

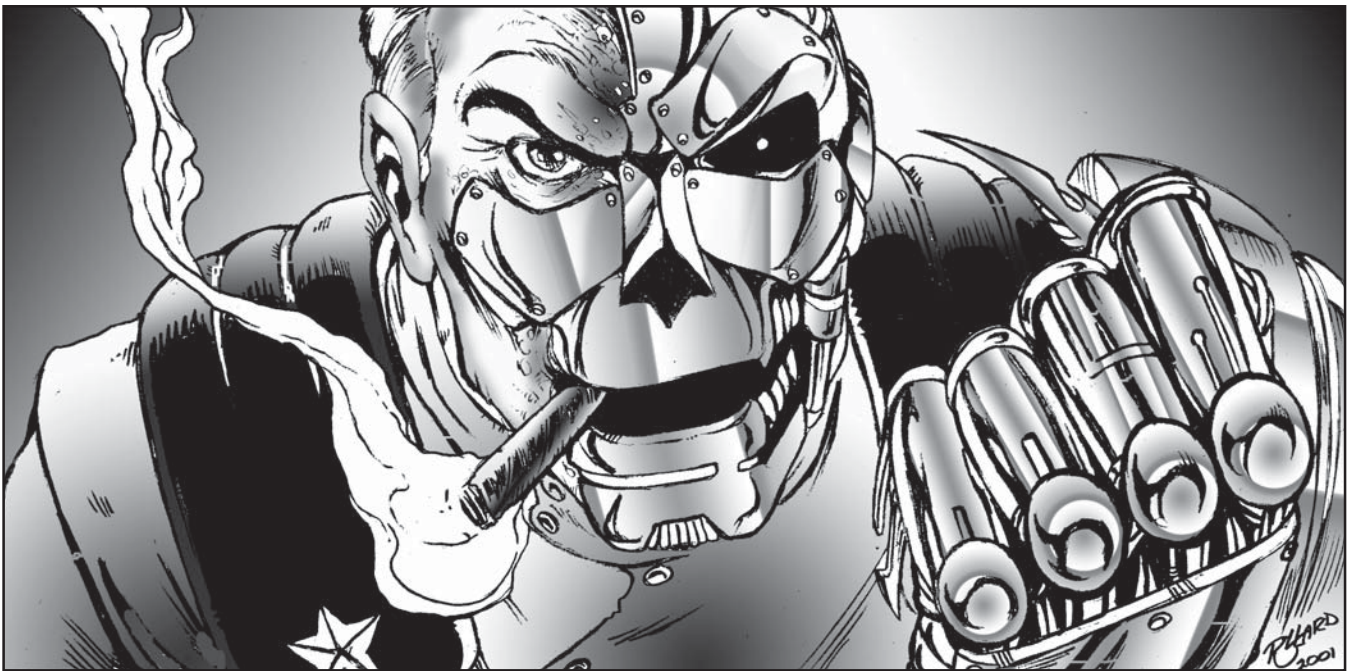
DENVER



HELL ON EARTH
Teller



Denver



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Denver

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Deadlands created by Shane Lacy Hensley.

Dedicated to: Charleton Heston, who, as the Omega Man, showed a young boy how cool the Apocalypse could be.

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Welcome to Hell

Sitting like a malignant cancer against the eastern flanks of the Rockies, Denver echoes with the screams of the dying and the clash and grind of metal. The whine of patrolling Raptors overhead sounds as a counterpoint to the crunch of rubble as the gleaming metallic skeletons of Throckmorton's automatons move through the wreckage hunting the hard-pressed humans of the Resistance. From the ruins of the Mile High City, the tentacles of the Combine reach across the plains to squeeze tribute from those unfortunate enough to fall under its shadow. Many go to the rubble of Denver, but few enter willingly, and even fewer come back. For years the Combine has built up its legions, like water behind a crumbling dam, waiting for a crack to appear that would unleash a torrent to sweep away all in its path. That time is now.

Chapter One gives a rat's eye view of the city as presented by its former Mayor, and now de facto leader of the Resistance, the Honorable John Connor. Connor gives a brief history of this shattered jewel of the Plains, tells what he knows of the nefarious Combine and the other groups of note in the city, and he gives a guided tour of some of the devastated city's major landmarks.

Chapter Two takes you to the No Man's Land of the Robo-hunters. This section explores the fellowship of these armored warriors in detail, and reveals their organization, equipment, and tactics. If your hero wants to go toe-to-toe with the worst the Combine has to offer and have a chance of surviving, being a Robo-hunter may be the life for her.

Chapter Three is for Marshals only. Here we give you the real low-down on what's going on in Denver and the Combine. Here the Marshal will find all the information she needs to harass her posse both inside and outside Denver with the evil forces of Throckmorton.

