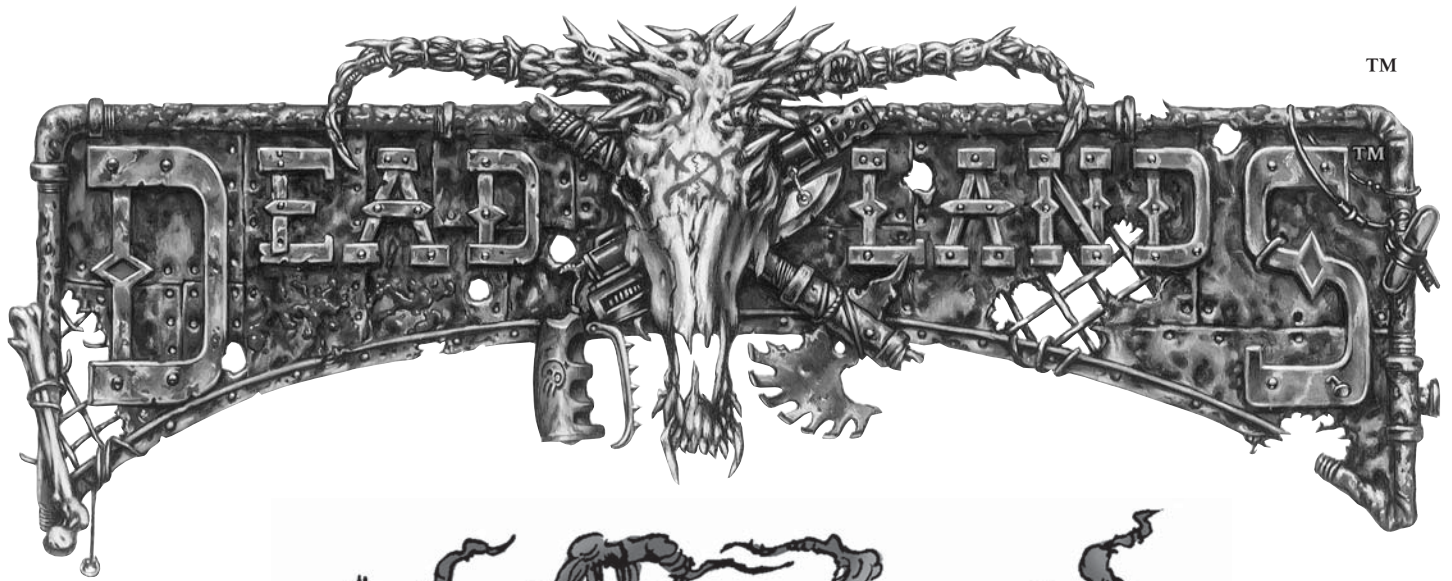


Horrors of the Wasted West



Aaron Acevedo & Aaron Rosenberg





TM



A Willow Wright. See page 90.

Horrors of the Wasted WestTM

By Aaron Acevedo and Aaron Rosenberg

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Horrors of the Wasted West

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Dedicated to: Teller, who will one day rule over the wastes. All hail our Wasteland Warlord!

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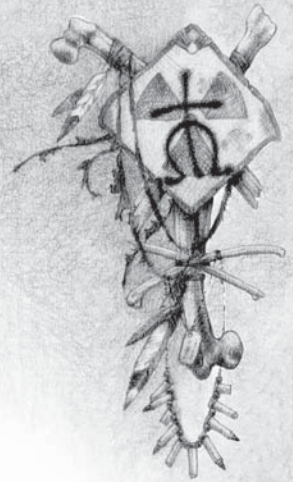
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Horrors of the Wasted West

Alexander 9000

Large Construct (Undead)

Hit Dice: 18d10 (99 hp)

Initiative: -2 (-2 Dex)

Speed: 150 ft.

AC: 33 (-1 size, -2 Dex, +25 Armor)

Hardness: 20 (all around, except bottom: hardness 15)

Attacks: Slam +23 melee, 3 machine-guns +23 ranged, cannon +23 ranged

Damage: Slam 2d10+11, machine-guns 2d10, cannon 6d20 (BR 20)

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 10 ft./10 ft.

Special Attacks: —

Special Qualities: Armor, Auto-targeters, Sensors, Gear, Construct, Undead, Fearless, Immunity

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +8

Abilities: Str 35, Dex 6, Con —, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 16

Skills: Knowledge (warfare) +17, Knowledge (tactics) +17, Knowledge (military history) +17, Intimidate +12, Language (Greek) +8, Listen +18, Search +10, Spot +18

Feats: Artillery Weapon Proficiency, Automatic Weapon Proficiency, Firearms Proficiency, Multiattack

Climate/Terrain: Any land

Organization: Unique

Challenge Rating: 15

Treasure: —

Alignment: Neutral

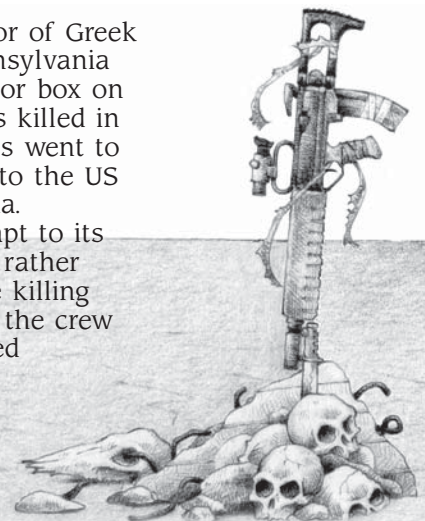
Advancement: —

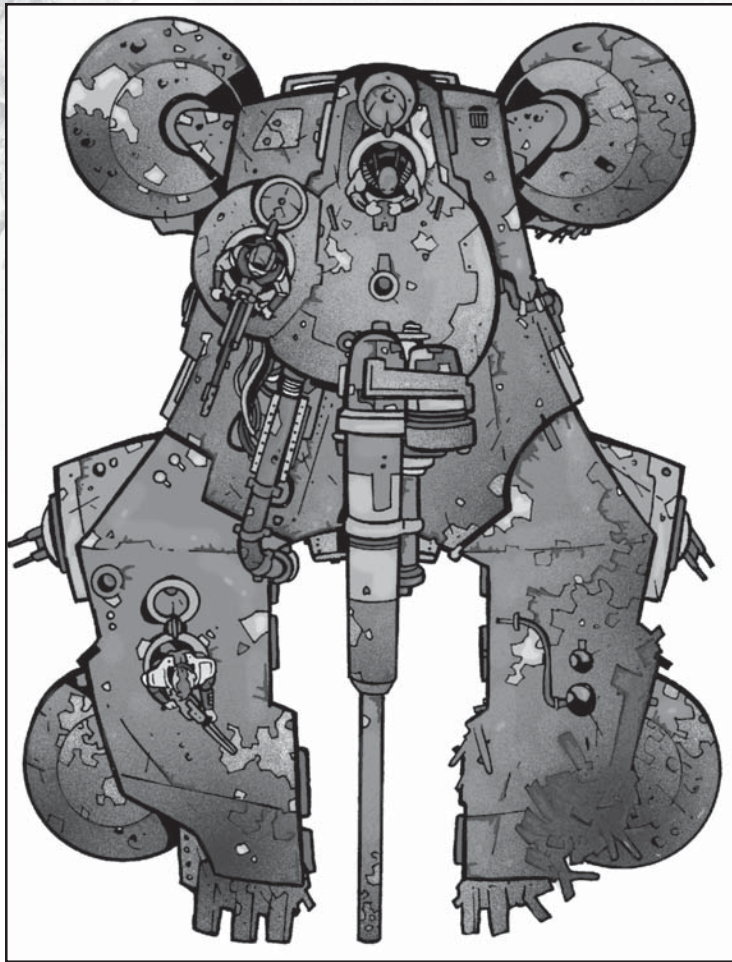
Originally, this vehicle was a one-of-a-kind prototype built as part of the US Army's cyborg program. The Army had been experimenting with using the same technology used to make cyborgs to make cyborg combat vehicles.

Most of these attempts failed because the Harrowed human brains implanted in the vehicles simply couldn't adjust to their new "bodies," quickly went insane, and were destroyed. The brain of Samuel Wilkins, however, was another matter; his grey matter took to the tank like a duck to water.

Wilkin was a college professor of Greek history at the University of Pennsylvania who had checked the organ donor box on his driver's license. When he was killed in a car accident his internal organs went to waiting patients; his brain went to the US Army's testing facility in Montana.

Wilkin's brain was able to adapt to its alien body and he found that he rather liked being a nearly unstoppable killing machine. He got along well with the crew assigned to him, and often played computer games with the tank's





commander. His favorite, of course, was Great Battles of Alexander 4.

On Judgment Day, a ghost-rock bomb hit the facility where the tank was stored. The hardened bunker protected the vehicle from the worst of the blast, but it did experience some system malfunctions. When the tank came back on-line, Wilkins was convinced that he was Alexander the Great reincarnated and that it was his destiny to conquer the world.

The Alexander 9000 has gathered a following of roughly 20 soldiers, which it refers to as its Immortals. They scrounge up fuel, ammo, and parts for the tank and will form the core of its army once it puts its plans for world domination into action.

The Alexander 9000 is a modified Schwartzkopf M4A8 amphibious tank. It has a matte black paint job; one of the Immortals has painted the turret to resemble a large skull.

Combat

The Alexander 9000 has an arsenal at its disposal, literally. Besides having full control over one of the most advanced military combat machines ever made, Wilkin's possesses an uncanny knack for tactics and strategy. He can be counted on to surprise and outthink any but the most competent of opponents.

Armor: The Alexander 9000 receives a +25 to its AC for armor plating.

Auto-targeters: The Alexander 9000 gets a +4 to all ranged attack rolls.

Sensors: The optical, aural, and motion sensors of the Alexander 9000 give it a +8 bonus to Listen and Spot checks.

Gear: Cannon (125mm; fixed mount turret; 360° arc; Shots: 20; Burst Radius 20; Damage: 6d20), 3 NA SAW machine-guns (5.56 cal; 1 fixed mount turret, 1 ring mount turret, 1 articulated bow; Shots: 60 each; Critical: 19-20 x2; Damage: 2d10)

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Fearless: The Alexander 9000 never suffers from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources.

Construct: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, disease, and similar effects. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Immunity: The Alexander 9000 is immune to all spells, spell-like abilities, and supernatural effects, except as follows. An electricity effect slows it (as the *slow* spell for 1d4 rounds (a successful Fortitude save negates this effect) and Nuclear powers affect it normally.

Vehicular Statistics:

MPG: 3

Gas Tank: 150 gallons

Engine: Gas Turbine

Passengers: 5 (+8 exterior)

Beaded Horror

Huge Beast

Hit Dice: 9d10+45 (94 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 40ft., burrow 10ft.

AC: 22 (-2 Size, +2 Dex, +12 natural)

Attacks: Bite +12 melee, 2 claws +7 melee

Damage: Bite 2d8+8, claw 2d6+4

Face/Reach: 10ft. by 20ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: Breath Weapon, Improved Grab, Poison, Trample

Special Qualities: Burrow

Saves: Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +4

Abilities: Str 27, Dex 15, Con 20, Int 7
Wis 13, Cha 6

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Skills: Jump +12, Listen +6, Spot +6
Feats: Sand
Climate/Terrain: Desert, underground bunkers
Organization: Solitary or group (1-4)
Challenge Rating: 9
Treasure: None
Alignment: Always Neutral
Advancement: 10-16 HD (Huge); 17-27 HD (Gargantuan)

The beaded horror is a mutated form of gila monster, a squat-bodied, highly pugnacious lizard common throughout the deserts of the southwest. It's the closest thing the Wasted West has to a dragon (if you don't count the maze dragons, of course).

These creatures are most often found in abandoned bunkers, most likely due to their appetite for gunpowder and other explosives. They seek out caches of such materials and lair around their favorite food source.

Considering the beaded horror's voracious appetite, cunning, and fiery breath, it's a wonder (and a boon) that they haven't wandered closer to civilization.

Combat

Beaded horrors are vicious, potent creatures capable of rending victims with their wicked claws, crushing victims beneath their massive bulk or in their powerful jaws, and spewing gouts of fire.

Trample: A beaded horror can trample Medium-size or smaller creatures for 4d8+8 points of damage. Opponents who do not make attacks of opportunity against the beaded horror can attempt a Reflex save (DC 22) to halve the damage.

Improved Grab: To use this ability, a beaded dragon must hit with its bite attack. If it gets a hold, it deals automatic bite damage each round the hold is maintained.

Poison: A beaded horror's saliva acts as a weak poison. Bite, Fortitude save (DC 14); initial and secondary damage 1d4 temporary Strength.

Breath Weapon: If the poisonous bite and the raking claws weren't bad enough, these critters can belch up gouts of fire—a by-product of eating gunpowder. Each critter has enough boom dust in its gullet to eject 3 shots before having to eat more gunpowder. This breath weapon blasts forth as a 40-ft cone of fire, doing 9d10 points of damage (DC 22).

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This ability comes with a dangerous side effect; beaded horrors have an acute weakness toward fire or heat-based attacks. If successfully hit by any such attacks, the creature must make a successful Fortitude save (DC 22) or the gunpowder in its gullet explodes in a 15-foot burst of fire, doing 3d10 points of damage to everyone within range for each unspent shot of fire.

Burrow: Beaded horrors can tunnel through earth or concrete at its burrow speed, and through metal at half of its burrow speed.

Battle Hound

Medium-size Construct/Animal (Undead)

Hit Dice: 5d8+5 (34 hp)

Initiative: +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved initiative)

Speed: 50ft.

AC: 20 (+2 Dex, +8 armor)

Attacks: Bite +9 melee, 2 claws +4 melee, chaingun +7 ranged (patrol model), plasma rifle +7 ranged (patrol model)

Damage: Bite 1d6+1, claws 1d6+1, chaingun 4d8, plasma rifle 4d10

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

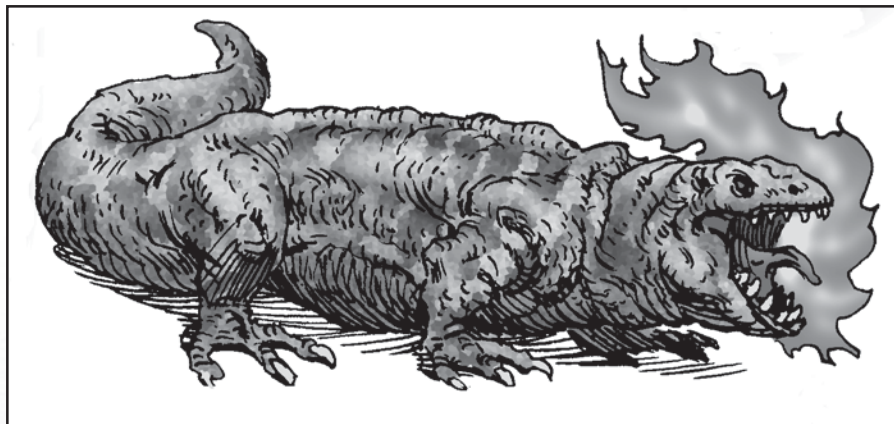
Special Attacks: Self Destruct

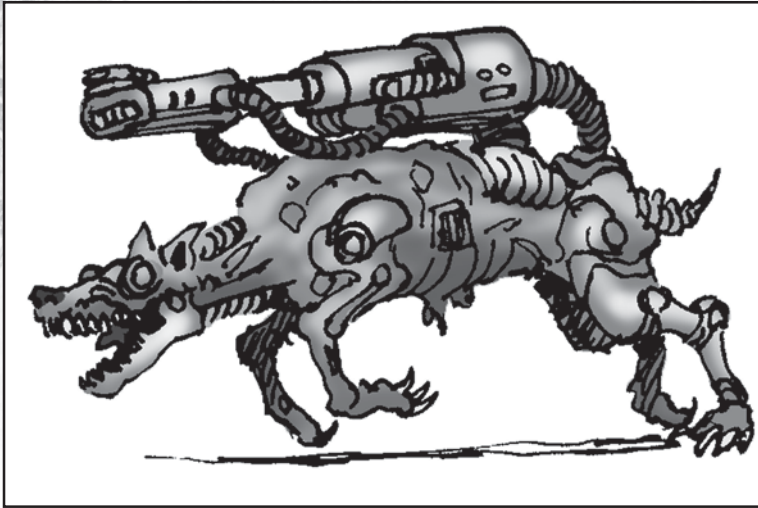
Special Qualities: Artificial Intelligence, Darkvision 120ft., Sensors, Hive Mind, Reconstruction, Camouflage (patrol model), Fearless, Construct

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +1

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 7, Wis 12, Cha 10

Skills: Gather Information +12, Hide +8, Listen +12, Move Silently +6, Spot +12, Wilderness Lore +12





Feats: Improved Initiative
Climate/Terrain: Any Combine territory
Organization: Solitary or pack (3-5)
Challenge Rating: 6
Treasure: None
Alignment: Always Neutral
Advancement: 6-10 HD (Large)

As territory under the Combine's direct control grew, Throckmorton began looking for a way to patrol his growing kingdom that wouldn't put too much of a strain on his limited fuel reserves.

Foot patrols of Black Hats were all well and good, but they could only cover so much territory, and they were increasingly needed to fight the growing resistance at the edges of the General's expanding empire.

Some experimentation showed that the same technology that was used to make Harrowed cyborgs could be used in animals. This led to the development of a new line of cybernetic patrol animals. These enhanced animals can patrol 24 hours a day, never need to eat (unless damaged), and are completely fearless—more than can be said of the rabble that become Black Hats.

Like humans, dogs can't handle bodies that are vastly different from those they had in life; so most cyber pooches retain a goodly portion of their original bodies under all of their armor. Infiltrator hounds (see below) are still mostly original doggie parts.

All battle hounds are equipped with an AI that rides herd on the animal and analyzes all of the data it collects before

transmitting the information back to the AI in Denver. Although rudimentary compared to the AIs used to control human cyborgs, these computers make the hounds much smarter than your average dog.

All hounds also possess a military-grade radio with a range of 100 miles (on a good day). It uses this to relay reports back to the AI in Denver and to communicate with others of its kind and nearby Black Hat patrols. It can also transmit a direct video feed from its sensors to these patrols, allowing them to see what it does.

Patrol Models

The battle hound looks like a sleek, canine robot, somewhat like a mechanical greyhound the size of a large mastiff. It has long steel claws, sharp, jagged teeth, and glowing, red receptor eyes.

Incorporated into its head and body are suites of sensors which provide the beast with enhanced senses, including thermal imaging, the ability to detect the vibration of a heartbeat from a distance, and a superior sense of smell.

The early hounds were armed with only razor-sharp, titanium claws and teeth, but later models have been trained to use either the HI Hellblazer chaingun, or a plasma rifle that operates off of the dog's internal power supply. The early models were also painted a flat gray, but newer versions have been given an elaborate camouflage scheme.

Patrol models scour the Colorado countryside in search of unwanted interlopers. Once a battle hound spots a hostile party it may attack or radio for backup depending on the AI's assessment of the situation.

Infiltrator Models

Throckmorton also had an infiltration version of the hounds built. These creatures look for all the world like a living, breathing dog, but underneath they are a mixture of undead canine and the latest in robotics.

Throckmorton uses these against the resistance movement that has sprung up in the territory held by the Combine. These hounds are released into the wild and left to work their way into the good graces of survivor settlements in occupied territory. Once there, they monitor activity in the town and transmit video of any suspicious activities back to Denver.

Combat

Battle hounds play tricks on their victims, lay ambushes, and use simple tactics when operating with other cyber-dogs. They attack with their ranged

weapons until engaged in melee, and then fight fiercely with the teeth and claws.

Artificial Intelligence (AI): In addition to increased intelligence, the AI is also capable of recording and transmitting audio and video. Battle hounds gain a racial bonus of +8 to all Gather Information checks.

Self-Destruct: When a battle hound is put down, it explodes, showering everyone within a 60-foot radius with 6d10 points of damage from the blast, shrapnel, and fiery debris. Creatures caught in the blast can attempt Reflex saves (DC 19) to take half damage.

Sensors: The optical, aural, and olfactory sensors of the battle hound give it a +8 racial bonus to Listen and Spot checks. Their sensors also provide a +8 racial bonus to Wilderness Lore checks when used for tracking.

Hive Mind: The creature is in constant contact with all other hounds within a 100-mile radius.

Reconstruction: Every pound of meat a battle hound wolfs down heals 1d6 points of damage. It does not need to sleep to rest to receive this healing, although it does not take effect until one hour after the flesh is consumed.

Camouflage: The battle hound's paint scheme gives it a +4 racial bonus on all Hide checks.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Fearless: Battle Hounds never suffer from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources. They fight until destroyed.

Construct: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, disease, and similar effects. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Blast Shadow

Medium Aberration

Hit Dice: 3d8 (14 hp)

Initiative: +9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 50ft.

AC: 16 (+5 Dex)

Attacks: Bite +4 melee

Damage: Bite 1d10

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Entangle

Special Qualities: SR 16, Darkvision 120', Immunity, Weakness

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +10, Will +7

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Abilities: Str 20, Dex 18, Con 20, Int 14, Wis 14, Char 12

Skills: Hide +20, Listen +6, Move Silently +20, Search +6, Spot +10

Feats: Improved Initiative, Toughness

Climate/Terrain: Wasted West

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 5


Treasure: None

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Advancement: 4 to 9 HD

Coup: A Harrowed who drains a blast shadow's essence gains the ability to turn into shadow once per day. In this form, the Harrowed is two-dimensional and cannot be harmed except by magic and by light, but is incapable of doing damage except with magic or unarmed attacks. This form lasts 1d6 rounds, though the Harrowed can revert to normal before that, if so desired.





Those caught in the full brunt of a bomb explosion—right at ground zero—are vaporized instantly, but the force of the attack burns their very outlines into the ground or buildings around them, creating charred outlines caught in terror-stricken poses. Unfortunately, when the ghost-rock bombs exploded during the Last War, not all of those people died completely. Some were kept partially alive by the Reckoners, transformed into evil versions of their own outlines, existing only to share their own pain and terror with others.

These creatures, called blast shadows or outliners, creep across the Wasted West in search of victims. They appear as shadows or two-dimensional outlines if their own bodies had been traced with charcoal. Each outliner can clearly be identified in terms of its original gender, size, weight, and even what it was wearing (long coat, hat, etc.).

Outliners seek out people whose gender, size, and shape match their own. Once they've located a suitable victim, they hang back, blending with normal shadows to observe the individual and waiting until the person lies down for the night. Then the outliner strikes. It charges its victim, leaping at the last second and “landing” right where the target lies. It then assumes the same position as its victim, so that it is blended with the victim's own shadow. Then it starts to feed.

An outliner literally devours its victim, and draws strength with every wound it inflicts. As the victim takes more damage, the outliner slowly begins to creep onto the person, engulfing him or her in darkness—to a bystander it looks as if the person's own shadow is growing around the individual like a monstrous black cocoon. Eventually the person is completely engulfed, as if covered in a sooty black blanket. After that, the “blanket” begins to flatten, as the outliner strips away its victim's flesh and substance, sinking down until only the shadow remains. Outliners always save the shadow for last, and sometimes carry these around for several hours, as if to pretend they still have solidity themselves. But finally even that is devoured, and only the outliner remains, searching for another victim.

Combat

Outliners are two-dimensional, and cannot leave whatever surface they're on unless they migrate to a connected surface—an outliner can run along the floor and then slide up the wall, but it cannot step free of the wall and attack. Thus the outliner has a very limited range—it usually waits in shadow until its target is lying down or pressed up against the wall, then attacks.

Entangle: Upon its first successful attack, the outliner oozes over its victim, entangling the person. The individual is considered flatfooted in terms of AC, and is at a -4 to all attacks. Breaking free is an opposed Strength roll. If the victim does break free, the outliner can attempt to entangle again with each successful attack, unless the victim stands up or steps away, breaking contact.

Spell Resistance: Outliners are partially immune to most spells, and have an innate spell resistance of 16.

Immunity: Outliners take only half-damage from slashing and piercing weapons. Bludgeoning weapons do full damage.

Weakness: Outliners are susceptible to bright light. Light does not cause any actual damage, but it will daze the outliner for 1d4 rounds, and cause it to release any entangled victims.

Bloatbelly

Medium-size Aberration

Hit Dice: 2d8 (9 hp)

Initiative: +2 (+2 Dex)

Speed: 20ft.

AC: 12 (+2 Dex)

Attacks: 2 claws +3 melee, bite -2 melee

Damage: Claws 1d4+2, bite 1d3+1

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Breath Weapon, Poison

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft.

Saves: Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +5

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 7

Wis 14, Cha 5

Skills: Listen, +7, Spot +7

Feats: Alertness

Climate/Terrain: Any settled territory

Organization: Feelers (3-4) or group (33-60)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Advancement: 3-6 HD (Medium-size)

Famine created bloatbellies as a partner to her more prominent followers, the faminites. While faminites operated directly against the human body, bloatbellies take a more tangential approach by destroying food supplies. The gas they carry is



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designed to ruin crops and stored foodstuffs; the fact that it eats through human flesh is just an added bonus.

While humanoid in appearance, bloatbellies could never be mistaken for men. Their skeletal arms are long and distended—like an ape's—ending in a trio of sharp-tipped claws. Their heads are fanged skulls, their eye sockets filled with an eerie blue glow.

They move in large groups (3d10+30), searching for prosperous townships (a relative term in the Wasted West) to destroy. Their attacks begin with “feelers”, small groups of three or four who infiltrate the town and try to cause as much havoc as they can. When they have been dispatched, the defenders tend to relax.

That's when the main body attacks: dozens of bloatbellies, swarming over walls and bunkers like rats. Victory in battle is not their objective. They seek only food to desecrate, to leave ruined and push the town towards the brink of starvation. Unprepared communities often won't realize their goals until it's too late.

The gas in a bloatbelly's gut is extremely poisonous, and spreads out in a wide cloud from the slightest puncture. They can breathe their toxin through their mouths, too, and secrete it along their teeth and fingernails as well. Any food coming into contact with it is destroyed, even canned goods.

Luckily, the bloatbellies never use weapons and they can be killed from a distance by anyone with a gun and a little caution. The creatures rarely travel in groups smaller than thirty, however.

Combat

Bloatbellies typically fight with their sharp-tipped, poison-coated claws and fangs.

Poison: A bloatbelly's teeth and nails are coated with rot-causing poison. Bite, Fortitude save (DC 14); initial and secondary damage 1d4 temporary Constitution.

Breath Weapon: Bloatbellies can belch a small amount of poisonous gas at any one target within a 5-foot radius. The gas is corrosive, the victim receives 2d6 points of damage and must make a Fortitude save (DC 14); or take initial and secondary damage 1d4 temporary Constitution.

If a bloatbelly's gizzards are ruptured (any one attack which inflicts more than of the creature's total hit points), its toxin is released, creating a toxic cloud in a 10-foot radius. Inhaling or contacting the gas with bare skin causes 3d6 points of damage every round contact is maintained. Anyone who takes damage this way must make a Fortitude save (DC 18) or lose 1d2

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points of Constitution permanently. All food which touches the gas is destroyed.

Bloody Romeo

Medium Supernatural Monster

Hit Dice: 8d10+24 (68hp)

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improve Initiative)

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 16 (+3 Dex, +5 Natural)

Attacks: 2 claws +12 melee, pistol +14

Damage: Claws 2d8+3, pistol 2d8

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: —

Special Qualities: Fearless, Incorporeal (special-see below), Dramatic Flare

Saves: Fort +12, Ref +12, Will +14

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 16, Con —, Int 19, Wis 18, Cha 19

Skills: Listen +10, Spot +12, Hide +12, Bluff +12, Perform (Acting) +12, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (Movies and Plays) +12





Feats: Improved Initiative, Simple Weapons, Firearms (handguns)

Climate/Terrain: Near playhouses and movie theaters in wasted cities

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 7

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Lawful Evil

Advancement: None

Coup: If a character claims a Bloody Romeo, he gains four ranks in Bluff and Perform (Acting)

Bloody romeos come into being only after a bizarre and unlikely combination of events. First, there must be some play or film where dozens or even hundreds of attendees were watching with undivided attention. Second, almost all the participants had to die instantaneously. This was relatively rare until the modern age.

With judgment day, however, theaters and playhouses across the world gave birth to these monstrosities. The sudden death energies of the victims all focused on the same series of events created a rough kind of template and manitou felt the surge of energy when they drew close to it. This energy was so strong that many manitou couldn't tear away from it and they found themselves literally taking over the role of the main villain from the play or film.

Now, the creature "acts out" the play or movie. It can wander about two miles from whatever point it manifested, usually a wrecked movie theater or half collapsed playhouse. It uses these haunting grounds to find its victims, casting them in the other roles. It doesn't care that the poor soul doesn't know its lines or tries to run away, the bloody romeo simply improvises a little and then kills them anyway.

But it doesn't simply follow the old script; it uses its innate manitou perversion and intelligence to continually mold newer, more dramatic horrors to strike fear into the hearts of its victims. Usually, these new stories have three acts. The first starts with one or two missing victims. Then, the creature leaves clues for whatever sleuths attempt to interfere, letting them try to solve the mystery or puzzle. The macabre show climaxes with a dramatic showdown (see below) where the Bloody Romeo kills off his latest victims, waits about a month, and then starts the entire process over again. The exact story really depends on the original show. Be it Shakespearian drama or teen slasher film, the Blood Romeo sticks to its roots, this is one of its only weaknesses. If the other "actors" can figure out the script, they have a much better chance of surviving long enough for the sequel.

Combat

A bloody romeo stalks the other "cast members" of its little plays one at a time during the first act, to truly savor the fear, much like an appetizer. It usually sneaks up on their victims and uses its choke ability (see below). For the climax, it presents itself for a final soliloquy, and then kills the remaining participants. Depending on the nature of the "show", it will use its claws or a pistol for the final act. A bloody romeo usually just hides and listens during the second act, enjoying the show. It will defend itself if discovered, however.

Fearless: Bloody romeos never suffers from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources.

Incorporeal: Bloody romeos can turn incorporeal when stalking during the first and second act. At this time, the bloody

romeo cannot be harmed by fist or bullet. Magical, mental, or energy attacks (including fire) can still harm it, however. For some reason, after the final soliloquy in the third act, it cannot use this ability. Perhaps its due to the surge of violent energies, its certainly not just to be fair.

Dramatic Flare: When the bloody romeo emerges for the final “Big Speech”, all combatants are unable to act while the creature is making it. No shooting, reloading or running is possible. This includes everyone within range to hear or see it, regardless of being human, mutant, robot, whatever. The culmination of fear and anger causes some kind of “Cosmic Pause”. Any witness has a chance to reply dramatically, although nothing said will stop the endgame. This final speech can last up to five full minutes, but doesn't have too. Then the tension explodes and the bloody romeo starts its final killing spree.

Bloodwave

Large Elemental (Water)

Hit Dice: 8d8+32 (68 hp)

Initiative: +2 (+2 Dex)

Speed: 90ft. (swim)

AC: 21 (-1 Size, +2 Dex, +10 Natural)

Attacks: Slam +10/+5 melee

Damage: Slam 2d8+7

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: Water Mastery, Capsize

Special Qualities: Elemental, Regeneration 5

Saves: Fort +10, Ref +4, Will +2

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 14, Con 19, Int 6, Wis 11, Cha 11

Skills: Hide +12, Listen +11, Spot +11

Feats: Cleave, Power Attack

Climate/Terrain: Aquatic (Great Maze)

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 5

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Neutral

Advancement: 9-16 HD (Huge)

Bloodwaves are the nature spirits of the water in the Great Maze, driven to anger by pollution and bloodshed. The devastation of the Last War roused them from their slumber, and now they're looking to make folks pay.

A bloodwave appears as a towering wall of crimson seawater, with two great limbs and a hideous face springing from its bulk. It waits in ambush for bats, rising up to tear them apart and drown their crews.

Bloodwaves are bound by water and cannot manifest on dry land. Only water in sufficient quantities—a pond, river or some

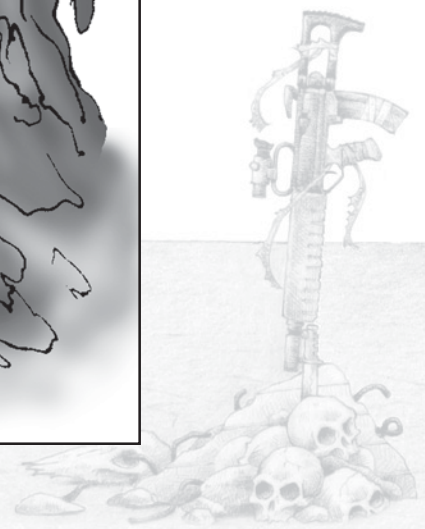
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other naturally occurring body—provides enough liquid to support their bodies.

Combat

A bloodwave signals an impending attack by turning the water around the target blood red; that's the spirit coalescing its form to strike. If possible, it rises up beneath the ship in an effort to overturn it (or at least punch a big hole in the bottom).

If that's not feasible, then it appears in front, trying to drive the ship into a canyon wall. It bellows madly while it





attacks, sending rumbles through the nearby walls. Ships crewmen are deposited into the water, where the creature can drown them at its leisure.

Capsize: A bloodwave can be a serious threat to a ship that crosses its path. They have a 75% chance of capsizing a boat or ship 20-long or less, 50% chance to capsize a vessel from 20 to 40 feet long, and a 25% chance to capsize one over 40 feet long.

Regeneration: It is hard to hurt a bloodwave, while they receive damage from gunfire and other weapons; they regenerate from the surrounding seawater at an alarming rate. The only way to truly defeat a bloodwave is to dispel the spirit that animates it, through mystic weapons, syker attacks, or other methods. The local Indians may have methods of exorcising a bloodwave as well, but they're not talking.

Water Mastery: A bloodwave gains a +1 attack and damage bonus if both it and its opponent touch water. If the opponent is landbound, the elemental suffers a -4 penalty to attack and damage. (These modifications are not included in the statistics block.)

Skills: Bloodwaves receive a +8 racial bonus to Hide checks when submerged.

Bone Bot

Tiny Construct

Hit Dice: 1/2d10 (1 hp)

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 10ft., fly 40ft. (average)

AC: 16 (+2 Size, +4 Dex)

Attacks: Touch +6

Damage: See below

Face/Reach: 2.5ft. by 2.5ft./0ft.

Special Attacks: Harvest, Swarm

Special Qualities: Detection, Reproduction, Construct

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +6, Will +1

Abilities: Str 3, Dex 19, Con —, Int —, Wis 12, Cha 6

Skills: Listen +8, Search +8, Spot +8

Feats: Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse (Touch)

Climate/Terrain: Any

Organization: Solitary, group (2-10) or swarm (4d10+100)

Challenge Rating: 1/2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Neutral

Advancement: - HD (Tiny)

Bone bots are the size of a matchbox, and are made entirely from scavenged biological parts: bone and cartilage mostly, plus a few other nonperishable items of carrion. If you look at them without thinking about their gruesome components, they look merely awkward, constructed, and graceless. Little more than oversized bugs made from an old-

style children's play set, like Lego or Meccano. Most have six or eight legs, but the design is always slightly different, based on the materials available when it is made or repaired. Almost all have duplicate wings of bone carved with microscopic precision. Their locomotion, on land or air, is clumsy. But always they move forward. Reproducing. Building more bone bots.

The bone bots are the end result of robotics experiments conducted by Professor Ruben Bombora at the Missouri Institute of Technology. Bombora and his team built the first SE-17s; miniature robots designed to mimic insect behavior. Though not intelligent, per se, their nanochips were able to learn from stimuli. Their chief aim, like Mother Nature's: reproduction.

Although bone bots originated at a facility in the Mississippi Delta, swarms of the creatures have migrated into the Wasted West, and dense pockets of them are scattered across the continent.

Bone bots can appear in your game as mindless obstacles to the posse's progress. They can populate areas completely inhospitable to normal life, or may ravage inhabited areas. They are responsible for countless cattle mutilations, some of which are attributed to the activities of space aliens, cultists, or crazy muties. The posse may be sent to a local food supply.

Villainous wasters have been known to keep a bone bot or two in a secure container for use as a particularly terrifying implement of torture. A restrained victim can do little but look on in horror as a single bone bot methodically harvests the bone and cartilage from his body.

Combat

Bone Bots do not attack; they simply seek to harvest suitable material for reproduction.

Harvest: In order to harvest, the bone bot must make a successful touch attack. A single bone bot does 1 hit point of damage for every round it works on a target. A successful Strength check (DC 10) is required to remove the offending creature.

Swarm: Individually, a bone bot is a minor irritation. In a swarm, they're deadly. A swarm of bone bots automatically deals its harvest damage (1 hp for each bone bot), each round, to any and all flesh-and-blood creatures in contact with the swarm. Swarms typically divide the harvesting equally between all available fleshy targets. The only way to decrease this damage is to decrease the number of bone bots in the swarm.

Reproduction: The original SE-17s were not made of bone—metal, rubber, and silicon, mostly—but the similarities in

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design and behavior are unmistakable. They have continued to reproduce in the post-collapse environment. They have seized upon most available building material for self-replication: the animal world. They have learned to replicate their central nano-chip circuit boards with bone, ensuring their survival and continued evolution.

Each generation improves on the design of the last, through a process emulating vastly accelerated natural selection. Deviations from the design occur frequently; each seems to be a random experiment. Most experiments fail. The changes are not improvements, and the bots bearing them are unsuccessful, leaving few progeny. The few deviations that do represent improvements, however, are soon replicated and passed down, quickly becoming standard models.

Detection: A bone bot can sense any mammalian, avian, or reptilian life within a 30-foot radius.

Construct: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, disease, and similar effects. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Brain Buzzard

Large Beast

Hit Dice: 8d10+8 (52 hp)

Initiative: +1 (+1 Dex)

Speed: 20ft., fly 40ft. (average)

AC: 14 (-1 Size, +1 Dex, +4 Natural)

Attacks: Beak +11 melee, talons +6 melee

Damage: Beak 1d6+4, talons 1d4+4

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 10ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: EMP





Special Qualities: None
Saves: Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +5
Abilities: Str 19, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 10
Skills: Search +14, Spot +14
Feats: Alertness, Flyby Attack
Climate/Terrain: Desert
Organization: Solitary or volery (2-5)
Challenge Rating: 6
Treasure: None
Alignment: Always Neutral
Advancement: 8-12 HD (Large)

Nobody cares much for vultures. They're large, unclean bundles of ragged black feathers that love nothing more than to bury their hooked beaks into rotting carcasses. The only thing worse than seeing a volery of vultures in flight over the bloated hide of a cow is watching as it fights over the remains of a mother and child.

Now imagine something worse than a vulture—a critter that's not only bigger and smarter, but also able to knock out your powersuit, your Hummer, your radio, and just about anything that's got electronic circuitry in it just by thinking about it. Meet the brain buzzard, the only bird in existence that can blast you and yours with a powerful electromagnetic pulse—just like an A-bomb, only on a localized scale and without all the death and destruction. And unlike the Doomsayer variety of EMP, electronics wasted by the brain buzzard are toast—for good.

With dirty black feathers, fleshy pink heads, and great, hooked beaks, brain buzzards look very similar to normal buzzards—at least while they're high in the sky riding thermals. But when a brain buzzard swoops down for a closer look at a lone animal or wandering convoy of trucks, it doesn't take long for the attentive road warrior to tell the difference. Mainly because they're a lot bigger. They measure up to 10 to 15 feet wingtip to wingtip. It isn't all that simple to establish scale of something in the sky, but experienced travelers soon learn how or give up owning digital watches. The heads of brain buzzards are proportionally larger when compared to the rest of their bodies than the ordinary vulture, too—a bigger skull to hold in all the extra brains.

