup*: TN Special, Speed 1 minute, Variable Strain + 1/hour, Range touch: powers up devices that run on electricity (variable TN and Strain depending on size of object)

*Tolerance*: TN 5, Speed 1, 1 Strain, Range touch: gives immunity to most radiation to self and others

*Touch of the Doomsayers*: TN Variable, Speed Variable, Variable Strain, Range touch: healing

## Major Samantha James (Helot of Amarna)

### Corporeal:

**Deftness:**4d10

*Shootin': pistol, rifle 5d10, speed load 2d10, throwin': balanced 2d10*

**Nimbleness:**2d6

*Climbin' 2d6, dodge 2d6, fightin': sword 3d6, sneak 3d6*

**Quickness:**2d12

*Quick draw 3d12*

**Strength:**4d6

**Vigor:**2d10

### Mental:

**Cognition:**3d8

*Scrutinize 2d8, Search 3d8*

**Knowledge:**1d6

*Area knowledge: Idaho 2d6, language: English 2d6, medicine: general 2d6*

**Mien:**2d6

*Overawe 2d6, persuasion 1d6*

**Smarts:**3d6

*Bluff 2d6, scroungin' 2d6*

**Spirit:**1d8

*Guts 4d8 (+ 2)*

**Edges:** *Brave 2, companion (Helot) 1, eagle eyes 1, luck o' the Irish 3*

**Hindrances:** *Big'un: husky 1 (+Size +1, Pace 4), miser 3, vengeful 3*

Pace: 4

Size: 7

Wind: 18

**Mutations:** (major) Body covered in scraggly hair, has useless tail, -4 *persuasion* to members of the same sex, +2 to members of the opposite sex

**Gear:** NA Commando SMG with 2 spare clips, sword, boiled leather pants and shirt (-4 all locations except head), 2 knives (balanced for throwing), backpack, compass, 50' of rope, tent, 20 days rations, \$75 in salvage

You were a military officer before the bombs dropped, and were out in the field during the final days of the War. Your company took a heavy-duty blast of ghost bomb radiation, and many of them died. You were one of the lucky ones. Sort of.

You drifted for several years, until you ended up in Amarna: a mutie colony in Idaho built around ancient Egyptian religion. They were trying to build something out of the ruins, and they needed your help. You signed on. You were never able to master their rad-miracles, but you were a trained fighter. They assigned you as a "helot" (bodyguard) to a variety of rad-priests (lektors). Your most recent assignment has been to Nebefer. The two of you have been together for the last two years, along with other adventurers who travel the Wasted West.

### What You Know About the Others:

Nebefer: Your Hekant, whom the Elders of Amarna assigned you to two years ago. Your job is to act as his bodyguard, but you have saved each others' lives on many occasions. Technically he's your superior, but he's never acted in such a manner.

Carol Feltus: This Templar is a fury in combat, and doesn't take garbage from anyone. She's a terror with a sword and not bad with guns, either. She's got a few Templar-type tricks up her sleeve, but mostly she just likes to wade in and start cutting. You can sympathize with that.

Lungs Black-as-Night: This girl is an Indian, but one who uses some kind of weird spirit magic involving pollution. She can turn into a puff of smoke or levitate. In other words, she's got even weirder powers than your friend and charge, Nebefer.

Jack Port: This old soldier and Syker has been around since well before the Last War began. He's a good fighter with his brain or with a weapon.

Machiste: This guy is a human scavenger who likes to pick up whatever's not fastened down. And sometimes that doesn't stop him either. You wouldn't trust him near Amarna, but out here in the wilderness he's just fine. He's good at finding supplies, and you and Lektor have to eat as much as the next person. He's not the greatest fighter in the world, but he'll hold up his end, so you figure he might as well hang around.