Chapter Four continues Marshal's Territory. Within can be found more detailed descriptions and statistics for the Combine's newest war machines to roll off the assembly line from the Denver Hellstromme Industries complex than you can shake a fried circuit board at. These walking (and rolling and crawling and flying) death machines can be found both within the ruins of Denver and outside the city as the war with the Iron Alliance heats up.

Chapter Five finally reveals the truth of a mystery that has puzzled investigators since before the bombs fell on Judgment Day—the final fate of Air Force One. A snatch and grab mission performed by the Resistance pays off beyond belief when it turns out that the rescued prisoner knows the location of the missing Presidential jet. It then becomes a race to find the wreckage and its valuable cargo that can tip the balance of power in the Wasted West.

Strap on your guns and let's go take an in-depth look at "the place that no one goes."



Posse Territory



City of the Living Damned



City Of The Living Damned

Librarian's Note: This report was recorded by Librarian Hartsoe during an information-gathering mission into the Combine. While infiltrating the city, he was fortunate enough to meet with members of the Resistance, and gained their trust enough to be presented to their leader. Librarian Hartsoe spent several months with the Resistance. His treatise on Throckmorton's empire is without equal. Unfortunately, after sending this record to the Central Library, Hartsoe was captured by a Black Hat patrol and is now assumed to be dead.

Welcome to the Mile-High City.

Here, let these dogs get a good whiff of you, and don't mind all the guns pointing in your direction. There, that's good. You really can't be too careful about Combine infiltrators these days.

Sorry I can't give you the reception we gave the '76 Olympic Committee when we were bidding for the Games, but I've learned in my time here that nothin' fills the belly better than rat stew made with some dehydrated milrat potatoes. Yessir, this is Denver haut-cuisine at its finest. You wouldn't know it today, but this building we're sitting under used to be the best steakhouse this side of the Mississippi. Nowadays, it still carries on that tradition by growing some of the finest rats anywhere.

So, you Librarians want to know all about Denver, huh? You're talking to the right guy. Back before the world went to Hell in a handbasket, I had the privilege of being the Mayor of Denver. Nowadays, I serve the fine citizens of this city as the leader of the Resistance. We do our best to survive, and in the process try to kick old Throckmorton and his goons in the seat of their pants. Anyhow, let's start at the beginning and see where we end up.

Denver, Jewel of the Plains

Denver was founded by a party of prospectors way back on November 22, 1858, after a gold discovery at the confluence of Cherry Creek and the South Platte River. The first wave of immigrants came to the area drawn by the promise of gold. Later, as settlers streamed across the Great Plains and came smack up against the wall of the Rocky Mountains, many decided to settle down. After clearing out the local Indian tribes—who warned them not to settle there—Denverites

built a network of railroads that made their town the banking, minting, supply, and processing center for Colorado, and neighboring states as well.

Denver became a natural stopping point as people mustered their resources and nerves for the crossing of the Rocky mountains. It was just natural that some travelers decided this was one of the most beautiful places on God's green earth and chose to stay. Don't look at me so strange. Before the War, this was a beautiful place to live, even with all the factories we had here. Plenty of jobs, plenty of recreation, low crime. Hell, what more could a person want in life?

A Dire Prophecy

As the white man took over what would become Denver, the Arapaho chiefs Little Raven and Left Hand predicted that evil would follow in the settlement's wake. They foresaw three tribulations and a great evil that would arise from the rotting carcass of the city. In the first few years of its existence, Denver survived a flood and two major fires. It wasn't until Judgment Day and the coming of Throckmorton that the fourth prophecy would come true.

Industry Comes to Denver

The city began to shift toward its eventual greatness when the Smith and Robards Company decided to put down roots in Denver in the 1880s. Seems Hellstromme had finally gained the upper hand in the City of Gloom. The local Mormon authorities in Salt Lake City refused to zone any more land for Gentiles, and S&R didn't want to spend the capital to house their workers the way Hellstromme Industries did with their subterranean warrens. The Denver-Pacific Railroad was already owned by S&R and headquartered in Denver, and the Union government made a move back into the U.S. very lucrative for the company. The arrival of this famous firm set the stage for the next chapter in the city's growth.

Although founded as the main supply town for Rocky Mountain mining camps, Denver also emerged as a hub for High Plains agriculture. Denver's breweries, bakeries, and meat packing plants made it the regional agricultural center, as well as a manufacturing hub for farm and ranch equipment, barbed wire, windmills, seed, feed, and harnesses. Between 1870 and 1890, Denver grew from almost 5,000 to over 106,000 people. In a single



A survivor's map of Denver.

generation, it became the second most populous city in the West, second only to Salt Lake City, and was the biggest city in the Union west of the Mississippi.