Not surprisingly, brain buzzards and junkers get on like a house on fire. Any junker worthy of the name is loaded with enough electronic gear to give a brain buzzard a splitting headache a mile away. And any junker that gets much closer than that is going to find himself carrying a hundred pounds of fried silicon. Getting between a junker and a brain buzzard is not a good idea.

Brain buzzards are smart birds—at least as smart as dogs or horses—but that isn't why they zero in on electronic devices. Truth is, operating electronics give them splitting headaches, and they zero in on offending items like a bat on a bug and pulse it just to make the pain stop. In other words, the EMP attack is really nothing more than an elaborate defense measure.

If there's one class of individuals who hate brain buzzards more than junkers, though, it's Black Hats. See, when a junker's toys go on the fritz, she cusses and throws things around and generally does her best to blast the offending fowl out of the sky, but she's still got her health. Not so the Black hat. Because when an EMP wave hits a Black Hat, it fries the circuits in his head, his guns and his equipment—and all those Combine-issued goodies get confused and start blowing up.

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Automatons, of course, don't stand a chance.

So, when black Hats see a brain buzzard coming, they run like the wind—it's either that or start going off like firecrackers when the feathered bastards get closer. Some raiders have been known to attack Black hat convoys by sticking a few caged brain buzzards in some bushes by the road, while other folks tell how they were cornered by Black Hats and goners for sure before a couple of brain buzzards showed up to confound the opposition and save their bacon.

Fortunately for the Combine, brain buzzards are more common down south in northern Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. They usually steer clear of Combine settlements in any case because of the headaches they cause. Along the old Route 66 trail, though they're, ah, thick as buzzards, much to the consternation of the traders who convoy up and down the cracked remains of the CSA's I-40.

Combat

Brain buzzards are more aggressive than their ordinary counterparts. They aren't content to wheel around they sky and wait for death to come to some injured beast—they're likely to swoop down and help move things along a bit with their razor-sharp talons and beaks. They can often take a small group of people totally by surprise while they've gathered around the hood of their truck trying to figure out why the engine stopped.

Electromagnetic Pulse (EMP): Brain buzzards send out an EMP that destroys any electronics within a 200-foot radius (all items must make a successful Fortitude save or be rendered useless).

EMP DC

DC	Item
35	Cheap digital watches
30	Handheld electronics
25	Home computers
20	Light military equipment, industrial equipment
15	Military computers, shielded electronics, cyborgs, junker devices
10	Heavily shielded electronics, automatons

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Canadian Mist

Colossal Elemental (Water)

Hit Dice: 10d10+20 (75 hp)

Initiative: +0

Speed: 60ft. flight

AC: 18 (-8 Size, +16 natural)

Attacks: None

Damage: None

Face/Reach: 15ft. by 50ft./50ft.

Special Attacks: Drowning

Special Qualities: Incorporeal, Elemental

Saves: Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +5

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Search +14, Spot +14, Hide +14

Feats: —

Climate/Terrain: Rocky Mountains, Pacific Northwest

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 6

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 14-18 HD (Colossal)

Canadian mists are vengeful elementals that hunt the Pacific Northwest in retribution for any defilement of nature. They rarely attack simple animals, but will if an unnatural force controls them.

Anything with the taint of mutation or science (guns, vehicles, etc.) draws their attention and wrath. If a Canadian mist comes across a human being that has forsaken science and has no mutations (which is rare these days), it *might* give a mental warning to vamoose before attacking, but in most cases they simply wreak havoc on anyone and everything that doesn't come from nature.

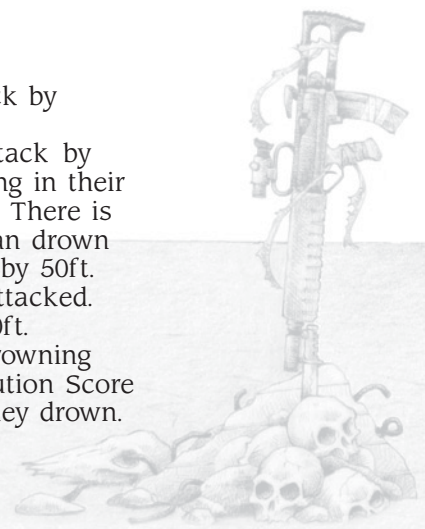
They usually appear as an immense bank of thick, foggy mist.


Combat

Canadian Mists can only attack by drowning. (See below)

Drowning: Canadian Mists attack by enveloping its prey and coalescing in their lungs, effectively drowning them. There is no limit to how many victims can drown at once, anyone within the 50ft. by 50ft. "drowning zone" is considered attacked. The drowning zone's height is 20ft.

When the victim enters the drowning zone, they get half their constitution Score in rounds (round down) before they drown.





If the target expects the drowning attack, like having seen it attack a compatriot or knowing the capabilities of the Mist, they have their full Constitution Score in rounds. If there is more than one target, and they run in opposite directions (very smart), the Mist will follow the most offensive victim (a mutie, Junker, etc.). Anyone drowning is at a cumulative -1 penalty to all skill checks or attack rolls for every consecutive round inside the Mist.

When a character has drowned, they reach -1 hit points. If the Canadian mist remains on the drowned victim, she loses 1 hit point per round until final death at -10 hit points. If the Canadian mist moves on to other victims, the dying character has a chance to stabilize, but at a reduced number due to the water still in their lungs (5% instead of the normal 10%).

Of course, you have to breathe air to drown. A deader or someone in an environmental-suit is immune. The Canadian mist figures this out in 1d6 rounds and then ignores them.

Incorporeal: A Canadian mist cannot be hurt by physical attacks like guns or knives. Only energy attacks like fire or radiation and Syker attacks can hurt it.

Elemental: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Candiru

Diminutive Animal (Aquatic)

Hit Dice: d8 (2 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft. swim

AC: 21 (+8 Size, +3 Dex)

Attacks: Spine +5 melee

Damage: Spine 1d4-3

Face/Reach: 2 ft. by 2 ft./0ft.

Special Attacks: Drill, Abscess

Special Qualities: None

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +0

Abilities: Str 4, Dex 17, Con 10, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 2

Skills: Spot +4

Feats: Weapon Finesse (Spine)

Climate/Terrain: Aquatic (rivers)

Organization: school (3-5)

Challenge Rating:

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Neutral

Advancement: - 1 HD (Diminutive)

The candiru is a simple little parasitic catfish with animal intelligence; the mutant driller candiru is the same creature with additional striking capability. Inaccurate rumors abound as to the existence of even worse mutant varieties.

Candiru live in fast-moving rivers. They are rarely found in slow-moving waters.

Combat

The regular candiru is only dangerous if you swim in an infested river, especially if you pee while swimming. They can sense temperature changes in the water. Usually it uses this sense to zero in on the gills or whatever of other, bigger fish. But when it detects the warmth of fresh urine, it swims right up the stream and shoots up into the urethra. Once inside, it puffs out a bunch of spiny stickles, lodging itself right there in the midst of your privates, so that there's no way on earth it's coming back out the way it came in. The only way to prevent fatal blood poisoning when your system backs up is to have a doctor amputate the infected area.

Although it inspires special terror in men, women are equally susceptible. For every 15 minutes a hero spends in infested waters, he must make a Fortitude save (DC 10) to avoid picking up a hitchhiker in his privates. If he makes the mistake of relieving himself while in the water, the DC for this roll jumps to 15. If this happens, use the abscess rules below.

Driller candiru are much more aggressive—they actually launch themselves at their victims and can burrow into any body location.

Both driller and regular candiru are partial to making their homes in floating corpses; dozens of them may be found in a single riverside carcass. The driller variety jump out en masse when warm bodies get near enough.

Drill: If a driller candiru hits a target and causes 1 points of damage, it has embedded its spiny snout in the target and cannot be removed without causing an additional 2 points of damage. It may also cause an infection (see the abscess rules below).

Abscess: If not removed, a candiru in your flesh leads to infection. Infection occurs within 1d4 days. The infection starts out as 1d6 points of Constitution initial and secondary damage. The victim must make a Fortitude save (DC 18); if successful, the wound may be healed naturally. If not, antibiotics or supernatural healing is required to end the infection. Gangrene sets into an infected wound after

12 hours, and the hero must make an additional Fortitude save (DC 20) or suffer another 1d6 points of Constitution loss. This continues, every 12 hours, until the infection is stopped or the hero dies.

Charnel Hound

Medium-size Beast
Hit Dice: 3d8+12 (25 hp)
Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)
Speed: 30ft.
AC: 16 (+3 Dex, +3 Natural)
Attacks: 2 claws +4 melee, bite +1 melee
Damage: Claws 1d4+2, bite 1d6+1
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.
Special Attacks: None
Special Qualities: Undead Detection
Saves: Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +3
Abilities: Str 10, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 1, Wis 12, Cha 4
Skills: Hide +11, Move Silently +6, Spot +9
Feats: Weapon Finesse (Bite)
Climate/Terrain: Any land
Organization: Solitary or pack (2d10+4)
Challenge Rating: 1/3
Treasure: None
Alignment: Always Neutral
Advancement: 6-10 HD

Lots of folks think they know all about charnel hounds, but few have actually seen one. This accounts for the cool but inappropriate name; they're actually descended from carnivorous raccoons. This is not immediately apparent when you see them; they're hairless, covered in flaky skin, with long snouts and big claws. They grow to the size of a St. Bernard. You might encounter one and not even realize that the thing eating your leg is a charnel hound.

Charnel hounds gain maximum food value from undead flesh, and strongly prefer them as prey. Contrary to legend, they definitely attack the living if they detect no tasty undead in the immediate area. Even, worse, their undead-detection sense is on a hair-trigger, identifying as preferred prey many victims who are not remotely undead.

Charnel hounds travel in packs. The average pack consists of a half dozen animals, but some groups can be four times that big.

As far as their rumored special attacks or immunities go, they actually have jack-squat. It doesn't hurt that many opponents, made wise by the tall tales, never even try to use common weapons like guns or bombs on them.

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Combat


Charnel hounds have one-tracked minds; once they've locked onto a target with their detection sense, they'll track him for a hundred miles. They may take other prey of opportunity to keep them nourished during the trek; eating animals as small as mice, and attacking something as large as a horse. If a target stays put in a safe enclosure, they wait him out, coming back time and again, always probing for a way in.

Undead Detection: Charnel hounds can sense undead within a 1-mile radius, regardless of barriers. Characters who cheated death within the last week register as undead to the charnel hound's senses. Cheated death means that the character had dropped below 0 hit points and recovered.

Creepin' Gulch

Colossal Elemental (Evil, Earth)
Hit Dice: 24d8+120 (228 hp)
Initiative: -1 (-1 Dex)
Speed: See below
AC: 22 (-2 Size, -1 Dex, +15 Natural)
Attacks: None
Damage: None
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.
Special Attacks: Incite Jealousy, Smashin' Finale
Special Qualities: Invulnerability
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4
Abilities: Str —, Dex —, Con 21, Int —, Wis 10, Cha 10
Skills: Spot +10
Feats: None





Climate/Terrain: Any land
Organization: Solitary
Challenge Rating: 4
Treasure: Bait (see below) and previous victims equipment
Alignment: Always Evil
Advancement: None

Creepin' gulches represent the oddest of abominations—terrain come to life with murderous intent. Creepin' gulches were born when men fought and killed one another over a ghost rock claim or some other treasure. The blood of the dead seeped into the dusty ground and mixed with the evil intents of the murderers, and pretty soon a Manitou came along to bring it all to horrible life.

Nowadays, of course, most ghost rock prospectors are long gone, but their descendants remain—folks searching in the wilderness for any sort of valuable stash waiting to be discovered, be it a cache of weapons, or a bank vault filled with gold. When they clash, creepin' gulches are born.

A creepin' gulch is a depression in the ground—usually a ravine a couple dozen feet deep and 150 to 300 feet wide. It moves very slowly across landscape, perhaps a mile or two an hour (but watching a creepin' gulch on the move is nigh impossible on the ground, since it detects the vibrations of people walking up to a mile off and stops.) The texture of the walls and floor of a creepin' gulch varies according to local terrain. In the deserts of New Mexico it's a small, rocky box canyon; in Oklahoma a deep furrow rich loam.

Creepin' gulches aren't all that intelligent—more a force of nature (or supernatural) than a thinking creature. They don't have any discernible destinations in mind; they simply meander in a straight line on whatever heading they struck out on when they were born, changing course only to avoid a ghost rock deposit or a ghost rock maelstrom.

Combat

The way a gulch gets people interested in it is by offering a lure: something real interesting down in its center that folks just have to go check out. The bait depends on the gulch—what gave it birth and what it's collected in the way of victims along the way. Maybe there's an abandoned Yankee missile launcher down

there, with a missile and warhead still on its flatbed, or perhaps there's a huge heap of truck and machine parts partially concealed by blue plastic tarps.

Once a good number of people are down in the gulch checking out the goods, it goes to work. It whispers subtle thoughts of greed and violence into each mind. Pretty soon, each person begins to believe that he or she alone deserves to have whatever there is to covet.

Incite Jealousy: Each character that enters must make a successful Will save (DC 10) after spending 5 minutes within the gulch, and another save every minute thereafter (+1 cumulative increase in DC) until they leave the area entirely. As fair warning, play up the whispers in the victims' minds before the first save. When a person fails his first check, he is consumed with avarice and can no longer willingly leave the gulch. Continue the periodic checks, and refer to the table below to see the effects of further failures. If any roll is successful, the person may break the cycle and leave the gulch or try to destroy it.

Those with weak minds or selfish inclinations soon succumb to the gulch's seductive urgings, and it isn't long before arguments break out. Then fights. And then, with the gulch egging everyone on comes escalation and finally the spilling of blood.

Smashing Finale: Shedding blood triggers the gulch's final attack—it smashes shut with a thunderous crash, sealing everyone inside small air pockets (protecting its bait similarly). Each character within the gulch may make a Reflex save (DC 22) to clamber out in time. Those who fail are imprisoned in air pockets within the gulch, buried alive but unharmed—but they are likely doomed. Those with an independent air supply or some method of placing themselves in suspended animation might sweat the ordeal out. The others run out of air in 2d6 minutes and can hold their breath for an additional 2 rounds per point of Constitution before they suffocate.

The only sure way to avoid becoming trapped within the gulch is to derail the killing before it comes. There isn't much hope for those trapped at this point—they die a few minutes later when they consume all the air trapped in their pockets (kind Marshals might allow others to dig them out). A few hours later, the gulch reopens and begins its journey once again.

Invulnerability: The creepin' gulch is immune to all forms of harm. Attacks simply inflict no damage. There is only one way to kill a creepin' gulch: locate some of

the original treasure that led to the first murder—the reason for its being—and destroy it. This can be difficult if the gulch has been on the move for a while, since the original goodies are mixed in with a lot of other stuff. If the heroes can destroy the gulch's original treasure, it dies, and is thereafter a natural gorge.

Gulch Effects

Will Save	Result
1 st Failure	Covet others' possessions; firmly as for them.
2 nd Failure	Attempt to take a coveted good by non-lethal force.
3 rd Failure	All out attack.

Cyber Samurai

Medium Humanoid

Hit Dice: 6d10+16 (57hp)

Initiative: +8 (+8 Dex, +4 Improve Initiative)

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 19 (+4 Dex, +5 Natural)

Attacks: Kempo strike +11/+6/+1 melee, or katana +12/+7/+2 melee, assault rifle +10/+5 ranged

Damage: Kempo strike 2d6+5, katana 2d10+7

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: Ki Strike

Special Qualities: Fearless, Syker Protection, Enhanced Senses

Saves: Fort +11, Ref +10, Will +11

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 18, Con 21, Int 15 Wis 15, Cha 12

Skills: Listen +12, Spot +12, Hide +12, Intimidate +9, Ride +8

Feats: Improved Initiative, Brave, Level-Headed, Mounted Combat, Mounted Archery, Firearms (rifles), Improved Unarmed Combat, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (katana), Weapon Focus (katana), Improved Critical (katana), Weapon Specialization (katana)

Climate/Terrain: NorCal wild lands

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 7

Treasure: See below

Alignment: Usually Lawful Neutral

Advancement: 8-9 HD (Master); 10-12 HD (Grandmaster)

On judgment day, when the ghost nukes fell, a few Yakuza-owned corporations were largely left intact, mostly in suburbs and remote office parks in NorCal. After the big nukes destroyed the major cities and created atomic storms, the executive boards of these few remaining companies decided to hole up, effectively shutting out

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the outside world. Each office complex or skyscraper became separate provinces dealing with each other, but no one else. Cutting edge defenses and an army of security forces protected the above ground complexes, and hydroponic gardens became underground farms. Previously illegal on-site atomic reactors supplied power. Illegal, but who's laughing now?

A new breed of messenger-warrior was created, quite literary, in their laboratories and production plants to handle all out of province matters. The Cyber Samurai.

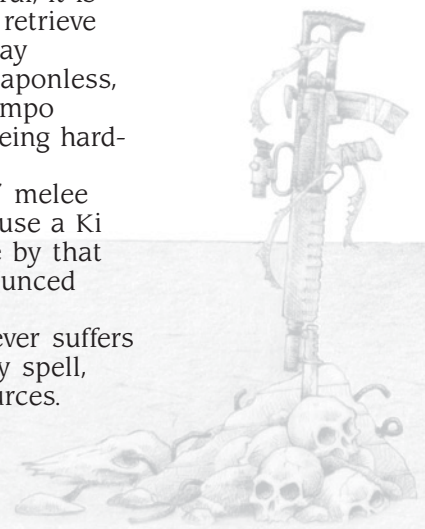
Built from high tech equipment, proto type car parts, and security guards, this new breed (or model) of samurai travel the dangerous roads between provinces carrying important messages or protecting trade caravans. Bone and sinew have been upgraded with metal alloy armorskin and reaction times have been amped with reflex implants. With rechargeable power supplies that can last three months, Cyber Samurai only need a few soy pills and a little water to get anywhere they need to.

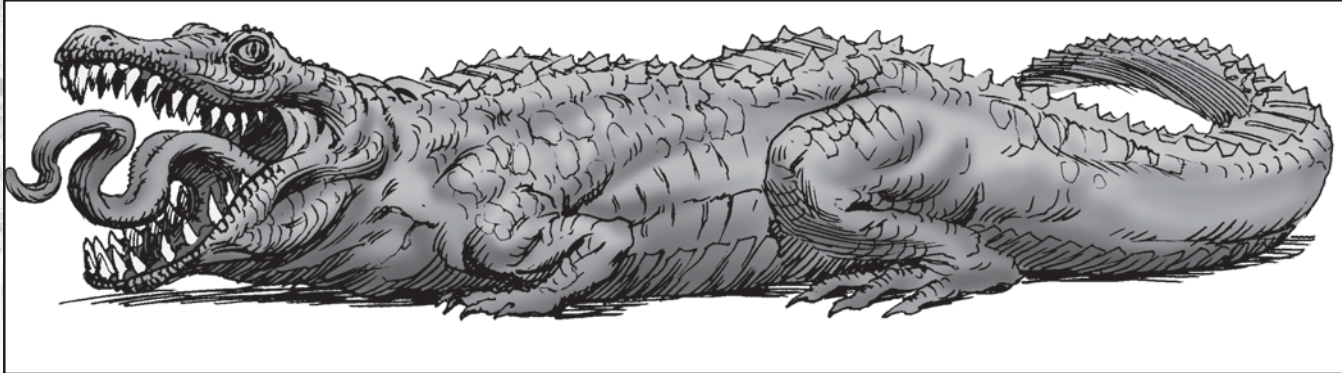
Combat

Cyber Samurai are masters with the katana, but are not afraid to use modern weapons either. If presented with multiple opponents outside of melee, the cyber samurai uses his high-powered rifle with deadly accuracy. This is usually a No-Dache 7.62 assault type 2.3 with a magazine capacity of 30 caseless rounds, 100-range increment. It weighs 13 lbs and has a critical range of 19-20, x3. When entering melee the cyber samurai will sling his rifle and use his katana. It is made from high carbon steel and exceptionally sharp. Both of these weapons are very distinctive and if any cyber samurai sees them being used by a non-samurai, it is considered a matter of honor to retrieve them, usually in the bloodiest way possible. If somehow caught weaponless, cyber samurai are masters of kempo karate, either by training or by being hard-wired for it.

Ki Strike: Once per round of melee combat, the cyber samurai may use a Ki strike, doubling all damage done by that attack. This strike must be announced before the attack roll.

Fearless: A Cyber Samurai never suffers from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources.





Syker Protection: Due to serious hard wiring, the cyber samurai gains a +4 racial bonus to all saves against all mental attacks.

Enhanced Senses: Electronic sensory and audio sensors give an additional +4 racial bonus to listen and spot checks. These bonuses are not included above.

Treasure Type: The items on a cyber samurai can vary widely, from the items listed above (if between missions or returning to his home province) to Highly classified documents or unique items if carrying a special courier bag.

Desert Gator

Huge Animal

Hit Dice: 7d8+28 (59 hp)

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 20 (-2 Size, +3 Dex, +9 Natural)

Attacks: Tongue +11 melee, tail slap +11 melee, bite +6 melee

Damage: Bite 2d8+12, tail slap 1d12+12

Face/Reach: 10ft. by 20ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: Improved Grab

Special Qualities: Camouflage, Resistance to Energy (Radiation/30)

Saves: Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +3

Abilities: Str 27, Dex 12, Con 19, Int 1, Wis 12, Cha 2

Skills: Hide +13, Listen +5, Spot +5

Feats: Improved Initiative

Climate/Terrain: Desert

Organization: Solitary, pair or brood (3-5)

Challenge Rating: 5

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Neutral

Advancement: 8-14 HD (Huge)

Folks who poke around in the swamps near Baton Rouge know all about the giant alligators that troll through the weeds and muck. Those who live out West are learning to appreciate their own brand of reptilian sunshine: the desert gator.

In appearance, the desert gator looks like a natural gator, only on a much larger scale. Its coloration suits its new rugged environment: its back is a dusky brown with green highlights, and its belly is a light tan. It has very large eyes, which differentiates it from the run-of-the-mill giant alligators (though there can't be all that many people in a position to compare).

Desert gators are giant gators just like the Louisiana variety—but they have a few capabilities their southern cousins lack. For starters, they're blindingly fast. Like normal gators, they can outpace a man running all-out with no trouble, but unlike other gators, they can keep up the pace for several minutes—more than enough time to run most game to the ground.

Their speed is only the start, though. They've also got a long, frog-like, sticky tongue that can lash out 40 feet or more and reel in some poor sod. Some of the larger specimens can even bring a small car to a dead halt by latching onto the axle or bumper. The desert gator's speed/tongue combo is harsh. Once within a desert gator's jaws there isn't much hope for you.

Desert gators are tough. Unlike other gators, they don't need to live in the water, though they tend to gravitate toward watering holes because that's where all the food goes. When in the water waiting for prey, gators are very difficult to spot, since only their eyes protrude from the water. When animals or people draw near to the edge of the water, they lunge to attack. They're highly resistant to radiation, too, and more than one desert gator has chased a clutch of toxic zombies out of their puddle of ooze to make itself a cozy nest.

Though desert gators don't need watery environs to lay and raise their eggs, desert

gators mindlessly respond to their ancient ancestral instincts and when ready to breed seek out such locales when possible. Desert gators mate for life and are usually encountered in pairs, often with offspring of varying ages tagging along nearby.

Desert gators only started popping up about 20 years ago in the West, but they've been lurking in Louisiana swamps for some time. They aren't naturally occurring mutants. They were cooked up in a lab by a team of scientists studying the effects of G-rays on living tissue. Intrigued by the new breed's resistance to dry heat, they dumped them in the wild for years—just to see how they adapt to their new environment.

Anyone carefully inspecting the body of a desert gator—probably a dead one—may find a small transponder fastened to the flesh inside its mouth. The scientists used these to track the gators' movements. A thorough investigation and a couple of clever junker gadgets may lead a dedicated team back to the scientists' swampy labs in Louisiana, but investigators beware, although the scientists are long dead, they didn't value human life all that much, and they managed to cook up even worse things than the gators. Some of the genetic engineering they did involved human subjects, and many of these experiments are still guarding the laboratory.

Combat

The desert gator is an extremely aggressive hunter. It pursues and attacks prey even when it's not hungry. When not prowling along it likes to sun itself on the rocks, idly dragging in a stray rabbit or prairie dog with its strong tongue.

Improved Grab: To use this ability, the desert gator must hit a Medium-size or smaller opponent with its tongue attack. If it gets a hold, it can pull its victim into its waiting jaws in the following round, unless the captured character wins an opposed Strength check. Each round a character is held in this manner, the desert gator automatically inflicts its bite damage.

Camouflage: The desert gator's coloration gives it a +8 racial bonus to all Hide checks.

Devil Bat

Large Beast

Hit Dice: 5d10 (28)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 10ft., 45ft. fly (Poor)

AC: 14 (-1 Size, +2 Dex, +3 natural)

Attacks: Claws +7 melee, bite +2 melee

Damage: Claws 1d6+4, bite 1d8+2

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Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: Improved grab

Special Qualities: None

Saves: Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +1

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 4, Wis 10, Cha 6

Skills: Hide +8, Listen +4, Move Silently +8

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: Desert, Hills, Mountains, (usually Badlands)

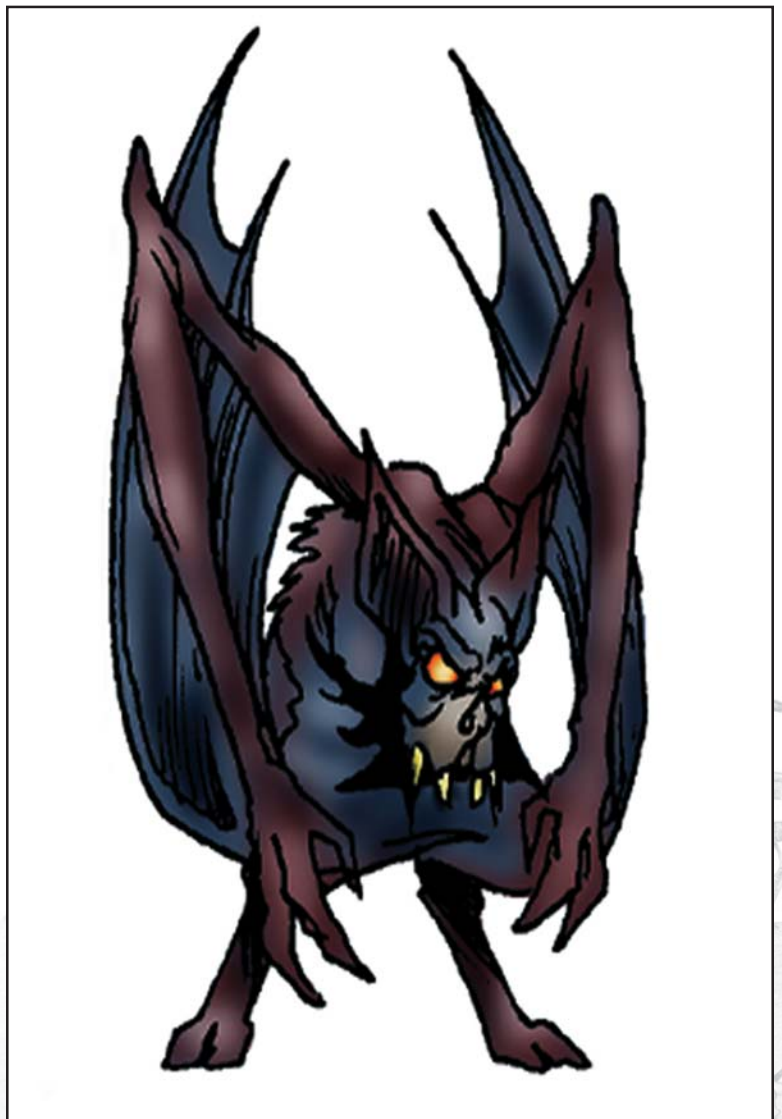
Organization: Pack (1-6)

Challenge Rating: 5

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 6-8 HD (Large); 9-15 (Huge)





These critters live in the Badlands of the Dakota Territory. The Sioux (what's left of them) call them "kinyan tiwicate," or "flying murderer".

Devil bats are nocturnal predators who hunt in packs of one to six. The attack by racing from the night and grabbing prey with their taloned feet, then dropping them to the ground and eating the gooey remains.

These flying horrors are bat-like humanoid with leathery skin and tremendous wings. They eat lesser prey alive by rending it with their gruesome claws and savage teeth. Larger prey is dashed to the ground as described above and shared with the pack.

Combat

Death from Above: When a devil bat scores a hit, it makes an immediate grapple check using its improved grab. If this is also successful, the creature rises its normal flying speed (45 feet) into the air and drops its prey for additional falling damage (typically 4d6 points of damage).

The best thing for a traveler to do once she's in the grasp of a devil bat is to grab hold of its ankles and hang on for dear life. Should this occur, make a second grapple check between the two. If the character wins, she holds on. If not, the thing shakes her off and she falls to the ground as described above.

Echolocation: Like real bats, devil bats use echolocation to "see". Prey which remains stock-still (no movement whatsoever) among solid obstacles gains +5 to Hide checks, and may hide even in the middle of a fight (unless actually in melee or adjacent to the thing).

Skills: Devil bats receive a +8 racial bonus to Hide and Move Silently checks when flying (which they use to descend upon their prey from above).

Discord Bug

Small Magical Vermin
Hit Dice: 1d8 (4 hp)
Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)
Speed: 30ft., fly 40ft. (average), climb 20ft.
AC: 14 (+1 Size, +3 Dex)
Attacks: Bite +4 melee
Damage: Bite 1d4-2



Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Wail o' Doom, Discord Hum

Special Qualities: Blastin' Interference

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +0

Abilities: Str 7, Dex 17, Con 10, Int —, Wis 10, Cha 2

Skills: Climb +10, Hide +14, Spot +10

Feats: Weapon Finesse (Bite)

Climate/Terrain: Grasslands

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: —

Not every horror you encounter while trudging through the US of A is a lumbering behemoth the size of your dad's Buick. Discord bugs are no larger than your fist but that doesn't make them any less deadly.

These pint-sized terrors are likely the brainchild of government-sponsored geneticists trying to develop a defense against sykers. Although if anyone who knows for sure is still alive, they're not telling.

Discord bugs resemble dung beetles with deep, rust-colored carapaces and long, spiny legs.

Combat

These mean-spirited insects feed on the energy of negative emotions: anger, fear, and violence, what have you. In order to feed, the critter sets up a high-pitched hum audible up to 150 feet from the source of its wings. The hum has the effect of setting most folks on edge and given time, those same folks get downright ornery and get to fuedin' (and some are even driven to kill by the persistent drone, which suits the bug's unusual dietary needs just fine).

Wail o' Doom: This piercing wail causes 3d6 points of damage to a single target within a 20-foot radius of the discord bug, a successful Will save (DC 18) reduced this damage by half.

Discord Hum: The discord bug uses the hum of its wings to instill feelings of uneasiness in all those within a 60-foot radius. Those hearing must make a successful Will save (DC 18) or become increasingly hostile toward the nearest character on hand, or in the absence of one, the nearest object of value. Refer to the chart below to determine character attitude changes.



Discord Effects

Will Save

Base
1st Failure
2nd Failure
3rd Failure
4th Failure

Result

Helpful
Friendly
Indifferent
Unfriendly
Hostile

Blastin' Interference: Discord bugs can detect a syker and syker powers in a 300-foot radius by the tell tale hum of the syker's brain. Once the critter happens to locate a syker, it stays nearby and generates the drone, only this time; sykers and those with syker powers are affected. This distraction is similar to a persistent headache and causes the sykers to make a Concentration check (DC 22) each time they wish to use their abilities. For this reason, some folks are willing to risk the occasional societal flare up and keep a bug handy to root out and interfere with syker assassination attempts.

Dream Catcher

Medium-size Magical Vermin

Hit Dice: 1d8 (5 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 30ft., climb 15ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: Bite +5 melee

Damage: Bite 1d6-2 and poison

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Poison, Web, Dream Catching

Special Qualities: Vermin

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 7, Dex 11, Con 11, Int —, Wis 10, Cha 15

Skills: None

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: Temperate and warm land and underground

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 3

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Neutral

Advancement: 1-2 HD (Medium-size), 2-4 HD (Large)

Though well known to shaman and other wise folk in the days after the Great Quake, the dream catcher has all but vanished in modern times. These critters are extremely rare, an entrepreneurial posse might do well to capture one and sell it to the next mystic they meet. It's rumored that dream catchers were once used to fuel ancient spiritual rituals and spells.

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Dream catchers resemble nothing more than graceful, silvery spiders with circular bodies and delicate, outspread legs. They are surely cousins to typical arachnids; they spin webs and they hunt prey in the same way. A dream catcher's web, however, contains strange, seemingly mystical properties (see dream catching entry below).

Combat

Like monstrous spiders, dream catchers are aggressive predators that use their poisonous bite to subdue or kill prey.

Poison: Bite, Fortitude save (DC 14); initial and secondary damage 1d4 temporary Strength and 1d4 temporary Constitution.

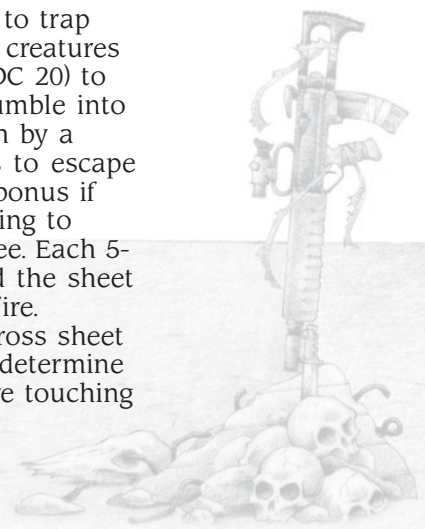
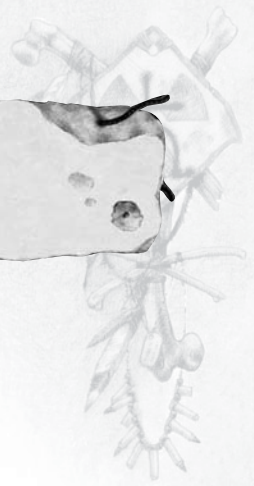
Web: Dream catchers spin their webs in narrow, tall areas and wait for potential prey to pass beneath them, and then they lower themselves silently on silk strands of web and attack their prey. A single strand is strong enough to support the dream catcher and one additional creature of equal or lesser size.

Dream catchers may cast a web eight times per day. This is similar to an attack with a net but has a maximum range of 50 feet, with a range increment of 10 feet, and is effective against targets of equal or lesser size than the dream catcher. The web anchors the target in place, allowing no movement.

An entangled creature can escape with a successful Escape Artist check or break it with a Strength check. Both are standard actions, DC 20 and DC 26 respectively (6 hp).

Dream catchers can also create sheets of sticky webbing, 50 feet square. They usually position these sheets to snare flying creatures but can also try to trap prey on the ground. Approaching creatures must succeed at a Spot check (DC 20) to notice a web; otherwise they stumble into it and become trapped as though by a successful web attack. Attempts to escape or break the webbing gain a +5 bonus if the trapped creature has something to walk on or grab while pulling free. Each 5-foot section has 6 hit points and the sheet webs have damage reduction 5/fire.

A dream catcher can move across sheet web at its climb speed and can determine the exact location of any creature touching the web at any time.





Dream catching: Dream catcher webs hold an innate mystical quality; they siphon a creature's life force by capturing its dreams. Each hour spent sleeping within a 50-foot radius of the webbing a creature must make a successful Fortitude save (DC 20) or suffer 1d4 points of temporary Charisma drain. A single failure robs the sleep of any restorative properties. Assuming the subject wakes, she is tired, cranky, and lethargic until the lost points are recovered.

Creatures that do not sleep or dream are not susceptible to this ability, and may ignore its effects entirely.

Skills: Dream catchers gain a +8 competence bonus to Hide and Move Silently checks when using their webs. They also gain a +4 racial bonus to Hide and Spot checks.

Dust Devil

Large

Aberration

Hit Dice: 5d10(28 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 10ft., 45ft. fly (Poor)

AC: 15 (+2 Dex, +3 natural)

Attacks: Claws +7 melee, bite +2 melee

Damage: Claws 1d6+4, bite 1d8+2

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: Slash and Spin

Special Qualities: Blinding, Concealment (50%)

Saves: Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +3

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 4, Wis 10, Cha

Skills: Spot +8

Feats: None

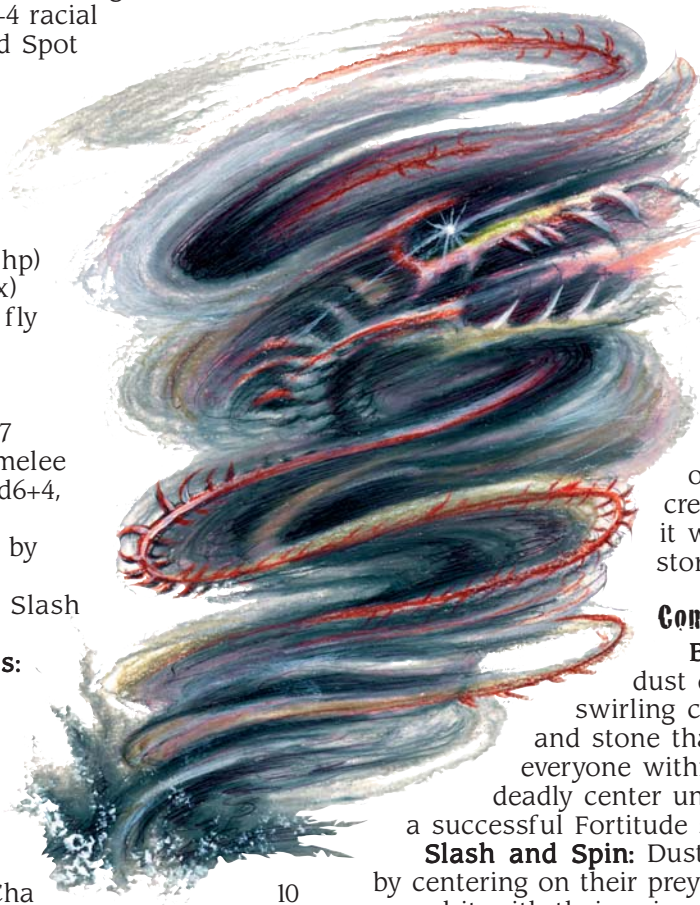
Climate/Terrain: Sandy desert

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 5

Treasure: None

Alignment: Chaotic Evil



10

Advancement: 6-8 HD (Large); 9-15 HD (Huge)

Coup: Should a Harrowed claim a dust devil, he can never be blinded by sandstorms, other dust devils, or other particulates that directly "attack" the eyes.

Dust devils are vicious killers that live in the deserts of the southwest. They lurk about like repulsive, spiny serpents until they see prey. Then they use their supernatural power to create a whirlwind about themselves and move in for the kill.

When not whirling (which isn't often) a dust devil looks like a large pale snake with spines running down its back. When

the creature is in motion, it looks like a dust storm, but a successful Spot check (DC 15) reveals spines and teeth lurking just beneath the torrent. More than one unwary traveler has gone down before the spikes of one of these creatures, thinking it was only a dust storm.