## Carol Feltus (Templar)

### Corporeal:

**Deftness:**4d6

*Shootin': pistol 5d6*

**Nimbleness:**2d10

*Climbin' 2d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': sword 6d10, sneak 3d10*

**Quickness:**3d8

**Strength:**3d6

**Vigor:**4d10

### Mental:

**Cognition:**3d6

*Scrutinize 2d6, Search 3d6*

**Knowledge:**1d6

*Academia: occult 3d6, area knowledge: Minnesota 2d6, disguise 2d6, language: English 2d6, medicine 2d6*

**Mien:**1d6

*Overawe 3d6*

**Smarts:**2d12

*Survival: plains 2d12*

**Spirit:**3d8

*Faith 5d8, guts 4d8*

**Edges:** *Arcane background: templar 3, blessing: St. Earp 3*

**Hindrances:** *Big britches 3, lame 3 (Pace 8), stubborn 2, templar oath 5, Veteran of the Wasted West (disfigured – ugly as sin)*

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 18

**Rewards:** *Armor of the Saints 2 (-2 to all damage), Inner Strength 2 (+2 to all Strength based damage rolls, Lay On Hands 2 (healing, once/day per person), Sixth Sense 2 (TN 9 Cognition roll to sense danger)*

**Gear:** *Sword (+1 to fightin' and quick draw), 2 police pistols (with 2 spare clips), infantry battlesuit (AV 2 for guts, [AV 1 vs. HTH], -4 for arms and legs), backpack, compass, 50' of rope, tent, 20 days rations, \$30 in salvage*

You weren't anything special before the War. An accountant, although your skills in that field have long since atrophied. When the bombs fell, you wandered from place to place across the Wasted West. You had no family, no friends: they had all been wiped out in a flash of green light.

You eventually caught the attention of another Templar when a road gang tried to take you prisoner and you fought back with a stolen shotgun. Deciding you were worthy, the Templar, a woman named Jo, took you under her wing and brought you to Boise and the Templars' HQ. There she presented you to Simon, the head of the order. Seeking a new path, you vowed to serve the cause of the Templars. After a year of testing, you were accepted into their Order. Now, you travel the wastelands protecting those who are worthy of the Templars' services.

While the life of a Templar is often a hard one that requires hard choices, you have traveled with others. There is strength in numbers, and not even a Templar can do everything. You are not particularly harsh in choosing who is "worthy," but even if you were, they have proven themselves many times over.

### **What You Know About the Others:**

Nebefer: This mutie ain't a Doomsayer rad-priest, but rather some kind of priest of the Sun-God Atum (whoever that is), working out of the mutant town of Amarna. You've been working with him for a while: he's kinda weird, but fights the good fight and is as good with miracles as a purple-rober.

Major Samantha James: This woman works for Nebefer: apparently she's his bodyguard or something. She's a good fighter, and a decent soldier. She's a decent straight-up fighter: no Templar, but then again, who is? You'd trust her at your back.

Lungs Black-as-Night: This girl's some kind of Indian shaman, who uses pollution spirits. She's got a whole array of weird powers that would put a Doomsayer or Syker to shame. She's got somewhat of an attitude, but you usually don't have arguments with her about who is "worthy" and who isn't: she's more concerned with cleaning up pollution.

Jack Port: You've never been too fond of Sykers, but whatever works. The guy's alright: he can blast away with his fire-based Syker powers, and use a gun when he has to. He can protect himself, which means you don't have to.

Machiste: This creep is some kind of scavvie. Still, he claims he wants to help people rather than hurt them, and you suppose that the dead don't have a lot of use for the kind of stuff he picks up. You don't need a whole lot yourself, but he's often been able to lead your group to useful stuff. You're more content to cut up anybody who can get in your way, but this guy is a good talker, too. Sometimes even you can't solve everything with a sword.

## Lungs Black-as-Night (Smog Shaman)

### Corporeal:

**Deftness:**2d10

*Bow 4d10, throwin': balanced 2d10*

**Nimbleness:**1d8

*Climbin' 2d8, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin', staff 3d8, sneak 3d8*

**Quickness:**4d6

**Strength:**3d6

**Vigor:**4d10

### Mental:

**Cognition:**3d8

*Scrutinize 1d8, Search 2d8*

**Knowledge:**1d6

*Academia: occult 3d6, area knowledge: Sioux Nation 2d6, language: English 2d6*

**Mien:**2d6

*Persuasion 2d6*

**Smarts:**1d8

*Ridicule 3d8, survival: urban 2d8*

**Spirit:**2d12

*Faith: toxic spirits 6d12, guts 4d12*

**Edges:** *Arcane background: toxic shaman 3, poisoned 1, toxic guardian: smog 5* (provide immunity or strain, or: white chip: +4 to missile weapons; red chip: creates a small whirlwind for a -4 penalty; blue chip: creates a 5 yard diameter toxic cloud)