The Military-Industrial Complex

In one of his State of the Union addresses, President Grant reminded the country that the only way the United States could survive was through the encouragement of a strong military-industrial complex. Nowhere in the country was this advice taken more strongly than in Denver. With the factories already in place, and a convergence of railroads from Back East, the city was ready to provide whatever industry the country needed. Plentiful supplies of high-grade coal from the huge fields in Wyoming gave the city a cheap source of energy, and people flocked to the jobs that were created by Smith and Robards, the Denver-Pacific, and their subsidiaries. By the time of the First World War, Denver had surpassed many of the older industrial cities Back East.

Boom Times

When the US began gearing up for the Second World War, Denver was more than ready. An excellent road and rail network linked its factories and plants to the Eastern seaboard as well as the border with the Confederacy. This period also saw an expansion into the aviation industry with the establishment of an Army airfield and an international airport. By the end of the war, it was a Denver-built bomber that dropped the atomic bomb on Berlin.

The Rise of Pure Science

Denver also became a center of the pure science that began to gain popularity after the war. Although Smith and Robards was the biggest producer of "new science" gadgets and continued to dominate the economic scene in the city, more and more laboratories of traditional scientists found homes in Denver. The campus of the University of Colorado expanded exponentially throughout the second

half of the Twentieth Century, absorbing the Community College of Denver and Metro State College into one huge institution. By 1960, the disfavor that mad science had fallen into caused a slump from which Smith and Robards was never able to recover. The company was acquired by an anonymous financial consortium in 1962, and began producing more conventional consumer items. Many of its top inventors, leaders in the field of "new science," were offered jobs in the new company's holdings in South America and relocated, never to return to the United States.

Black Rain

The worst problem faced by Denver around the turn of the century originated in Deseret. Black rain from pollution in Salt Lake City killed trees, poisoned water, and destroyed exposed equipment. By 2000, however, pollution was down thanks to the US government's intervention against Hellstromme's factories in Junkyard. This action caused him to build the dome over that city that cut emissions and ended the black rain in Colorado.

In 2001, the *Tombstone Epitaph* revealed that Hellstromme Industries had acquired controlling interest in Smith and Robards back in 1962 through a consortium of dummy corporations. This venerable manufacturer was the biggest employer in Denver, and many feared that Hellstromme would close the plants in retaliation for the role that the city had played in the black rain protests. No obvious changes occurred however, and life continued as normal.

A New Millennium

By the end of the Twentieth Century, Denver had grown to a huge, all-encompassing metroplex that stretched from Boulder in the north to Castle Rock in the south. The city's population had grown to one million, greater than the populations of Wyoming and Nebraska combined. The two million-person mark was passed with the Census of 2040. Despite this explosion in population, the city managed to retain its traditional character of parks and tree-lined boulevards due to the



space to expand to the east, north, and south. Even the Downtown area avoided the “hive” feel that was so predominant in Salt Lake City—Denver’s nearest competitor in industrial might. Despite the skyscrapers that filled the downtown area, warehouses and factories tended to be low and rambling, interspersed with housing areas to facilitate easy walking access by their employees.

Denver also had the biggest airport in the nation, and in 2045 the airport was expanded to the east to establish the US’s first spaceport (although most commercial flights continued to launch from the Houston International Spaceport).

Hellstromme Arrives

Throughout the early 2000s, Dr. Darius Hellstromme had been quietly acquiring companies in the Denver metroplex. In 2044, Deseret expelled Hellstromme for crimes against the anouks on Banshee, and he relocated to Denver. The Thornton area of the city was bought out wholesale and a huge factory complex stretched across the northeast side of the metroplex. The huge boom this construction project created was short-lived when it was revealed that the factory would be fully automated. The only real beneficiaries were the shipping companies that delivered raw materials and took away the finished products.

The Beginning of the End

It was here in this complex that Hellstromme unveiled the first ghost rock bomb on April 9, 2045. With his interests on Banshee, the newly-renamed Vanessa Hellstromme International Spaceport did a booming business. Ghost rock, as well as more exotic Banshee materials, poured into the city. Several doomsday cults came into being in the city with the unveiling of the enhanced “city-buster” ghost rock bomb in 2052. Reports by rags like the *Tombstone Epitaph* kept the local Agency office busy investigating stories of demonic possession and alien (read Banshee) infiltrators. By the time of the Last War, the Regional Agency Office in Denver was the largest in the U.S.

The Last War Begins

As the Cold War between the U.S. and the Confederacy heated up, money flowed into Denver as the munitions and war machines of the military-industrial complex flowed out. Hellstromme Industries retooled their factories to produce weaponry, and their researchers began to work on new types of armaments that would supercede the American military’s current family of weapon systems. Most of the other factories followed suit as the country switched to a “total war” footing.