Combat

Blinding: The dust devil kicks up a swirling cloud of sand and stone that blinds everyone within 30 feet of its deadly center unless they make a successful Fortitude save (DC 20).

Slash and Spin: Dust devils attack by centering on their prey and whirling around it with their spiny, snakelike bodies. The creature chooses a target and rushes toward it, automatically causing 1d6 points of damage. If the dust devil hits as well, it has centered on the victim. He and any others in his five-foot square suffer 4d4 points of damage per round with no attack roll necessary. Characters adjacent to the thing automatically suffer 1d6 points of damage per round with no attack roll necessary.

The blinding windstorm makes the thing difficult to see or hit with normal weapons, so attacks directed into the whirlwind suffer a 50% miss chance. A character with goggles or other methods of



ignoring the dust in his eyes suffers only a 40% miss chance.

Worse, the whirlwind actually deflects ranged shots (missiles) that miss. Roll a d12 to determine a clock facing and see if any innocent bystanders are hit by the errant attack.

Melee attacks are less risky but no easier. A hero must beat the strength of the whirlwind (Strength check against DC 20) before attacking, and even then suffers the miss chance as usual.

Eternal

Medium-size Construct (Humanoid)

Hit Dice: 4d8+8 (26 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: Fist +6 melee, pistol or rifle +6 ranged

Damage: Fist 2d6 +2, pistol 2d8 or rifle 2d12

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Synergy Bonus

Special Qualities: Construct, Limited Hive Mind

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 14, Con —, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Spot +6, Listen +6, Drivin' (Land Vehicles)+6, Scroungin' +6, Knowledge (Engineering, Nuclear Physics, or Computer Engineering) +6

Feats: Firearms (pistols and rifles)

Climate/Terrain: Temperate and warm land and underground

Organization: Solitary or in groups (2-20)

Challenge Rating: 3

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Neutral

Advancement: —

Eternals were created by Doctor Jean Anders-Smith to keep her company during her long years of immortality (see Eternity). They are roughly humanoid in shape, have (relatively) human features and most importantly, have a crude version of artificial intelligence, or AI.

This has given the Eternals an ever-changing perspective and personality that evolves to this day. This was very important to Dr. Anders-Smith so she would not go batty over a hundred and fifty year sabbatical beneath Denver.

Now, the Eternals are out of the bag, so to speak. When Dr. Anders-Smith abandoned her Denver faculties to the Combine, she took with her the only friends that couldn't die on her. Sure, James-One or Henry-Three can get shot or mangled up, but the good doctor has

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always scrounged parts to fix 'em in her fully stocked rig. Unknown to Dr. Anders-Smith, the Eternals have started to look upon her in a kind of Deity role, always healin' them and stuff. A couple of Eternals (Will-Two and Luke-One) even have started to have deeper feelings for her. This should not present any serious problems, but that remains to be seen.

Combat

Eternals are pretty strait forward. Attempt to harm Doctor Jean Anders-Smith, her equipment, or any of them (in that order) and they attack, with their first priority to protect Dr. Anders-Smith. They can fight with their fists, pistols, or rifles, depending on the circumstances.

Synergy Bonus: With their Limited Hive Mind (see below), Eternals can coordinate attacks. If there are three or more Eternals in melee or missile combat, each Eternal gets a +2 synergy bonus. This stacks with flanking bonuses, if any. Eternals also must make one initiative roll for every one of them in combat. Even if other Eternals join the combat later on, they do not roll, they use that number as well.

Construct: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, disease, and similar effects. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Limited Hive Mind: All Eternals are separate entities, but they can communicate via telepathy with each other at will. This also means if one Eternal is not surprised at the beginning of combat, no Eternal is.

Eternity

Medium-size Humanoid (Human)

Hit Dice: 10d8 (45 hp)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 30ft. climb 15ft.

AC: 16 (+3 Dex, +3 Armor)

Attacks: Flamethrower +8 ranged

Damage: Flamethrower 3d10+6

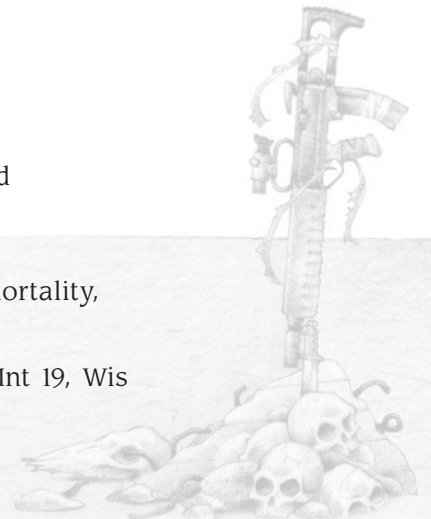
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.


Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Limited Immortality, Junker Abilities

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +12

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 19, Wis 16, Cha 17





Skills: Listen + 7, Spot +7, Hide +8, Alchemy, Decipher Script, Disable Device, Scroungin' +10, Knowledge (Engineering) +12, Knowledge (Chemistry) +8, Knowledge (Computer Engineering) +12 (Nuclear Physics)+12, Search +12, Tinkerin' +16, Occult Engineering +16, Drive (Land Vehicles) +8

Feats: Armor Proficiency (Heavy), Mechanically Inclined, Brave

Climate/Terrain: Temperate and warm land and underground

Organization: Unique

Challenge Rating: 6

Treasure: Mobile lab, Junker Weapons and Armor

Alignment: Neutral Good

Advancement: –

Coup: Anyone who absorbs Eternity's essence gains limited immortality (see below).

Tired of the horrible conditions at Roswell, Jean Anders-Smith was one of the mad scientists who deserted the facility in 1871. She took with her a compendium of notes and untested formulae, including her work on a serum that would, if completed, grant immortality. Unfortunately, the small lab she built for herself was discovered by Agency spooks looking for material (and scientists) for Grant's Fort 51. Jean destroyed the compendium rather than turn it over to another government war machine, everything except the serum, which she recklessly tested on herself, a test, which paid off in spades. Jean Anders-Smith is one hundred and forty eight years old and she looks and feels like she's in her mid-twenties.

Over the years that followed, Jean continued inventing, eventually setting up another secret lab in a long-forgotten fallout shelter in Denver. She tried to reinvent the immortality serum, but inspiration was a fickle thing, and try as she might, the secret formula used in its making eluded her grasp. Time passed, forcing Jean to watch as her friends, family, and children, even her grandchildren, grew old and died while she remained unchanged.

Need led to obsession, obsession led to despair, and Jean locked herself away from the outside world and the loss it represented. She used her abilities to create new companions, friends that wouldn't grow old and die. She created the Eternals,

life-like robots with an AI based on designs and parts stolen from Hellstromme's automaton factories. Jean Anders-Smith became a shell of former herself, but for a time, she was happy. She lived her life from the lab, her only contact with the outside world through an anonymous link to global communications using the hacker-handle, Eternity.

When the bombs fell and tore the world apart, Eternity was spared. The same force field that saved Hellstromme's factories saved Eternity's hidden laboratory. Of course, the Last War destroyed nearly all of the world's information networks and global communications, so Eternity was left totally alone, except for her self-made companions.

Tortured by her lack of proper information, Eternity sent her Eternals into the lifeless factories to steal the necessary components to build a sophisticated conveyance for her laboratory. They were successful, and she left the city just before Throckmorton's forces arrived and became the Combine.

Eternity now roams the Wasted West in search of a means to reverse the devastation of the war and restore humanity. She travels in a fortified rig, a mobile lab that puts even the most advanced Combine equivalent to shame. Her faithful robots, the Eternals, act as guardians and confidants on the perilous quest she's chosen to undertake.

Eternity is a tall, lithe woman with short auburn hair, piercing blue eyes, and alabaster skin. She wears a sophisticated bio-suit of her own design that protects her from all but the most extreme heat, cold, or radiation environments. Built into a steel-reinforced backpack she carries a shielded toolkit equipped with a full range of scientific and medical tools and components.

Combat

Eternity does not engage in physical combat except in self-defense. When she is forced to do so, she fights with a devastating flamethrower of her own design. This weapon is not an area attack weapon, but a focused shot of napalm; it has a range increment of 30ft., and a critical range of 19-20, x3. Its 3d10+6 is only the first round of damage. Unless the victim spends a full round action putting himself out (or someone else does), the second round deals 2d10+4, and the third round deals 1d10+2. Only the first round of damage is affected by a critical. The flamethrower has capacity for twenty shots before its fuel battery must be recharged or replaced.



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Limited Immortality: The immortality serum was a success. Eternity does not age; in this respect she is immortal. But she can be killed through physical trauma, sickness, or disease, just like any other normal human being.

Junker Abilities: Unless contradicted above, Eternity has all the abilities of a 10th level Junker

Explodjinn

Large Outsider (Evil, Lawful, Fire)

Hit Dice: 7d8+14 (45 hp)

Initiative: +8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30ft., fly 60ft. (perfect)

AC: 20 (+4 Dex, +6 Natural)

Attacks: Slam +10/+5

Damage: Slam 1d8+6

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Spell-like Abilities, Heat

Special Qualities: Radiation Immunity, Telepathy

Saves: Fort +7, Ref +9, Will +7

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 15

Skills: Appraise +9, Concentration +9, Craft (any one)+10, Escape Artist +10, Knowledge (any one) +8, Listen +10, Move Silently +10, Sense Motive +10, Spellcraft +10, Spot +9, Wilderness Lore +8

Feats: Combat Casting, Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative

Climate/Terrain: Any land

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 7

Treasure: None

Alignment: Lawful Evil

Advancement: —

The explodjinn is a Hellish monstrosity born of nuclear fire. It's driven to acts of wanton destruction but compelled to serve those who freed it from imprisonment.

In truth, these monstrosities were born of the Hunting Grounds to act as harbingers and fearmongers but, due to the unstable nature of the spirits, they could not live long in physical form. Most simply dissolved back to the Hunting Grounds, and others were sealed in vessels by their masters, to wait for release. The Reckoners used lamps, gemstones, and in one case, a tea pot, to store their monstrous creations.

Fortunately, when the bombs fell, many of these receptacles were lost in the ruins, buried under tons of debris. Now, with all the scavengers rooting around ruins, these unholy vessels are being freed to work their evil upon the world.

Like genies of yore, the explodjinn is bound to the one who freed it until such time as three services are rendered. And

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like the genie myth and legend, they are cruel and cunning, seeking to twist their master's wishes—it is the letter and not the spirit of the request that is followed.


Once free from servitude, the djinn usually departs, leaving destruction in its wake. It seeks out the nearest radiation source and soaks up as much energy as possible and then moves onto greener pastures, to set them alight with nuclear flame.

One last note on the vessels, so long as the djinn lives, the vessel is virtually indestructible. Somehow the object of its imprisonment is tied to the djinn metaphysically and physically. This connection allows the djinn to track the vessel regardless of distance.

Combat

Explodjinn are arrogant creatures that like to toy with their prey before finishing them, but when the time comes for them





to finish the job, they fling bolts of fiery death to devastating effect.

Nuclear Powers: Most Explodjinn have four to six powers, usually including atomic *blast*, *emp*, and *nuke*.

Heat: An explodjinn's explosive, rad-hot form deals 1d6 points of additional fire damage whenever it hits in melee, or when grappling, each round it maintains a hold.

Fire Subtype: Fire immunity, double damage from cold except on a successful save.

Telepathy: An explodjinn can communicate telepathically with any creature within 100 feet that has a language.

Fate Eater

Medium-size Undead (Incorporeal)

Hit Dice: 5d12 (32hp)

Initiative: +4 (+4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 11 (+1 deflection)

Attacks: See below

Damage: See below

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Dream Invasion, Manipulate Fate

Special Qualities: Voices In Your Head, Undead, Fearless

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +2

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 10, Con —, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 12

Skills: Climb +10, Hide +10, Listen +10, Search +12, Spot +12

Feats: Improved Initiative

Climate/Terrain: Any land

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Usually Neutral

Advancement: —

Fate Eaters are ghosts of people who died on Judgment Day with unfinished business to complete. They extort living victims into finishing that business for them by using their fate manipulation ability to rob them of Fate Chips. They promise to return the Fate Chips (they call it luck) when the deal is done. The completion of the desired task usually allows the fate eater to end its existence as a trapped spirit on earth, and go to its next reward.

The task in question might be ridiculous, poignant, or just plain deadly.

Come to think of it, even the simplest task can be lethal in the Wasted West. The victim may be called upon to avenge a wrong, wrest a confession of mutual love from someone the fate eater worshipped from afar, or find lost treasure.

Fate eaters look like ghostly apparitions of their former selves. They're only rarely glimpsed outside their victim's dreams.

Combat

Fate eaters are incorporeal beings; they cannot physically harm their victims, but they are incredibly persistent, and continue to dog victims until their will is done. Nothing stops them from stealing fate: a group that sticks together is easy to follow, and groups more easily complete many tasks.

Manipulate Fate: A fate eater can take Fate Chips from characters, and transfer them to other characters (or return them to their original owners). To do so, it engages in a psychic duel with the target character, pitting its Charisma against the target's (opposed Charisma check). If the fate eater wins the contest it takes one chip and can immediately begin another contest. If it keeps winning, it can run the target out of chips. However, as soon as it fails, it must wait at least twenty-four hours before trying again.

No roll is required to transfer the stolen chip to another character, or give it back to its original owner. The fate eater may not use chips stolen in this manner itself.

Dream Invasion: The fate eater can appear in the dreams of a victim from whom he has stolen one or more Fate Chips. He appears as he did before death. He can use this power only for purposes of communication; he can't otherwise manipulate the details of the dream, probe the victim for information, or anything like that.

Voices in Your Head: Fate eaters can project their thoughts into the minds of other intelligent entities. The recipient of the message hears his own voice speak whatever the fate eater wants to say.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Fearless: Fate Eaters never suffer from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources.

Fizzers

Medium-size Monstrous Humanoid

Hit Dice: 1d8-1 (3 hp)

Initiative: +1 (+1 Dex)



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Speed: 30ft.
AC: 15 (+1 Dex, +4 armor)
Attacks: Spiked club +1 melee
Damage: Spiked club 1d8-1
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.
Special Attacks: Caffeine Overdrive, Surge
Special Qualities: Detect B-Fizz
Saves: Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +0
Abilities: Str 11, Dex 12, Con 8, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 9
Skills: Listen +3, Search +3, Spot +2
Feats: None
Climate/Terrain: Any land
Organization: Solitary or group (3-30)
Challenge Rating: 2
Treasure: Motley assortment of scavenged weapons and armor.
Alignment: Usually Neutral
Advancement: –

Fizzers have pale complexions, glazed, sunken eyes and lifeless flat hair. They typically wear pre-War T-shirts three sizes too small, peppered with holes and stained with Bubbly-Fizz Cola. Their skin is covered with oozing, volcanic zits that bubble and fizz from every inch of exposed flesh, with little daubs of dripping green goo that bead along their rancid gums where their rotted teeth used to be.

Fizzers are addicted to Bubbly-Fizz Cola. They kill for it. It's almost like they worship it. They live in chaotic, violence-prone colonies whose only goals are survival and the acquisition of more B-Fizz. Individually weak, they are strong in numbers. Relatives of those they've slain in pursuit of cola sometimes place bounties on them

Fizzers are not, technically speaking, mutants. They're victims of a genetically engineered virus created a few years before the war by unscrupulous executives of the Bubbly-Fizz Beverage Corporation. The virus, planted in random batches of the coal, was meant to reinforce a brand preference for Bubbly-Fizz, with no other side effects. Funny how viruses engineered at the behest of unscrupulous executives always seem to go awry isn't it? In this case, the virus not only significantly degraded the physical and mental health of its victims, but also induced an overwhelming psychological need for the product. In the aftermath of the war, the infected are doubly screwed, because B-Fizz is now a nonrenewable resource.

In fizzer-dominated areas, B-Fizz is an expensive commodity; posses may find rich rewards in ferrying a case or two through fizzer territory. Fizzers are prodigious scavengers, and trade valuable stuff for their beverage of choice. Their theologians also exchange desirable items

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for prewar records of the B-Fizz Corp. If the heroes research the corporation, the posse may find itself wondering if they, too, have been infected by B-Fizz consumed in the past.

Combat

Fizzers are chaotic and violent. They'll do whatever it takes to get their grubby hands on B-Fizz, usually this means hammering at folks with scavenged weapons until they get what they want. Like other addicts after a fix, they attack first and ask questions second.

Caffeine Overdrive: For 24 hours after consuming Bubbly-Fizz Cola, Fizzers gain a +4 to their Initiative bonus and Reflex saves.

Surge: Fizzers gain a temporary +1 to Strength, Constitution, and Dexterity for every three rounds in which they can detect Bubbly Fizz, but are prevented from taking it. Each increase lasts for 1 hour, with a maximum bonus of +10.

Detect Bubbly-Fizz: Fizzers can detect Bubbly-Fizz Cola within 90-feet, regardless of barriers or concealment.





Gallos Terribles

Large Beast
Hit Dice: 3d10+9 (25hp)
Initiative: +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improve Initiative)
Speed: 50ft.
AC: 16 (-1 size, +2 Dex, +5 Natural)
Attacks: 2 claws +9 melee, bite +4 melee
Damage: Claws 2d6+4, bite 4d6+2
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.
Special Attacks: —
Special Qualities: Cloak of Evil
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +2
Abilities: Str 19, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 1, Wis 13, Cha 6
Skills: Listen +4, Spot +4
Feats: Improved Initiative
Climate/Terrain: Nevada Desert
Organization: Solitary or flock (5-8)
Challenge Rating: 3
Treasure: None
Alignment: Always Neutral
Advancement: 4 HD (Large); 5-9 HD (Huge)

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Doctor Clarence Bachman was a virologist working for the Confederates during the Last War, developing vaccines to combat dangerous pathogens released by Union scientists.

He was brilliant, ambitious, and most of all, arrogant. After crossing his superiors one too many times, he found himself exiled to a remote research facility in the Nevada desert a hundred miles from nowhere.

He hated the assignment. The work was boring, and he was trapped indoors by a violent case of ophidophobia—fear of reptiles. The Nevada desert's crawling with them: lizards, snakes, gila monsters, you name it and you'll find it. Bachman decided to clear the area of these 'fearsome' creatures, using the skills he was best with: genetic engineering.

The indigenous roadrunners were the most common predators of reptilian desert life. Bachman set out to unlock the genes for size, speed, and aggressiveness in the otherwise inoffensive, flightless avian. After months of research, he eventually succeeded, and released the resultant species into the desert to develop without the interference of human beings. What he ended up with met all of his specification, and then some.

The gallos terribles, as they're now called, evolved far beyond Doctor Bachman's initial projections. The radiation of the desert had destabilized their DNA and caused further mutations, causing them to grow as tall as a man, augmenting their already considerable speed, and worse yet, their foraging instincts. The creatures had regressed into a primeval, monstrous state driven only to hunt and bring down prey.

The research facility now lies under several yards of sand although many of the entrances still remain above ground. The laboratories and stores remain to this day, sealed away behind airtight bulkhead doors. The base still has power, although the antique atomic reactor has been on standby since before the scientists' last attempt to escape. It's only a matter of time before it melts down and destroys the base.

Within this subterranean warren lair the descendants of the original gallos. They leave their burrows at dawn and dusk to hunt for food. The gallos range as far as 25 miles around the base in search of prey. The remains of vehicles of those who ran afoul of the vicious birds litter the valley floor.

Although this has yet to come to light, as there are few paranaturalists interested in risking their necks to satisfy scientific

curiosity, the Gallos live for only two to three years. Apparently, the birds' metabolism precludes a longer lifespan.

Wormlings and the rattlers steer clear of this region. Apparently, the gallos are none too particular about what they eat, meat is meat after all—besides, you know what they say about the early bird catching the worm.

Combat

Gallos are incredibly fierce and fearless predators. They attack primarily with their razor sharp claws, harrying its opponents with repeated slashing even after they are down.

Cloak of Evil: A flock of gallos moving at half speed or better kicks up a huge volume of dust. The actual area of effect is equal to the number of gallos within the storm multiplied by 15 feet in diameter. Anyone caught within this cloud must make a Fortitude save (DC 15) each round or take 1d6 points of subdual damage. A character who fails this save three times has chocked on the dust; the character is stunned for 1d4 rounds and the DC for further rolls is increased to 19.

Ghostrock Wraith

Medium-size Undead
(Incorporeal)

Hit Dice: 5d12 (32hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 30ft., fly 60ft. (good)

AC: 15 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: Incorporeal touch +5
melee

Damage: Incorporeal touch
corruption 1d4 (1d4+3 vs. ethereal
opponents)

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Atomic Blast, Create
Wraith

Special Qualities: Radioactive, +2 Turn
Resistance, Unnatural Aura, Undead,
Fearless

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +6

Abilities: Str —, Dex 16, Con —, Int 14, Wis
14, Cha 15

Skills: Hide +11, Intimidate +10, Intuit
Direction +8, Listen +10, Search +10,
Sense Motive +10, Spot +12

Feats: Alertness, Blind-fighting, Combat
Reflexes

Climate/Terrain: Any land

Organization: Solitary, duo, or group (3-5)

Challenge Rating: 5

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Evil

Advancement: None



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Ghost rock consists of damned souls, trapped and sentenced to eternal agony within the mineral they inhabit. When the bombs fell, they unleashed millions of such tortured beings, scattered in radioactive ash. Sometimes, however, a condemned soul has enough will, enough strength, or just enough plumb meanness to escape its material prison. It coalesces from nearby ghost-rock dust, and stalks the night, seeking to share the pain of their existence.

Ghostrock wraiths haunt particular areas or sites, usually the places where they first manifested. They usually do not stray far from their places of origin; no further than a few hundred yards.

A wraith appears before any interlopers who enter its territory: a man-shaped swirl of ghost-rock dust, glowing green with radioactivity. Their insubstantiality means conventional weapons cannot harm them; only fire and certain holy incantations can damage them, they flee if sufficiently injured, but cannot be dissuaded otherwise.

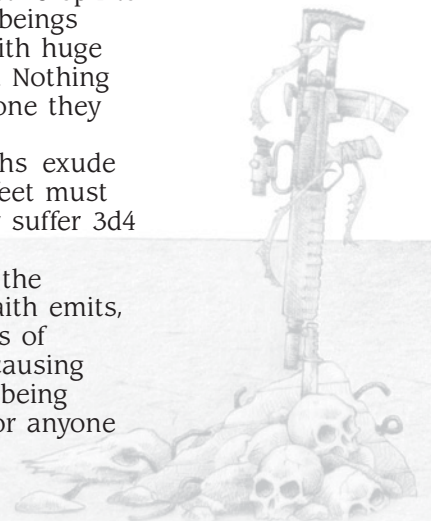
Those killed by ghostrock wraiths become imprisoned in ghost rock themselves, perpetuating the cycle of death and pain. It is rare to find two wraiths in the same area, but not unheard of. The second wraith is often a former victim of the first, and the two engage in battles that disintegrate any onlookers.

Combat

Ghostrock wraiths are destructive spirits who wreak havoc on any living beings they encounter, blasting them with huge doses of flesh-melting radiation. Nothing save the hideous death of everyone they see satiates them.

Radioactive: Ghostrock wraiths exude radiation. Any being within 150 feet must make a Fortitude save (DC 25) or suffer 3d4 points of damage.

Atomic Blast: In addition to the passive damage a ghostrock wraith emits, they can hurl sizzling green bolts of irradiated energy up to 30 feet, causing 3d10+6 points of damage to any being struck by the blast and 2d10+4 for anyone





within 10 feet of the target. Atomic blast can score a critical and has a threat score of 20.

Create Wraith: Any being slain by a ghostrock wraith becomes a wraith in 1d4 rounds.

Unnatural Aura: Both wild and domesticated animals can sense the unnatural presence of a wraith at a distance of 30 feet. They will not willingly approach nearer than that and panic if forced to do so; they remain panicked as long as they are within that range.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Fearless: Ghostrock wraiths never suffer from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources. They fight until destroyed.

Glamor Puss

Medium-size Monstrous Humanoid (Human)

Hit Dice: 6d8+6 (33 hp)

Initiative: +2 (+2 Dex)

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 20 (+2 Dex, +8 natural)

Attacks: 2 claws +8 melee

Damage: Claws 1d6

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Harvest

Special Qualities: Regeneration 2, Parts is Parts, Gore Shedding

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +6

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 6

Skills: Hide +8, Move Silently +8, Search, +10, Spot +10

Feats: Alertness

Climate/Terrain: Any land; usually clinics or hospitals

Organization: Solitary or group (9-12)

Challenge Rating: 5

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: –

The 21st century brought about unprecedented advances in the fields of medical science, the likes of which were only hinted at in science fiction. Many surgeries requiring weeks of planning and months of painful recuperation became routine outpatient procedures performed in chic, highly exclusive clinics for society's effete elite.

Those who strove to achieve physical perfection often had no choice but to resort to plastic surgery in order to shorten, tone up, enlarge, or in other words improve upon nature's handiwork. After the bombs fell, some of these individuals survived the fallout, diseases, and packs of rabid mutants—only to become warped abominations themselves. Ironically, it would be their unrelenting vanity that would prove to be their undoing.

Now packs of these creatures wander urban centers, hiding out in the ruins of hospitals, and once-exclusive clinics, looking for victims from which to borrow spare parts in a never-ending pursuit of "the perfect look".

Those unfortunate enough to run afoul of these monsters are well advised to beware, lest they become unwilling organ donors. These creatures layer themselves with scraps of flesh and bone stripped from those they manage to overpower. By working in concert and sharing the spoils, two or three of them can easily overpower a single victim and remove the most useful bits in under a minute.

Unfortunately for the victim, the glamour

pusses don't wait for their victim to expire before they perform their gory work.

Glamor pusses are highly competitive—they often fight over choice pieces of flesh, causing many of the creatures to have a patchwork appearance from the many clashing ears, cheekbones, and chins. Each glamour puss has its own sense of the esthetic, but one thing remains in common: vanity. When presented with the opportunity to preen in front of a mirror, the glamor puss will at least be distracted by the presence of the reflective surface (The creature suffers a -2 penalty to all actions unless it makes a Will save DC 20).

Combat

The glamor puss relies upon superior numbers and its horrid appearance to overwhelm its prey. Once restrained, the glamor puss goes to work on its victim with its razor sharp nails, removing choice components of the prey's anatomy with surgical efficiency.

Harvest: In order to harvest body parts, the glamor puss must make a successful touch attack. A single glamor puss does 1d4 points of permanent Constitution damage for every round it works on a target, and this damage continues until the victim expires, escapes, or the glamor puss is killed.

Parts is Parts: By clothing themselves with the skin taken from past victims, the glamor puss receives a +8 to its natural armor. Each time a glamor puss takes damage it must make a Fortitude save (DC 18) or take a -1 penalty to this bonus, until all 8 points have been lost.

Gore Shedding: Once a glamor puss takes damage, its appearance begins to suffer as the borrowed components begin to slough off, revealing raw, pulpy muscle underneath. Any creature within a 30-foot spread that views the glamor puss in this state must succeed at a Will save (DC 18) or become panicked for 2d4 rounds (This DC is raised to 22 after all of its spare parts have been shed). Any creature that saves against this effect may not be affected by the same glamor puss' horrific appearance for one day.

Glow-Bot

Large Construct

Hit Dice: 8d10+24 (68hp)

Initiative: +1 (-1 Size, +2 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 16 (-1 size, +2 Dex, +5 Armor)

Attacks: 2 fists +13 melee, chain gun +17/+12/+7 ranged

Damage: Fists 3d6+5, chain gun 3d10+4

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.

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Special Attacks: —

Special Qualities: Armor, Auto-Targeters, Sensors, Construct, Fearless, Cause Mutation, Rad Shielding

Saves: Fort +11, Ref +5, Will +2

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 14, Con —, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 16

Skills: Listen +8, Spot +8

Feats: Automatic Weapon Proficiency

Climate/Terrain: NorCal, Oregon, Washington State

Organization: Solitary or in deployments (2-4)

Challenge Rating: 8

Treasure: Special (see below)

Alignment: Always Neutral

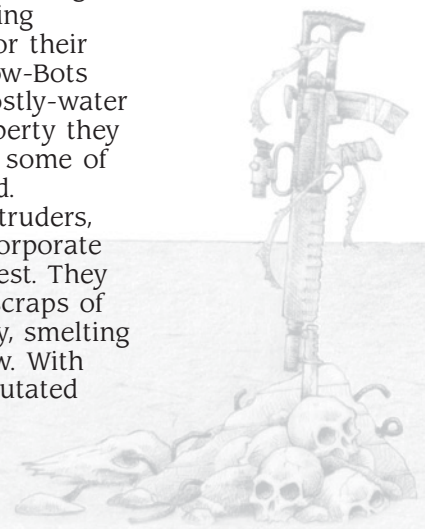
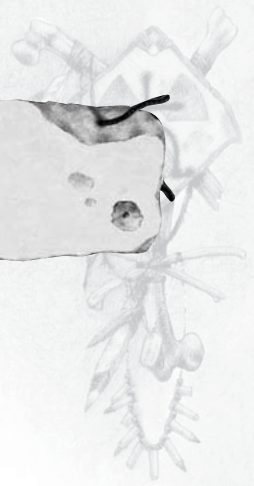
Advancement: None

Glow-Bots are another example of the Hellish nightmares created when the Ghost Bombs hit. On the fringes of the hundreds of city killers dropped, all kinds of high security buildings were nuked too. Close enough to melt all the flesh and blood folks, but just far enough away to leave just about everything else intact. Sure, being underground in labs and such saved some employees, but they were dealt with later on.

A funny thing happened when all those Rad Storms blew through all the mostly empty installations. Some of the Ghost Rock residue got through the overtaxed Rad Shielding on the better Security-Bots. Most just cooked up and busted, but some got powered up by the radiation, and became self-aware: a kind of rudimentary AI. These working Bots started to glow a sickly green, but otherwise just started doing their job again, guarding various buildings and security elevators.

When the survivors started to emerge, they were greeted by these glowing behemoths that didn't just ask for their security badge anymore. The Glow-Bots looked at these ugly-bags-of-mostly-water as interlopers on the sacred property they were created to protect. Besides, some of their security badges had expired.

After eradicating the initial intruders, the Glow-Bots zealously guard corporate installations all over the Northwest. They replenish their ammo from the scraps of metal in and around the property, smelting it in the laboratories down below. With Rad Storms replenishing their mutated





power generators, they have a half-life of about a thousand years.

Combat

If the Glow-Bots are feeling especially friendly, they'll scream "Badge, Please!" as they're filling you full of glowing lead. Fully loaded, Glow-Bots hold over five hundred rounds of ammunition, so don't try to outlast 'em. And forget about taking their ammo, too. Over the years, their barrels have expanded and the ammunition is pretty unique, unable to be used for any other type of guns except the ones built into their right arms. When surrounded by

opponents, Glow bots can either strike with each fist, or take one melee attack and one shot of it's chain gun at another opponent. This is with no penalty.

Armor: Glow-bots are armor plated and receive +5 to its armor rating.

Auto-Targeters: Glow-Bots get a +5 bonus to ranged attacks due to auto-targeting. This is included in the statistics above.

Sensors: High quality sensors give the Glow-Bot a racial bonus of +6 on all Spot and Listen checks. This is not included above.

Construct: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, disease, and similar effects. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Fearless: Glow-Bots are very serious about their sacred duty. They never suffer from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources.

Cause Mutation: A nasty side effect of all that sucked up radiation is the ability to mutate trespassers. Any creature engaged in hand to hand with a Glow-Bot must make a fortitude save (15) or roll on the mutation chart for a new bad habit. This save must be made every round in contact with the 'Bot.

Rad Shielding: With all that glowing, you'd think a Glow-Bot would be a buffet for a Doomsayer. Not really, each Glow-Bot still has enough Rad Shielding to cause an opposed check. The Doomsayer has to make a Faith check, and the Glow-Bot makes a Fortitude save verses the result. Winner keeps the Rads.

Treasure: While the Glow-Bots don't have two nickels to rub together, the place they've been guarding hasn't been touched in almost fifteen years. All kinds of goodies may be in there. This is entirely up to the Marshal, of course

Gore Storm

Large Aberration

Hit Dice: 8d8+8 (44 hp)

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 40ft. fly (good)

AC: 16 (-1 Size, +3 Dex, +4 Natural)

Attacks: Bone shards +11 melee

Damage: Bone shards 1d8+6

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 10ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: Feeding Time

Special Qualities: Immunity, Weakness

Saves: Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +6

Abilities: Str 22, Dex 17, Con 23, Int 3, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Listen +9, Spot +9

Feats: Improved Initiative

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Climate/Terrain: Any land
Organization: Solitary
Challenge Rating: 6
Treasure: —
Alignment: Chaotic Evil
Advancement: 8-12 HD (Large); 13-15 HD (Huge)

These particularly nasty beings, a joint creation of War and Death, came to Earth with the Reckoners, and have been salted throughout the Wasted West's worst Deadlands in order to keep their despair and terror quotients up in the stratosphere.

Gore storms appear as screaming twisters of gore and flesh, a bubbling vortex of blood and muscle and bone. Although they often seem to possess a malign intelligence, and they apparently enjoy toying with their victims before finishing them off, gore storms are pretty much creatures of instinct. They exist only to feed upon the flesh of the victims. They do, however, often leave a single survivor when attacking a group of victims, to ensure that word of their horror spreads and propagates.

There are a few gore storms of gigantic size. These were spawned by War on battlefields as he fought his way across Kansas.

Combat

Gore storms are wary creatures. They may track a party through a city for days, watching as the group's resources are expended, before launching a surprise attack. They seem to enjoy playing with their food, and often leave gory presents near the heroes' camp to relish the fear these create.

Feeding Time: Each time the gore storm maims a flesh-and-blood opponent it grows more powerful; add 1d4 points of strength and the number of hit points equal to the damage inflicted upon its victim for each successful attack it delivers.

Due to the mystical nature of its attack, it can't damage vehicles, machines, or other inanimate objects. The creature deals only half damage to undead creatures. It also gains no feeding time benefits from wounds dealt to undead. Damage dealt to cyborgs is halved as well.

Weakness: The gore storm takes double damage from explosives, chemical or biological weapons that harm flesh-and-blood creatures.

Immunity: Gore storms are immune to guns, blades, and fists.

Fearless: Gore storms never suffer from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources.

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Hands of Hell

Small Construct (Undead)

Hit Dice: 5d10+10 (38hp)

Initiative: +9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improve Initiative)

Speed: 30ft. or 50ft. (See below)

AC: 22 (+1 size, +5 Dex, +6 Natural)

Attacks: Combination of 8 claws +8 melee, melee weapon +8 melee, or pistols +11

Damage: Claws d4+3, misc. small melee weapon 1d6+3, common firearm 2d8

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Rain-o-Lead

Special Qualities: Fearless, Construct, Undead, Sensors

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +2

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 22, Con —, Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 10

Skills: Listen +5, Spot +5, hide +11, Speed load +9

Feats: Improved Initiative, Simple Melee Weapons, Firearms (pistols), Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Improved Disarm

Climate/Terrain: Northwest wastes

Organization: Solitary or pack (2-3)

Challenge Rating: 6

Treasure: None

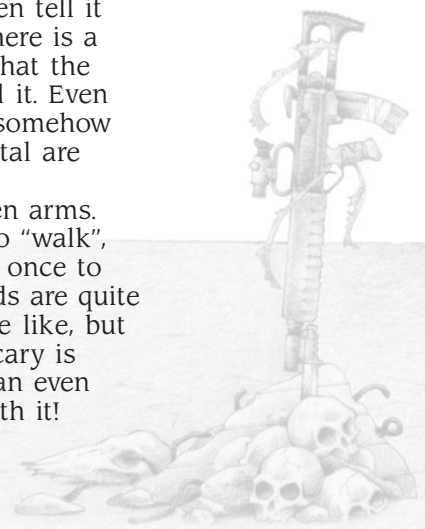
Alignment: Always Neutral


Advancement: None

Some research lab somewhere in the northwest cooked up this unholy contraption. A hands of Hell is basically a Harrowed human brain in an enclosed protective shell with ten mechanical arms jutting out from all angles. Since the construct frame is very inhuman shaped, all hands of Hell are quite insane. Without any exterior voice modulator or other way to speak, the only way they can express themselves is to kill, a lot.

At first glance, one cannot even tell it has any human bits at all, but there is a small "mouth" under its "head" that the hands shovel meat inside to fuel it. Even broken pieces of its frame can somehow be mended if enough bits of metal are consumed with the meat.

Each of these creatures has ten arms. They use at least two of them to "walk", and can use up to eight arms at once to attack with no penalty. The hands are quite adept with knives, clubs, and the like, but what makes them (even more) scary is their instinctive gun use. They can even grab your gun and shoot you with it!





Hands of Hell have at least three handguns at all times (d6+2). If they don't have ammunition or that many guns, they only go out in pairs and at night to scavenge for more. Whether the other hands have melee weapons or just their claws is random (50%).

If the hands of Hell use four of its hands for movement, its base move increases to 50ft. Insane, but not stupid, the hands drop weapons (even pistols) if need be to hunt or escape using this faster pace.

Combat

Hands of Hell love gunplay. The only way it wades into melee is if it has less than four handguns. Even if it engages in hand-to-hand (to-hand-to-hand, etc.) combat, the construct still fires into melee with all of its pistols at no penalty.

Rain-o-Lead: With at least three pistols loaded with at least five bullets each, the Hands of Hell can do a rain-o-lead by spinning and shooting in all directions at once. The damage is 5d6 to everyone within fifty feet of the Hands of Hell (Reflex save (DC 25) for half damage). If an opponent has at least half cover, he takes half damage, saving for one-quarter damage. This is a full round action.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Fearless: Hands of Hell never suffers from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources.

Construct: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, disease, and similar effects. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Sensors: With limited space available for on-board sensors, the Hands of Hell have relatively simple audio, olfactory, and video sensors. This still gives it a +2 bonus to Spot and Listen checks, however. These bonuses are not included above.

Hangman

Medium Supernatural Monster

Hit Dice: 5d10+12 (40)

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 17 (+3 Dex, +4 Natural)

Attacks: Noose +10 melee

Damage: Special (see below)

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Dire Judgment, Fearless, Immunity

Saves: Fort +10, Ref +8, Will +4

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 17, Con 20, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Listen +5, Spot +5, Hide +7

Feats: Improved Initiative, Sand

Climate/Terrain: Badlands, any desert

Organization: Solitary or group (3-5)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Lawful Evil

Advancement: None

The Hangman is fate's way of catching up with you. Every lie, evil act, or crime you've ever done comes back to haunt you when you face him.

Nobody knows when they first appeared, but Hangmen really came into prominence during the horror that was the Weird West. Things quieted down for a bit, but with the coming of the Reckoners, these boys are back, using their fascist view of mans laws to punish any and every infraction they find. Hangmen have one form of punishment: hangin'.

Using their Dire Punishment (see below), the Hangman gets to see any crime you've committed in the last week. Doesn't matter how trivial the crime, either. Jaywalking, loitering, and murder are all equal in the Hangman's soulless eyes. Since the big bombs wrecked the world, those first two are pretty common. That doesn't matter. The Hangman takes extra satisfaction from twisting old laws and punishing the "guilty" with them.

Combat

The Hangman usually waits until most of a group is sleeping to attack. If there is more than one, they coordinate to get as many victims as possible. A hangman will only take one victim per night unless hurt by someone else. This "attempted murder" is punished next.