**Hindrances:** *Ailin': minor (from Poisoned), big britches 3, big mouth 3, intolerance: corrupters 1, lycin' eyes 3*

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 22

Strain: 12

**Favors:** *Cleanse, coffin nails, gas form, guiding wind, immunity: smog, lighter than air, luck, smoker's cough*

**Gear:** Bow (w/30 arrows), light leather armor (-2 damage to arms and legs), staff with a small fan w/batteries, 2 gallons of spook juice, gas mask, pack of cigarettes, backpack, compass, 50' of rope, tent, 20 days rations, \$50 in salvage

You grew up before the War, in a family that worked in the Coyote Confederation. Mom and Dad were exposed to high levels of pollution working in the factories. So manipulating spirit energies just came natural to you. Then the bombs dropped and the Confederation became even more of a mess than ever. Your family was killed in the riots afterwards, leaving you on your own.

At least that's what you thought. Then you started to hear the spirits call out to you. You discovered they liked pollution, particularly smoke and toxic gases. So you started to feed them. Turns out they like to feed on the pollution on Earth, and you can give it to them in spades. In return, they grant you some wicked favors and stuff.

Keeping the smog spirits happy is hard work, so you've teamed up with some buddies. You're not big on this whole good-vs.-evil "Reckoner" thing, but you know that your spirits and their opposing "corrupter" spirits want to turn the whole world into a wasteland like the Coyote Confederation, and you don't want that. Sometimes your buddies help you out with your stuff: sometime you help them out with theirs. It all works out in the end.

### **What You Know About the Others:**

Nebefer: Some kind of mutant priest. He's always going on about Egyptian gods and their plans for the Earth. Your spirits have never mentioned anything about them, so maybe he's just nuts. Who knows? He's an okay guy, and even if he's just a deluded Doomsayer, he's got the power to toast enemies and heal you up.

Major Samantha James: This woman works for Nebefer: apparently she's his bodyguard or something. She's a stand-up fighter, and helps out when you can. She's kinda ugly, what with the fur and all. She looks like a drowned cat even when she's dry. Still, you deal with polluted nature spirits, so who are you to judge?

Carol Feltus: This woman's been around for a while. She's a Templar, and a pretty mean one. She's a "Charge!" sort of fighter and her sword's got its own kind of magic. You don't always get along, but you don't have much problem with her overall.

Jack Port: This old guy has some powers of his own: he's a Syker. He likes to make things burn, which often gives off a lot of smoke. That usually means that you can keep your smog spirits happy. Heck, one of these days he'll probably attract one of his own. He says he hasn't seen any on him yet, though.

Machiste: This guy's a scavenger that latched on to your group. He's kind of a creep, but good at finding spook juice and cigarettes: your two daily essential items. As long as he's willing to share, you don't have a problem if he picks up a little extra on the side. What's he going to spend it on?

### **Toxic Favors**

*Cleanse*: TN 9, Speed 1 minute/cubic foot, 1 Strain per 10 cubic feet, Range touch: removes pollution

*Coffin nails*: TN 5, Speed 2, 2 Strain, Range 10 yards/*faith*: 2d8 AP2 missiles

*Gas form*: TN 7, Speed 3, 4 Strain, lasts one hour, Range self: turn self into a cloud of gas

*Guiding wind*: TN 5, Speed 1, 2 Strain plus 1/round, Range self: gives +2 to hit with thrown weapons and arrows, +1 per raise

*Immunity: smog*: TN 5, Speed 1, 1 Strain + 1/5 minutes, Range self: immunity to all airborne toxins

*Lighter than air*: TN 7, Speed 2, 3 Strain + 1/minute, Range self: allows Shaman to float/levitate

*Luck*: TN 9, Speed 1, 3 Strain, Range self: gives a white, red, or blue chip on a success and 1-2 raises, respectively, to use on next action

*Smoker's cough*: TN 5, 2+ Strain, Speed 3, Range 20 yards/*faith*: creates a sphere that anyone within must make TN 7 *Vigor* checks to avoid coughing