A Rose by Any Other Name

Over the holiday season of 2080, President Mary Rose Tremane came to Denver on a morale-raising tour of the war factories and plants. Bolstered by the successful Christmas cease-fire that she had brokered with Confederate President Allen Sothby, her reception was tumultuous. The downtown area was turned into a giant parade route, and a ticker-tape parade the likes of which had not been seen since the end of the Second World War took place. You would have thought the war was already over! And who knows, maybe it would’ve been if she hadn’t disappeared the next week.

Rocky Mountain High

On New Year’s Day, 2081, President Tremane boarded Air Force One for the last time in her presidency. The plane left Vanessa Hellstromme International bound for Seattle and another morale boosting tour of the front lines. Unfortunately, Air Force One disappeared shortly after leaving Denver airspace. Search and rescue units from Fort Grant and Buckley Army Airfield lifted off within minutes of the plane’s disappearance, but blizzard conditions in the Rockies hampered the search effort. After a week of fruitless searching, Vice President Andrew Bates was sworn in.

The War Comes to Denver

Despite the armored battles that raged across the Kansas Plains and eastern Colorado, and the artillery duels that lit up the night sky

along the Mason-Dixon Wall, the war still seemed like a foreign occurrence to the citizens of Denver. But in the spring of 2081, the War came to the city with a vengeance. Military transport aircraft broadcasting civilian airliner transponder codes brought the 1st Arizona Penitent Battalion through the air defenses and over the metroplex. These former murderers, rapists, and other scum unfit for the Confederate Army were dropped into the city on a mission designed to break the will of the people. Landing throughout Denver and its suburbs, these criminals began a wanton campaign of senseless violence and destruction. By the time the last of these rabid dogs had been put down by the local police and troops from Fort Grant, many parts of the city lay in ruins. The only area to completely escape destruction was the HI factory complex. Even the Poores Brewery in Golden, which seemed to act as a magnet for many of the raiders, suffered damage. In the end the city suffered 300 dead and over 2,000 wounded for a cost to the Confederacy of 600 dead criminals.

Too Little, Too Late

Determined never to have such a calamity befall Denver again, the military moved in several batteries of Minutemen anti-aircraft missiles, as well as several companies of Sky Sweep air defense vehicles. The HI complex also beefed up its security, installing gun towers along the perimeter of the manufactory. Unbeknownst to the rest of the city, Professor Hellstromme also installed an experimental energy shield over his factory complex. The sight of so much military hardware set up in parks and open spaces across the city gave many of the citizens a false sense of security. This confidence was bolstered in the early summer when several Confederate bombing raids were driven off by the defenses with minimal damage.

The Big Bang

Just as Denver began to recover from what became known as the April Fool's Day Massacre, some bright boy in the Pakistani

High Command decided it would be a good idea to use tactical nuclear weapons to settle a score with their old enemies, the Indians. This one incident unleashed the nuclear genie across the world. In North America, the first tac-nukes fell in New England and Washington State, courtesy of the Canadians. The people of Denver held their breath and prayed that the soldiers and airmen manning their air defense batteries were up to the challenge.

A Double Whammy

On September 23rd, 2081, I was on my way back from Washington D.C., where I had attended a Mayors' Conference on the effects of the war on the American economy. The electromagnetic pulse from the ghost rock bomb exploding on Fort Morgan caused my plane to crash 75 miles to the northeast of Denver. Fortunately for me, the pilot managed to bring us down in a newly harvested wheat field with only minor injuries. We found everything in a state of total chaos, which delayed my return home and probably saved



Members of the 1st Arizona Penitent Battalion.

my life. You see, the Confeds had decided that Denver was too valuable a prize to just blow it to Kingdom Come. Those sneaky Rebs decided they would take the city and its manufactories for themselves. To that end, they launched a barrage of neutron bombs at the city. The Minutemen batteries ringing the city put up a valiant fight, knocking down missile after missile, but once the first one got through on the west side of the city and detonated, a hole was ripped in the defenses that couldn't be closed.

A total of six neutron bombs managed to detonate in airbursts over the city, washing anyone not deep underground or in a hardened shelter with a lethal burst of radiation. In the midst of the Confederate barrage, a gift from our neighbors to the North arrived. Not caring for the value of Denver's factories, or maybe in an attempt to deny this rich prize to their nominal Confederate allies, the Canadians launched a pair of city-buster ghost rock bombs at the HI complex. As these warheads arched in, a blazing shield of power sprang

into being over the vast compound, absorbing the Hellish energies in a crackling display of awesome power. The shockwave washed down the roiling hemisphere of the force field, devastating the surrounding suburbs. After the last bomb went off, an eerie silence settled over the city, the only sound being the mournful wailing of the air defense sirens and the static from hundreds of car radios in the still-running vehicles that packed the streets. I can still remember my first sight of Denver a week later—some of the electric cars were still running off the city's power grid in places, waiting for guidance from their dead owners still clutching the steering wheels in their attempt to escape the doomed city.