Hangmen attack with their hangmen's nooses, choking the victim. With a successful attack, the mystical noose constricts around the neck. The victim either continues to attack or make a Strength check (DC 20) to escape. A natural 20 is considered an automatic success. Each round the victim is being "hung" they take 2d6+5 subdual damage. Each round choking also gives a -1 penalty to all Strength checks until all subdual damage is healed. This penalty is cumulative.



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Once the victim's subdual damage equals his hit point total, his hit points are reduced to zero. After one more round of hangin', the victim goes to -1 hit points, and the Hangman moves on. Normal negative hit point rules then apply.

If the hangin' does no damage (deader, power armor, etc.), the victim is pardoned and no more attacks are made against her. If circumstances change, however (like the victim commits another "crime" or removes his defenses), that victim is put to the head of the list of offenders.

Dire Judgment: A Hangman has a limited form of telepathy that allows it to see crimes in the noggins of its victims. If there is a particular nasty offense in there, the Hangman calls out this crime for all of the victims' friends to hear before meeting out its bizarre brand of justice.

In the case of a Hangman, ignorance of the law apparently is a valid defense. A 10-year-old mutant beggar doesn't know what jaywalking is; he's probably never even seen a crosswalk. But a forty-year-old Syker remembers those petty crimes, and has got to pay!

Another important fact is that a Hangman cannot hurt a truly innocent at all, even if they are fighting the Hangman. Now, there are probably dang few innocents out there, but an *atonement* spell or something similar may work in a pinch. The Marshal has final say so as to anyone's innocence.

Fearless: Hangmen never suffer from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources.

Immunity: A Hangman is impervious to bullets, fists, and the like. Spells or energy attacks (including fire and explosives) work, though. Remember those innocent folks? They seem to be able to hurt Hangmen with bullets and fists just fine.

Hangman's Tree

Huge Plant (Evil)

Hit Dice: 10d8+50 (98 hp)

Initiative: -2 (-2 Dex)

Speed: 10ft.

AC: 19 (-2 Dex, -2 Size, +13 Natural)

Attacks: 2 slams +14 melee, 4 vines +12 melee

Damage: Slam 2d6+9, vines 1d6+13

Face/Reach: 10ft. by 10ft./15ft.

Special Attacks: Grab, Hangin', Spores

Special Qualities: Resist Fire 10, Regeneration 2

Saves: Fort +14, Ref +1, Will +3

Abilities: Str 28, Dex 7, Con 21, Int 5, Wis 10, Cha 6

Skills: Hide +20, Listen +8, Spot +8

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Feats: Multi-Attack, Toughness, Great Fortitude

Climate/Terrain: Any land (typically swamp or wooded)

Organization: Solitary or grove (3-5)

Challenge Rating: 7

Treasure: -

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Advancement: 11-18 HD (Huge); 19-30 HD (Gargantuan)

Hangman's trees resemble oak trees but their bark is much darker, nearly black in some cases, and their limbs are choked with twisted, rotten vines and thick patches of ochre moss on their trunks. Many wasters mistake them for trees infected with some sort of disease or sickness, the truth is far more sinister.

Hangman's trees are native to the Mississippi Delta, at the edges of the vast, stinky swamp that was once Louisiana. Hangmen, evil servants of the Reckoners who wander the west in meeting out judgment, first created these trees during the years of the Weird West, to aid them in their mission. The first, a big, thick oak, still stands today, just outside an old cotton plantation in the Bayou.

Combat

Generally, hangman's trees use their thick limbs to crush and stun their opponents before sweeping them up into the air with prehensile vines and hanging them. But hangman's trees are as cruel and twisted as their gnarled limbs. They enjoy toying with their victims before slaying them. At times they release their victims, allowing them to fall to the ground and regain a sliver of hope before snatching them back into the air and finishing the job.

Grab: If a hangman's tree makes a successful attack with both vines, it grabs the victim, making a free grapple check without provoking an attack of opportunity. If it establishes a hold, it lifts the target into its highest branches, positioning the victim for its *Hangin'* attack.

Hangin': If a hangman's tree successfully grabs an opponent with two or more vines, it can attempt to hang the victim. One of the vines snakes around the targets throat like a noose, while the second pins the arms back to prevent

escape. On the next round, the tree gives the vines a violent snap and allows the victim to dangle on their own weight as they suffocate. The victim must make a Fortitude save (DC 18) to avoid a broken neck. If the check is successful, the victim can hold their breath for two rounds per point of Constitution. After this period of time they must make a Constitution check (DC 10) each round, with the DC increasing by +1 for each success, to continue holding their breath. When the victim fails one of one of these checks, they fall unconscious (0 hp), begin dying (-1 hp) the following round, and suffocate on the third.

Spores: A hangman's tree can emit a cloud of spores in a 10-foot radius around its trunk, requiring a Fortitude save (DC 14); initial and secondary damage 1d4 temporary Strength and 1d4 temporary Constitution.

Resist Fire: The hangman's taint provides hangman's trees with supernatural resilience toward fire. They may ignore the first 10 points of fire damage dealt each round.

Plant: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and polymorphing. Not subject to critical hits.

Skills: A hangman's tree receives a +12 racial bonus to hide checks when in swampy or forested areas.

Hitcher

Medium Magical Beast

Hit Dice: 12d10+24 (90 hp)

Initiative: +9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 21 (+5 Dex, +2 Armor, +4 natural)

Attacks Claws +16/+11/+6 melee, dire rifle +17/+12/+7 ranged

Damage: Claws 2d8+6, dire rifle 2d12+6

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: Dire Rifle

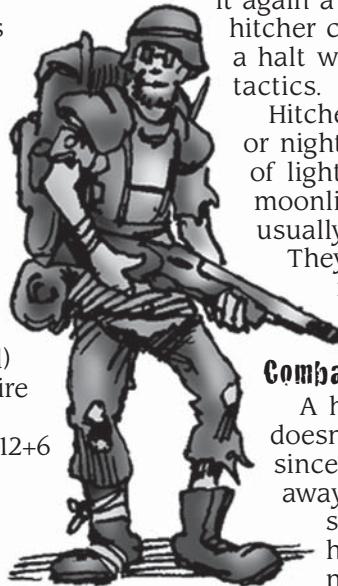
Special Qualities: Fearless, Teleportin', Regeneration

Saves: Fort +10, Ref +14, Will +7

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 20, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 15

Skills: Gunplay +14, Hide +12, Intimidate +12, Listen +10, Search +12, Spot +16, Wilderness Lore +12

Feats: Improved Initiative, Firearms Proficiency (Rifle), The Stare



Combat

A hitcher will pick his target, doesn't really matter how big since its pretty sure it can get away, then start by picking off a sentry or two from range. A hitcher makes sure it's noticed.

No sniper, the hitcher gives its opponents opportunities to fire back, just not a lot. If it gets hit a couple times, it will teleport away, reappear a few miles ahead, and start the process over.

The hitcher ain't yeller about melee combat; it just prefers ranged attacks to get things going. After its victims start watching the ridgelines, it'll 'port in and rend a victim or two just to keep um on their toes.

Dire Rifle: The hitcher's create their main weapon though some weird metamorphosis. When taken from their corpses (rarely) Dire Rifles transform into

Climate/Terrain: Any road

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 8

Treasure: None

Alignment: Lawful Evil

Advancement: –

For as long as there have been trails in the wilderness, there have been those creatures that preyed on the lonely traveler in the middle of some desolate stretch of No Man's Land. There is a lot more deserted road out there now pilgrim, so look out for the hitcher.

The hitchers have been around a long time but now they're uppin' the ante by trying to jump on the winner's bandwagon, so to speak. They want to become servitors of Death. There's a lot a competition for these jobs in the wasted west, so the Hitchers are knocking up the fear level on the roads they prey on, trying to get Death's attention. In a good way.

Not to be held back by tradition, hitchers have really updated their look-sportin' black armored dusters and even creating some type of Dire Weapon (see below). They travel the long, lonely highways terrorizing travelers by picking off stragglers, then disappearing to do it again a few miles up ahead. One hitcher can bring entire caravans to a halt with these fearful hit and run tactics.

Hitchers can act during the day or night. Unless there's some kind of light source, like strong moonlight for example, they usually attack in the daylight.

They really go for those fearsome silhouettes on a rocky bluff.

busted antique ball and cap things, or sometimes muskets, effectively useless hunks of junk. In the hitchers hand though, they are nasty. They have a range of 60ft. and have a critical threat range of 18-20, x2. Dire Rifles also never run out of ammunition.

Fearless: Hitchers never suffer from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources.

Teleportin': A hitcher effectively teleports as a move equivalent action. Its limitation, however, is that it cannot teleport while being watched. This is a mystical limitation and is not in the realm of the hitcher's control. It's spookier to just vanish around a big rock than go "poof". Of course, if the hitcher tries to 'port and can't, it knows somebody's watchin'.

Another limitation is the distance they can teleport and how often. A hitcher can teleport a maximum distance of 100 miles, and only once per hour. This distance is based on road distance and not how the crow flies. In fact, a hitcher cannot get more than 100 meters from a road under any circumstances. If they do, they wither away and die in a matter of minutes.

Regeneration: A hitcher can regenerate at the rate of 10 hit points per hour, so a gut shot might keep one away for a couple hours. To finish one off, though, you have to find it and put it down for good.

Harpy

Medium-Size Beast

Hit Dice: 7d8 (30)

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 20ft., fly 80ft. (average)

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: Club +7/+2 melee, or 2 claws +2 melee

Damage: Club 1d4 or claws 1d3

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Captivating Song

Special Qualities: None

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +7, Will +5

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 15, Con 11, Int 7, Wis 10, Cha 15

Skills: Bluff +8, Listen +7, Perform (buffoonery, chant, epic, jingles, limericks, melody, ode, storytelling) +9, Spot +6

Feats: Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative

Climate/Terrain: Urban ruins

Organization: Solitary, pair, or brood (5-7)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: Various pieces of scavenged equipment (nest), plus equipment from slain victims

Alignment: Usually Chaotic Evil

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Advancement: 6-10 HD (Medium), 11-14 HD (Large)

A more gruesome and disgusting creature than the harpy is hard to imagine. These foul creatures take great pleasure in the suffering and death of others; they often torture their prey for the sheer delight of inflicting pain.

A harpy resembles a crusty, evil-faced hag with the lower body, legs, and wings of a vulture. Its feathers are usually black, oily, and blood-splattered. The creature generally wears no clothing, save perhaps as a trophy. They often wield the bones of their victims as makeshift clubs, even though they have wicked talons on their filthy fingers.

Harpies make their lairs on top of old skyscrapers and other ruined or abandoned buildings of decent height. They root through the city and scavenge junk to build crude, foul-smelling nests.

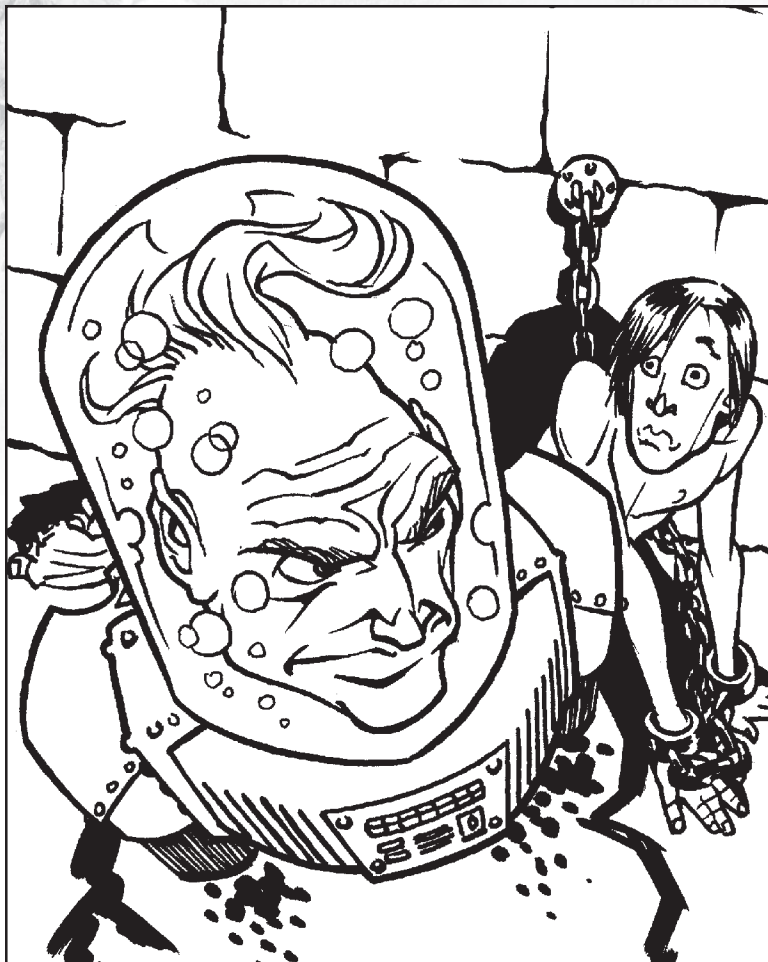
All harpies are female, and all of their eggs hatch as females. They use their magical songs to lure hapless travelers into their urban lairs, and certain death. During mating season, they attempt to subdue any male prey they encounter, with hopes of breeding. Once the season ends, however, they kill and consume their mate (and not always in that order).

Combat

When a harpy enters combat it generally uses its Flyby attack and then engages its enemies with a bone club. If disarmed or caught without a weapon nearby, it fights fiercely with its wicked talons.

Captivating Song: The most dangerous ability of the harpy is its magical song. When a harpy sings, all creatures (other than harpies) within a 300-foot spread must succeed at a Will save (DC 15) or become utterly captivated. This is a sonic, mind-affecting charm. If the save is successful, that creature cannot be affected by that harpy's song for one day.

A captivated victim walks toward the harpy, taking the most direct route available. If the path leads into a dangerous area (through flame, off a cliff, etc.), that creature gets a second saving throw. Captivated creatures can take no actions other than to defend themselves. (Thus, a junker cannot run away or attack but suffers no defensive penalties.) A victim within 5 feet of the harpy stands



there and offers no resistance to the beast's attacks. The effect continues for as long as the harpy sings.

Head Case

Small Undead
Hit Dice: 2d12 (13 hp)
Initiative: +0
Speed: 30ft. fly (poor)
AC: 17 (+1 Size, +6 Armor)
Attacks: None
Damage: None
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.
Special Attacks: Mind Blast, Brain Blast
Special Qualities: Undead, Fearless, Telepathy
Saves: Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +5
Abilities: Str —, Dex 10, Con —, Int 17, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Bluff +8, Blasting +11, Knowledge (Any two)+8, Listen +8, Ridicule +8, Sense Motive +9, Spot +8, Search +8

Feats: Alertness, Combat Casting, Iron Will, Skill Focus (Blasting)

Climate/Terrain: Any land

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Usually Evil

Advancement: —

A head case is an undead head, showing signs of freezer burn, encased in a helmet-like contraption with miniature rocket boosters to allow flight. It is also equipped with miniature rocket boosters to allow flight. It is also equipped with small, stunted, and mostly useless manipulator arms.

Contrary to legend, head cases are not the monstrous revenants of people who think too much; they weren't created by demons either.

In the second half of the 20th century, a subculture sprang up around cryogenic freezing technology, which offered its mostly tech-head clients the promise of second life. The clients' dead body would be frozen and kept on ice in anticipation of a utopian future where benevolent future scientists would cure the victim's original cause of death. Cryo-enthusiasts on a budget could pay to have only their heads frozen, in hopes that future medical technology could also cure the lack of a body.

Surprise! When the ghost bombs fell, those cryogenic facilities that survived (mostly in strip malls, oddly enough) became cradles of undead. The frozen bodies got up and walked off—without paying their bill!

The frozen heads came to life, too, but couldn't leave. Their intense frustration combined with the supernatural to give them brain-popping psi powers. When adventurers tried to loot the cryo-labs, the heads used these powers to cow them into servitude. They ordered captive junkers to build them armored helmets with built-in jet-packs for mobility.

But this wasn't enough, of course. They want bodies again. And after that, they plan to take over the world, or set up a sinister empire, or something equally evil. The exact goal depends on the particular head case and varies from group to group and head to head.

Many head cases were embittered, sarcastic geeks before they died the first time. Now their only pleasure is showing contempt for their mental inferiors.

Combat

Head cases cannot make physical attacks. They use their mental abilities to devastating effect, however, imposing their will on others with sinister glee.

Mind Blast: This attack is a cone 60 feet long. Anyone caught in this cone must succeed at a Will save (DC 18) or be stunned for 3d4 rounds.

Brain Blast: This attack is a tremendous beam of energy that streams like a laser from a head case. The blast does not "home in" on the target, so the head case must succeed at a ranged attack roll to hit his intended foe.

Brain blast affects both animate and inanimate objects and does 2d12+2 hit points of damage.

Telepathy: A head case can communicate telepathically with any creature within 100 feet that has a language.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Last Man Standing

Medium Undead

Hit Dice: 8d12+24 (84hp)

Initiative: +9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 20 (+5 Dex, +5 Natural)

Attacks: 2 fists +13 melee, or 2 energy attacks +13

Damage: Fists 3d6+5, energy attacks 4d8+6

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Undead, Limited Invulnerability, Fearless

Saves: Fort +14, Ref +13, Will +14

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 20, Con —, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 19

Skills: Listen +11, Spot +11

Feats: Improved Initiative

Climate/Terrain: Any ghost town or wasted Community

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 7

Treasure: Special (see below)

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: None

Coup: Any character that takes down a last man standing will get a permanent situation bonus of +1 to attack rolls and saves when he is the last man standing in a group encounter (at least two).

At abandoned fuel stations along broken stretches of the western highways, or in desolate towns destroyed by Rad

Horrors, 45

Storms and Muties, there was always one man or woman who hunkered down, and refused to give up their land. He or she fought to the last bullet, screaming bloody curses all the way. Eventually they all went down. Some, a rare few, got back up.

Angry spirits of vengeance merged with the last echoes of defiance and created the last man standing; a creature that still defends these way stations and dead towns from anything and everything. They look like pale ragged souls that have fought the good fight for far too long. They have a deader look to 'em, even if they really aren't, and sport a slight green glow.

A last man standing remains fiercely protective of its property, and reveals itself only after a gang of muties, a Combine caravan, or a simple group of adventures start making obvious signs of settling in for the night, resting for a few hours, or just start poking around. Someone just passin' through won't trigger one.

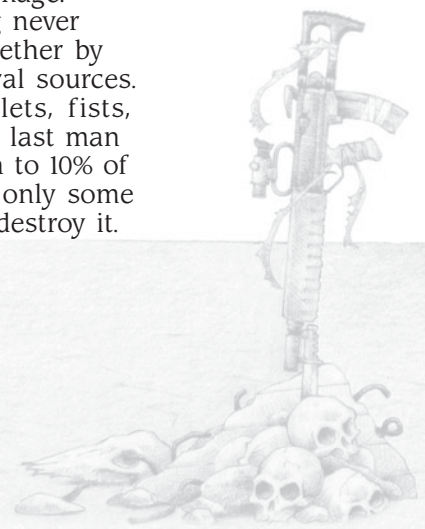
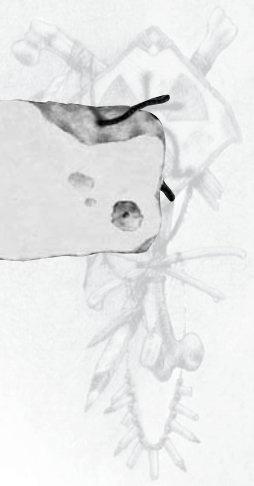
Combat

The last man standing always attacks the meanest looking hombre first, either with fists a' flying, or with its glowing energy attacks, which looks like a rifle, pistol, or whatever the last man standing used before its death. Being somewhat invulnerable, the last man standing usually wades through two or three trespassers without a sweat. At this point it usually screams a warning to skee-daddle or everyone dies. Most folks, after seeing an example of their bloody handy work, comply with a swiftness.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Fearless: A last man standing never suffers from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources.

Limited Invulnerability: Bullets, fists, and the like can not put down a last man standing. They can bring it down to 10% of its original hit points (8 hp), but only some type of energy attack can truly destroy it. Fire and the like works fine.



Leps

Medium humanoid
Hit Dice: 3d10+3 (20hp)
Initiative: +1 (+1 Dex)
Speed: 30ft.
AC: 15 (+1 Dex, +4 Armor)
Attacks: Machete or large knives +5 melee, pistol or shotgun +5
Damage: Machete or large knives 1d6+2, pistol 2d6+3, shotgun 1d6-4d6
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.
Special Attacks: Leprosy
Special Qualities: New Parts, Sensors, Targeters, Junkers
Saves: Fort +14, Ref +13, Will +14
Abilities: Str 14, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 6
Skills: Listen +5, Spot +5, Hide +5, Knowledge (Biology) +4, Knowledge (Engineering) +4, Drivin' (land Vehicles) +4, Medicine +4, Scroungin' +5, Survival +4
Feats: None
Climate/Terrain: Pacific Coast, Texas
Organization: Scouting Parties (4-8) or Caravans (5-50)
Challenge Rating: 2
Treasure: Special (see below)
Alignment: Usually Neutral
Advancement: –

One of the few groups of society that (unbelievably) have "thrived" in the wasted west is the Leps. Outcasts before the Ghost Bombs, most lived in specialty clinics well away from major cities in Texas and SoCal. Society just never got around to curing leprosy, never having enough peace or resources to devote to such a rare disease. Cybernetics were being experimented with as a substitute for leper's failing extremities, but was just too cost prohibitive for widespread use.

Once anarchy reigned, however, the "Leps" could just take what they needed by force. They kidnapped their doctors and took to the roads, always scroungin' for parts to add to themselves. Eventually, the Leps learned to tinker on their own. 10% of their numbers are Junkers of equal level.

Even with these new parts, however, leprosy is a losing battle. More parts must be added as decaying flesh and bone fall off their frames. The Leps continuing struggle will eventually turn them all into machines.

Combat

Leps protect their roving communities first and foremost, but are not above raiding for needed supplies. Most Leps feel the world owes them for their affliction, and only a surprising few worry about other people's problems. They have honed protection and attack tactics to rely on their strength of numbers, and are never caught alone or unarmed.

Leprosy: Those who engage in melee combat with Leps risk the chance of contracting the dreaded disease itself. After any melee encounter, any hombre who inflicted or took damage must make a Fortitude save (DC 10).

New Parts: Every Lep has some piece or another replaced by a crude cyber part. These are usually bulky, and offer a few minor perks like a +4 bonus to their armor class.

Sensors: Most do have some ear or eye replaced, too. This gives a racial bonus of +1 to all spot and listen checks. This is not included above.

Targeters: Crude laser sights coming from weapons of eye sensors also give a +1 bonus to all ranged attacks. This is included above.

Junkers: As noted above, 10% of all Leps are considered Junkers of equal level, and have all of their abilities.

Mainliner

Medium-size Monstrous Humanoid (Human)
Hit Dice: 2d8+2 (11hp)
Initiative: +2 (+2 Dex)
Speed: 30ft.
AC: 12 (+2 Dex)
Attacks: 2 Syringe-hands +3 melee
Damage: 1d8+5 and Injection
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.
Special Attacks: Infection, Injection
Special Qualities: Immunity, Dulled Senses
Saves: Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +3
Abilities: Str 20, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10
Skills: Escape Artist +6, Search +6, Scroungin' +6
Feats: Rad-Tolerant
Climate/Terrain: Any land
Organization: Solitary or group (2-12)
Challenge Rating: 4
Treasure: None
Alignment: Neutral Evil
Advancement: –

Mainliners are the embodiment of the junkie. They shamble around with cloudy, glazed eyes, wracked by the sweats, looking lean and unwashed, their filthy hands covered with open sores and cuts that have gone septic. Their fingertips are

made of glass syringes, all filled with oily narcotic distillates that ooze out from inside their wretched bodies.

Combat

Mainliners hunt in packs. The most common tactic they use is a harrying pursuit that attempts to drive their victims into a blind alleyway where they can be overpowered by the creatures' enormous strength and superior numbers. Once restrained and beaten into submission, prey is roughly injected with the narcotic soup the mainliner uses for blood. This triggers a massive heart attack and causes the victim's brain to release huge amounts of endorphins and other hormones.

While the victim overdoses, the mainliners gather around to siphon off the victim's blood with the hypodermics and shoot up. While feeding, the mainliner is vulnerable to attacks as it blisses out on endorphins and the victim's fleeting life force. After feeding, the mainline is totally insensate for 1d6 minutes, after which the high wears off and the craving returns greater than before. The mainliners then begin the cycle of hunting and feeding all over again.

Infection: Anyone killed by a mainliner revives in 1d10 hours as a mainliner.

Injection: With a successful syringe attack, the mainliner shoots a super-drug into the target. This chemical is similar to heroin but four times as potent. The target must make a Fortitude save (DC 22) to avoid a massive heart attack and death. If the victim croaks, the mainliner must immediately make a Will save (DC 18) or succumb to its cravings and indulge its narcotic sweet tooth, siphoning of the dying victim's body fluids.

Immunity: The mainliner has total immunity to drugs, poisons, and similar effects due to the narcotic soup the creature calls blood.

Dulled Senses: Severe damage to the nerve endings and a perpetual state of stupor make mainliners less susceptible to pain, allowing it to ignore the effects of its hit points dropping to zero. Instead of becoming disabled, the mainliner can take normal actions (it still takes 1 point of damage for each action it takes) until it reaches -10 hit points at which point the body fails and it dies.

This dulling of the senses has also robbed the creature of its ability to feel fear, shame, etc. and therefore it is immune to *ridicule* and *overawe* attempts, and they never suffer from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources. This effect also robs the mainliner of its sense of self preservation—it always fights to the death.

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Weakness: Should a quantity of B-complex vitamin, or similar narcotic-antidote be introduced into the mainliner's bloodstream, the creature seizes up for 1d4 rounds, during which times it flies into a blind rage, attacking anything within reach. It gains one additional action per round during this period, after which its veins and arteries burst, putting the creature down for good.

Maze Dragon

Huge Dragon

Hit Dice: 12d12+60 (138)

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Speed: 20ft., swim 30ft.

AC: 15 (-8 Size, +1 Dex, +12 natural)

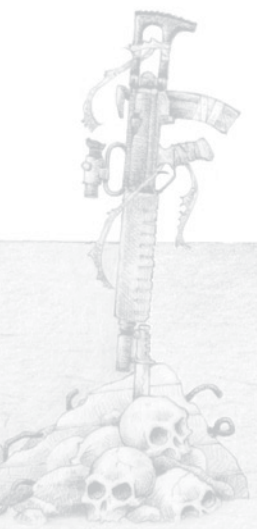
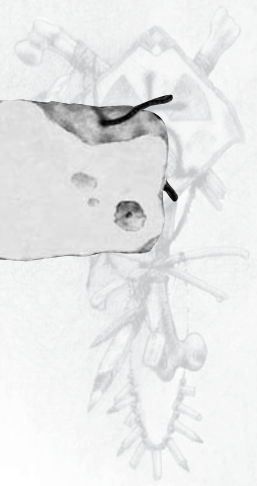
Attacks: Bite +18 melee, 2 claws +13 melee

Damage: Bite 4d6+8, claws 2d8+4

Face/Reach: 20ft. by 80ft./15ft.

Special Attacks: Capsize, Swallow Whole

Special Qualities: Scent



Saves: Fort +13, Ref +8, Will +9
Abilities: Str 27, Dex 10, Con 21, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 12
Skills: Hide +7, Intimidate +16, Intuit Direction +10, Listen +18, Search +16, Spot +18
Feats: Alertness, Blind-Fight, Cleave, Power Attack
Climate/Terrain: Aquatic (Great Maze)
Organization: Solitary
Challenge Rating: 9
Treasure: None (but their hunting grounds are littered with submerged wreckage)
Alignment: Neutral
Advancement: 13-24 HD (Huge), 25-36 HD (Gargantuan)
Coup: Maze dragons grant Harrowed the ability to flatten the flesh of their legs, forming makeshift "fins". This allows the Harrowed to move at 30ft. per round in the water.

All kinds of strange creature emerged when California fell into the sea. One of the biggest was the California Maze dragon. These tremendous critters attacked both ships hauling ore and prospectors mining the canyon walls of the Maze.

Unlike most abominations, Maze dragons become known and accepted as ordinary creatures. Most folks just figured they somehow came with the Great Quake. The Chinese warlords of the area started calling them dragons, and the name stuck.

During the 20th century, Maze dragons were hunted by the navies of both the US and CSA to make the shipping lanes in the Maze safer. It was a fairly even battle, as only small ships could enter the narrow, rock-filled canyons where the dragons laired.

The navies of both sides also attempted to capture and train some Maze dragons with varying degrees of success. The US fitted some dragons with enormous explosive charges connected to magnetic triggers and then released them in Confederate shipping lanes. These living torpedoes exploded whenever they came close to large, metallic objects (like ships).

They proved too unpredictable, however, and the program was canceled.

Combat

Maze dragons are the true masters of the Maze. They take on any prey, no matter how large or well armed since they can usually avoid deadly cannons and the like by striking vessels from below.

Swallow Whole: Those swallowed whole by the creature suffer 1d8 points of damage per round from its highly concentrated stomach acid.

Capsize: Maze dragons love to lurk beneath ships in the Maze and rise up beneath them. Ships less than 20 feet long capsize 95%, vessels 20 to 60 feet long capsize 50% of the time, and craft over 60 feet long only capsize 20% of the time.

Skills: Maze dragons receive a +8 racial bonus to Hide checks when submerged.



Mind Biter

Small Aberration

Hit Dice: 9d8 (40 hp)

Initiative: +9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: Fly 40ft. (good)

AC: 25 (+1 size, +5 Dex, +9 deflection)

Attacks: None

Damage: None

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Brain Blast, Psyche Blast

Special Qualities: Hive Mind

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +15

Abilities: Str —, Dex 20, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 16, Cha 12

Skills: Blasting +14,

Knowledge (Any three) +12, Hide +12,

Listen +16, Search +14, Spot +16

Feats: Alertness, Blind-fight, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Iron Will

Climate/Terrain: Any land

Organization: Solitary or Duo (rare)

Challenge Rating: 6

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Neutral

Advancement: —

Mind biters came about as part of the countless genetic experiments performed in the days before the Last War. Their creators were concerned about unstable or openly hostile sykers returning from the war on Banshee. The biters were imbued with an overriding urge to kill any sykers

they encountered, and equipped with the tools to do the job.

Mind biters are genetically engineered beings, and require little in the way of sustenance. They tend to lurk near population centers, or in the ruins of old communities where sykers are more likely to be found. They think only to hunt down sykers; normal humans hold no interest for them, although they attack if confronted or if prevented from completing their "mission". A syker's allies won't be spared the biters' tender ministrations.

Mind biters tend to operate alone, simply because not many of them survived. They were originally designed to work in teams together, and two biters in one place can cause devastating damage. Thankfully, such cases are few. However biters are linked in a common hive mind, despite the great distances between them. If one of them is destroyed, the others know about it, and move to avenge their fallen brethren. A syker who dispatches a mind biter may find herself hounded by the species for years to come.

Physically, a biter resembles a green floating ball, ringed with eye-like biosensors and scores of small tentacles hanging on its underbelly. It can maneuver itself quite adeptly, changing direction on a dime and reaching speeds equal to a man at a full sprint. It has no physical means of defending itself, besides hiding and fleeing. However, given its mental capacities, it doesn't need any claws or fangs. A hovering brainstroke never does. Sykers beware (all damage dice are doubled against syker opponents).

Combat

Mind biters attack suddenly and without warning, sending a blast of telekinetic energy into the mind of its target. This is similar to the syker ability brain blast, only it doesn't affect inanimate matter. It tears into brain tissue, creating tumors, bursting blood vessels, and rupturing tissue on a cellular level. The lucky ones are lobotomized, the rest are killed instantly. Sykers tend to take much more damage from the attack than normal humans.

Psyche Blast: This attack is a cone 40 feet long. Anyone caught in this cone must succeed at a Will save (DC 18) or be stunned for 1d4 rounds and take 1d4 points of temporary Intelligence and Charisma drain. If either of these scores drops to zero, the target lies comatose until the effect wears off. If a comatose victim takes any additional damage in this manner they must make a successful Fortitude save (DC 18) or suffer a brain embolism and die. This effect leaves

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permanent streaking scars (from burst blood vessels) along the target's head—the telltale sign of a mind biter attack.

Brain Blast: This attack is a tremendous beam of energy that streams like a laser from a head case. The blast does not "home in" on the target, so the head case must succeed at a ranged attack roll to hit his intended foe.

Brain blast affects both animate and inanimate objects and does 2d12+2 hit points of damage.

Hive Mind: The creature is in constant contact with all other mind biters within a 100-mile radius. They share consciousness and memories. What one knows, all of them know. They can use any Knowledge skills possessed by another mind biter, and remember anything learned or witnessed by one of their kind. In addition, they receive a +4 racial bonus to all Will saves due to their collective strength.

Mojave Hunter Mark 7 (King Slayer)

Colossal Construct (Undead)

Hit Dice: 20d12+100 (230hp)

Initiative: +4 (+4 Improve Initiative)

Speed: 40ft. above ground, 60ft. tunneling

AC: 35 (-8 size, +33 Armor)

Attacks: Bite +35 melee, constriction +35 melee, Ghost-rock plasma gun +20 ranged

Damage: Bite 5d20+20, constriction 6d12+20, Ghost-rock plasma gun 5d12+10

Face/Reach: 15ft. by 40ft./80ft.

Special Attacks: —

Special Qualities: Construct, Undead, Fearless, Sensors

Saves: Fort +20, Ref +10, Will +17

Abilities: Str 40, Dex 10, Con —, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 20

Skills: Listen +27, Spot +27, Biology (Mojave Rattlers) +20, Wilderness lore +20

Feats: Improved Initiative

Climate/Terrain: The Badlands

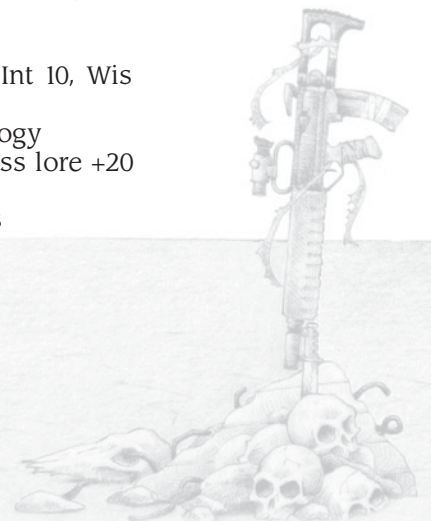
Organization: Unique

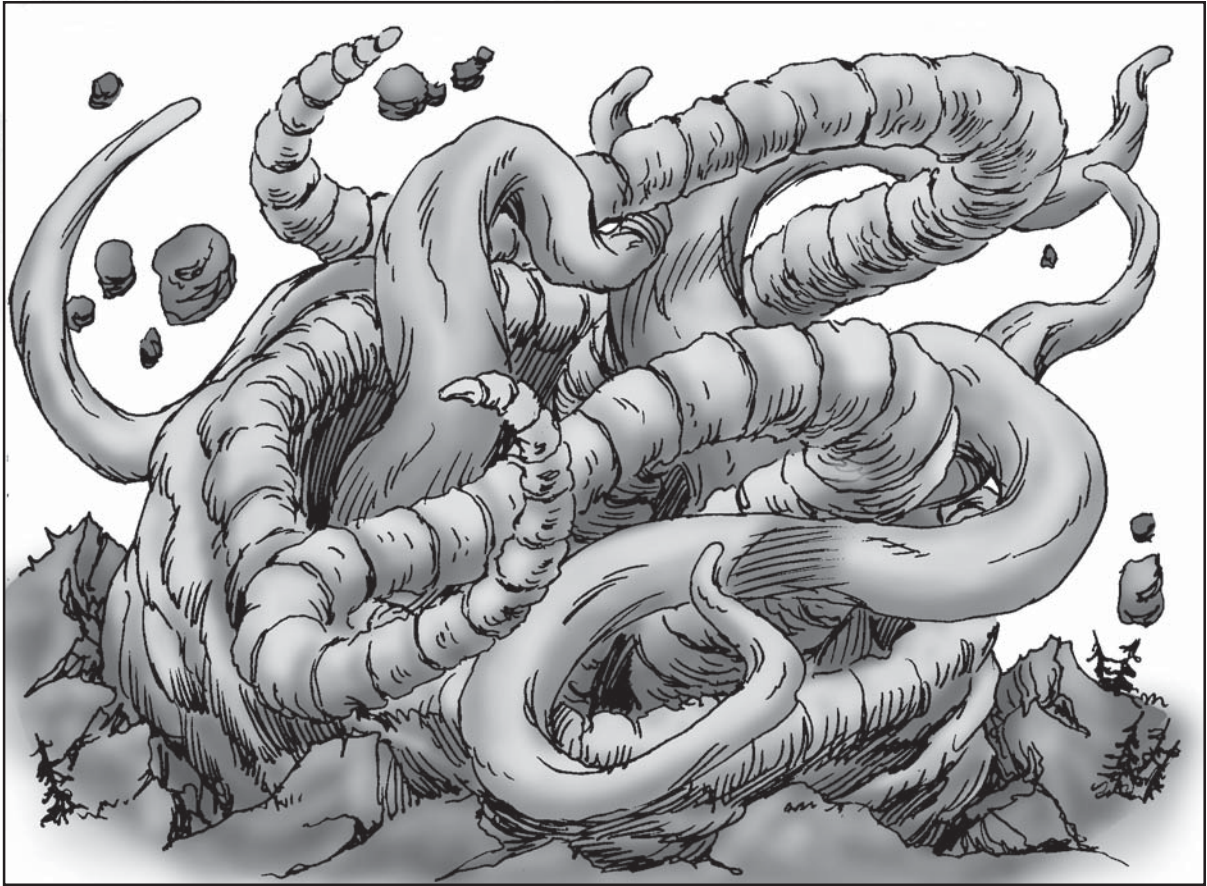
Challenge Rating: 20

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always Neutral

Advancement: —





When the sonic fences were put up to contain the Mojave Rattlers in the badlands, the army may have breathed a sigh of relief, but the Southern Government agency charged with mission of finding an ultimate solution just kept on working. Now that those fences are dead, and the Rattlers are eating pretty much everything, we'll find out how good that agency was.

That agency was really only one man with a monstrous budget whose mission was to kill off a species of monster. Professor Nathaniel Daniels was contracted by the South to create the last, best hope against the Rattlers. Professor Daniels ran twin experiments to find a solution. Genetically altered snakes to track the beasts were grown to monstrous sizes. DNA was enhanced to increase the snake's brainpower as well; the goal was canine-like intelligence. Experiment number two was a giant tunnel tank that could carry the firepower to take on the Rattlers on their turf. Each plan had its success and

failures, but true success seemed decades away.

That's when Nathaniel received manitou-influenced inspiration to combine the projects. The biological brains were accustomed to enormous bodies, and the muscle that could be put on a construct's body could handle the experimental Ghost-rock plasma guns needed to blast through miles of granite. Also, a deader brain could heal itself and refuel the gun by devouring Rattler corpses, iron ore, and Ghost-rock deposits, effectively never having to stop. The frame was built to take on the new "King" Mojave Rattlers that had been sighted in the badlands. Success was close and Professor Daniels knew it.