## Jack Port (Earth Syker)

### Corporeal:

**Deftness:** 1d8

*Shootin': rifle 4d8*

**Nimbleness:** 1d6

*Climbin' 1d6, drivin': cars 3d6, dodge 2d6, fightin': brawlin', knife: 3d6, sneak 4d6*

**Quickness:** 4d10

**Strength:** 2d6

**Vigor:** 2d10

### Mental:

**Cognition:** 2d6

*Scrutinize 3d6, Search 2d6*

**Knowledge:** 2d12

*Academia: occult 3d12, area knowledge: Minnesota 2d12, blastin' 6d12, language: English 2d6*

**Mien:** 3d8

*Overawe 4d8*

**Smarts:** 3d6

*Scroungin' 3d6, survival: urban 3d6*

**Spirit:** 4d6

*Guts 4d6*

**Edges:** *Additional powers 2, arcane background: syker 3, overkill 3 (spend chips for increased damage and backlash), steel-trap mind 5, Veteran of the Wasted West (forsaken)*

**Hindrances:** *Cautious 3, forsaken (your Veteran handicap – you can never benefit from helpful magic), heroic 5, stubborn 2*

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Strain: 13

**Specialty:** Pyrokinesis

**Powers:** *Arson, brain blast, chameleon, detonate, fireproof, force field, pyro, telekinesis*

**Gear:** SA Assault Rifle (30 rounds of ammo), leather armor (-2 damage to arms and legs), knife, backpack, compass, 50' of rope, tent, 20 days rations, \$32 in salvage

The Northern Alliance Army was your life. They took you in off the streets, determined you had a knack for using mental powers, and trained you how to use them. Then they give you the standard military training as well and sent you off to some god-forsaken corners of the earth to fight for truth, justice, and the American way.

By the time the whole Banshee thing rolled around, you were already too old to be sent off. So you didn't get sent off with the lucky ones. You had to stay on earth fighting against folks with guns and bombs, not a bunch of natives with pointy sticks.

So you were on Earth when the Last War broke out. You were out in the field down near Oklahoma fighting it out against the Southern boys when the bombs started dropping. Cities were the target, not small groups of men in the field. You were unscathed, but there wasn't really much to come back to.

So you struck out on your own. You had a few fellow Sykers with you over the years, but they all bought it one way or the other. Through sheer determination you're the only survivor of your original company. So you've joined up with some other non-Syker types. You're still fighting the enemy, but it ain't North vs. South any more. It's humanity vs. the Reckoners, and you plan on winning.

### **What You Know About the Others:**

Nebefer: Some kind of mutant priest. He's not a Doomsayer, but belongs to some other faction that thinks the Earth was irradiated by some Egyptian gods. Whatever. He's a decent fighter, and his bodyguard is good as well. Nebefer's about as good with mass destruction as you are, and that suits you just fine.

Major Samantha James: This woman works for Nebefer: apparently she's his bodyguard. Although her and Nebefer keep calling her a "Helot," whatever that is. She was apparently some kind of soldier-regular before the war. She doesn't have any special abilities, but she's a good fighter and that's all that really matters as far as you're concerned.

Carol Feltus: This woman's one of the new breed of Templars, or Knights, or whatever they call themselves, that popped up after the war. She only goes around fighting to help what she calls the "worthy", and that's fine with you. You don't see any reason to be protecting anyone that can't stand on their own either.

Lungs Black-as-Night: This young gal's some kind of Indian out of the Coyote Confederation. You lost a few men to Coyote snipers during the Last War, but you doubt she had anything to do with it. She's some kind of shaman who summons smoke spirits. She likes to hang around you for some reason or another, and keeps asking if you've been seeing ghosts out of the corner of your eye. Weird.

Machiste: This guy is some kind of looter, you guess. Well, he was: he looks to have cleaned up his act since he joined up with your group. He's a good talker, and useful for finding stuff, so you put up with him. He's the kind of guy you probably would have shot before the Last War, but these days beggars can't be choosers.