Two hours after the neutron bombs had done their deadly work, Denverites who had survived the bombing, either deep underground or those not yet dead from massive radiation poisoning, saw a single contrail arch in from the south. High over the city, this single ICBM burst open, scattering an invisible cloud of death. This was the second prong of the Confederate assault, a lethal bioweapon created especially for this attack. The A-5 virus, as it came to be known, was a fast-acting, highly contagious, highly lethal hemorrhagic virus designed to spread quickly, kill quickly, and burn itself out by the time the Southern troops arrived. Those who succumbed to it became sacks of liquified organs with blood pouring from every orifice. The citizens of Denver, especially those survivors whose immune systems had just been destroyed by the bursts of massive radiation, didn't stand a chance. A-5 had a mortality rate of 98%. Combined with the neutron bombs, this virus created a city of the dead.



Victims of the neutron bombs.

Necropolis

By the time I got back to Denver, the few survivors had been totally overwhelmed by the scope of devastation. Close to two million bodies lay unburied in the streets and homes of the city. Even the scavengers were dead—no dogs, cats, buzzards, or even rats—nothing to help with the clean-up except for thousands of cockroaches. These nasty bastards swarmed over everything like a black tide. The A-5 virus

had pretty much burned itself out, the victims either dead or recovered. The rest of the country wasn't in much better shape, and word had gotten out that Denver had been hit by a bioweapon, so no one came to help or even scavenge. I heard that people who tried to get out were shot by survivor settlements when it was found that they were from Denver, for fear of the A-5 virus. There would be no help from the outside. We were on our own.

From Bad to Worse

I tried to organize those few survivors I could find. Fitzsimmons Army Medical Center on Fort Grant had received little damage, and we set ourselves up there. Over the next few weeks, people trickled into our compound in small groups. By the end of November we had roughly 400 people in our community. Food was plentiful. In a city that had been home to over 2 million people, we figured the commercial food available in the ruins would go bad long before we could eat it all.

We stayed away from the Hellstromme Industries complex after its automated guard towers fired on some of our people, but the surrounding areas were mildly radioactive from the aborted city-busters, so we had little reason to go there anyway. The only worrisome reports from our scrounging parties told of some people who seemed to have taken to living in the sewers, and who only came out at night. We lost several folks to these light-phobic strangers, who we found called themselves the Family. Then the walking dead appeared on the streets. Bomb victims, plague victims, whatever the cause of death, the city began to give up her dead, and they wanted one thing—brains! By December the Family began to attack us at night, while during the day we fought off groups of zombies who found our sanctuary in Fitzsimmons. It seemed we had reached the end of our line.

Something Wicked This Way Comes

New Year's Day, 2082 is a day that I will always remember. We had been under attack by walking dead for three days, and I think we had all given ourselves up for dead. Ammo was

low and several people were sick from exposure to former plague victims. Around noon a low rumble filled the streets, causing the zombies to pause in their assault on our building. Then, around the corner rumbled a US Powell hovertank, which began to blast away at the hordes of living dead. Within minutes the streets were clear and we flooded out to welcome our saviors. The Combine had arrived.

At first everything seemed good. These troops, formerly of both the North and South, set up an encampment in the Rocky Mountain Arsenal, helped us out with our sick and wounded, and began to clear the city of walking dead. I even met General Throckmorton, who seemed genuinely concerned for the welfare of the people of North America. That all changed when his troops fought their way into the HI complex and he reactivated the old factory. Maybe it was the sight of all those weapons, ammo, and automatons pouring off the assembly lines that awakened something dark and malignant in his heart or maybe he was a rotten apple all along.

A Change of Heart

Over the course of the next few weeks the Combine troops began to restore order. The streets were cleared and some power restored. Then a plague broke out among the soldiers, who probably disturbed a pocket of the A-5 amongst the piles of dead bodies. While battling the plague among his troops, an assassination attempt was made against General Throckmorton. The perpetrator was quickly caught and revealed to be a citizen of Denver.

Rumors spread through the Combine troops that the plague was unleashed by the Denverites and things began to look ugly. Three weeks after the Combine came to Denver, martial law was declared. In the middle of the night Throckmorton's troops rounded up all the Denverites they could get hold of and put them to work fortifying the HI compound with rubble, cars, and anything else they could haul into place. Construction bots from the factory added their efforts to ours, and soon the place was a veritable fortress, with support

buildings, barracks, and workshops added on. We were then moved to the ruins of Lafayette where we cleared the land and began farming for our new slave masters. We were told this was a temporary solution to the lawlessness that was sweeping the city, and that it would be easier for the troops to provide protection to us in the camp at Lafayette.