Just when Professor Daniels took his project into the fields to test it on a captured rattler, the Ghost Nukes landed. Most of testing team was vaporized by the hit that took out Roswell. But both the Mark 7 and the Rattler were unfazed. Nathaniel lived just long enough to see his creation disembowel the Rattler in less than thirty seconds. The last thing he saw was Mark 7 coming for him...

Combat

The Mojave Hunter Mark 7 is insane. The deader snake brain that controls it will kill anything it sees, but it really hates Mojave Rattlers. 90% of the time it hunts them

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exclusively, always searching for those “Kings” its been programmed to eradicate. Its constriction attack can only be used on large size creatures or bigger. And once the Mark 7 hits with it, the constriction attack does damage automatically every round. It can still bite, too.

The other 10% of the time it rends large caravans or annihilates whole villages because it has to kill *something*. It has even figured out how to use its Plasma gun as a ranged energy attack instead of just a drilling tool. Hooray for that.

Construct: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, disease, and similar effects. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Fearless: The Mark 7 never suffers from any fear effects, whether by spell, intimidation, or supernatural sources. It's just too insane to notice.

Sensors: The Mojave Hunter has sophisticated tracking sensors able to follow any disturbance underground for miles. It also has significant audio and video sensors. These give a +20 racial bonus to spot, listen, and wilderness lore in respect to tracking. These bonuses are already added in above.

Mojave Rattler

Gargantuan Aberration

Hit Dice: 15d10+120 (200 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 20ft., burrow 20ft.

AC: 24 (-4 size, +3 Dex, +15 natural armor)

Attacks: Bite +20 melee

Damage: Bite 2d8+20

Face/Reach: 30ft. by 30ft. (coiled)/20ft.

Special Attacks: Improved grab, swallow whole

Special Qualities: Tremorsense

Saves: Fort +17, Ref +12, Will +4

Abilities: Str 35, Dex 16, Con 25, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 8

Skills: Listen +16

Feats: Alertness

Climate/Terrain: Mojave

Organization: Solitary or pack (1-4)

Challenge Rating: 12

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 16 to 32 HD (Gargantuan), 33 to 45 HD (Colossal)

Coup: A Harrowed who drains a Mojave Rattler's essence gains a permanent +1 attack bonus.

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These monstrous worms are known as “rattlers” because people's teeth rattle when one of these creatures burrows beneath them. Growing up to 100 yards in length, rattlers have enormous circular mouths at their front end, ringed with row upon row of teeth to tenderize their food. Around the mouth are dozens of long tentacles, and the rattler uses these to procure food, latching onto prey and dragging them into its waiting maw. Rattlers are strictly meat-eaters.

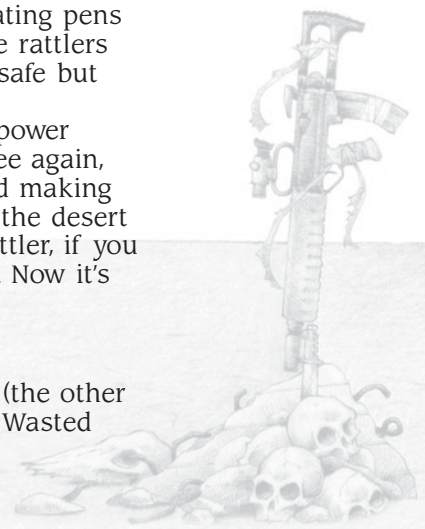
Mojave rattlers have been around since the days of the Civil War—they stick to the Mojave desert, but other rattlers have been found in Utah and Montana, each with its own coloring and each with a different method of attack. Initially considered a myth, at the tail end of the 19th century the rattler suddenly found itself in demand—harvesters discovered that the creature's hide, teeth, and stomach acids had various uses. Then the worst occurred—someone decided to try cooking and eating a portion of rattler flesh, and found it surprisingly tasty. The rattler fad had begun.


For close to forty years, the rattlers found themselves hunted instead of the other way around. “Rattler whalers” on armored tanks would deliberately draw the beasts above ground, then trap them with electrified harpoons. The rattler was in danger of becoming extinct when rescue arrived from an unlikely source—environmentalists. These people claimed that the rattler was a natural creature, and so deserved to be protected. They lobbied until the rattler was placed on the endangered species list, and rattler hunting was severely restricted. Electrified wires were driven into the ground, creating pens for the enormous beasts, and the rattlers were left inside their preserves, safe but unfed.

Until the Last War, when the power went out. Now the rattlers are free again, roaming their deserts at will, and making up for lost time. Before, walking the desert meant you might encounter a rattler, if you were unlucky and it was hungry. Now it's almost a guarantee.

Combat

Unlike some of their brethren (the other rattler species, elsewhere in the Wasted





West), Mojave rattlers have no patience for taunting prey, and go straight for the kill.

Improved Grab: Rattlers burst up through the earth and grab at their prey with their long tentacles, concentrating on a single target each time. These tentacles have a Strength of 18 and are a fourth as long as the rattler itself. Once a tentacle hits, the rattler gets an automatic attempt to grapple. If successful, the rattler starts dragging the victim towards its maw. Every point of difference in the opposed Strength roll drags the victim five feet closer. If prey is dragged into the maw, it is automatically swallowed whole. Each tentacle can take 20 points of damage before it is rendered useless, but crushing and piercing attacks do only a single point each. Cutting attacks do full damage, however.

Swallow whole: Once inside the rattler's stomach, creatures suffer 1d8 points of damage each round from its stomach acids. Rattlers are far smarter than most people believe, and will usually dive back underground once they've swallowed someone—then they just wait and let their meal dissolve safely.

Tremorsense: Rattlers can sense vibrations through the sand. They can detect a man up to 200 yards away, horses at twice that distance, and wagons at triple that distance, and engine-powered vehicles eight times as far (up to 1600 yards away). This is an opposed roll, the rattler's Listen versus the target's Move Silently (if they are trying to keep quiet). Note that running is a -4 to Move Silently rolls.

Skills: Rattlers have a +10 to their Listen rolls when sitting quietly beneath the earth, waiting for prey.

Mojave Rattler "King"

Colossal Aberration

Hit Dice: 20d10+200 (300 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 20ft., burrow 30ft.

AC: 34 (-4 size, +3 Dex, +25 natural armor)

Attacks: Bite +23 melee

Damage: Bite 3d8+20

Face/Reach: 40ft. by 80ft. (coiled)/40ft.

Special Attacks: Improved Grab, Swallow Whole, Body Slam

Special Qualities: Tremorsense

Saves: Fort +20, Ref +12, Will +4

Abilities: Str 40, Dex 16, Con 30, Int 14, Wis 8, Cha 8

Skills: Listen +16

Feats: Alertness

Climate/Terrain: Mojave

Organization: Solitary or pack (1-4)

Challenge Rating: 20

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 21 to 60 HD

Coup: A Harrowed who drains a Mojave

Rattler King's essence gains a permanent +1 attack bonus and the ability to tremorsense when pressing an ear to the ground.

As if rattlers weren't bad enough, it turns out they're the runts of the litter. Rattler Kings are the full-sized version, twice as long as a regular rattler (roughly 200 yards from end to end) and a good deal tougher. Some say these beasts are simply older rattlers who've survived all the hunts and grown bigger and stronger through the centuries. Others think these are the proud parents, and all those regular rattlers are their kids. Either way, it's a good idea to skedaddle at the first sight of a rattler king—if you kin run that fast!

Combat

Rattler kings are more likely to taunt prey than their smaller brethren—some of 'em like to appear on one side of a victim, then dart back underground and pop up on the other side, making their prey panic and spin in circles. Others wait, listening closely until they've got an exact fix on the target, and then spring up right under 'em.

Improved Grab: Rattlers burst up through the earth and grab at their prey with their long tentacles, concentrating on a single target each time. These tentacles have a Strength of 22 and are a fourth as long as the rattler itself. Once a tentacle hits, the rattler gets an automatic attempt to grapple. If successful, the rattler starts dragging the victim towards its maw. Every point of difference in the opposed Strength roll drags the victim five feet closer. If prey is dragged into the maw, it is automatically swallowed whole. Each tentacle can take 35 points of damage before it is rendered useless, but crushing and piercing attacks do only a single point each. Cutting attacks do full damage, however.

Swallow whole: Once inside the rattler's stomach, creatures suffer 2d8 points of damage each round from its stomach acids. Rattlers are far smarter than most people believe, and will usually dive back underground once they've swallowed someone—then they just wait and let their meal dissolve safely.

Tremorsense: Rattlers can sense vibrations through the sand. They can detect a man up to 200 yards away, horses at twice that distance, and wagons at triple that distance, and engine-powered vehicles eight times as far (up to 1600 yards away). This is an opposed roll, the rattler's Listen versus the target's Move Silently (if they are trying to keep quiet). Note that running is a -4 to Move Silently rolls.

Body slam: Rattler kings can rear up out of the ground and then slam their own bodies against the ground, right on top of their prey. If the attack is successful (Melee +10, versus the target's Dodge), the slam does 6d8 +10 points of damage. Everyone within 20 yards must make a Reflex save (DC 15) or be knocked off their feet. If anyone falls down, they must make a Fortitude save (DC 15) or become stunned for one round. Anyone driving within 20 yards of the king's body slam must make a Driving check (DC 20) to retain control of their vehicle.

Skills: Rattlers have a +10 to their Listen rolls when sitting quietly beneath the earth, waiting for prey.

Mr. Mack

Gargantuan supernatural construct

Hit Dice: 20d10 (120 hp)

Initiative: +2 (+2 Dex)

Speed: 200ft. (120 mph)

AC: 17 (+2 Dex, +5 armor)

Attacks: Doors +3 melee, ram +6 melee, trample +4 melee

Damage: Doors 1d8+3, ram 10d8+14, trample 4d8

Face/Reach: 20ft. by 40ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Refueling, Immune

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 30, Dex 15, Con 18, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 18

Skills: Drivin' +20, Intimidate +15, Search +10, Spot +10

Feats: Toughness

Climate/Terrain: Highways

Organization: Unique

Challenge Rating: 6

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 21 to 60 HD

Coup: A Harrowed who absorbs Mr. Mack's essence gains a permanent +2 to Constitution.

When the Last War began, many people panicked. Chaos reigned in the streets, and those people who could not run hid instead, taking refuge anywhere they thought might protect them from the

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ravaging hordes. One such person, a young filmmaker and writer, took shelter in the cab of an abandoned eighteen-wheeler, trusting the vehicle's height and thick steel shell to save him from attack. Then the bombs fell. The city became an instant Deadland, and the writer died in the flash of the explosion. But his soul lingered.

It merged with the vehicle around it, transforming man and machine into a single monstrosity. And thus Mr. Mack was born. This creature lumbers down roads and highways, driving across the Wasted West in search of food. Although intelligent, the circumstances of its birth also made it insane, and the construct has no real objective or goal beyond food, survival, and general destruction. Mr. Mack is a creature of rage and delights in bullying smaller creatures, chasing them for hours before finally running them down. It has even posed as a normal truck before, luring people inside and then trapping them for a high-speed drive before finally spilling them out and crushing them beneath its massive wheels.

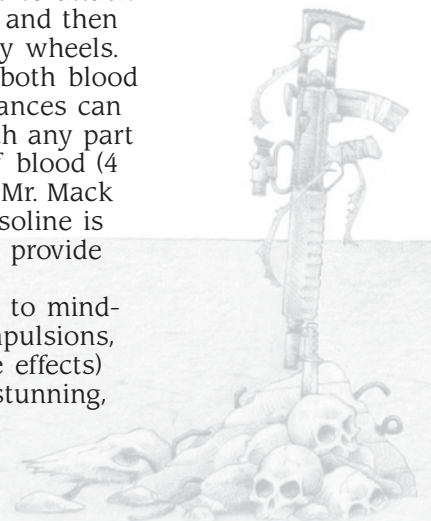
Mr. Mack is a large eighteen-wheeler built by Mack trucks, with the traditional square front. Its shell is the color of fresh blood, and the smoke from its stacks are tinged red as well, as are the beams of its headlights. The front grille resembles a human face shrieking in horror, as if an enormous man was pressing his face through the grille from the engine.


Combat

Mr. Mack is not a creature of stealth, and prefers to make its presence known to increase its prey's terror and prolong the chase. It often uses its headlights to blind people, and can use its doors to hit people as it passes, but it prefers to attack by ramming with its front grille, and then rolling over people with its heavy wheels.

Refueling: Mr. Mack can use both blood and gasoline as fuel. Both substances can be absorbed through contact with any part of the sentient vehicle. A pint of blood (4 HP worth of damage) can power Mr. Mack at full capacity for two days. Gasoline is less effective—one pint will only provide enough power for one full day.

Immune: Mr. Mack is immune to mind-influencing effects (charms, compulsions, phantasms, patterns, and morale effects) and to poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning,





disease, death effects, and necromantic effects.

It is not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, ability drain, or energy drain. It is also immune to anything that requires a Fortitude save (unless the effect also works on objects).

Nasty Letters

Nasty Letter (Telegram)

Diminutive Aberration

Hit Dice: 2d6 (7 hp)

Initiative: +10 (+6 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 10ft.

AC: 17 (+6 Dex, +1 size)

Attacks: Bite +6 melee

Damage: Bite 1d8

Face/Reach: 1ft. by 1ft./0ft.

Special Attacks: Burrow

Special Qualities: Telepathy, Alter Appearance

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +10, Will +3

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 21, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Char 11

Feats: Toughness, Improved Initiative

Climate/Terrain: Urban ruins

Organization: Solitary or group (4-8)

Challenge Rating: 3

Treasure: None

Advancement: 3 to 6 HD

These Reckoner-created monstrosities are an embodiment of one of humanity's greatest fears—the letter that bears bad news. But nasty letters are an even more horrific entity, because they not only bring bad news, they are bad news. These creatures look exactly like scraps of paper, and they roost on the sides of ruined buildings. When a person walks past, the nasty letter pulls itself free of the building and takes to the air, wafting down towards its target. By the time it lands at the person's feet, the nasty letter looks just like a weathered letter or telegram. Most people are curious enough to pick it up.

The nasty letter is telepathic, and taps into the holder's mind, drawing out the worst news the person can imagine and showing that—to the holder, the words appear on the paper as if an invisible hand were printing them, saying things like "Your mother just died" or "Your wife was taken, but she still lives." Then, while the

recipient is frozen with shock and grief, the nasty letter attacks. Thin tendrils shoot out along the edges, latching onto the holder's chest and upper arms, and the creature wrenches itself free and lunges forward. It flips over in the process, the words now on its back, and a massive fang-ringed mouth in front. The nasty letter goes straight for the chest, and sinks its fangs in deep, chewing its way towards the person's heart. If people try to grab it, the creature will chew a hole and then turn sideways, sliding into its victim's chest—from there it can digest in peace, since any attacks will hit the victim first. These creatures come in two varieties—a smaller version, which resembles an old-fashioned telegram, and a larger version, which resembles a letter handwritten on letter-sized paper.

Combat

Burrow: If the nasty letter makes a successful bite attack, it can then attempt to burrow into the victim's chest. This is an opposed roll, the letter's Dexterity versus the victim's Constitution. If the letter succeeds, it slips sideways through the opening it has torn in the victim's chest. Any attacks against the creature after that are at a -10 to hit, and the victim will take half the damage from any successful attacks (and full damage from any attacks that fail to hit the letter inside). The letter does an additional 1d8 per round, as it chews on the victim from within. It will reach the heart in 1d6 rounds—at that point the victim must make a Fortitude check (DC30) or die instantly as the letter eats the person's heart.

Telepathy: Nasty letters can read victim's thoughts, specifically the worst news they might receive. This requires a Will check on the part of the prey (DC25). If the victim makes the check, the nasty letter's message will be generic, like "Your mother is still alive" or "Your son is dead." But if the roll failed, the nasty letter reads the victim's mind and pulls out the worst possible news that person can receive.

Alter Appearance: The nasty letter is capable of modifying its appearance, hiding its tendrils and making words appear on its back. Characters can make a Spot check (DC30) to detect the faint outline of the tendrils flattened along the edges of the letter. Nasty letters cannot alter their appearance in any other way.

Telepathy: Nasty letters can read the thoughts of their victims, specifically the worst news they might receive. This requires a Will check on the part of the

prey (DC25). If the victim makes the check, the is generic, like "Your mother is still alive" or "Your son is dead." But if the roll failed, the nasty letter reads the victim's mind and pulls out the worst possible news that person can receive.

Nasty Letter (Letter)

Tiny Aberration

Hit Dice: 4d6 (15 hp)

Initiative: +9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 10ft.

AC: 15 (+5 Dex)

Attacks: Bite +6 melee

Damage: Bite 1d10

Face/Reach: 2.5ft. by 2.5ft./0ft.

Special Attacks: Burrow

Special Qualities: Telepathy, Alter Appearance

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +9, Will +3

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 20, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 11

Feats: Improved Initiative

Climate/Terrain: Urban ruins

Organization: Solitary or group (3-5)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Advancement: 5 to 12 HD

Combat

Burrow: If the nasty letter makes a successful bite attack, it can then attempt to burrow into the victim's chest. This is an opposed roll, the letter's Dexterity versus the victim's Constitution. If the letter succeeds, it slips sideways through the opening it has torn in the victim's chest. Any attacks against the creature after that are at a -10 to hit, and the victim will take half the damage from any successful attacks (and full damage from any attacks that fail to hit the letter inside). The letter does an additional 1d10 per round, as it chews on the victim from within. It will reach the heart in 1d6-1 rounds—at that point the victim must make a Fortitude check (DC30) or die instantly as the letter eats the person's heart.

Night Haunt

Medium Aberration

Hit Dice: 2d12 (12 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

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Attacks: 2 claws +7 melee (ignores armor), bite +4 melee

Damage: Claws 1d6+2 (ignores armor), bite 2d6

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Fearless, Levitate, Immunity, Weakness, Soul-Eater, Dancing Shadows

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 14, Con 7, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 9

Skills: Intimidate +10, Listen +6, Search +6, Spot +6, Wilderness Lore +6

Feats: Mimicry

Climate/Terrain: Plains

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

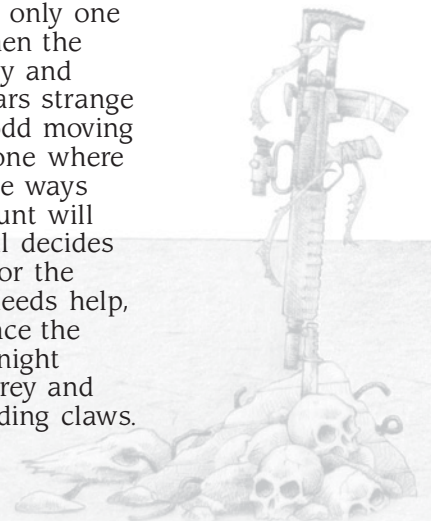
Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 3 to 6 HD

Coup: A Harrowed who absorbs the Night Haunt's essence takes on a dark, shadowy appearance and adds +6 to Hide checks.



Night Haunts are solitary hunters, twisted shadows with an unholy appetite for living souls—they appear only as dark shadows with jagged edges like thorns and elongated clawed hands. These evil creatures appear at dusk, following prospectors and other travelers until they settle for the night. Then the night haunt selects its victim. It waits until that individual is the only one awake (usually on watch), and then the shadow-creature uses its mimicry and dancing shadows. The victim hears strange cries, feeble calls for help, and odd moving patches of darkness as if someone were crawling along the ground, a little ways from the campsite. The night haunt will continue this until the individual decides to investigate, preferably alone (for the sounds suggest someone who needs help, rather than an actual danger). Once the person is alone in the dark, the night haunt strikes, leaping upon its prey and attacking with its dark, soul-rending claws.





Once the person is dead, the night haunt sups on the victim's soul—thus someone killed by a night haunt cannot return as a Harrowed.

Combat

Night haunts are cowardly creatures, and only attack individuals who have succumbed to their lure and left the safety of camp and fire.

Fearless: Night haunts are immune to fear, mind-influencing effects (charms, compulsions, phantasms, patterns, and morale effects) and to poison, sleep, and disease.

Levitate: Night haunts actually float just above the ground. This is a natural ability, rather than a spell.

Dancing shadows: Night haunts can summon and manipulate small patches of shadow. This is the same as the sorcerer/wizard spell *Dancing Lights*, only with shadows instead. These patches of

shadow can be given rough shapes, but not fine details, and they can serve as distractions and bait but do no damage.

Immunity: Night haunts are immaterial, and cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Only light and magical attacks can damage them.

Weakness: The night haunt is a creature of shadow and darkness. Light burns it away. Torches and other lights do 2d6 points of damage—this requires the creature to be within the direct beam of light (rather than simply in the surrounding area), and ignores any normal Strength bonuses to damage.

Soul-eater: The night haunt devours its victim's soul. People killed by such a creature cannot be resurrected, revived, or Harrowed.

Night Stalker

Large Aberration

Hit Dice: 4d10 (20 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: see below

Damage: see below

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: Unravel

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Immunity, Phase, Weakness

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 15, Con 17, Int 13, Wis 13, Cha 11

Skills: Intimidate +12, Search +10, Spot +10

Feats: Endurance

Climate/Terrain: Plains, deserts

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 5 to 12 HD

Coup: The Harrowed gains +5 to all Tracking checks.

Also called rope men or yarn men by the few shamans who have heard of these creatures, the night stalker is drawn straight from men's nightmares. Humanoid in form, but close to twelve feet tall, the night stalker has long, spindly arms and legs, a narrow torso, and an over-large, bulbous head. Its skin is a pasty white, and almost rubbery in appearance, and its face is blank except for deep pits where the eyes should be and an enormous lipless grin stretching across the entire face.

Night stalkers only appear at night, taking form as dusk falls and stalking across the Wasted West in search of prey. The night stalker looks for people, and

turns its vacant gaze toward each person it finds. The first person to look back, gazing directly into those empty sockets, becomes its victim. When that happens, the night stalker's eye sockets light with an unholy green glow, and its grin becomes even wider. From that point until the prey is caught or dawn arrives, the night stalker will not pause in its pursuit, or be distracted by anyone or anything.

Oddly enough, the night stalker does not gain speed once its prey is chosen. Instead, it continues to pursue its chosen victim at a steady, almost leisurely pace, taking long effortless strides. The other strange thing is that the night stalker must follow its victim exactly. It cannot circle around, or even take shortcuts, but will follow in the victim's own footsteps the entire time. It's possible for a person to double back and run right past the night stalker, passing within inches of the creature, but it will not attack, merely doubling back itself and continuing the chase.

Unfortunately, the night stalker cannot be confused or distracted. It always knows where its victim is, and will continue to pursue, regardless of distance. Driving away in a car will give the victim a longer lead, but the night stalker will continue to pursue with those same long strides, never growing tired or altering its pace. It can also pass right through any objects, so locked doors and walls and even energy fields will not dissuade it or slow it down.

This bizarre pursuit continues until dawn, unless the night stalker gets within ten feet of its victim. If that happens, the creature raises its long arms, points at the victim—and the victim begins to unravel. The person is raised into the air by an unseen force, and is literally unraveled like a ball of yarn, skin and bone and organs peeling away in a single long, grotesque strand. This strand loops around the stalker, and up to its wide mouth—it then slurps the strand up, swallowing its victim like spaghetti. The worst part is that the night stalker saves the head and vital organs for last, so the victim can actually watch his or her own demise for quite some time. When the meal is finished, the night stalker vanishes from sight, still licking its face clean with its long white tongue. Few have witnessed this horrifying process and avoided terrifying nightmares for years afterward.

Combat

The night stalker has only a single attack, its ability to unravel its prey. This can only be used on the chosen victim, and only once the night stalker is within ten feet of the victim.

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Immunity: Night stalkers cannot be harmed by normal weapons.

Phase: Night stalkers pass right through solid objects, and are not slowed in the slightest.

Unravel: Once the stalker has closed the distance to ten feet or less, having followed its prey's footsteps exactly, it can unravel the victim. This causes 1d8 damage per round, unless dawn interrupts the process or the stalker is killed.

Weakness: The night stalker must follow its victim's footsteps exactly. It can only target the first person to meet its gaze that night, and ignores all others. Dawn banishes the night stalker and frees its current prey—it will not target that same person again, unless the person is foolish enough to meet its gaze first on another night.

Ningyo

Medium monstrous humanoid

Hit Dice: 4d8 (20 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft. (swim)

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: 2 claws +7 melee, bite +4 melee

Damage: Claws 1d8, bite 1d10

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Improved Grab

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 9, Wis 14, Cha 17

Skills: Listen +4, Search +4, Singing +10, Spot +4

Feats: Toughness, Mimicry

Climate/Terrain: Rivers, lakes, oceans

Organization: Pod (3-5)

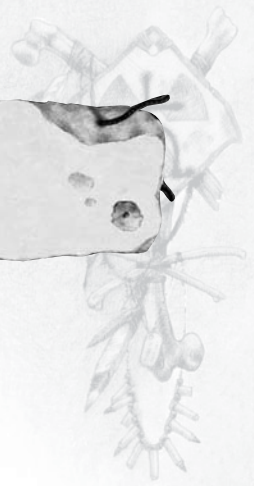
Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: The pod's underwater lair may contain up to 20d10 dollars' worth of salvaged equipment.

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 5 to 12 HD

Westerners think of mermaids as gentle creatures, lovely fish-women who lure sailors with their beauty and their music but who mean no real harm. These creatures do not exist. Unfortunately, the ningyo do. These Japanese beings resemble mermaids, in that they are fish-women—from the waist up a ningyo is a beautiful





Asian woman, with long silky hair and delicate features, while from the waist down they have shimmering golden or silvery scales and an elegant fish tail. But the ningyo are very real—and very dangerous.

Ningyo are carnivores. They will eat any form of meat, but their preference is human flesh, especially when flavored by intense fear. When about to feed, the ningyo reveal a more bestial appearance—their jaws unhinge, exposing their shark-like mouths, and their eyes bulge out in anticipation.

Interestingly enough, humans are just as keen to dine on the ningyo as the ningyo are to dine on them. This is because the ningyo are immortal, and eating their flesh can turn the diner immortal as well. What few of these pursuers realize, however, is that most people who dine on ningyo flesh do become immortal—by turning into ningyo themselves. Only rarely does

someone eat of the ningyo and retain their own humanity. If someone dines on the flesh of a ningyo, make a Fortitude check and a Will check, both at DC 30. If the character succeeds at both checks, he or she becomes immortal but is otherwise unchanged (he or she can still take damage and die, but will no longer age). Otherwise, the person transforms into a ningyo over the course of a week.

The ningyo first appeared in Japan in the 1870s, and came to California and the Great Maze smuggled aboard Iron Dragon freighters. For many years they kept a low profile, but recently they have increased in numbers and grown bolder because of it.

Ningyo live and hunt in pods. One or two of the creatures approach either an individual or a small group, enticing the men into the water. Once all of the prey are within range, the rest of the ningyo converge and the entire pod begins to feast. Ningyo know how their appearance affects men, and use this to their advantage, often playing the helpless damsel or the shy but inviting mermaid. They despise human women, and avoid them whenever possible. The ningyo are also excellent storytellers and singers, and use those talents to lure prey as well. They rarely leave the water, being slow and clumsy on land, and will only do so when absolutely necessary, and never far.

Each ningyo's primary concern is the safety of her pod. They avoid notice by anyone but their intended prey, because too many people will hunt the ningyo on sight. Kanger pirates, in particular, know what eating ningyo flesh can do, and will hunt down any of the creatures they can find, often slaughtering entire pods. Of course, most of those hunters become ningyo themselves within a week, but that does not change the fate of the original pod.

Recently, ningyo have begun diving for sunken treasures within the Maze, salvaging items from the many warships sunk within the Channel of Doom and other parts of the river. Some use recovered mines to sink ships, in order to dine on the occupants. But more canny pods have taken to trading their finds with local leaders, offering items in exchange for a fresh supply of food. Most warlords consider this an excellent deal, and gladly offer up failures, spies, and random strangers in exchange for recovered weapons and ammunition.

Combat

Ningyo only attack in the water, and only when they outnumber their prey. They like to drag their victims underwater, where they can breathe normally, and

watch the look on the person's face as he drowns and is eaten alive.

Improved grab: Upon making a successful attack, a ningyo can immediately make a free grab attack. If this succeeds, the victim is considered entangled (AC is the same as flatfooted) and is at a -3 for all attacks.

Nowhere Men

Medium Monstrous Humanoid

Hit Dice: 2d8 (10 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: None

Damage: None

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Memory Theft

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft.

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +8

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 18, Wis 13, Cha 12

Skills: Hide in Shadows +15, Listen +4, Search +10, Spot +10, Wilderness Lore +10

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: Urban

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 4

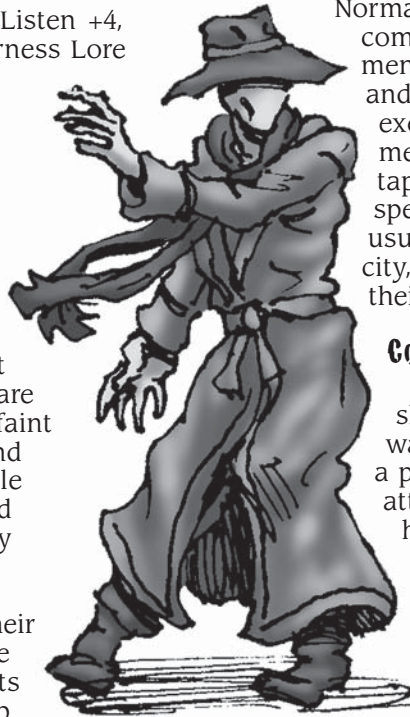
Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 3 to 6 HD

These bizarre creatures are human in shape and size, but have no features—their faces are completely blank, with only faint indentations to mark nose and mouth and eyes, and their pale bodies are utterly smooth and hairless. Nowhere men usually wear long coats and wide-brimmed hats, collars up and hats pulled low to conceal their true appearance. Some believe the nowhere men are remnants of people caught in the bomb blasts of the Last War, their features and identities obliterated by the attack. Whether this is true or not, no one knows, but the nowhere men do seem devoid of personality. Which is why they steal from others.

Nowhere men are memory thieves, stealing experiences and skills from the people around them. They need actual contact for the process, with hands clasped firmly to the victim's temples. The entire process takes only a few seconds and leaves the victim a confused amnesiac. The memories do not return with time. As soon as the victim's



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memories are absorbed, the nowhere man flees the scene. The creatures prefer cities, where the larger population gives them both more cover and a wider menu.

Nowhere men can store the memories of several hundred lifetimes within their own pale heads. They trade these memories with others of their kind, somehow transferring the memories back and forth. Each of the creatures is after certain memories, and trades those for others. Supposedly the nowhere men believe that if they can assemble a complete collection of experiences they can transcend their current state of existence and remember, possibly even return to, whatever they were before.

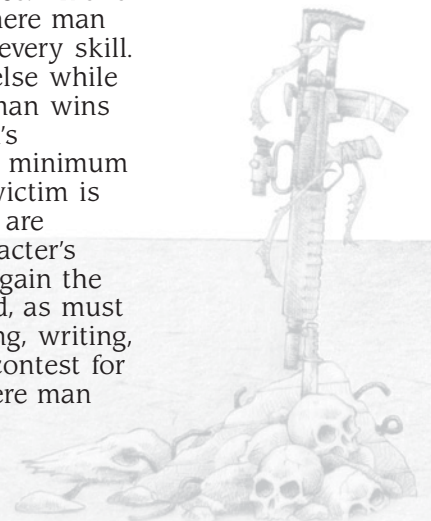
Normal people cannot communicate with nowhere men, who are unable to speak and show no interest in people except as reservoirs of memories waiting to be tapped. Those who do try to speak with the creatures usually wind up wandering the city, unable to remember even their own names.

Combat

Nowhere men keep to shadows and crowds, watching for a chance to get a person alone. Then they attack, grabbing their victim's head and draining his or her memories, and then flee again.

Memory Theft: Upon a successful touch attack, the nowhere man can attempt to drain the victim's memories. This is

an opposed Will roll. If the nowhere man wins, the victim loses 1 rank in every skill. The victim cannot do anything else while trying to resist. If the nowhere man wins three rounds in a row, the victim's Intelligence drops by 2d6+2 (to a minimum of 1), all skills are lost, and the victim is dazed for 1d4 days. These losses are permanent; even raising the character's Intelligence magically will not regain the skills. They must all be relearned, as must basic traits like walking, speaking, writing, etc. If the victim wins the Will contest for three rounds in a row, the nowhere man



breaks contact and flees. Any skills already lost are immediately restored.

Skills: Nowhere men gain a racial bonus of +15 to all Hide in Shadows rolls. They also have a 50% chance of knowing any skill they need in a given situation. Roll a d20—if the result is 11 or above, the nowhere man has at least three ranks in the required skill.

Prairie Tick

Tiny Vermin

Hit Dice: 2d8 (8 hp)

Initiative: +2 (+2 Dex)

Speed: 15ft., climb 15ft.

AC: 17 (+2 size, +2 Dex, +3 carapace)

Attacks: 2 hooks +4 melee

Damage: Hooks 1d4

Face/Reach: 2 1/2ft. by 2 1/2ft./0ft.

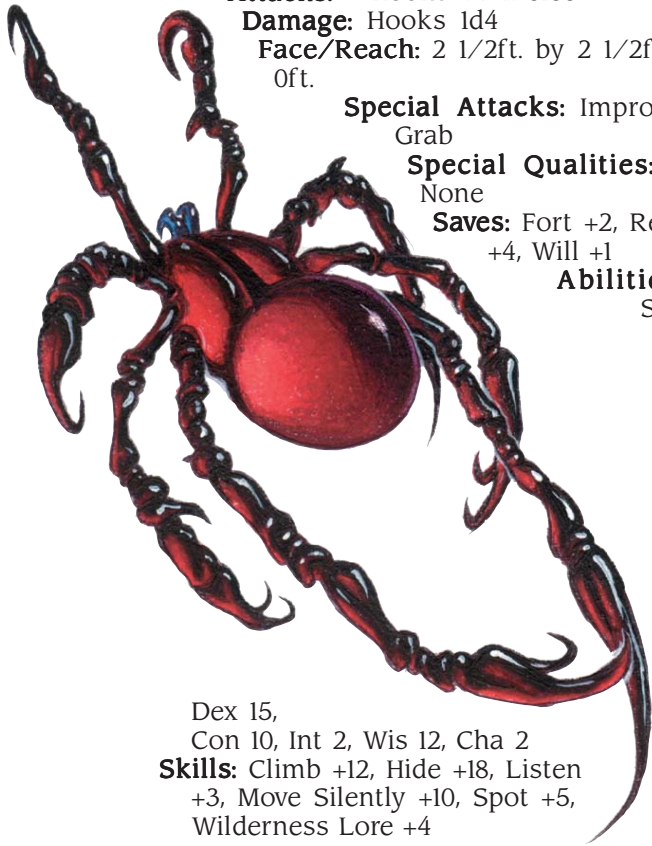
Special Attacks: Improved Grab

Special Qualities:

None

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +1

Abilities:
Str 4,



Dex 15,

Con 10, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 2

Skills: Climb +12, Hide +18, Listen +3, Move Silently +10, Spot +5, Wilderness Lore +4

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: High plains (any)

Organization: 11-20

Challenge Rating: 1/2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: None

These hideous bloodsuckers are the scourge of the High Plains. They are

roughly the size of a man's fist, with bloated bodies and long hooked legs, and their shells are the color of fresh blood. They live in underground burrows, and only emerge to hunt and feed.

Combat

Prairie ticks usually wait inside their burrows, listening for prey. They can sense vibrations through the earth—a man walking can be detected 100 yards away, a horse twice that distance, and a wagon four times as far. Once prey is detected, the ticks bound through the grass at top speed, using it to hide from sight until they spring.

Improved Grab: Prairie ticks leap for the prey's mouth and pull the lips apart with their two front hooks. This is an opposed roll between the tick's Climb and the victim's Strength. If successful, the tick pulls open the victim's mouth and climbs inside, sliding down his or her gullet. Once safely inside, its hooked legs sink into the victim's innards and it begins to drain blood at the rate of 1d4 hit points per hour.

As the host loses blood, the tick grows larger. When the host dies from internal damage, the tick bursts the corpse's ribcage and crawls out of the stomach or throat. Anyone witnessing this must make a Fear check (DC15) or become ill from the sight.

Weakness: Only two methods can extract a prairie tick once it's crawled down someone's throat. The first way is to pour a quart of castor oil down the victim's throat. The host needs to make a Fortitude save (DC15) to keep the oil down. If he succeeds, the tick will come crawling back up in 1d4 rounds—it continues to do damage until it is actually out of the victim's mouth. The second way is to locate a particular serum which will kill the tick and cause its hooks to go limp, releasing the victim's innards. The dead tick can then be dissected and removed piecemeal by use of a specialized scope inserted down the throat. Finding these two items requires a Spot check (DC 25) in a hospital or ambulance whose supplies have not been completely removed. Handling the scope correctly requires a Medicine check (DC 20) to avoid causing 2d10 of additional damage during the process.

Prairie Tick Queen

Small Vermin

Hit Dice: 6d8+4 (51 hp)

Initiative: +1 (+1 Dex)

Speed: 20ft., climb 10ft.

AC: 22 (+1 size, +1 Dex, +10 carapace)

Attacks: 4 hooks +6 melee, bite +1 melee

Damage: Hook 1d4+1, bite 1d3

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Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.
Special Attacks: Improved Grab, Blood Drain
Special Qualities: Hive Mind
Saves: Fort +9, Ref +3, Will +2
Abilities: Str 13, Dex 13, Con 18, Int 6, Wis 10, Cha 11
Skills: Climb +9, Hide +4, Listen +4, Move Silently +4, Spot +4
Feats: None
Climate/Terrain: Underground
Organization: Solitary (surrounded by 20+ hatchlings)
Challenge Rating: 6
Treasure: None
Alignment: Neutral Evil
Advancement: 7-12 HD (Small), 13-18 HD (Medium)

Rumors abound that each prairie colony is serviced by one massive queen.

Combat

When threatened the queen summons her hatchlings to her, and they swarm over her body to provide added protection. Then she advances toward the nearest warm body and releases the hatchlings to attack. She will only enter the fight herself if forced to do so, using her hooks if there are several opponents and her blood drain if faced with only a single foe.

Improved Grab: Queens can use improved grab against Medium-Size targets or smaller.

Blood drain: Once a queen bites a victim, she drains their blood and inflicts 1d4 damage per round.

Hive mind: The Queen can communicate with all prairie ticks in the nest out to a range of 300 feet. This allows her to coordinate defensive efforts and ambushes of nearby prey

Prairie Tick Hatchlings



Diminutive Vermin
Hit Dice: 1d8 (4 hp)
Initiative: +1 (+1 Dex)
Speed: 10ft., climb 10ft.
AC: 17 (+4 size, +1 Dex, +2 carapace)
Attacks: None
Damage: None
Face/Reach: 1ft. by 1ft./0ft.
Special Attacks: Swarm, Invasion
Special Qualities: None
Saves: Fort +2, Ref +1, Will -2
Abilities: Str 3, Dex 12, Con 9, Int 1, Wis 6, Cha 6
Skills: Climb +5, Hide +13, Listen +2, Move Silently +2, Spot +2, Wilderness Lore +1
Feats: None
Climate/Terrain: Underground
Organization: 20+
Challenge Rating: 1/2

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Treasure: None
Alignment: Neutral Evil
Advancement: Become adult prairie ticks.