### **Toxic Favors**

*Arson*: TN 7, Speed 1 minute, 3 Strain, Range 10 yards/level: 2d10 damage fireball, diameter = *Spirit* die type

*Brain Blast*: TN 5, Speed 1, 1 Strain, Range 10 yards/level: does damage equal to Syker's *Spirit*

*Chameleon*: TN 9, Speed 1, 1 Strain, lasts with concentration, Range self: remains invisible while immobile

*Detonate*: TN 5/11, Speed 2, 2 Strain, Range 20 yards/level: detonates flammable and explosive devices

*Fireproof*: TN 5, Speed 1, 1 Strain + 1/minute, Range self: immunity to fire

*Force Field*: TN 5, Speed 1, 1 Strain + 1/round, Range self: subtracts five points of damage per success & raise

*Pyro*: TN 5, Speed 1, 2 Strain + 1/round, Range 10 yards/level: starts fires, does 3d6 damage

*Telekinesis*: TN 5, Strain : Special, Speed 5, Range 20 yards/level: Can move things mentally

## Machiste (Scavenger)

### Corporeal:

**Deftness:** 1d6

*Filchin' 2d6, lockpickin' 3d6, shootin': pistol 3d6*

**Nimbleness:** 2d10

*Climbin' 3d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin', knife: 3d10, sneak 3d10*

**Quickness:** 3d6

**Strength:** 4d6

**Vigor:** 3d8

### Mental:

**Cognition:** 4d10

*Search 3d10*

**Knowledge:** 1d8

*Area knowledge: Minnesota 2d8, language: English 2d8*

**Mien:** 2d6

**Smarts:** 2d12

*Bluff 2d12, gamblin' 2d12, ridicule 3d12, scroungin' 5d12, streetwise 3d12, survival: urban 2d12, tinkerin' 2d12*

**Spirit:** 2d6

*Guts 4d6*

**Edges:** *Keen 3*

**Hindrances:** *Ailin': chronic (the glows) 3, curious 3, greedy 2, stubborn 2*

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

**Gear:** S&W Model 683 .44 magnum (with 30 rounds), crowbar (STR+1d8 damage), knife, backpack, compass, 50' of rope, tent, 20 days rations, \$150 in salvage

You're just a guy trying to make a living on the streets of Minneapolis. You were known as the guy who could get anything, but competition was fierce. You didn't have much before the bombs dropped. But you were sure as heck determined to hold on to as much as you could afterwards.

Fortunately, you had all the skills you needed to get by: a keen eye for spotting something valuable and enough ability to grab it and hold on to it. Still, what were you going to do with it? You'd seen a lot of stuff crawling around in the ruins: creatures straight out of Hell. So you figured that maybe you'd better link up with someone who could help you out, and you could help them out, and maybe some day things would be back to normal...with your pockets a lot fuller. Good guys are always grateful.

### What You Know About the Others:

**Nebefer:** You've had to hack and shoot your way past more than your fair share of muties. Even by good-guy mutie standards, this one's kinda weird. He doesn't wear green or purple robes: just talks a lot about how the gods of Egypt have placed him and his kind upon the earth. Still, he's got some heavy-duty rad-miracles and fights the good fight, so you're not going to argue.

**Major Samantha James:** This woman works for Nebefer: apparently she's some kind of bodyguard for him. She was some kind of soldier before the war who caught a faceful of radiation and looks like she does now: covered with scraggly fur and a useless tail. She's a good fighter, though, and loyal to her boss.

**Carol Feltus:** This woman seems to think she's some kind of knight in shining armor: without the shining armor. She's one nasty piece of work, but then again, so are you. She only seems to help those she thinks are worthy, and

under normal circumstances she probably wouldn't consider you as such. Still, she's not the most sociable type in the world, so your own "people skills" are useful to her.

Lungs Black-as-Night: This girl's some weird kind of Indian shaman out of the old Coyote Confederation. These days that place is covered in pollution, and apparently she picked up a few tricks from there. She can do smog and smoke-type miracles. She's useful, although kind of strange.

Jack Port: This guy's one of those mind-ripper types: a Syker. He's a soldier too, and half the time he acts like you're some kind of looter. The nerve! Still, you don't try to steal too much while he's around. Like with the Templar, Carol, he ain't too good with people, so he tolerates you because you're good and can find stuff for him.