The Teller Revolt

After we had been working for the Combine for about a year, a new slave was brought in by the name of Teller. This guy was very charismatic, and spent the nights telling stories of the past, reminding us of the unquenchable spirit of freedom that burns in the hearts of man (or something like that, the guy really had a way with words). To make a long story short, this Teller guy fired up everyone enough that we made a break for it. On Independence Day of 2083—that's July 11th to all you Rebs—the Combine suffered its first and last mass slave revolt. Out of the roughly 500 slaves that revolted, 150 of us made it into the

ruins and the safety of the sewers, mainly because the Combine didn't have many automatons in the city at the time.

Some of the guards actually let us go, but I understand that shortly after the "Teller Revolt," all Combine troops had headbanger chips installed in their noggins. Teller, that silver-tongued devil, made it seem like a great victory to the survivors, although he didn't stick around in Denver once we were free. Those of us who made it formed the core of the Resistance, our numbers augmented over the years by other escaped slaves.

Life in the Big City

That brings us to today. Since founding the Resistance, we've been living in the rubble, trying to stay alive while striking back at Throckmorton and his goons. We travel all over the city, although our knowledge of some places is limited and might not be one hundred percent accurate.

Denver in General

Before I talk about specific places in the city, let's talk about some generalities that you can find no matter where you go in Denver.

The Sewers

Built as part of a great public works project in 1905 by both the city and Smith and Robards, the Denver sewers were the most advanced sewer and storm drain system in existence for decades afterwards. Smith and Robards used a variety of clockwork and ghost-rock devices to carve the many levels of tunnels, drains, accessways, and passages that honeycomb the ground beneath the city. The planners included such things as service tunnels that served the businesses in the Downtown area, keeping heavy delivery wagons off the streets, small railways to haul away trash, and utility conduits that carried steam lines, and later electricity, cable, gas, and fiber-optic trunks. There are literally hundreds of miles of passageways down here,



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Typical Denver cuisine.

just counting anything a person can fit into. The best thing for us is that due to the age of the system, most of the tunnel maps hadn't been transferred to computer, and a fire during the Big Bang destroyed the City Public Works building housing the blueprints. Throckmorton doesn't have an easy way to hunt us down without any maps, but that doesn't stop the General from sending down teams of hunter-killer automatons and infiltrator cyborgs to ferret us out from time to time.

Besides the metallic minions of the Combine, we've also got other problems. Some refugees claim to have seen giant insects down in the tunnels large enough to devour a person. Others claim to have run into a weird, glowing fungus that burned with a touch. And of course there are the stories of albino alligators in the sewers. I don't know about any of these urban legends, but I do know we share the underground with the Family. If you'll remember, they are that band of freaks who had taken to living underground even before the General and his army arrived. The Family doesn't bother us too much these days. It seems they have proclaimed Throckmorton the Techno Anti-Christ and are devoting most of their attentions to purging Denver of the Combine and its demonic minions.

The Ruins

Denver as a whole is fairly intact for a city 13 years after a nuclear war. The high airburst neutron bombs that detonated did very little structural damage, and the A-5 virus killed so fast and gruesomely that the people didn't get into full-scale looting after Judgment Day. Some fires did burn out large parts of the city, triggered by both the bombs and their aftermath, or by people trying to contain the spread of the disease by burning houses containing the dead or dying, but these blocks are scattered randomly throughout the metro area and suburbs. The most devastated section of Denver is in the north. The shockwave from the ghost-rock bombs detonating over the HI factory complex shield did the worst damage, devastating the suburbs of Lafayette, Broomfield, Westminster,

and Northglenn. Thirteen years of neglect have also taken their toll. Many houses and buildings are crumbling or have caved in. The heavy snows we had four years ago set off a number of roof collapses across the city and more collapse each winter.

Most of the former owners are still home or on their eternal commute to a job that doesn't exist anymore. We never did bury or cremate any more than a fraction of the city's almost 2 million corpses, and wherever you go you'll see reminders of those terrible days of late September 2081. We've got our share of walking dead, but the Black Hats have kept their numbers down. I hear they even capture some and use them for some pretty sick stuff Downtown.

Northern Denver: The Combine

Northern Denver consists of everything north of Highway 70, which Throckmorton has turned into a free-fire zone to keep the Resistance away from the HI complex and other important Combine facilities. He's also had most of the sewers and storm drains filled with concrete, but fortunately for us there are plenty of tunnels that the Combine hasn't found yet.