These immature prairie ticks are only the size of a lady's palm, including their legs. Their shells are a paler red, almost pink, and they never leave the prairie tick warren, usually staying close to their queen mother. When the queen moves, the hatchlings usually ride on her thorax and abdomen.

Combat

The hatchlings attack anyone who invades the queen's chamber and threatens her. The queen carries them to the nearest target and they swarm over that creature, attempting to crawl into its mouth—once inside they feed like a full-grown tick.

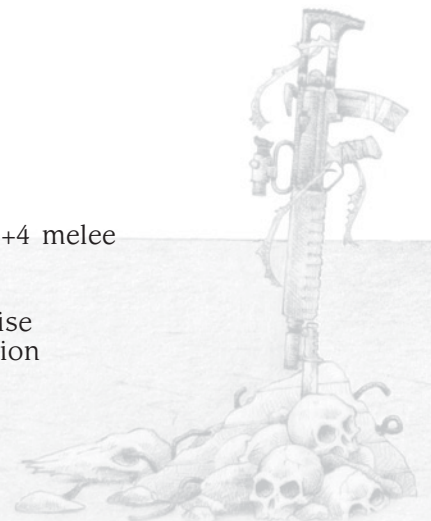
Swarm: Every six hatchlings do 1d6 damage.

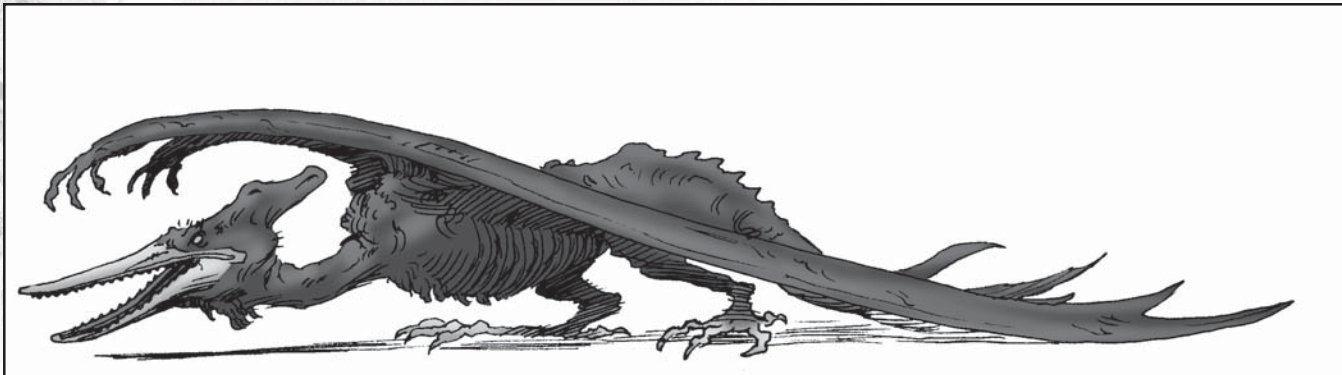
Invasion: After a hatchling makes a successful hit, the victim must attempt a Reflex save (DC 5). Failure means one of the wee beasties has crawled inside the victim's mouth and down his or her throat, unless the individual took precautions (like wearing a full helmet, or a gas mask). Each swallowed hatchling does 1 hit point of damage per hour, up to a maximum of 25 HP (all the creature can hold).

Once full, the hatchling will try to return to its queen, but it lacks the full-grown tick's strength to tear through its host. Instead, it has to crawl back up the throat (or in the opposite direction). This is extremely painful to the host, causing 1d4 damage per round—2d4 rounds are required for the hatchling to get free. The Castor oil treatment used against full-size prairie ticks will also work against hatchlings.

Predavore

Large beast
Hit Dice: 4d10 (24 hp)
Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)
Speed: 60ft. (flying)
AC: 13 (+3 Dex)
Attacks: 2 claws +6 melee, bite +4 melee
Damage: Claws 1d8, bite 2d10
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 10ft./5ft.
Special Attacks: Skewer, Surprise
Special Qualities: Lowlight vision
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4





Abilities: Str 18, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 7

Skills: Climbing +10, Listen +4, Move Silently +15, Search +10, Spot +10

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: Desert, plains

Organization: Solitary or group (3-5)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 5 to 12 HD

This feared creature is in fact a completely natural beast, and one native to the planet, though not to the current era. The predavore is actually a pteranodon, the ancient flying dinosaur. The predavore owes its return to the people at Pentacorp, who decided in the 2070s to experiment with fossil DNA and examine the possibility of cloning ancient beasts from such material. Interestingly enough, most of the dinosaurs proved difficult to reproduce, but the pteranodon *sternbergi* proved more amenable than its cousins the velociraptor and the tyrannosaurus. Pentacorp's scientists were able to create several of the ancient fliers from the original fossilized remains. More standard breeding procedures were then used, and eventually Pentacorp had entire aeries of the creatures—purely for research, of course—hidden from even their own lower personnel. Then the bombs dropped.

The predavores are now loose in the Wasted West, and one of the many reasons smart people avoid wide open spaces at night. Predavores are deadly hunters, with excellent nightvision, the ability to glide almost noiselessly for long distances, and lethal accuracy with their long, spear-like beaks. Predavores make their nests in tall

trees or at the top of cliffs, and carry their prey home to feed.

Predavores are flying reptiles, with an average wingspan of 23 feet. Their heads are close to six feet long, with spear-like beaks and prominent crests. Their claws are twice the size of a man's hand (useless as weapons, though excellent for climbing).

Combat

Predavores are exclusively nocturnal hunters. They fly over the plains, watching for any likely prey. Once a target is spotted, the predavore swoops down out of the darkness, its silent approach giving it the element of surprise. It skewers the prey with its beak and flies off again, either returning immediately to its nest or dropping the prey once or twice to tenderize it and eliminate any resistance. Then it feeds by stripping the flesh from the bones with its beak.

Skewer: If the predavore makes a successful attack and does more than 4 points of damage, it has skewered the victim on its long beak. It then flies off again, at half its normal speed, gaining 10 yards in height every round. Once it reaches a height of 100 yards, the predavore drops its prey to the ground, inflicting 20d6+10 points of damage. Then it swoops down, retrieves its prey, and flies off again.

Surprise: Predavores attack swiftly and silently, emerging quickly from the darkness. Characters with a Spot of 10 or higher can attempt a Spot check (DC 30) to see or feel (through the breeze its flight creates) the predavore before it strikes. Otherwise the creature gets an automatic surprise attack before normal initiative.

Quiets

Small mutated beast

Hit Dice: 2d10 (12 hp)

Initiative: +8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 14 (+4 Dex)

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Attacks: 2 claws +4 melee, bite +6 melee
Damage: Claws 1d4+1, bite 1d6
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.
Special Attacks: Improved Grab, Pounce, Rake
Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., EMP
Saves: Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +4
Abilities: Str 10, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 16
Skills: Hide +12, Intimidate +6, Listen +4, Move Silently +20, Wilderness Lore +10
Feats: Endurance, Improved Initiative
Climate/Terrain: plains, forests
Organization: paired or pack (4-20)
Challenge Rating: 3
Treasure: None
Alignment: Neutral
Advancement: 3 to 6 HD

Over the last few centuries, mankind had learned to use increased technology, and has forced the environment to adapt rather than the other way around. This gave Man a definite advantage, especially against predators who had no natural defense to technology. Since the Last War, this has changed. Some creatures have developed ways to cope with humanity's tools and weapons. One of the most insidious of these adaptations is the quiet.

These beasts look just like normal wolves, with black and grey coats that blend into the shadows. A closer look, however, reveals an unusual shape to the ear of each quiet, almost exactly like a radar dish. These protuberances even carry a slight glow, as if they bore an electrical charge—which in fact they do.

Quiets are capable generating electromagnetic pulses, or EMPs. These bursts dampen electricity within a certain area, rendering all electronics useless. And, when dealing with modern people who have come to rely on such tools, this gives the quiets a significant weapon.

The quiets follow people, either individuals or small groups, and stay well out of sight. They wait until nightfall, when their coloring makes them almost invisible, then they circle the camp noiselessly. Once each member of the pack is in position, they trigger an EMP, which wipes out any electric torches or alarms. At the same instant, two of the quiets dart in towards the campfire (if one exists), digging their paws into the dirt and raising an enormous cloud of dust. They swerve to either side of the fire, coating it in dust and extinguishing it immediately. Thus the entire camp is plunged into darkness and chaos. The wolves then attack, all without a sound—often people die inches from their friends, their throats torn out and bodies pinned to prevent even the sound of thrashing. Travelers sometimes say of

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missing friends that they “got a case of the quiets”—a condition that is almost always fatal.

Many claim that the quiets could not have developed naturally, and that they were instead engineered. Which begs the question who could create such creatures? And are the creators still around, using the quiets as guards for some even more twisted project?

Combat

Quiets use their speed, silence, and dark coloring to blend into the night, striking suddenly and without warning. Their EMPs are carefully planned, so that the entire pack is in position to attack and can take full advantage of the confusion.

Pounce: If a quiet leaps on an opponent, it can make a full attack action even if it has already taken its move action. If it hits, it can rake.

Improved Grab: If the quiet hits with its bite attack, it can rake.

Rake: A quiet can make two rake attacks (+7 melee) against a held creature with its feet, for 1d8 points of damage each.

EMP: This works the same as the Doomsayer power of the same name.

Rainmakers (Acid Rainers)

Medium Monstrous Humanoid

Hit Dice: 2d8 (10 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 15 (+2 Dex, +3 natural)

Attacks: Punch +4 melee

Damage: Punch 1d4+4

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Acid

Special Qualities: Acid Coating, Immunity

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +8, Will +7

Abilities: Str 13, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 12, Wis 15, Char 8

Skills: Intimidate +5, Listen +4, Search +4, Spot +6

Feats: Toughness

Climate/Terrain: Any

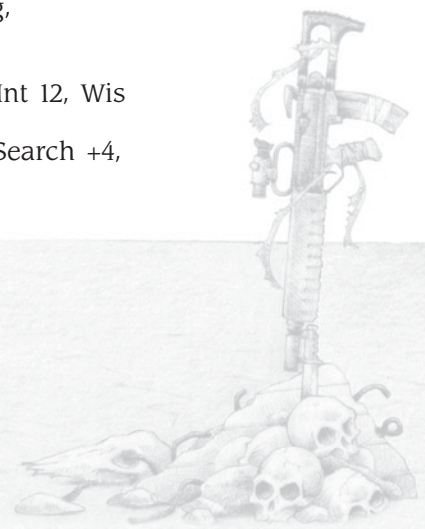
Organization: Group (4-12)

Challenge Rating: 6

Treasure: None

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Advancement: 3 to 6 HD





The Rainmakers are a group of mutants, possibly a family. The men, women, and children in the group share a common ability, they have the power to exude acid from their skin, hence the name Acid Rainers. The rainmakers also share a philosophy. They believe that the Last War occurred because humanity became too obsessed with outer appearance and lost sight of things like inner beauty, nobility, honor, and love. And so the rainmakers have dedicated themselves to restoring those internal values, by stripping away the external trappings and letting those worthier values back out. According to their leader, who they call Old Man Rain, "the rain washes away all the foolishness, leaving behind what's truly important."

The rainmakers travel the Wasted West in a pack. They seek out any remnants of humanity, from ruins to individuals to small towns, and set to work. They literally rub against any man-made items, coating

them with their own acids. These acids eat away at the objects, stripping off paint and chrome and all outer layers and leaving the object pitted and scarred and weakened, its smooth exterior gone.

The rainmakers are not violent, and do not attack people unless provoked. They will use their acids on people's clothes and personal equipment, especially anything metallic and shiny, and if pushed or attacked they will decide that their attackers are too caught up in superficialities and need to have their own inner nature revealed again. Rainmakers attack by grappling, letting their acids eat through flesh. The acids are corrosive enough to chew through flesh easily, and can eat through bone if contact is maintained for more than a few seconds.

Rainmakers wear no clothes—nothing can survive their touch long enough. Their own skin is mottled and scarred, and the acid leaves a faint sheen, as if the flesh were coated in plastic. They have no hair anywhere, since it cannot endure the acids. The rainmakers also carry no equipment of any kind. They believe that man should rely on his wits and his own two hands rather than external tools. Hunting is accomplished by locating animals and then grabbing them, letting the acids kill the prey.

Combat

When forced to attack, or to defend themselves, rainmakers target weapons first, grabbing them if possible and letting their own acids eat away at the object. They only grab flesh if attackers persist, in which case the rainmakers grapple their opponent, leaping in and wrapping the person in a bear hug until the struggle is over.

Acid: The rainmakers ooze a powerful acid instead of sweat. This acid can eat through any substance, including glass and metal. It causes 1d12 points of damage per round of contact, assuming at least six square inches are covered (roughly the size of a hand). Water will dilute the acid, halving its effectiveness, but to remove the acid fully it must be scraped clear (and of course whatever is used for scraping will suffer damage as well).

Acid coating: The rainmakers are completely coated with their own acid, and are immune to its effects. This coating acts as natural armor (+3), reducing damage by eating away any weapon as it hits (a successful hit automatically causes 1d6 of damage to the weapon in question).

Immunity: Rainmakers are immune to all acids—their bodies have adapted to resist such substances.

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The Recruiters

Medium Humanoid
Hit Dice: 1d8 (5 hp)
Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)
Speed: 40ft.
AC: 13 (+3 Dex)
Attacks: Club +3 melee
Damage: Club 1d6
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.
Special Attacks: None
Special Qualities: None
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4
Abilities: Str 15, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 10
Skills: Intimidate +4, Listen +4, Search +4, Spot +4, Wilderness Lore +4
Feats: Toughness
Climate/Terrain: Any
Organization: Group (3-5)
Challenge Rating: 4
Treasure: 3d12 dollars, plus equipment of "recruits"
Alignment: Neutral Evil
Advancement: 2 to 3 HD

When the Last War hit, most people panicked, but some were smart enough—and cruel enough—to see the possibilities. These people knew that the strong could gain power during such chaos, but only by fortifying and building and becoming too strong to resist. Many of these opportunists strengthened themselves as individuals, acquiring weapons, equipment, and food, and finding a vehicle or a defensible location or both. But those with more ambition knew power could be gained on a larger scale, but assembling a force of people as an army, and using that force to crush opposition and take whatever they wanted. The Recruiters are one such group.

This collection of men and women are determined to be one of the victors in the current struggle for survival and power. They already have a large army, but are constantly looking to "recruit" new soldiers. And they don't bother to ask.

One of the Recruiters, who they call Doc Dealer, was once a chemist. Doc was an enthusiastic supporter of recreational drugs, and created several himself, both for his personal use and to sell to others. When the bombs fell, Doc got scared, and called some of his regular customers for



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protection. One of those customers, a woman named Katie, got the idea to use Doc's drugs as an incentive for new members. Then her partner, a man named Gypsy, pointed out that they could use the drugs as a restraint instead, and the Recruiters were born.

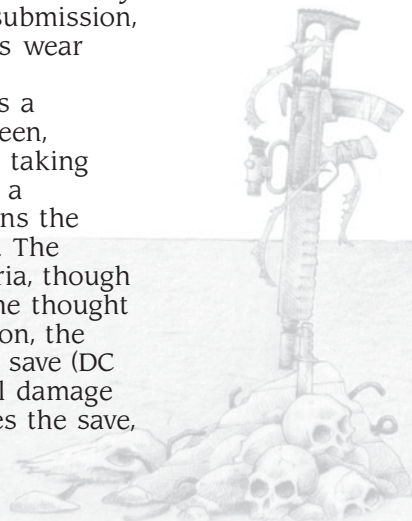
The group travels across the Wasted West, taking whatever it wants from the people it meets (unless outnumbered, in which case the recruiters act polite and leave quickly). The leaders size up anyone they meet, and if the person passes muster they "recruit." This means spiking that person's food or drink with a specific chemical Doc calls "Pay." Once the individual has taken the Pay, he or she is almost always addicted. And the Recruiters then reveal that the only way to get weekly Pay is to join them, and obey their orders.

Six people run the Recruiters together: Doc, Katie, Gypsy, Eddie, Lurk, and Sunny. The two women, Katie and Sunny, are the brains of the group and handle the basic strategy. Doc creates the chemicals. Gypsy, Eddie, and Lurk provide muscle, menace, and cruelty.

Combat

The Recruiters attack by sending in their troops, with no concern for safety or survival. After all, they can always recruit more. At the same time, they prefer to bully people into submission, since it saves wear and tear.

Pay: This drug can be taken as a powder or a pill, and is a pale green, almost white in color. Characters taking Pay for the first time must make a Fortitude save, DC25. Failure means the character is now addicted to Pay. The chemical produces a mild euphoria, though not enough to distract or limit the thought process. But a week after ingestion, the character must make a Fortitude save (DC 25) or take 2d8 points of subdual damage every hour. If the character makes the save,





Special Attacks: Electric Shock, Frenzy
Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Immunity, Weakness
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4
Abilities: Str 18, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 8, Cha 15
Skills: Intimidate +14, Listen +30, Search +10, Spot +10
Feats: None
Climate/Terrain: Lakes and rivers
Organization: Group (12-20)
Challenge Rating: 4
Treasure: None
Alignment: Neutral
Advancement: 4 to 9 HD

Ever since part of California fell into the Pacific back in the 1870s, the Great Maze has been home to water serpents. The largest of these, known as the Maze dragon, was considered a major threat to boats and ships of any nationality, and was hunted close to extinction by the late 1980s. But then the ghost-rock bombs fell, and some of the remaining dragons mutated still further. The result of one of those mutations was the river worms.

These deadly creatures look like black rubbery serpents close to twelve feet in length and only three to five inches around. They hatch from silvery eggs the size of golf balls, which are deposited at the bottom of a lake or river and sometimes get washed downstream by storms or strong currents.

River worms cluster in groups of a dozen or more, and lay in the deepest and coldest part of their river or lake, waiting for a hint of motion on the surface. As soon as the water is disturbed, all of the river worms move together, heading at full-speed toward the surface and their potential dinner.

River worms attack by swarming over their prey and ramming it with their blunt, hard heads until it is stunned. The worms ram the prey for several minutes, then open their mouths wide and tear into the victim. The minute blood hits the water, the entire group frenzies, squirming about in the water until it turns to reddish foam, attacking again and again until nothing but bones remain.

Fortunately, river worms are not very bright. They attack boats as well as people, and a solid ship can easily withstand their headbutts. A small boat of wood or thin metal could be in trouble, however, as the repeated attacks might break through the hull and cause a leak. The bludgeoning can also cause the boat to tip, sending its inhabitants into the water and the mouths of the waiting river worms.

Anyone caught in the water by the river worms does have one chance to survive.

they take no damage, but must save again every hour, with the DC increasing by 1 each time. Taking another dose of Pay immediately counters the pain, and continues to do so for another week.

Anyone with a full chemistry set can concoct an antidote to Pay—this requires a Chemistry or Herbalism roll, DC 30. If the actual drug can be obtained, the difficulty drops to 20 (the chemist can analyze the Pay and see how to counteract it).

River Worm

Large beast
Hit Dice: 3d10 (18 hp)
Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)
Speed: 40ft. (swimming)
AC: 13 (+3 Dex)
Attacks: Headbutt +4 melee, bite +2 melee
Damage: Headbutt 2d6, bite 1d10
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 10ft./5ft.

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The creatures have an aversion to petroleum products, which burn their rubbery skin, and flinging a can of gasoline or oil into the water will cause the river worms to flee immediately.

The river worms have an additional weapon, however, which they use if attacked or in danger of losing their meal. They can deliver an electric shock, which is magnified by the water. This shock is strong enough to stun a full-grown human, and can kill smaller creatures. Even larger creatures, like actual Maze dragons, avoid river worms when possible—the combination of numbers, teeth, headbutts, and electricity is more than the slippery serpents are worth.

Combat

River worms lay in wait, and attack the minute they sense anything entering their river or lake. They always headbutt first, then go for the bite. The electric shock is used only if their other attacks have failed.

Electric Shock: River worms can produce an electric shock, the same as an electric eel. This attack does 2d8 damage to anyone within 10 feet of the river worm, and those in range must make a Fortitude save (DC 20) or be stunned for 1d4 rounds.

Frenzy: The minute blood hits the water, every river worm in the area frenzies. While frenzied, the river worms ignore all damage penalties, and gain a second biting attack each round. They cannot use their electric shock while frenzied, however. The frenzy continues until only river worms remain alive and no flesh remains on any victims.

Immunity: River worms are immune to electrical attacks.

Weakness: Due to the rubbery nature of their flesh, river worms cannot handle petrol products. They take 2d4 damage for every round in contact with such chemicals, and flee the area as soon as possible.

Rust Mites

Fine vermin

Hit Dice: 7d8 (32 hp)—for entire swarm

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: see below

Damage: see below

Face/Reach: 1/2ft. by 1/2ft./0ft.

Special Attacks: Metallophagic

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Weakness

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 7, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 7, Wis 7, Cha 7

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Skills: Search +10, Spot +10

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: Ruins

Organization: Swarm (100-500)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral

Advancement: 1 to 2 HD

Rust mites are tiny insects with hard carapaces the color of rust, and sharp edges everywhere. The creatures travel in large groups, creating a reddish cloud roughly ten feet in diameter. Fortunately, this and the loud buzzing noise from their wings makes the rust mites easy to spot from a distance.

Rust mites are not actually dangerous to people, since they have no interest in flesh. They eat metal instead, and always target the largest metallic object in their vicinity. These creatures can detect metal up to a





quarter mile away, and always descend in a full swarm.

Combat

Rust mites target the largest quantity of metal nearby, and attack it first. When fighting them, the entire cloud is treated as one creature and only area of effect weapons cause any damage. Every 4 points of damage reduces the cloud by one foot in diameter. When the cloud is completely gone, all of the rust mites are dead.

Metallophagic: Rust mites actually consume metal as food. For every successful attack, they do 2d6 points of damage to the item in question. When the item has no hit points left, it has been completely consumed.

Weakness: Due to their metallic nature, rust mites are susceptible to magnetic fields. Clever travelers know to carry magnets with them, and to affix additional ones to valuable gear. A small magnet (like

a refrigerator magnet) creates a 6" wide field, and repels any rust mites in that area. Larger magnets create fields up to two feet for every pound the magnet weighs (so a three-pound magnet creates a field six feet wide).

Sand Spiders

Large beast

Hit Dice: 6d10 (34 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: 2 spears +3 melee, bite +4 melee

Damage: Spears 1d8, bite 1d8+2

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 10ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Poison

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 9, Wis 11, Cha 10

Skills: Intimidate +15, Listen +10, Search +10, Spot +10, Traps +10, Wilderness Lore +20

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: Desert, plains

Organization: Group (3-5)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: 3d12 dollars, plus equipment from slain victims

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 7 to 10 HD (Large), 11 to 18 HD (Huge)

Spiders are dangerous at any size. But sand spiders stand roughly six feet tall! These giant tarantulas are fully sentient, and their upper four limbs can even grasp and use simple tools, making these creatures even more deadly.

Sand spiders travel in nomadic packs, their padded feet allowing them to walk across shifting sand with ease. They spend most of their time hunting for food, and generally target larger creatures like Mojave rattlers, using traps and pit snares as well as their weapons. A sand spider can bury itself in the sand and lay motionless for hours without needing additional air, and they use this technique to ambush prey, herding a creature into a trap where several more spiders can spring up and surround it.

Sand spiders have light brown bodies covered with short, wiry red-brown or black hair. Their heads are entirely spider-like, though those heads sit on humanoid torsos growing from their spidery thorax. The sand spider's mandibles drip a green venom which can paralyze their victims, and they often coat their crude spears with that same poison.

Although humans are considered a rare delicacy, and sand spiders will pursue loners as meals, they avoid trouble with larger groups. Some towns and communities have even formed packs with the giant spiders, trading them equipment in return for the spiders killing off local monsters. Of course, these communities could also use people as trade, and some do—best not to wander alone into a small town if a group of sand spiders lives nearby.

The sand spiders actually have their own culture, though very little is known about it. They do have a spiritual figure known as the Egg Sac Mother, and pray to her for guidance in their hissing voices. Certain days have been set aside as sacred to the Egg Sac Mother, and large feasts are held on those occasions—unfortunately for any people wandering nearby, since they could easily wind up as the main course.

Combat

Sand spiders often use traps and snares to catch their prey. They can hide themselves in the sand for hours, waiting to pounce, and usually several of the spiders will herd the prey towards the ambush, jabbing with their poisoned spears. Once surrounded or trapped, the prey is paralyzed, so that the spiders can suck its juices out at their leisure.

Poison: The sand spiders' poison causes paralysis for 1d4 days unless a Fortitude save (DC25) is made. The poison must be injected or ingested to take effect.

Sand Stallions

Large Aberrations

Hit Dice: 7d8 (30 hp)

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 70ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: 2 hooves +7 melee, bite +4 melee

Damage: Hooves 2d6+4, bite 1d6

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 10ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Lowlight Vision 120ft., Insubstantial, Reformation, Weakness

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +10, Will +4

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 20, Con 18, Int 8, Wis 10, Char 17

Skills: Move Silently +4

Feats: Toughness

Climate/Terrain: Sand, desert, plains

Organization: Herd (4-12)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Advancement: 8 to 10 HD (Large), 11 to 20 HD (Huge)

Coup: A Harrowed who absorbs a sand stallion's essence gains a +3 to all

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movement and Dexterity checks involving sand and dirt (such as running across sand or not slipping in loose sand).

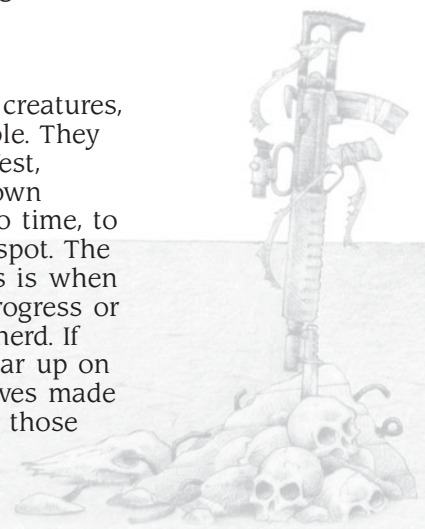
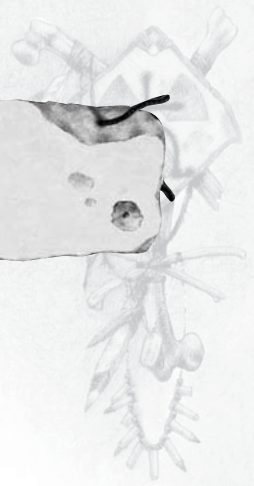
These aberrations are not really animals, although they did start out as such. When the Last War occurred and the Wasted West became a Deadland, many horses died. In some cases, their bodies were irradiated with ghost-rock radiation and magic, and the corpses vaporized upon contact with the dirt. But those vaporized atoms lingered, bonding with the dirt and dust, and slowly the result gained a semblance of life. Now these creatures roam the plains of the Wasted West, dashing around as if searching for the peaceful death they have been denied for so long.

Some shamans claim that the sand stallions are seeking their lost riders, to bring those wandering souls back to the peace of the Hunting Grounds. Others say the stallions are the spirit of the horses' revenge for being tamed and ridden at all and they seek the men who first broke them, to break those men's bodies and spirits in return. No one has ever found out for certain. A few brave souls have even tried to ride the stallions, but the creatures slip right through their legs like the sand they are, and any attempts to corral the beasts meets with open antagonism from the entire herd.

Sand stallions look like sand sculptures of real horses, though their manes flow as if the sand were constantly being swept away by a strong breeze. Their hooves never rise above the surface, and their legs rise and descend from the ground as if the horse were running through water, with plumes of dust and grit billowing around them.

Combat

Sand stallions are not violent creatures, and have no real interest in people. They merely run across the Wasted West, traveling in herds and sinking down beneath the surface from time to time, to reemerge again at some distant spot. The only time a sand stallion attacks is when someone attempts to slow its progress or separate it from the rest of the herd. If that happens, the stallion will rear up on its hind legs, revealing front hooves made of sandstone, and lash out with those





Scrawlers

Large construct
Hit Dice: 4d10 (22 hp)
Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)
Speed: 40ft.
AC: 13 (+3 Dex)
Attacks: 8 tentacles +5 melee, bite +6
 melee
Damage: Tentacles 2d8, bite 10d8
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 10ft./5ft.
Special Attacks: Improved Grab
Special Qualities: Urban Camouflage,
 Immunity, Darkvision 60ft.
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4
Abilities: Str 19, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 9, Wis
 11, Cha 13
Skills: Listen +4, Move Silently +4
Feats: None
Climate/Terrain: Ruins
Organization: Solitary
Challenge Rating: 4
Treasure: 6d12 dollars, plus equipment
 from slain victims
Alignment: Neutral Evil
Advancement: 5 to 12 HD

Before the Last War, graffiti was common in most large cities—urban youth would scrawl strange, stylized words and images on walls, billboards, lampposts, and street signs, marking their territory and often sending messages to one another. Government officials often stated that the graffiti was a sign of urban disease, visible proof that all was not right within the city's confines. Then the Last War came and Pestilence strode the earth. The Reckoner decided that these scrawls could be some form of disease, and claimed them as such. It created a servitor dubbed the Maestro, and unleashed him to create new and monstrous scrawls across the land, each twisted image feeding on the people around it—literally.

A scrawler looks like a disturbing piece of urban graffiti, usually a scene of death and violence. These ten-foot square murals are alive, and will attack anyone foolish enough to step within range. The scrawler can grow long tentacles, complete with fangs and mouths and stickers and other nasty bits, and these can reach up to five yards away. Once caught, prey is dragged up to the wall and devoured—scrawlers only consume organic materials, so each scrawler has a pile of equipment at its base, the legacy of previous victims and a lure for future ones.

hooves and with its teeth. As soon as the way is cleared again, the sand stallion will dash off to join its fellows.

Insubstantial: Sand stallions are made of dust and sand, and all physical attacks do only half-damage

Reformation: Sand stallions can disperse their bodies into the dirt and then reform them. This process takes one round, and a stallion can reform anywhere within a hundred-yard area.

Immunity: Sand stallions do not breathe, and do not need food or water or sleep. They are immune to sleep, poison, and charm effects as well.

Weakness: Sand stallions are created out of sand and dirt. Water-based attacks will do double damage. Throwing a large quantity of water at a stallion will restrict its movement, stopping it from reforming and making it susceptible to normal attacks for 1d4 rounds.

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Combat

Scrawlers wait until someone comes to look at them and gets within range of their tentacles. Then they lash out, seize

the individual, and drag the struggling victim close enough to devour.

Improved Grab: On a successful attack, the scrawler can latch onto its prey with a tentacle and pull the victim closer to its mouth. Resisting the pull is an opposed Strength roll. If the scrawler wins, it drags the victim one yard closer. If the victim wins, he or she can attempt to break free with another opposed Strength roll.

Immunity: Scrawlers are immune to mind-influencing effects (charms, compulsions, phantasms, patterns, and morale effects) and to poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, disease, death effects, and necromantic effects.

They are not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, ability drain, or energy drain. They are immune to anything that requires a Fortitude save (unless the effect also works on objects).

Urban Camouflage: Scrawlers get a +6 to Surprise attempts, because they appear to be part of the landscape.

Maestro (Scrawler/Servitor)

Medium Monstrous Humanoid

Hit Dice: 6d8 (34 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: see below

Damage: see below

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Create Scrawl, Flame Attack

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Immunity, Weakness

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 15

Skills: Craft (painting) +20, Intimidate +15, Spot +10

Feats: Toughness

Climate/Terrain: Urban ruins

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 12

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: None

This servitor to Pestilence wanders the Wasted West, creating his scrawls on any man-made surface large enough. The Maestro is human in shape, and wears a long trenchcoat and a slouch hat pulled low to hide his features. Many have speculated about the Maestro's true appearance—the most popular theory is that he is in fact a humanoid version of a scrawler, and that his face is a painting instead of mere flesh and blood. The Maestro carries several buckets of paint, several spray cans, and several pieces of chalk. He is capable of creating a full-sized

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(10' square) scrawler in a single night. The Maestro never stays in one city for long—he creates a scrawler or two, and then moves on to the next location, leaving his work behind to wreak havoc for him.

Combat

The Maestro prefers not to fight, and will avoid confrontation if possible. If cornered, he will create a scrawl to fight for him, or use a flame attack if that fails.

Create Scrawl: The Maestro can create a minor scrawl in a single action. This construct is only three or four feet square, and has half the stats of a normal scrawler, with tentacles only three feet long. A surface of sufficient size is necessary, but the Maestro can use pavement as well as a wall, provided it is solid and reasonably smooth.

Flame attack: The Maestro can also ignite the paint from his spray cans. This jet of flame extends three feet, and does 3d8 of damage. A single can sustain a flame for ten rounds.

Immunity: The Maestro is immune to sleep, poison, daze, charm, paralysis, stunning, and disease.

Weakness: Paint thinner causes damage to the Maestro (reinforcing the theory that he may in fact be a humanoid version of his own scrawls). Each gallon of turpentine or other paint thinner causes the Maestro 2d8 damage, though a successful hit is necessary. If he is reduced to 0 hit points, the Maestro melts away, leaving only his hat and coat behind.

Sob Sister

Medium Humanoid

Hit Dice: 2d8 (10 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: see below

Damage: see below

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Dissolve

Special Qualities: Sympathy, Pitiful

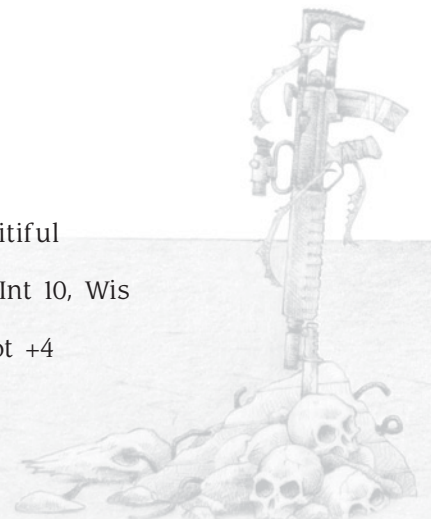
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 20

Skills: Listen +10, Search +4, Spot +4

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: Any



Organization: Unique
Challenge Rating: 8
Treasure: None
Alignment: Neutral
Advancement: None

Annie Suggins was a computer analyst, a shy but good-natured young woman whose family meant everything to her. When everyone she knew died during the Last War, Annie was consumed with grief. The souls released by the bomb decided to make Annie into a cosmic joke and transformed her into a living incarnation of sorrow. Now Annie wanders the Wasted West as the Sob Sister, her own grief causing terrible harm to others and her sorrow increasing with each new death she has caused.

Annie is a pretty young woman of average height and build, with pale blond hair and dark brown eyes red from constant crying. She wears a pale blue sundress and a white shawl, and her bare feet are bloody from her continual travels.

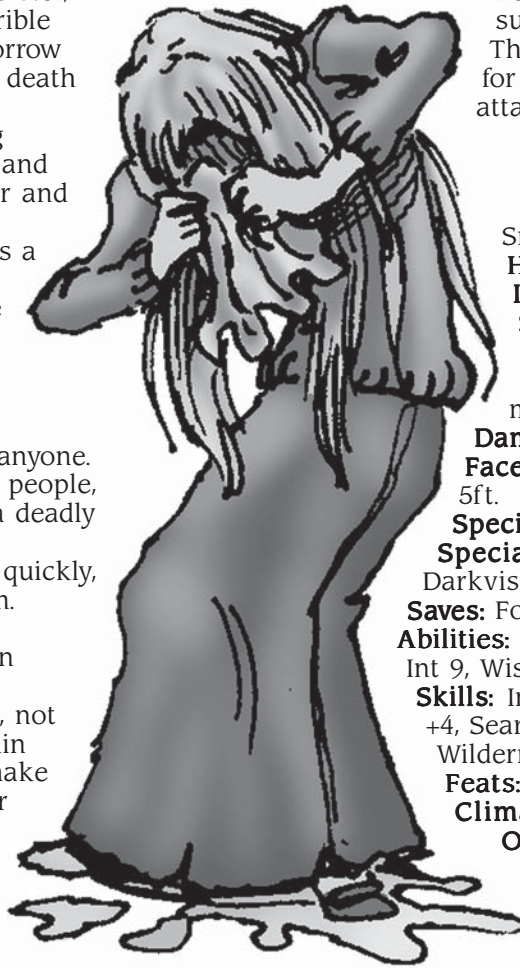
Combat

Annie does not attack anyone. She has no desire to hurt people, but her very presence is a deadly weapon, and anyone who recognizes her runs away quickly, before she can affect them.

Dissolve: Anyone who speaks with Annie or even touches something she touched (actually handled, not merely walked upon) within the last six hours must make a Fortitude save (DC 30) or begin to dissolve into a pool of salt water and bile. The entire process takes seventy-two hours. The only way to reverse the effect is to somehow relieve Annie's grief, even just for an instant. However, her grief can never be alleviated the same way twice. If Annie's grief is removed for an instant, any suffering characters are cured completely. Anyone suffering terrible grief themselves is immune to Annie's power (GM discretion on what constitutes terrible grief).

Sympathy: Anyone who sees or even hears Annie must make a Will save at DC30. Failing that save means the character wants only to help Annie in any way possible. Characters affected in this way run immediately to Annie and offer to help her, ignoring all of her protests. This only stops when the character realizes he or she is being melted. Affected characters cannot attack Annie in any way, not even verbally.

Pitiful: Annie is so pitiful that anyone trying to harm her has to make a Will save at DC25. Failing the save means the character simply cannot bring himself or herself to add to Annie's suffering by hurting her. This save must be made for every attempted attack.



Spider Head

Small Vermin

Hit Dice: 2d8 (8 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: Bite +4
melee

Damage: Bite 2d4

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./
5ft.

Special Attacks: Scream

Special Qualities:

Darkvision 120ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 9, Con 9,
Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 12

Skills: Intimidate +12, Listen
+4, Search +10, Spot +10,
Wilderness Lore +10

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: Any

Organization: Group
(3-500)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral

Evil

Advancement: 3 to 6 HD

These hideous creatures are the shock troops of the Reckoners, and show up to herald their masters' advance. As if the spider heads themselves weren't bad enough.

Spider heads get their name from their disgusting appearance. Imagine a human head, with long spider legs sprouting from a hairy abdomen just below the severed neck and no wider than the neck itself. But the head is not just an appearance, but a real human head, and usually someone

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local. Spider heads kill people and then use their heads for shells, animating and carrying the severed heads. The faces even move to a degree, and the spider head can see, hear, and smell using the head's own organs.

These creatures begin as small white larvae, which feast off the remains of the parent's victim. Then the larvae cocoon and transform into brain beetles (see below). A brain beetle is a hand-sized metallic green beetle. The beetle seeks out its prey, preferably a person who is sleeping, and attempts to enter the person's mouth. If it succeeds, it begins to burrow its way up through the mouth and nasal passages and right into the brain pan. The victim dies immediately at that point, as the brain beetle settles into the brain—it sends out long tendrils through the rest of the body, to draw sustenance and to deposit its eggs.

The victim's body begins to decompose, as the beetle and its larvae devour it, but the beetle sustains the head in perfect condition. This makes it very easy to spot someone who is hosting a brain beetle—the body will be a rotting corpse, but the head will look as if it's merely sleeping.

Once the body is completely consumed, the brain beetle transforms itself, growing an abdomen down below the body's neck and long spider legs from there. The creature tears itself and its home free of the corpse, and is now a fully grown spider head, able to see and hear and smell through the head's own eyes, ears, and nose. By this time the creature's own larvae have turned into brain beetles, and these latch onto their parent when the spider head leaves the body behind. An average human body can grow 2d20+10 brain beetles.

Spider heads, fortunately, are not sentient. They can manipulate the facial features of their captured heads, but do not possess the victim's personality, memories, or skills. Spider heads exist to create terror, turning healthy lands into Deadlands for their masters. They generally attack in groups and at night, when their appearance is even more terrifying, and multiply as quickly as possible, as every new spider head only increases the fear and horror of the remaining inhabitants.

Combat

Spider heads attack in groups, because their scream multiplies in power. They usually lurk in shadows and leap out at their prey, increasing the victims' fear before finally screaming at them.

Scream: The spider head's scream is a shrill sound, produced by a pair of small lungs at the base of its abdomen. The

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scream paralyzes anyone with ten feet for 1d4 rounds—characters can make a Will save at DC20 to resist. Every additional spider head increases the range by another ten feet, up to a maximum range of eighty feet total.

Brain Beetle (Immature Spider Head)

Diminutive Vermin

Hit Dice: 1/2d8 (4 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 10ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: Bite +4 melee

Damage: Bite 1d4

Face/Reach: 1ft. by 1ft./0ft.

Special Attacks: Burrow

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 7, Dex 10, Con 7, Int 9, Wis 8, Cha 7

Skills: Intimidate +4, Search +5, Spot +5





Feats: None
Climate/Terrain: Any
Organization: Group (10+)
Challenge Rating: 4
Treasure: None
Alignment: Neutral Evil
Advancement: 1 to 2 HD

Combat

Brain beetles swarm over their victims, fighting to get into the person's mouth. Only one brain beetle will succeed—if one has already entered the mouth, its brethren will leave to find a new target.

Burrow: Once inside a person's mouth, the brain beetle begins to burrow its way up through the mouth and nasal passage. This process takes 3d4 rounds. The brain beetle's saliva is a powerful anaesthetic, and the victim only feels a mild tickling which grows into a persistent ache. If the victim is merely sleeping and not paralyzed, a Reflex save (DC15) will cause

him or her to wake from the sensation. Within the first two rounds, the brain beetle can still be removed, by grabbing it and yanking it free. This causes 3d6 damage to the victim. After the second round, however, the brain beetle cannot be removed without killing the victim as well.

Storm Crow

Medium Aberration
Hit Dice: 6d12 (40 hp)
Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)
Speed: 60ft.
AC: 19 (+5 Dex, +4 natural armor)
Attacks: see below
Damage: see below
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 10ft./5ft.
Special Attacks: Lightning bolt
Special Qualities: Short Circuit, Weakness
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4
Abilities: Str 13, Dex 19, Con 18, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 10
Skills: Intimidate +15, Search +10, Spot +10
Feats: None
Climate/Terrain: Wake of Hellstorms
Organization: Solitary or group (3-5)
Challenge Rating: 4
Treasure: None
Alignment: Neutral Evil
Advancement: 7 to 10 HD (Medium), 11 to 18 HD (Large)

In ancient times, ravens and wolves were considered creatures of ill omen because they followed in the wake of battles and scavenged, feeding off the dead and the wounded. Such scavengers still exist, but as the world has changed they have changed to match. In the Wasted West, the worst of the scavengers are the Storm Crows. These fearsome creatures follow behind Hellstorms, feeding on the bodies of those the storms destroyed—but their true delight is tormenting the survivors instead.

Storm crows are living balls of lightning, dancing across the sky and raining electricity down on their prey. They enjoy the chase, and disdain stealth, preferring to attack openly so the prey has time to grow frightened.

Normal weapons do work on storm crows, but the creatures are tough and difficult to dispatch. Unfortunately, even killing one is not enough—the creature will only reform a few days later. The only way to truly eliminate a storm crow is to ground it with an insulated cable or with a sufficient amount of water, and the creatures are wary of both.

Combat

Storm crows rely on their speed when attacking, flying up quickly and striking before the target can respond. They also like to get as close as possible, to enjoy the full effect of the victim's fear.

Lightning bolt: Storm crows attack by firing tendrils of electricity. This is similar to the sorcerer/wizard spell lightning bolt, and does 4d6 damage. The range is 50 yards. Characters who are properly grounded take half-damage. Storm crows can fire three bolts each round.

Short Circuit: Because the storm crow's attack is electrical in nature, equipment can be damaged as well. Every time a character is hit by a storm crow, roll a d20 for every piece of electrical equipment the character carries. If the die rolls a 1, that equipment is fried and completely useless.

Weakness: Storm crows are particularly vulnerable to water. They take 3d6 for every gallon that hits them.

The Talk Show Host

Large Construct

Hit Dice: 6d10 (35 hp)

Initiative: +4

Speed: –

AC: 16 (+6 armor)

Attacks: see below

Damage: see below

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Scream, Electric Shock

Special Qualities: Scramble Electronics, Charm Person, Immune

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str NA, Dex NA, Con 20, Int 16, Wis 10, Cha 20

Skills: Intimidate +20, Listen +10

Feats: Improved Initiative, Mimicry

Climate/Terrain: Ruins

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 14

Treasure: 20d12 dollars, plus equipment from slain victims

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 7 to 18 HD

Before the Last War, Q124 was a popular midwestern radio station. It played mainly country-western music, mixed with brief news reports and a handful of talk shows, and people liked to tune in—"We're what you want to hear" was the station's slogan. The broadcast array was upgraded on a regular basis, to keep it among the strongest in the region, and its location on top of a hill (a rarity in the Midwest) let the signal carry over several states without difficulty. Then the bombs fell, and the manitou returned to the world.

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Q124 tried to stay on the air as long as possible, broadcasting news reports and helping to coordinate relief efforts and evacuation plans within the area. And their activity did not go unnoticed. A lone manitou picked up the radio signal and tracked it back to its source. The creature was intrigued by this method of wireless transmission, and delighted by the station's range. It decided that a radio station would be a very good thing—to be. The manitou entered the array and took control of the entire station, electrocuting the staff in an instant. After an hour or two of experimenting, it had gained full control of the station and its systems, and could broadcast at will. And then it began to play.


At first the manitou was content to send random signals over the airwaves—notes so high glass shattered, bass so deep people's ears burst, sounds so shrill speakers were bludgeoned to cut the sound off. But then it got more creative. It started to broadcast in earnest, picking songs and tapes that fit its mood, and adding in bits of its own. And, over time, the manitou began to see itself as an actual talk show host, if an evil one intent on mass destruction.

The station still works to this day, and the manitou still runs it. Now known as the Talk Show Host, it broadcasts around the clock, whispering vile things to anyone who can still listen. Anyone with a metal implant can pick up the station within a hundred miles, whether they want to or not. The message is faint that way, but it can still be heard. And those with actual working antennae can hear the Talk Show Host clearly, and its constant suggestions of villainy and violence and destruction.

Combat

The Talk Show Host never leaves its station—after so many years, it may no longer be capable of leaving its metal home. It can only physically attack if people enter the station itself, or touch the broadcast array. Otherwise, the Talk Show Host has only its voice as a weapon, and it will use that to sow chaos and dissent in any who hear it.

Electric Shock: If someone enters the station or touches the array, the Talk Show Host can emit an electric shock, causing 4d8 points of damage.



Scream: The Talk Show Host can alter its own voice and harmonics, to create sounds that hurt. Its best weapon is its scream, which causes 3d6 damage to anyone listening (1d6 if the person cannot hear it clearly) and 1d4 rounds of deafness. This scream will also shatter any glass within ten feet of a speaker.

Scramble Electronics: The Talk Show Host can emit a static field around the station and the array, rendering useless any electronics within thirty feet of either.

Charm Person: The Talk Show Host's voice is surprisingly soothing, and can become very convincing to anyone who listens. Listeners must make a Will save, DC25, or fall under a Charm Person spell. This effect continues for 1d4 hours or as long as the Talk Show Host can be heard, whichever is longer.

Immune: The Talk Show Host is immune to mind-influencing effects (charms, compulsions, phantasms, patterns, and morale effects) and to poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, disease, death effects, and necromantic effects.

It is not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, ability drain, or energy drain. It is also immune to anything that requires a Fortitude save (unless the effect also works on objects).

Talk Show Supporters

The Talk Show Host has many listeners, and those who have heard its broadcast for years are at least partially under its thrall. But its supporters are whole-hearted followers of the manitou, and do its bidding. This is not entirely their fault either.

The four Talk Show Supporters are a band of cyborgs, former military, who were camped nearby when the Talk Show Host first began broadcasting. All four have built-in radio receivers, and the Host's transmission had such power and volume the cyborgs' internal computers mistakenly registered it as a "command center broadcast." The signal became identified as such, and now anything the Host commands becomes an official order to the Supporters, whose computer systems ensure they obey. The Supporters have built-in transmitters as well, and responded to the Host's initial signal, so the creature is well aware of its followers' existence and skills and puts them to

good use.

The Supporters are responsible for patrolling the area around the station, and protecting both it and the array. They also perform any necessary repairs, make sure the station's generator is still functioning, and keep the locals in a constant state of mild terror to provide fear for the Host to feed upon.

Each of the Supporters has a distinct personality and appearance, and each responds to the Host in a different way, though all four obey it.

Cyborg One (Stinger)

Medium construct/humanoid

Hit Dice: 6d10 (32 hp)

Initiative: +9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 20 (+5 Dex, +5 armor)

Attacks: 2 claws +7

melee, punch +6

melee, kick +6 melee

Damage: Claws 1d8+3, punch 1d8, kick 1d10

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Static Burst

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Stealth

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 19, Con 20, Int 15, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Gather Information +20,

Hide +10, Intimidate +12, Listen +14, Move

Silently +10, Search +20, Spot +10,

Wilderness Lore +20

Feats: Toughness, Improved Initiative

Climate/Terrain: Ruins

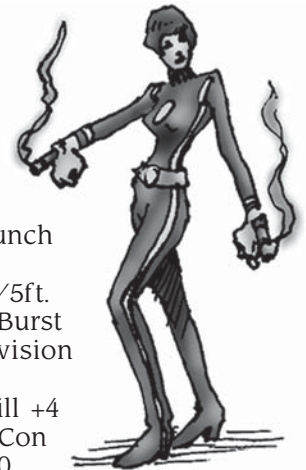
Organization: Solitary or group (2-4)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: 3d12 dollars, plus equipment from slain victims

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 7 to 18 HD



Stinger is the scout of the cyborg team, equipped for surveillance and reconnaissance missions. She has laser sighting and infrared built into her left eye, directional hearing through her left ear, and a stealth coating rendering her invisible to conventional electronic detection and to most visual scans. She's also the smallest and fastest of the Supporters. Stinger knows the Host isn't their actual commander, but she enjoys creating chaos and has no problem following the manitou's orders.

Combat

Stinger prefers to sneak up on opponents and stab them in the back or throat with her retractable steel claws. She switches to stealth mode and then takes

her time finding the right approach—speed is less a concern than precision.

Static burst: Stinger can generate a small burst of static electricity which arcs between her two palms. This was intended for use against electronics systems, temporarily scrambling sensors and locks, but it can also be used against people. On a successful unarmed attack, Stinger can make a second attack roll. If she succeeds, she has placed her hands on either side of the target's head, palms facing one another, and can trigger the static burst. This stuns the target for 1d4 rounds, blinds and deafens them for 1d6 rounds, and causes 2d6 of damage. If the target is wearing a metal helmet or headgear the damage is doubled.

Stealth: When Stinger switches to stealth mode, her skin takes on a chameleon effect, blending with any background. She gains a +30 to Hide checks and a +20 to Move Silently. Electronics cannot detect her at all.

Cyborg Two (Block)

Medium construct/humanoid

Hit Dice: 6d10 (32 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 20 (+3 Dex, +7 armor)

Attacks: 2 punches +7
melee, kick +6 melee

Damage: Punches 1d10+3,
kick 1d10+2

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./
5ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities:

Darkvision 120ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 22, Dex 17, Con
22, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Intimidate +12,
Listen +4, Search +10,
Spot +10, Wilderness
Lore +10

Feats: Toughness

Climate/Terrain: Ruins

Organization: Solitary or group (2-4)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: 3d12 dollars, plus equipment
from slain victims

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 7 to 18 HD

Block is the support member of the team, the strongest and toughest of the Supporters. He's also the least intelligent, but that doesn't bother him—he simply follows orders. As far as Block is concerned, the Host is their actual commanding officer. The computer says so, so it must be true.

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Block is built for power, not for speed. His entire skeleton has special reinforcements, allowing him to take more damage; also allowing him to lift more weight without shattering his spine or other bones. His hands have been weighted to do more damage in combat as well.

Combat

Block doesn't know the meaning of the word subtlety. He waits until someone tells him where to go and who to hit, and then he heads straight for the target at top speed and hits as hard as he can until he's told to stop or nothing is left standing. He can and does use guns, but prefers to attack with his enormous fists whenever possible.

Cyborg Three (Link)

Medium construct/humanoid

Hit Dice: 6d10 (32 hp)

Initiative: +4 (+4 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 20 (+4 Dex, +6 armor)

Attacks: 2 claws +7 melee,
punch +6 melee, kick +6
melee

Damage: Claws 1d8+3, punch
1d8, kick 1d10

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Improved
Grab, Nitro Grip

Special Qualities: Darkvision
120ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will
+4

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 18, Con
20, Int 17, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Demolitions +20,
Intimidate +12, Listen +4,
Search +10, Spot +10,
Wilderness Lore +10

Feats: Toughness

Climate/Terrain: Ruins

Organization: Solitary or group (2-4)

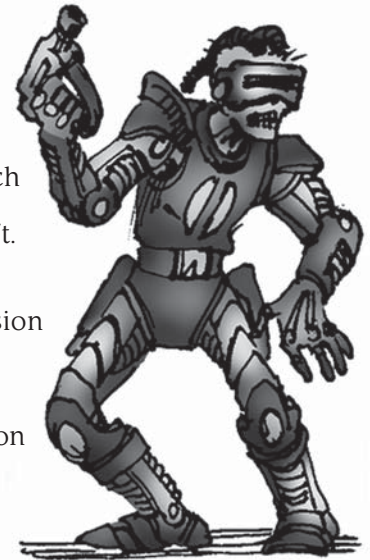
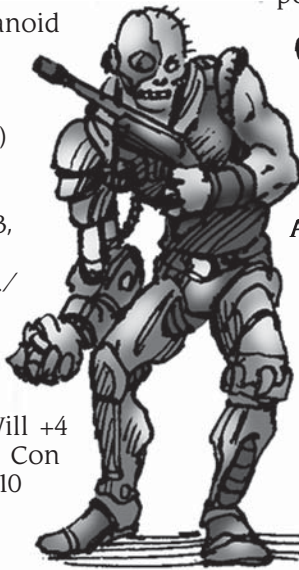
Challenge Rating: 4


Treasure: 3d12 dollars, plus equipment
from slain victims

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 7 to 18 HD

Link is the leader of the Supporters, and the tactics expert. He keeps the group together, plans their missions, and assigns specific tasks to the other three. Link is also the demolitions expert, and loves to





build bombs, though he prefers precision to mass destruction. He is well aware that the Host is not their actual commander, but, like Stinger, doesn't care as long as the orders are fun and keep the group focused and together. Link does take whatever leeway he can get, however, in interpreting the Host's orders his own way.

Combat

Link holds back in combat, waiting to see how the opposition is arrayed and what weapons are being used. That allows him to plan a better attack, and to relay information to the others for a more effective strike. He uses Block for protection while doing this. When personally involved, Link prefers to shoot people down from a distance or use his nitro grip on anyone who gets too close.

Improved grab: If Link gets a successful attack, he can then try for a free grab attack.

Nitro grip: Link's arms and hands were modified for demolitions work. His arms actually contain small cannisters of nitro glycerin, unmixed for increased stability. Upon command, Link can mix the components and excrete them through his fingertips. This allows for precise placement of the unstable explosive, and in controlled amounts. Link's favorite technique is to grab someone, drip nitro onto them, and then backpedal rapidly. His opponent, feeling something on the skin, usually grabs at the spot and sets off the explosive. A fingernail-sized dollop of nitro will cause 4d6 points of damage.

Cyborg Four (Trigger)

Medium construct/humanoid

Hit Dice: 6d10 (32 hp)

Initiative: +8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 20 (+4 Dex, +6 armor)

Attacks: Punch +6 melee, kick +6 melee, pistol +5 ranged

Damage: Punch 1d8, kick 1d10

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Darkvision

120ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 19, Dex 18, Con 20, Int 15, Wis 10, Cha 10



Skills: Firearms +20, Hide +10, Intimidate +12, Listen +4, Search +10, Spot +10, Wilderness Lore +10

Feats: Improved Initiative, Marksman, Ambidextrous

Climate/Terrain: Ruins

Organization: Solitary or group (2-4)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: 3d12 dollars, plus equipment from slain victims

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 7 to 18 HD

Trigger is the infantry expert of the group, the Supporter's gunbunny and weapons specialist. She can use any type of firearm with ease, and loves to collect new models.

Trigger is the least stable of the Supporters. She was recruited as a military cyborg because her innate skill with weapons and her love of firearms matched the military's needs, but her taste for bloodshed and her short temper have caused some problems. As a result, Trigger's internal computer exerts more control over her than the others, regulating her adrenaline levels and restricting unauthorized combat. The problem is that Trigger's computer has been known to malfunction from time to time. It also accepts the Host's orders as literal commands, and makes Trigger obey them to the letter, even if that goes against Link's orders. Trigger doesn't really care as long as she gets to shoot things and kill things. The only people she will not attack are her teammates—that doesn't mean she loves them all, but they are the only company she has, and the only ones who can put up with her for long.

Combat

Despite being an excellent sniper, Trigger prefers to wade into combat with guns blazing in both hands. She favors pistols over rifles, just because they let her get in closer, and carries a variety of firearms—she sometimes pauses in the midst of combat to switch to a different weapon.

Tar Monster

Huge Elemental (earth)

Hit Dice: 14d8 (75 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: see below

Damage: see below

Face/Reach: 15ft. by 15ft./15ft.

Special Attacks: Tar Ball, Pseudopods

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Immunity, Weakness
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4
Abilities: Str 26, Dex 10, Con 21, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 14
Skills: Intimidate +20, Listen +4, Search +4, Spot +4
Feats: Toughness
Climate/Terrain: La Brea tar pit
Organization: Solitary
Challenge Rating: 14
Treasure: 3d12 dollars, plus equipment from slain victims
Alignment: Neutral Evil
Advancement: 15 to 19 HD (Huge), 20 to 40 HD (Gargantuan)

The area around La Brea is famous for its tar pits. These naturally occurring resources were the focus of the town's industry for decades. As far back as the 1850s the area was supplying pitch to both sides of the Mason-Dixon line. When the Great Quake occurred in 1868, a lot of the area fell into the ocean, and the town was mostly abandoned. Then, in the late 1880s, scientists became more interested in natural history, and excavations began in La Brea, removing tons of earth and tar to reach the preserved skeletons of mammoths, sabertooth tigers, and other ancient creatures. A philanthropist named George C. Wilson became excited about the project in the early 1900s and bought the land rights to create a museum on the location.

A month into construction Wilson had a late-night visitation. Right before his eyes, the security guard was attacked, pinned, and dragged away by a sabertooth tiger—or at least the skeleton of one, encased in dripping black tar. A thick tendril linked the creature back to the central tar pit, and seemed almost to be dragging it back down with its catch. Wilson tried shooting the creature with the guard's fallen gun, but to no effect. He covered up the incident to avoid complications with the authorities or the Guardian Angels and work continued.

Three days later Wilson was visited again, this time by the missing guard, now dead and covered in oozing tar himself. Through the dead guard's mouth, the power in the pit made itself and its demands known. It was an ancient earth spirit it told Wilson, and the excavations had disturbed its eons-long slumber. It fed off the lifeforce of those who died in its pits, and Wilson would now ensure a steady supply of such creatures—or else. The terrified Wilson agreed and began his plans to turn La Brea into a major tourist attraction.

For several decades the plan succeeded. La Brea became a popular site, with

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thousands of people visiting each year. The monster attacked primarily at night, grabbing stragglers near the tar pit or sending its skeletal minions to bring back victims, taking care to take tourists and trespassers to avoid suspicion. In 1976 Wilson died when his son Martin, who had been introduced to the monster years before, pushed him into the tar pits. Martin continued his father's legacy, and grew richer as the creature grew stronger.

Then the bombs fell and tourism stopped. The monster fed on the stranded staff, then fell into a deep sleep. But recently, with more people traveling again, the monster is stirring, and sending its minions to find it fresh sustenance.

Combat

The creature itself rarely rises from the pit, and will do so only in case of extreme need. When it does appear, the creature resembles a tidal wave of boiling black tar, and dozens of skeletons can be seen swimming within it.

The Tar Monster prefers to leave violence and activity to its minions. If forced into combat, it attacks by throwing tar balls or lashing out with its pseudopods. It can also roll over opponents, engulfing them in its hot tar and boiling them alive.

Tar Ball: The creature can hurl balls of molten tar at opponents. These have a range of 50 yards, and do 4d8 points of damage to anyone within three yards. The round after the tar ball hits, it does an additional 4d6 points of damage to anyone who was hit, and the third round it does 4d4, then the fourth round it does 2d4 as the tar finally cools. Anyone hit for more than 4 points initially can only move at half normal speed, and is at -2 on attack rolls because of the sticky tar.





Pseudopods: The creature can lash out with tentacles of molten tar as well. Each tentacle is ten feet long and does 3d6 damage per hit. The creature can form up to six tentacles at a time, but its accuracy is divided among them—if it has only one tentacle, the creature has a +12 to hit, but if it has two, each tentacle has a +6 and so on.

Immunity: The tar monster is immune to poison, sleep, paralysis, and stunning. Normal weapons also do no damage, but require a Strength roll (DC 20) to be pulled free of the creature's body.

Weakness: The tar monster take half-damage from explosives, and heals all such wounds within 24 hours. It takes full damage from fire-based attacks, and a critical hit with fire means the creature's body has ignited. This causes an additional 3d10 points of damage, but also doubles the damage done by tar balls or pseudopods. The creature also takes 2d6 in

damage for every gallon of gasoline or other solvent used against it. But its major weakness comes from the fact that it is petroleum-based. Certain strains of bacteria were developed to break down petroleum and oil, and these will have a devastating effect on the creature if found and used. For every round of contact with these bacterium, the monster loses 4d10 hit points and 1 to every stat. When it hits 0 hp, the monster crumbles to dust and dies.

Tar Creature (Mammoth)

Large Aberration

Hit Dice: 7d8 (34 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: 2 tusks +7 melee, stomp +4 melee

Damage: Tusks 2d8, stomp 1d10

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 10ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Ram

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Resistance

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 7, Wis 10, Cha 7

Skills: Intimidate +12, Listen +4, Search +10, Spot +10

Feats: Toughness

Climate/Terrain: Tar pits and surrounding area

Organization: Solitary or group (3-5)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 8 to 20 HD

This is an enormous woolly mammoth skeleton covered in hot dripping tar.

Combat

This tar creature is used for its sheer size and strength, and attacks by charging opponents, gashing at them with its tusks, and stomping on them with its enormous feet. It can also ram them with its tar-coated head.

Ram: The creature can use its head and tusks in a ram attack, causing 4d8 points of damage. The tar will continue to inflict damage for two more rounds, until it cools—2d6 the second round and 1d4 the third round.

Resistance: The tar creature takes only half damage from slashing weapons and only a quarter damage from piercing and puncturing weapons (including bullets). Blunt attacks and explosives cause full damage.

Tar Creature (Smilodon)

Medium Aberration

Hit Dice: 4d8 (20 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: 2 claws +7 melee, bite +4 melee

Damage: Claws 1d8, bite 1d10

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Improved Grab, Pounce, Rake

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Resistance

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 15, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 7, Wis 10, Cha 7

Skills: Intimidate +10, Listen +10, Search +10, Spot +10

Feats: Toughness

Climate/Terrain: Tar pits and surrounding area

Organization: Solitary or group (3-5)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 5 to 12 HD

This is the skeleton of a sabertooth tiger, covered in molten tar.

Combat

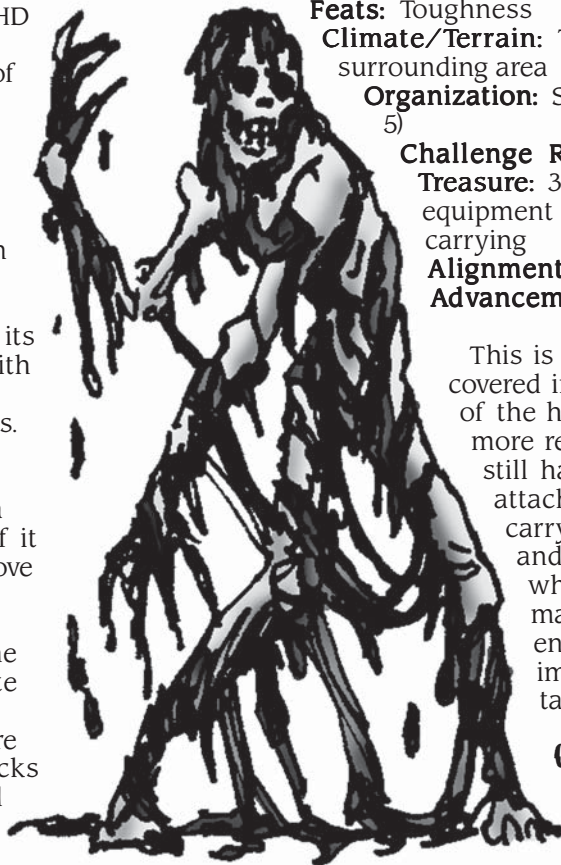
This tar creature is used for its combination of speed, stealth, and strength. It generally attacks by pouncing on its prey and raking them with its claws while gashing with its large front fangs.

Pounce: If the tar creature leaps on an opponent, it can make a full attack action even if it has already taken its move action. If it hits, it can rake.

Improved Grab: If the creature hits with its bite attack, it can rake.

Rake: This tar creature can make two rake attacks (+7 melee) against a held creature with its feet, for 1d8 points of damage each.

Resistance: The tar creature takes only half damage from slashing weapons and only a quarter damage from piercing and puncturing weapons (including bullets). Blunt attacks and explosives cause full damage.



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Tar Creature (Human)

Medium Aberration

Hit Dice: 5d8 (22 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: 2 punches +2 melee

Damage: Punch 1d4+3

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: None

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Resistance

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 13, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 7, Wis 10, Cha 7

Skills: Intimidate +8, Listen +4, Search +10, Spot +10

Feats: Toughness

Climate/Terrain: Tar pits and surrounding area

Organization: Solitary or group (3-5)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: 3d12 dollars, plus any equipment the person was carrying

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 6 to 15 HD

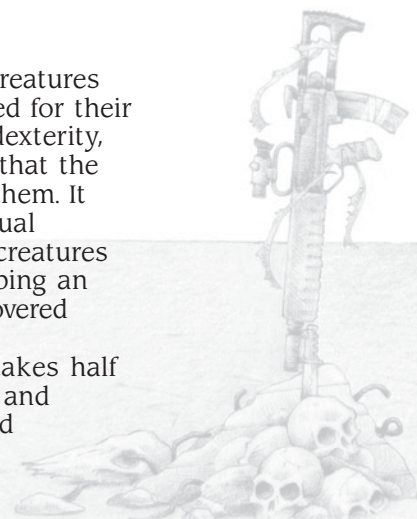
This is a human skeleton, covered in hot tar. Since many of the humans in the pit are more recent, some of them still have strips of flesh attached, and many still carry whatever clothing and equipment they had while alive, if the materials are strong enough to withstand immersion in boiling tar.

Combat

These creatures are favored for their manual dexterity, and for the fact that the

Tar Monster can speak through them. It prefers the other minions for actual fighting, but if necessary these creatures will also attack, usually by grabbing an opponent and letting their tar-covered bodies do damage.

Resistance: The tar creature takes half damage from slashing weapons, and quarter damage from piercing and





puncturing weapons. Blunt attacks and explosives cause full damage.

Texas Razors

Medium Aberration

Hit Dice: 4d8 (20 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 20 (+3 Dex, +7 armor)

Attacks: 2 coils +5 melee, bite +3 melee

Damage: Coils 3d6+4, bite 2d8

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Improved Grab, Shred

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 13, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 13

Skills: Intimidate +12, Search +10, Spot +10

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: Plains

Organization: Solitary or group (3-5)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 5 to 9 HD (Medium), 10 to 12 HD (Large)

Coup: A Harrowed who absorbs the essence of a Texas Razor gains a +2 to AC as its skin becomes harder and almost metallic.

These deadly creatures first appeared in the Texas panhandle, hence their name, but lately some have been sighted (and fought) in Kansas and Oklahoma. Razors delight in causing havoc and destruction, and race across the plains searching for farms and other isolated buildings to destroy. They particularly enjoy carving people into the smallest bits possible.

In terms of appearance, razors resemble oversized pit pulls with massive chests and longer front legs. Their rear legs are built like those of a jackrabbit, however, with elongated feet. This allows the razor to run at extremely high speeds. The entire creature is made of some biological metal alloy, alive but as durable as aluminum, and coils of razor wire hang at either side. The razors can uncoil these wires at will and lash out with them like whips, striking at people or even tightening to rip people to shreds. The beast's wide mouth contains several rows of sharp metal teeth which can strip a body bare of flesh in a matter of seconds.

Razors rarely attack large cities or fortified communities, preferring to target smaller settlements or single buildings. They enjoy causing fear and will deliberately hit the outer buildings first to let the survivors regroup and watch the devastation. Then, when everyone is terrified, the razors regroup and charge into the center of the area, killing anything in their path.

Combat

Razors are short on subtlety but long on strength and speed. They charge their targets head on, using coils and teeth to tear into flesh and bone alike, circling back again for another attack until the target is gone or the danger becomes too great for even the razor to linger.

Improved Grab: If the razor hits with its coil attack, it can shred.

Shred: The razor can wrap its coils around a victim and then tighten them, slicing through the victim's flesh with ease. This attack causes 8d8 points of damage each round. Breaking free of the coils requires a Strength check (DC 20).

Thunder Spawn

Huge Beast

Hit Dice: 9d10 (45 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft. (floating)

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: 6 tentacles +7 melee, beak +4
melee

Damage: Tentacles 1d8+6, beak 5d6

Face/Reach: 10ft. by 5ft./15ft.

Special Attacks: Tentacle Grabs

Special Qualities: Lowlight Vision,
Weakness

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 24, Dex 13, Con 20, Int 10,
Wis 13, Cha 15

Skills: Intimidate +12, Listen +4, Search +10,
Spot +10

Feats: Toughness, Mimicry

Climate/Terrain: Rainstorms (aerial)

Organization: Flock (12+)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral

Advancement: 10 to 19 HD (Huge), 20 to 25
HD (Gargantuan)

Those who have traveled the oceans know that jellyfish can be deadly predators in the water. Fast, agile, and with a powerful stinger, these aquatic creatures can paralyze a man and leave him to drown. But at least jellyfish are powerless on land, unable even to move. So as long as you can get to the shore and avoid stepping on one you're safe. With the thunder spawn that holds true as well, but you have to avoid going outside during an overcast or stormy day, which is a bit more difficult.

Thunder spawn are essentially giant jellyfish, vast amorphous blobs of gelatinous flesh with 2d4 60' long translucent tentacles below. The thunder spawn have large air sacs at top, vast bladders filled with lighter-than-air gasses. These allow the thunder spawn to float through the air as easily as a jellyfish moves through the water, not only rising and descending but shifting sideways as well.

Thunderspawn cannot survive in dry air or heat. They live within thunder clouds surrounded by cool moisture. The only time they emerge is during storms when the rain and clouds have dropped the temperature and raised the humidity to acceptable levels. Then the thunder spawn come down to feed.

The creatures are vaguely purplish with pulsing veins throughout and great black saucer-like eyes, but the storms provide cover and make them difficult to spot

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until they swoop. Each creature has three long, bone-white beaks on its belly, and these snap as it descends to hunt.

Thunder spawn travel and hunt in flocks and can pick a street clean in minutes. They descend to about sixty feet above the ground and use their tentacles to grab victims and pull them upward into their beaks. The tentacles are coated in the creature's own digestive acids and burn skin on contact—the acids are strong enough to corrode metal as well.

The only good thing about thunder spawn is that they have rarely ventured west of the Mississippi River, having originally appeared in the East. But it is hard to say where the thunder spawn are until they drop from the clouds, so they may be further west than anyone realizes.





Combat

Thunder spawn use their speed and aerial position to good advantage, dropping only low enough to grab a target and then quickly rising back out of attack range. Their bladders are particularly vulnerable—even a single point of damage on those will cause a puncture, sending the thunder spawn plummeting to the ground. But the bladders can only be reached from above (or by magic and other unconventional attacks), and the thunder spawn take care to stay above any targets in order to protect these vital organs.

Surprise: Thunder spawn get a free surprise attack on their first target unless people are watching for an aerial assault.

Tentacle Grabs: On a successful attack, the thunder spawn's tentacle latches onto a victim and hauls that person into the air. Each round, the person must make an opposed Strength roll to break free. Each round the thunder spawn

wins, the victim is dragged another five yards into the air. It takes four rounds to drag the person into one of the creature's beaks.

Weakness: Thunder spawn are vulnerable to dry air and to heat and light. Any attack that uses such elements does triple damage. They also have fragile air bladders—if even a single point of damage is done to one of these bladders, the thunder spawn will plummet to its death.

Tin Men

Medium undead construct/humanoid

Hit Dice: 6d8 (30 hp)

Initiative: +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 17 (+2 Dex, +5 armor)

Attacks: Chainsaw +7 melee, claws +4 melee

Damage: Chainsaw 4d6, claws 1d8+2

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Gear

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Regeneration, Fearless, Undead

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 17, Dex 16, Con 18, Int 13, Wis 11 Cha 7

Skills: Firearms +8, Intimidate +12, Listen +4, Medicine +2, Search +10, Spot +10, Tinkerin' +4

Feats: Toughness, Improved Initiative

Climate/Terrain: Any

Organization: Solitary or group (3-5)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: 3d12 dollars, plus equipment from slain victims

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 7 to 18 HD

Professor Hellstromme created many cyborgs, using corpses for raw materials and brains. Many of his creations became exactly what he had planned, mindless zombie-cyborgs at his complete command. But some of his soldiers regained a shred of sentience over time as bits of memory and consciousness surfaced and formed a loose personality. And some of these more sentient soldiers started wishing to return to their roots and become fully human once again. These cyborgs banded together and set out on their own, searching for parts—bits of flesh and blood they could use to replace their own metallic components. Those who ran into the constructs (and survived) took to calling them "Tin Men," after the Wizard of Oz character and the name stuck.

Tin Men travel the Wasted West in small groups searching for replacement parts. Whenever they encounter people, the Tin

Men size them up, checking to see if the person has anything they could use. If so, the cyborgs “harvest” the part using their gear and their crude surgical skills, and then graft that bit of flesh onto themselves. Amazingly, the new piece always functions properly on the Tin Man.

Every Tin Man hopes to one day replace every metal component with flesh and blood, and to become completely human again. None have succeeded yet, but a few have come close, and resemble Frankenstein monsters, with bodies of crudely stitched flesh and a few random spots of remaining metal and circuitry.

Ironically, the Tin Men will always be inhuman regardless of their appearance. They have no memory of or interest in emotion, and handle every situation in a completely cold and calculating manner, showing that their minds will still be mechanical even if their bodies are flesh and blood.

Combat

Tin Men are very careful when they fight, lest they damage a much-needed part. They usually wait until they’ve finished examining someone before attacking, and then target only nonessential areas of the body for strikes. If necessary, however, a Tin Man will simply fight to kill, and then harvest whatever usable bits remain.

Fearless: Tin Men are not affected by fear in any way, including spells.

Gear: As cyborgs, the Tin Men have built-in weapons and equipment. These vary from individual to individual, but the most common are grenade launchers, chainsaws, and retractable claws.

Regeneration: Tin Men do not actually regenerate, but they can replace any damaged parts with fresh pieces from their victims and thus recover from any damage except for head wounds.

Undead: Tin Men are no longer alive, and do not need to drink to survive. They can no longer be affected by drugs or alcohol either.

The Toymaker

Medium Undead

Hit Dice: 8d8 (35 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 30ft.

AC: 14 (+3 Dex, +1 natural)

Attacks: Shotgun +10 or club +6 or punch +4, bite +1

Damage: Shotgun 1d10, club 1d8, punch 1d4+4, bite 1d6

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: None

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Special Qualities: SR 14, Undead, Power Up, Sustenance

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +8, Will +7

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 17, Con 17, Int 18, Wis 10 Char 12

Skills: Drivin’ +5, Mad Science +20, Search +14, Spot +6, Tinkerin’ +20

Feats: Mechanically Inclined

Climate/Terrain: Ruins

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 6

Treasure: 3d20 dollars, plus random equipment from other victims

Alignment: Chaotic Good

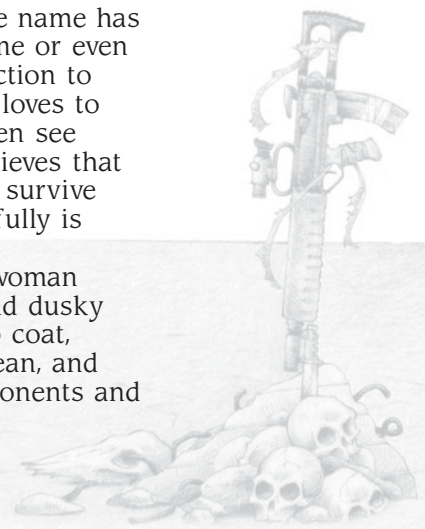
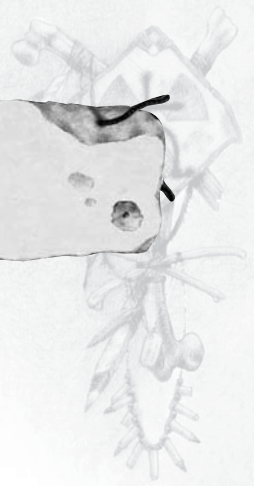
Advancement: None

Coup: A Harrowed who absorbs the Toymaker’s essence gains the ability to Power Up, as per the Doomsayer ability.

Rosanna Marie Wulfe was a mad scientist before the manitou stopped talking. She was a member of the Sons of Sitgreaves (the SOS), one of the few who continued to invent her own ideas and plans without any help. When Velmer developed his G-ray collector, Wulfe already had several devices she wanted to build, and used that to power them. Then the bombs dropped. Wulfe died and came back Harrowed. She discovered something interesting—she could force her own manitou to help her with ideas a lot more easily than forcing an external one to cooperate. So she set to inventing again, convinced that now more than ever the world needed new ideas and improved technology. The only problem was that supplies were scarce, and good equipment increasingly hard to find.

Wulfe now scours the Wasted West searching for components for her devices, which she refers to as “toys.” Those who have met her and her toys have taken to calling her the Toymaker, and the name has stuck. Wulfe isn’t creating for fame or even fortune, though she has no objection to either. She creates because she loves to come up with new ideas and then see them work, and because she believes that anything which can help people survive more easily and enjoy life more fully is worth doing.