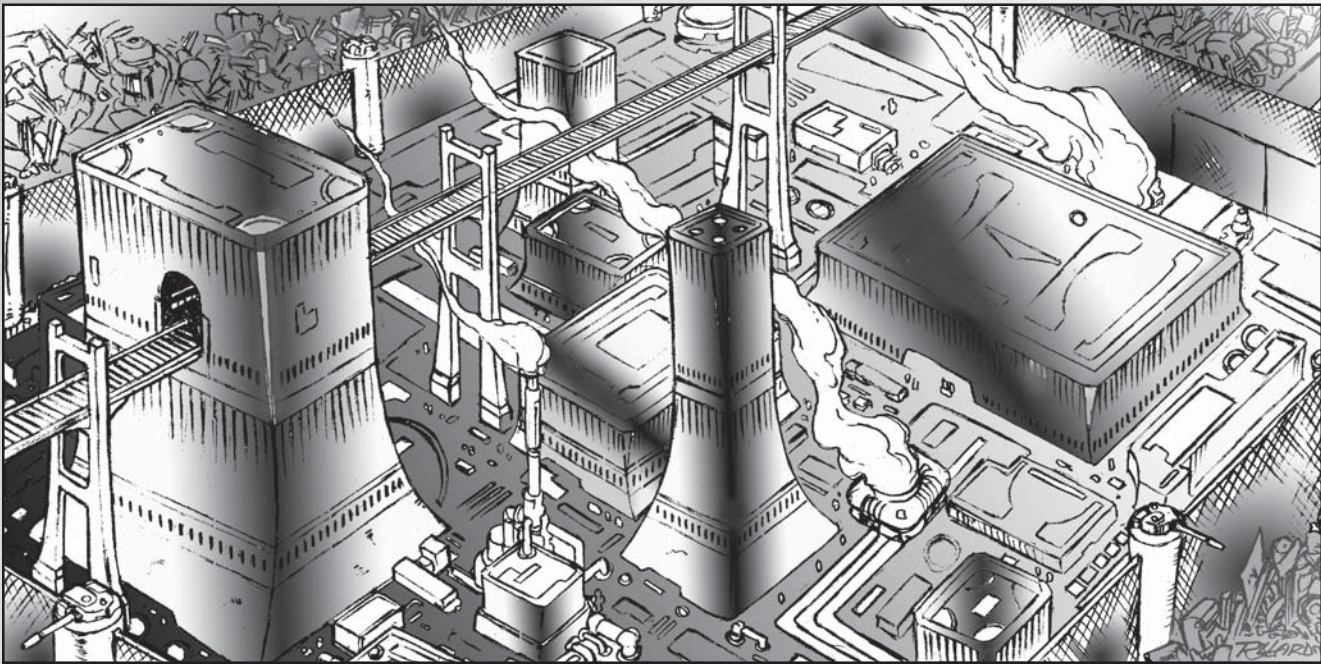
HI Factory Complex

If General Throckmorton is the brains of the Combine, the factory complex is its black heart. A series of gleaming structures of steel and glass covering over 50 square miles of what was once the suburb of Thornton, this factory was (and still is) the most advanced manufacturing facility in the world. Hellstromme really outdid himself when he built this place. All steps of the manufacturing process were performed in this complex, from raw material processing, to circuit board manufacture, to fabrication of plastic parts and assembly of components and finished products. Touted as a shining example of recycling, the plant's reprocessor could even take scrap metal and plastic and prepare it for reuse.



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City of the Living Damned



An aerial view of the Hellstromme Industries complex.

One corner of the compound also housed the Hellstromme Advanced Physics Laboratories, where early work was done on the city-buster ghost-rock bombs. Denver had the dubious distinction of being the home of the ghost-rock bomb, with a manufacturing plant right in the HI complex.

Controlling all aspects of the factory complex and providing phenomenal processing power was another first from Hellstromme Industries. Professor Hellstromme personally designed a special supercomputer especially for his most advanced factory. This computer project exceeded all expectations when, on July 4th, 2070, it became self-aware. This was the first artificial intelligence in the world (although the Russians claimed to have made one back in the 2010s).

While the complex was originally designed to produce consumer goods ranging from talking toasters to ovens to cars from computer templates stored in the master mainframe, during the Last War Hellstromme had production switch over to more profitable military-related items. In a matter of days, hovertanks, weapons, warbots, and automatons flowed from Denver to the front lines. Many of the other factories in the city switched over to a war footing as well, but none were able to do it as fast or easily as the

HI complex. I guess Hellstromme had been expecting war and had a contingency plan in place with his factory computer so he didn't miss the opportunity.