Wulfe is a tall, strong-boned woman with jet black hair, dark eyes, and dusky skin. She wears a long white lab coat, which she keeps surprisingly clean, and always carries mechanical components and a full set of tools.



Combat

Wulfe prefers not to fight people. She is more than willing to debate topics, but she feels that violence should be saved for defense against the many monsters now loose in the world. When necessary, she uses her toys to defend herself. Wulfe is surrounded by at least six toys at all time, including at least one miniature flier. These toys all respond to simple voice commands, including "attack that person," and each toy can produce electric shocks or reveal a built-in cannon or activate a small chainsaw.

Power Up: This works much the same was as the Doomsayer ability of the same name. Wulfe can generate a spark to power any mechanical device—the larger the device, the longer it takes her to generate the spark. If the device has a built-in generator (as all of her toys do), it can power itself once that spark is supplied. If not, the device will need more power to sustain itself, whether from batteries or gasoline or another spark, but it can run until its new reserves are exhausted again.

Sustenance: Wulfe can also do the reverse of powering up. She can target a specific device and drain it of energy, which she absorbs for her own sustenance. She can use the energy to heal herself of 2d8 wounds (4d8 for large power sources), or simply in place of food. This also works as a defense against powered weapons, since Wulfe can render them inoperative. Her range for this ability is ten feet.

Undead: Wulfe is no longer alive, and does not need to drink to survive.

Tumblebleed

Small Plant

Hit Dice: 1d8 (5 hp)

Initiative: +2 (+2 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+1 size, +2 Dex)

Attacks: Bite +4 melee, thorns +1 melee

Damage: Bite 1d4, thorns 1d4

Face/Reach: 2 1/2ft. by 2 1/2ft./2 1/2ft.

Special Attacks: Ability Score Loss

Special Qualities: Immunity, Weakness

Saves: Fort -1, Ref +2, Will -1

Abilities: Str 9, Dex 14, Con 8, Int 6, Wis 6, Cha 7

Skills: Blindfighting +15, Listen +10

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: Arid desert

Organization: Pack (2-20)

Challenge Rating: 1/2

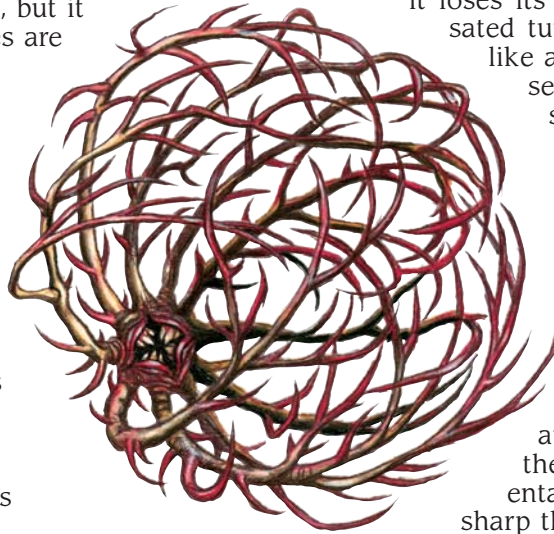
Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: None

These nasty critters look just like regular tumbleweeds, those dead plants that blow across the road and into Western towns. Only these ones are alive, sentient, and they have teeth. Smarter tumblebleeds hide among their harmless lookalikes, rolling into town with several normal tumbleweeds around them and then waiting until someone comes to clear the plants away before attacking.

Once a tumblebleed has fed, it loses its elasticity—a sated tumblebleed looks like a heap of wet seaweed, and can stay that way for hours before it has digested enough to resume its usual appearance and roll away.



Combat

Tumblebleeds attack by rolling at their victims and entangling them in sharp thorns and brambles.

Ability Score Loss: When a tumblebleed hits, it makes an immediate grapple attack (using Dex). If successful, the tumblebleed latches onto its prey and drains 1d4 of Strength. This drain continues each round until the victim breaks free or the plant is killed. The tumblebleed can still flail about during this process, and so it can continue to attack while draining—its grappled victim is considered flatfooted.

Immunity: Tumblebleeds ignore piercing attacks. They are also immune to poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and polymorphing (because of their plant nature). Tumblebleeds are not subject to critical hits or mind-influencing effects. They have no eyes (they navigate by blindfighting and by sensing exposed blood within 120 feet), and so are not

affected by sight-based spells like color spray.

Weakness: Tumblebleeds take double damage from fire-based attacks.

Skills: Tumblebleeds receive a +10 racial bonus to Listen and to Blindfighting.

The Urban Hitchhiker

Medium monstrous humanoid

Hit Dice: 5d8 (22 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: 40ft.

AC: 13 (+3 Dex)

Attacks: 4 tentacles +7 melee

Damage: Tentacles 1d8+4

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Improved Grab, Poison

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Alter Self, Sustenance

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 17, Con 20, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Acting +10, Drivin' +10, Gather Information +10, Intimidate +12, Listen +4, Taletelling +4

Feats: Mimicry

Climate/Terrain: Roads and highways, ruins

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 10

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 6 to 15 HD

Coup: A Harrowed who drains the Urban Hitchhiker's essence gains the ability to alter self, as per the sorcerer/wizard spell of that name, once per day. This alteration lasts up to one hour, though the Harrowed can revert to normal appearance before that if so desired.

The Urban Hitchhiker was created out of humanity's fears and darker urban myths. It is humanoid, but its actual appearance (age, coloration, gender) varies depending on the viewer. If only one person sees it, the creature takes on the appearance that person is most likely to help. This does not mean the creature will look like someone's mother, but it will become an older woman of the same race, if that seems most effective. If more than one person is present, the creature takes on an appearance it thinks will be the least offensive—for example, if a party has several Doomsayers the creature will appear as a mutant, knowing that such a form will be at least acceptable to most of the party members.

The urban hitchhiker then begs for a ride—if the people do not have a vehicle it walks away. If they do, and offer it a ride, the creature will maintain its new

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appearance and join them, inventing a cover story to explain its name, history, and recent activities. The creature waits until everyone is in the vehicle together. Then the hitchhiker drops its mask—its true face is completely smooth, with only vague depressions and protrusions for features, like a mannequin.

While its victims are surprised and stunned, the creature attacks—its arms and legs have become spiked tentacles, and these wrap around the nearest victims, immobilizing them. The creature's spikes exude a mild poison which can paralyze. This creature does not feed on flesh, however—it draws its strength from the fear of its victims, and from absorbing the energy of their vehicles.

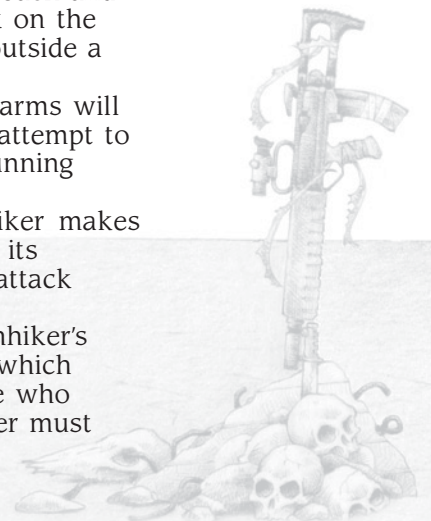
If the urban hitchhiker succeeds in defeating all of the passengers, whether they are dead or merely paralyzed, it will take the driver's seat and drive away in the vehicle—it does not remove the bodies before doing so. The hitchhiker then drives in a random direction until the vehicle runs out of power. Then, refreshed, the hitchhiker climbs out and walks away. Thus it is entirely possible to pick up the urban hitchhiker and not die, but the vehicle in question is always drained of power.

Combat

The hitchhiker usually hides among ruins until it hears a vehicle approach. Then it watches and listens, spying on the vehicle and its occupants. Most hitchhikers will spy for at least a day before making their move—this gives them enough time to see the occupants clearly and fashion an appropriate appearance for themselves. Then they wander nearby, deliberately letting the others hear their approach and inviting someone to come check on the noise. Hitchhikers never attack outside a vehicle unless they are attacked themselves, in which case their arms will become tentacles and they will attempt to paralyze their attackers before running away.

Improved Grab: If the hitchhiker makes a successful attack with one of its tentacles, it can attempt a grab attack automatically.

Poison: The spikes on a hitchhiker's tentacles secrete a mild poison which paralyzes upon injection. Anyone who takes damage from the hitchhiker must





Urban Wyrms

Colossal beast

Hit Dice: 30d10 (160 hp)

Initiative: 0

Speed: 60ft. (burrowing)

AC: 13 (+3 natural armor)

Attacks: Bite +6 melee

Damage: Bite 2d10

Face/Reach: 40ft. by 80ft./15ft.

Special Attacks: Surprise, Swallow

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str 30, Dex 11, Con 28, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 15

Skills: Intimidate +12, Listen +4, Search +10, Spot +10

Feats: Toughness

Climate/Terrain: Ruins, tunnels

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 6

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 31 to 90 HD

Not every dangerous beast was created by the Ghost-rock explosions. Some had existed for a long time before, and the urban wyrms are among those. These enormous creatures live far below the surface, digging tunnels through rock and dirt and snatching up food with their long tentacles. When the bombs fell, the wyrms felt the tremors and investigated. To their delight, they discovered exciting new tunnels, already dug for them, and filled with tasty soft-skinned prey.

The actual body of the urban wyrm is two or three stories tall and encased in a steel-hard shell like those of the undersea tube worms. These shells are anchored firmly to the rock around them, and are almost impossible to move. Most people never see the urban wyrm's body, however. What people encounter are the creature's tentacles—each wyrm has ten to twenty, and the tentacles themselves are thousands of yards long, mottled gray, and end in hinged jaws wide enough to swallow a man whole. These tentacles possess their own sensors, and dig or explore tunnels around the wyrm, searching for food.

Urban wyrms only send one tentacle at a time down any particular corridor. Because of this, and because their bodies are buried so deep in the earth, most people think each tentacle is a separate creature, like an underground version of the river worm.

Combat

Urban wyrms favor stealth and surprise, followed by a quick attack. Their tentacles

make a Fortitude save (DC 20) or be paralyzed for 1d4 hours. Each additional wound raises the DC by 2.

Alter Self: The hitchhiker can modify its appearance, selecting gender, race, age, coloration, and attractiveness. It bases these features on those it approaches, but the hitchhiker is not telepathic, and works strictly from visual cues and overheard conversations. It can maintain the new appearance for up to five hours. This is a natural ability rather than a spell.

Sustenance: The hitchhiker feeds off of two things—its victims' fear and their vehicles' energy. The fear of a single person is enough to sustain the hitchhiker for two hours. A vehicle's energy is based on its size and speed—a small, slow vehicle (like a motor scooter or a go-cart) provides enough energy to sustain the hitchhiker for one hour for every ten miles it travels. A larger, faster vehicle (like an assault truck) provides enough to sustain the creature for four hours for every ten miles. Hitchhikers can hoard as much as a week's worth of energy at a time.

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pull back the minute a potential victim is detected, and wait to gather information. The preferred method is to crash through stone and dirt directly below the target, and swallow it whole before anyone can react. Then the tentacle retracts, as the prey slides down its length to the main body, the wyrm's digestive juices reducing it to a pulpy mass along the way.

Surprise: Urban wyrms wait until they have the advantage of surprise, then spring upon their prey, usually through a wall or floor. They gain an automatic surprise attack unless the victim has seen the wyrm already.

Swallow: On a successful attack, the wyrm can make a second attack roll. If this also succeeds, the mouth has swallowed the victim whole. The person takes no damage from the bite itself, but instead takes 2d8 points of damage every round. The only way to escape is to cut or blow a hole in the tentacle. This requires 20 points of damage to a single location.

The Vengeful Herd

Large Aberration

Hit Dice: 8d8 (35 hp)

Initiative: +2 (+2 Dex)

Speed: 70ft.

AC: 14 (+2 Dex, +2 natural armor)

Attacks: 2 hooves +7 melee, horns +4 melee

Damage: Hooves 1d8, horns 2d8

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 10ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Stampede, Tremor

Special Qualities: Lowlight Vision 120ft.

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +10, Will +4

Abilities: Str 24, Dex 14, Con 20, Int 10, Wis 10, Char 17

Skills: Intimidation +10

Feats: Endurance

Climate/Terrain: Plains, prairie

Organization: Herd (40-400)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Advancement: 9 to 24 HD

Coup: A Harrowed who absorbs the essence of the Vengeful Herd can run at twice the normal speed.

Buffalo are a symbol of the American West—and of the settlers' greed and bloodlust. The Native Americans lived in harmony with the great beasts, hunting the enormous creatures each year but only killing enough to survive. Then the white man came with his rifles and began slaughtering buffalo by the thousands, taking the hides and leaving the meat to rot. Over time the buffalo was hunted almost to extinction and many of the native tribes suffered from the white man's callous disregard for the natural order.

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When the bombs fell, the Reckoners felt the great shame of the country, the guilt over such savagery and wastefulness, and they created a deadly avatar of those dark emotions. That was the beginning of the vengeful herd.

This herd of buffalo storms across the Wasted West every night, trampling anyone in its path. The creatures vanish at dawn, leaving a wide swath of shattered and torn people and buildings in their wake. The herd avoids large cities or other heavily fortified areas, targeting lone dwellings and small towns where the buildings are too weak to withstand their charge.

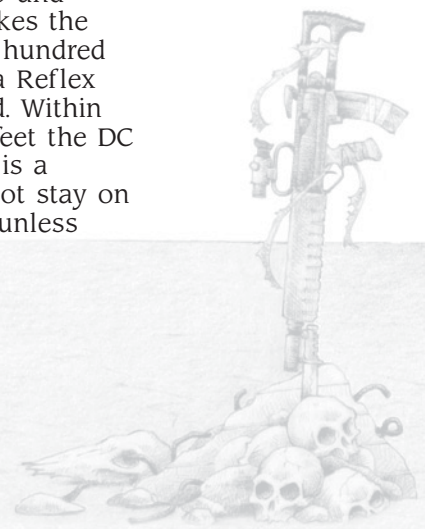
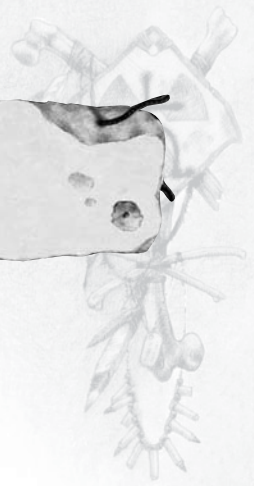
Up close, a member of the vengeful herd is clearly not a natural buffalo. Its fur is matted with blood and gore, its horns and hooves are jet-black and twisted like gnarled wood, and their eyes are merely empty black sockets. The vengeful herd makes no noise beyond the thundering of its hooves, which creates tremors several miles away.

Combat

The vengeful herd only appears at night and always in full motion. It is rare to see one of the creatures slow at all, much less stop running. The herd targets anything in its path other than rock or brick, which it will split around. Wooden buildings are little match for their numbers, size, strength, and razor-sharp horns.

Stampede: If the vengeful herd is opposed, whether by buildings or people, and its first charge fails to crush that opposition, the entire herd stampedes. This wild rush at full speed adds +3 to each member's attack and +4 to damage, but lowers their agility by 4 as well (in terms of maneuverability and braking).

Tremor: Because of their size and numbers, the herd's passage shakes the very ground. Anyone within two hundred feet of the herd needs to make a Reflex save (DC 20) or fall to the ground. Within 100 feet the DC is 25. Within 50 feet the DC is 30, and within 20 feet the DC is a staggering 35—most people cannot stay on their feet that close to the herd unless they have been tethered.





Viral Agents

Medium construct/humanoid
Hit Dice: 5d8 (22 hp)
Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)
Speed: 40ft.
AC: 13 (+3 Dex)
Attacks: 2 weapons +4 melee
Damage: per weapon
Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.
Special Attacks: None
Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Virus
Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4
Abilities: Str 20, Dex 17, Con 20, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 10
Skills: Appraisal (tech) +10, Bargain +3, Drivin' +6, Firearms +6, Listen +4, Search +10, Spot +10, Tinkerin' +5
Feat: Toughness
Climate/Terrain: Any
Organization: Solitary or group (3-5)
Challenge Rating: 4
Treasure: 3d12 dollars, plus equipment and gear
Alignment: Chaotic Good
Advancement: 6 to 15 HD

Societies and organizations spring up wherever people have a common interest or a common goal. And if those people have two or more things in common, it becomes even easier to form a tight group and to work together.

A few years after the Last War, a cyborg named Black Ice had an idea. He had been a military-issue cyborg, trained in computer infiltration and used primarily for information retrieval and sabotage. Because of this training, Black Ice was an expert in computer viruses. This seemed useless after the war when few people still had functioning computers and it was important to keep technology working rather than crashing it deliberately. Then the cyborg heard of a doctor who had cured a disease by attacking it with a retrovirus, and he realized that viruses could be beneficial instead of destructive. This notion stayed with him, and after a few months it resulted in an idea. Black Ice holed up in a small town and spent the next several weeks building a new virus, and then several more refining it. Finally it was ready, and he injected it—into himself. The virus spread quickly, but had no visible effect, until he borrowed a scanner from another cyborg and plugged that into

his head-jack. The device worked fine, but when he returned it, the other cyborg could no longer use it. It had been infected.

Black Ice began recruiting other cyborgs and even a few sentient machines, and formed the Viral Agents. This loose society has a base somewhere in the Wasted West, its location a closely guarded secret, but most agents spend their time travelling and looking for equipment. Whenever an interesting piece is located, the agent claims it or offers to buy it from its current owner. Some agents carry clean equipment (carefully kept away from the virus) for trade. Other, less scrupulous members prefer a cheaper approach. They ask to examine the item, and surreptitiously infect it, then return it. Within a few hours, depending on the size and complexity of the item, it becomes fully infected and no longer works with the original owner's other gear. Then the agent offers to buy it again, at a significantly reduced price "since it clearly no longer works," or simply waits until the owner tosses it aside and claims it without cost.

The Viral Agents' plan is simple—they want to build as strong and technologically advanced a city as possible. From there they can trade with others, for information and materials, and protect themselves and any allies. It's a noble enough goal, even if some of the agents use less honorable methods to reach it.

Combat

Viral agents prefer not to fight if possible—not only does it endanger them, it also risks injuring the very equipment they wish to claim. But if necessary they will fight with whatever gear they possess. Agents will also grab their opponents' gear at the first opportunity and infect it, rendering the item unusable within a few hours.

Virus: Whenever a viral agent holds a piece of equipment that contains circuitry, he or she can choose to infect the device with the virus. This virus takes from ten minutes to four hours to completely infect the device, based upon its size and complexity. Anti-virus programs can attempt to locate and remove the virus (DC 30), and a cyborg can make a Will save (DC 25) to resist being altered. If the virus succeeds, the device can no longer be used unless in contact with another infected device.

A gun with a programmable targeting system, for example, will no longer work for a normal person, since their flesh is clearly not infected. If a viral agent picks up the gun, however, the virus in the gun recognizes the virus in the agent and



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unlocks the system, allowing the gun to function properly. Once infected, the only way to remove the virus from a device is to disassemble it completely, clean each component individually, erase all information from the circuitry, and then reassemble it, install clean information, and repower it.

Voracipede

Large Beast

Hit Dice: 3d10+9 (25 hp)

Initiative: +2 (+2 Dex)

Speed: 40ft., climb 20ft., burrow 20ft.

AC: 20 (-1 Size, +2 Dex, +9 Natural)

Attacks: 2 Forelimbs +6 melee, bite +4 melee, horns +4 melee

Damage: Forelimbs 2d6+7, bite 3d4+7, horns 1d6+7

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 10ft./5ft.

Special Attacks: Improved Grab, Radiation Blast

Special Qualities: Radioactive

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +2

Abilities: Str 21, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 1, Wis 12, Cha 6

Skills: Listen +4, Spot +4

Feats: Multi-Attack

Climate/Terrain: Any subterranean

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 7

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 4-6 HD (Large), 7-10 HD (Huge)

This creature begins "life" as a glowing mass of worms. After a period ranging from seven days to a month, the "glow worms" merge and encyst, forming a tough cocoon of melted concrete, asphalt, and metal slag. The chrysalis swells to five times its original size over the next three to five days, after which time the adult form, known as a voracipede, emerges and begins protecting the hive.

The voracipede is a 20'-long, anthropoid creature resembling a nightmarish fusion of centipede and preying mantis with scythe-like forelimbs, razor-sharp horns, a wicked set of mandibles, and a central eye capable of emitting a concentrated beam of energy powerful enough to vaporize steel.

This predator exists to devour animal life for the purposes of self-fertilization. After a number of months of hunting, the voracipede seeks out a suitable amount of contaminated water and radioactive waste away from the main hive. Like a paper wasp, it builds a subterranean lair out of whatever materials are on hand and entombs itself. After a period of a month,

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the nest splits open releasing 4d20 larval glow worms to begin the process anew.

Combat

A voracipede is a burrowing monster, it usually lies 3-5 feet below the surface until it detects the approach of prey. It then burrows up to attack (treat this as a charge) viciously with its forelimb scythes and powerful mandibles.

Improved Grab: To use this ability, the voracipede must hit with its forelimbs. If it gets a hold, it deals automatic forelimb damage each round the hold is maintained. If the voracipede is damaged after grabbing its prey, it retreats backward, dragging its victim with it.

Atomic Blast: In addition to the passive damage a voracipede emits, they can hurl sizzling green bolts of irradiated energy up to 50 feet, causing 4d10+8 points



of damage to any being struck by the blast and 3d10+6 for anyone within 10 feet of the target. Atomic blasts can score a critical and has a threat score of 20.

Radioactive: Both glow worms and voracipede exude radiation. Any being within 50 feet must make a Fortitude save (DC 15) or suffer 3d4 points of damage.

Weakness: Glow worms are especially vulnerable to heat and fire-based attacks (they cause double damage) and take 3d6 points of damage from certain alkaloids such as salt and chlorine, as it dries the glow worms out.

Wall Crawler

Huge Aberration

Hit Dice: 12d8 (114 hp)

Initiative: +2 (+2 Dex)

Speed: 40ft., climb 30ft.

AC: 20 (-2 size, +2 Dex, +10 natural)

Attacks: Bite +14 melee, tail strike +9
melee

Damage: Bite 2d8, tail 1d8

Face/Reach: 10ft. by 20ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: Slam

Special Qualities:

Wallcrawling

Saves: Fort +9, Ref +5,
Will +6

Abilities: Str 20, Dex
13, Con 20, Int 3,
Wis 6, Cha 10

Skills: Listen +7,
Spot +7

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain:

Rocky cliffs

Organization:

Solitary or group
(3-5)

Challenge Rating: 10

Treasure: 3d12 dollars, plus equipment
from slain victims

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 13-15 HD (Huge); 16-20 HD
(Gargantuan)

Coup: A Harrowed who absorbs a wall crawler's essence gains the ability to sprout tiny, grotesque hooks from the palms of his hand. These cause no damage, but grant him +4 to Climb checks.

Since days of the Civil War, these creatures were a threat to anyone who

walked through a canyon or under a cliff. Since the Last War, some of them have remained in those old locations, but others have migrated into the cities and taken up roosts on the side of old skyscrapers or shattered office buildings.

Wall crawlers look like a mix between a spider, a lizard, and a coil of organic barbed wire, all legs and tails and teeth and sharp edges. They rely on their stealth and speed, lurking completely motionless until the prey is directly below and then running down the wall at them, the only sound the faint click of their claws against the metal or stone.

Combat

Wall crawlers are all-or-nothing when it comes to the attack. They don't move at all until they launch themselves at their prey, but once in motion these creatures race towards the victim and attack right away, not leaving until either their prey is dead and caught or they are clearly outmatched.

Slam: Wall crawlers can use their speed to charge into a target, hitting with the force of their weight and momentum. This attack does 2d6 damage, and the targeted individual needs to make a Reflex save (DC 25) to avoid being knocked down and a Fortitude save (DC 25) to avoid being stunned for 1d4 rounds.

Wallcrawling: Wall crawlers can move across angled or vertical surfaces at their full speed and without any Dexterity checks. They can even travel upside down on horizontal overhangs at half their normal speed.

Skills: Wall crawlers receive a +4 racial bonus to both Listen and Spot.



Willow Wight

Large Aberration

Hit Dice: 6d8 (30 hp)

Initiative: +3 (+3 Dex)

Speed: NA

AC: 13 (+3 natural armor)

Attacks: None

Damage: None

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: Animate Dead, Mass
Illusion

Special Qualities: Darkvision 120ft., Weakness

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4

Abilities: Str NA, Dex NA, Con 15, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 18

Skills: Acting +10, Listen +10, Spot +10, Taletelling +5, Wilderness Lore +10

Feats: None

Climate/Terrain: Forests, hills, graveyards

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: 3d12 dollars, plus equipment from slain victims

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Advancement: 7 to 10 HD (Large), 11 to 18 HD (Huge)

Coup: A Harrowed who drains the essence of a Willow Wight gains the ability to create an illusory appearance once per day. This is similar to the spell *Alter Self* except that it is only an illusion (though it does cover all senses). The illusion remains for two hours, though, the Harrowed can dispel it at will.

Not every manitou selected an animal or a person as its home. Some chose flora instead, sacrificing mobility for stability and camouflage. These spirits settled into the hearts of young willow trees and altered them as they grew, corrupting the trees until they became full-fledged willow wights—undead trees.

A willow wight's branches are twisted and gnarled into unnatural shapes, its bark is black and shot through with pulsing green veins, and its body is distended with evil-looking tumors which ooze a faintly glowing green sap.

The things cannot move, but that doesn't make the malevolent trees any less dangerous for willow wights possess the power to animate and control the dead. Any creature buried in reach of the tree's roots falls under its spell, and reanimates as one of its faithful walking dead.

The tree can sense events within a few hundred feet around it and knows when people are nearby. The tree then casts its illusions. First it conceals itself as a normal tree, then it creates an illusion of warmth and security suited to its new audience. Its undead servants are masked as well, and become the characters in this twisted performance. A troop of weary soldiers might find a welcoming campfire with fellow soldiers gathered around it. A lonely traveler might find a pretty young lady sitting beside a picturesque lake. A pair of bandits might find a small, well-hidden house of ill repute, staffed by lovely, lolling women.

The willow wight can only create illusions—the images have no real substance—ut by laying its images over its

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own servants, it gains actors for the part—the man kissing the young lady is holding a real woman, although she is dead and rotting now, and the soldiers around the fire can help their companions tether horses and set aside equipment, though their skulls are stripped of flesh and their real uniforms only moldy tatters.

The goal of such performances is to set the newcomers at ease. When they relax, the undead turn on them. Any who are killed are buried at the base of the willow wight to add to its “cast.”

Fortunately, willow wights have one major weakness. They are powerless from dawn to dusk, and can neither create illusions nor animate their servants.

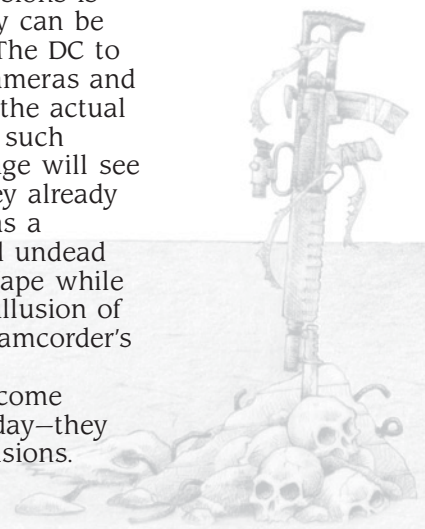
Combat

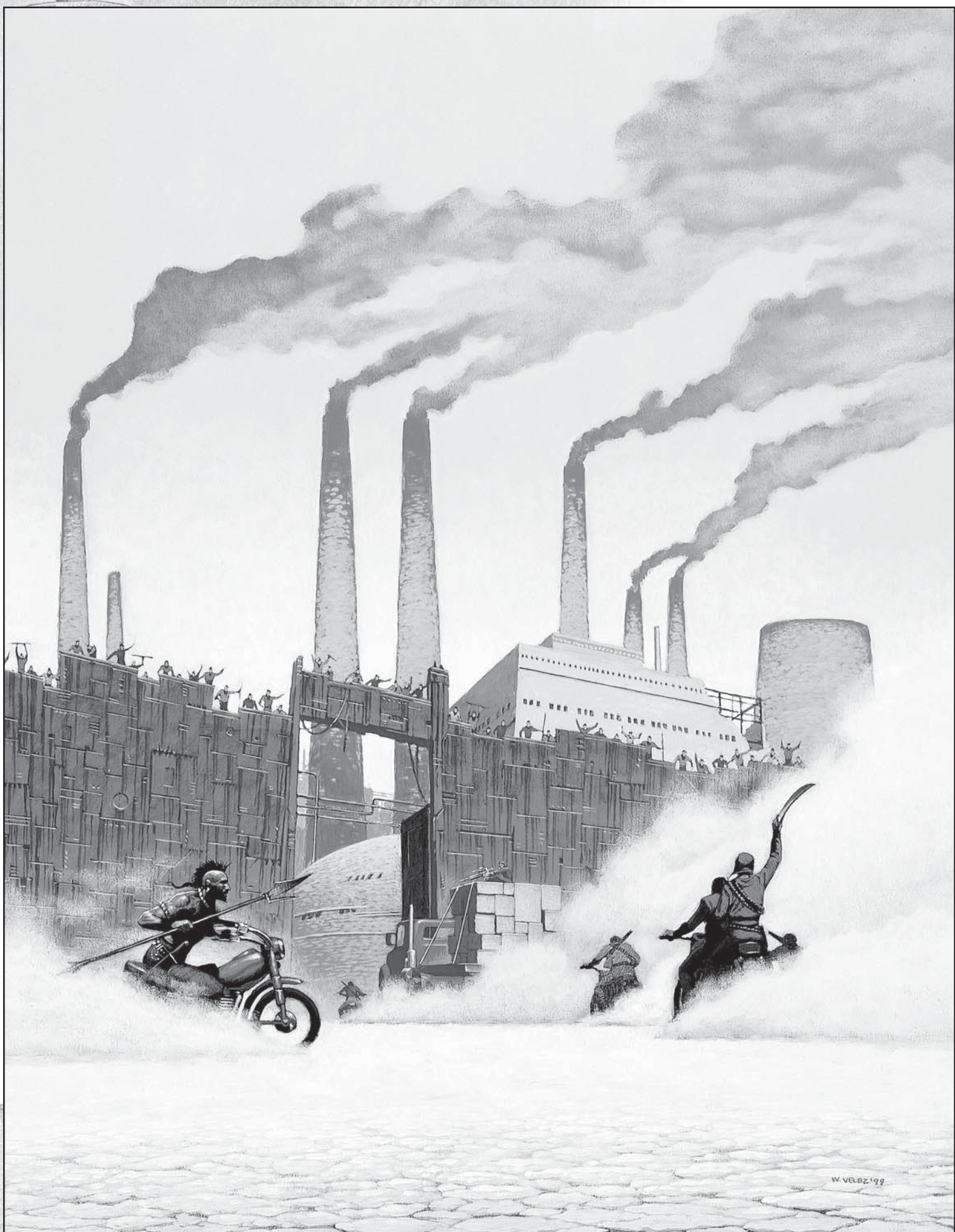
Willow wights cannot attack creatures directly, but use their servants and their illusions instead. They always create an appearance of calm and peacefulness to lull their prey into relaxing, then have their undead attack without mercy.

Animate Dead: A willow wight can animate any corpses buried within reach of its roots. These creatures are considered walking dead. The willow wight can control as many undead as 4 + its Charisma modifier, which increases as the creature grows older. If one of the walking dead is killed, the willow wight's link to it is broken until the following night. Digging up a body and removing it from the tree's reach severs the link permanently—the corpse will not reanimate unless it is returned to the tree.

Mass Illusion: Willow wights can create illusions similar to those of the sorcerer/wizard spell *Major Illusion*. These illusions cover all five senses, and can include movement. The range for the illusions is (50 x Cha modifier) feet, and they can be maintained for up to six hours. The DC to see through the illusion is 30. Cameras and other recording devices will see the actual images, but anyone looking into such devices still within the tree's range will see illusions of the same images they already saw (so if one of the soldiers has a camcorder, the device will record undead and no fire, but if he plays the tape while in range, the tree will create an illusion of soldiers and a campfire on the camcorder's screen).

Weakness: Willow wights become completely dormant during the day—they cannot animate dead or cast illusions.





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Hell on Earth to Hell on Earth D20 Conversion

There are over 25 products out there for the original *Hell on Earth*, so there's no shortage of source material, adventures, and villains for those who are new to the Wasted West. To use all those products with *Hell on Earth D20*, of course, you'll need to do some quick conversions.

This is a little tricky because regular *Hell on Earth* is a skill-based system and the D20 system is level-based. There's no good way to say "your *Hell on Earth* character is a 5th level gunslinger." Even if there was, it may mean another character in the same posse, who has been adventuring just as long, is an entirely different level.

Converting Player Characters

Because conversion is a little subjective, let's start with this: the first thing that must happen is the Marshal must decide what level he *wants* player characters to be. You should then translate your hero's Attributes as shown below, but after that, recreate your hero as if you had advanced to that level through the D20 system. That's the only way to ensure your D20 character gets the right skills, feats, and other important perks he needs for that system. If you ignore this advice, you'll have a loosely translated hero, but he won't be set

up to take advantage of higher-level feats or prestige classes.

You'll also have to decide what *class* your hero is. In most cases, this is fairly easy to figure.

Once you determine your level and class, you can also determine your Hit Points, and can choose the appropriate feats and skills for your chosen profession.

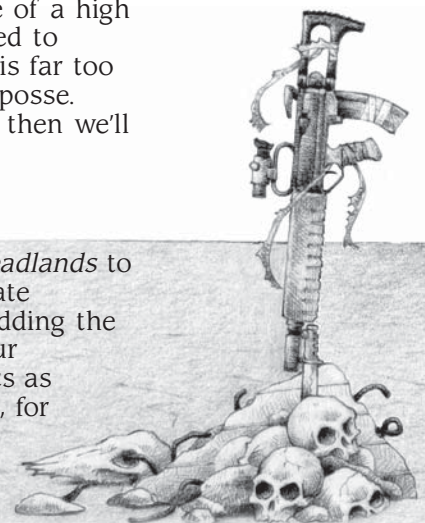
Converting Monsters and NPCs

If you're the Marshal and you want to convert a monster or character from a *Hell on Earth* classic product, you should likewise decide what level you want him or it to be. If we give you a formula for this, it may mean that some threat in an introductory adventure, by virtue of a high skill (the most common trait used to convert a character or creature), is far too great a challenge your low-level posse.

So make a few decisions, and then we'll help you finish up the rest.

Attributes

To convert Attributes from *Deadlands* to *Deadlands D20*, you must calculate "conversion totals." Do this by adding the coordination and die type of your character's *Hell on Earth* statistics as instructed below. A score of 3d8, for



instance, is a total of 11, while a 2d6 has a conversion total of 8. If you're told to average different statistics, average the totals and round up. Averaging the 3d8 (11) and 2d6 (8) above, for example, yields an average of $(11+8/2)=10$.

Attributes

Hell on Earth	Hell on Earth D20
Strength	Strength
Dexterity	Average of Deftness plus Nimbleness
Constitution	Vigor
Intelligence	Average of Smarts and Knowledge
Wisdom	Average of Smarts and Spirit
Charisma	Mien

The conversion total plus 2 is your character's statistic in *Hell on Earth D20*.

Example: A hero with a 4d8 Vigor has a conversion total of 12. Adding 2 to that number gives the character a Constitution score of 14.

- Quickness is not used in *Deadlands D20*.
- Cognition is translated into the Spot skill (see below)

Skills

As with levels, you have a decision to make before translating skills. For a realistic translation, or to recreate a player character in *Hell on Earth D20*, you should start the character at 1st level and then progress him normally to the appropriate level.

If you want a quick translation, simply double the *Hell on Earth* skill level for *Hell on Earth D20*. If a hero has a Lockpicking skill of 4d12, for example, you ignore the d12 and double the skill level of 4 for a total of 8.

Some of the skills listed below refer to *Hell on Earth* skills as well. Figure a conversion total for these just as you did Attributes. Quick Draw, for example, is a

skill in *Hell on Earth* but a feat in D20. The text says "Characters with a 14 or better Quick Draw skill get the Quick Draw feat." That means to get a conversion total, and if it adds up to 12 or more, give the character the Quick Draw skill. A *Hell on Earth* gunfighter with a Quick Draw of 4d8, for example, has a conversion total of 12 and thus gets the Quick Draw feat in D20.

Skills

Deadlands Skill	D20 Skill
Academia	Knowledge (Arcane, religion, nature, or other)
Animal Wranglin'	Handle Animal
Area Knowledge	Wilderness Lore
Artillery	Knowledge (Artillery)
Arts	Craft
Bluff	Bluff
Bow	Ignore
Climbin'	Climb
Cognition (Attribute)	Apply to both Spot and Listen
Demolition	Demolition*
Disguise	Disguise
Dodge	Ignore. Characters with a Dodge of 12 or better may have the Dodge feat
Drivin'	Drivin'*
Faith	Faith*
Fightin'	Ignore--dependent on class and level
Filchin'	Pick Pocket
Gamblin'	Gamblin'*
Guts	Ignore. Fear checks are dependent on Will save in D20.
Horse Ridin'	Ride
Language	Speak Language
Leadership	Ignore
Lockpickin'	Open Lock
Mad Science	Mad Science*
Medicine	Heal
Overawe	Intimidate
Performin'	Perform
Persuasion	Diplomacy
Professional	Profession (specific occupation)
Quick Draw	Ignore. Characters with a Quick Draw of 12 or more may have

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Ridicule
Science

Scroungin'
Scrutinize
Search
Shootin'
Sleight o' Hand
Sneak

Speed Load
Streetwise

Survival
Swimmin'
Tale Tellin'
Teamster
Throwin'
Tinkerin'
Trackin'

Trade

the Quick Draw feat.
Ridicule*
Knowledge (type of science)*
Ignore
Sense Motive
Search
Ignore.
Sleight of Hand*
Apply to both
Move Silently and Sneak
Speed Load
Gather
Information
Wilderness Lore
Swim
Tale Telling*
Handle Animal
Ignore
Tinkering*
Characters with a 12 or better trackin' may have the Track feat
Profession (specific occupation)

**see Hell on Earth D20*

Other Skills

Here are a few D20 skills that need to be figured separately. Not every character should have these skills of course, but if you think they should, here are their rough equivalents.

D20 Skill	Rough Equivalent
Alchemy	Alchemy (see Way of the New Science)
Animal Empathy	No equivalent
Appraise	Half Smarts
Balance	Half Nimbleness
Concentration	Half Spirit
Decipher Script	Decipher Script*
Disable Device	Tinkering
Escape Artist	Half Average of Deftness and Nimbleness
Forgery	Half Smarts
Innuendo	No equivalent, you should probably use Persuasion
Intuit Direction	No equivalent, but give a +5 bonus to those with the Direction Sense

Jump

Read Lips

Scry
Spellcraft

Tumble
Use Magic Device
Use Rope

Wilderness Lore

Edge
Half Average of Strength and Nimbleness
Half Average of Cognition and Knowledge
No equivalent
Particular spellcasting skill, like Faith or Mad Science, but enforce a -4 penalty to understand magical abilities of another type
Half Nimbleness
Half Smarts
No equivalent.
Come on, it's a rope. Maybe Survival if you're really desperate.
Survival