Once the bombs fell, the factory shut down. At first it was thought that the EMP from the neutron and ghost-rock bombs had damaged the controlling AI, but sentry tower gunfire at the first would-be looters quickly dispelled that notion. Other than occasional gunfire at anyone who tried to enter, everything was pretty quiet until Throckmorton took the place over.

Two chain-link fences topped by razor-wire surround the installation. At hundred yard intervals are concrete towers topped with rotating turrets mounting chainguns. The space in between the fences is filled with land mines set to explode if a human heartbeat is detected within 2 meters.

Inside the inner fence is an amalgam of old cars, trucks, buses, train cars, rubble, and anything else us slaves were able to drag in to form a barrier. A fighting platform and rampart have been built along the top of this junk wall. The fence is pierced in several places by roadways and mag-lev rail lines, but these points of egress are heavily guarded by at least a platoon of Red Hats and supporting automatons.

Bombs? What Bombs?

One funny thing about the factory. Before the War it had one of the world's biggest capacity ghost-rock bomb assembly plants, complete with a breeder reactor to produce weapons-grade irradiated ghost rock. As best we can tell, no bombs have been built since Judgment Day. Most folks think that Throckmorton would have used them by now if he had them, and take this absence of use as proof that he doesn't have any in his arsenal. There's also the fact that Black Hat patrols have been scouring the Wastes for any leads on weapons of mass destruction, nuclear or ghost rock. Then again, maybe he does have some, and he's hoarding them until the Combine makes its move.



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The Compound

Outside the factory complex proper on the shores of Lake McKay is the Compound. Built by the Combine's robots and slave labor, The Compound is one of the few settlements constructed after the Big Bang. It's all concrete and razor-wire, with little aesthetic value—unless you're a warlord or a robot, that is. It is here that the Red Hats and other high-ranking Combine troops are housed. No one without a chip comes back from entering the Compound—any slaves that have entered have died there.

The Zone

Gangs of slaves have labored for years to create "the Zone," a barren stretch of land surrounding the HI Complex on all sides. Houses have been demolished and carted away, trees cut down, and basements and low areas filled in to create a flat dead zone that is currently 1000 yards deep. Attacking armies—especially rabble like the Denver Resistance—can't cross this "free-fire zone" without heavy casualties.

While not a high priority now, some slaves still labor here each day, filling carts with debris to fill in low spots or to be taken to the Barrens if it can't be used in the raw material processors of the Complex.

The Barrens

The industrial processes from the HI complex create all sorts of toxic wastes, some so bad that they actually damage the robots on the work floors of the factories! To deal with this problem, gangs of the most troublesome slaves are actually permitted to enter the factory and haul this hazardous material away. Unfortunately, since the Last War, OSHA inspectors have been hard to come by, so the slaves do this without any protective gear whatsoever. Black Hats won't go near it, so a special squad of automatons escorts the prisoners to Barr Lake State Park, now referred to as the Barrens. This once beautiful spot is now a stinking mess of rusting barrels, trash, and other industrial by-products. Slaves on this detail don't last long, and those who die are brought out here for disposal too. It's so bad that the automatons even go crazy sometimes, shooting up their comrades and the slaves before being destroyed or escaping into the twisted landscape.



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Camp Freedom

Camp Freedom is the main slave compound for the Combine in Denver. Built around the old Sager Reservoir in what was once a very nice neighborhood, this area was originally surrounded by a high masonry fence designed to keep the riffraff out. Now it serves to keep the doomed wretches of the Combine in. Patrolled on the perimeter by Black Hat dog patrols and on the inside by foot patrols based in towers scattered through the interior, roughly 7,000 slaves live in this one square mile area until they die or escape. Crude guard towers containing Black Hats manning HI SAWS sit atop the fence every 150 yards or so.

Abandon Hope

The first thing a new slave sees he they enters the compound is an arch over the gate that reads "Freedom Through Labor." Seems that one of Throckmorton's lieutenants from Camp Summers was a student of history. Unlike the Combine's compounds, the slave

pens are little more than ruins. Only two miles from the HI Complex, this area caught the brunt of the shockwave off the factory force shield. The walls of some of the houses still stand in places, and captives build whatever shelter they can within the camp. The area is a patchwork of tin-roofed shacks, lean-tos and tarps, with the occasional guard tower looming over the ruins. Campfires dot the night in flickering shadows. The old Broadlands Golf Course is used for farming plots that the slaves use to supplement their meager rations.

Life in the Camps

There are three types of people in Camp Freedom: the Black Hats, the trustees, and the slaves. The Black Hats' main jobs are to prevent escapes, fill the daily work quotas of slave gangs, and to keep a semblance of order. See the sidebar below for a list of the Camp's rules. Many consider this a prime assignment, as it allows an enterprising guard to keep a slave or two within the camp. The trustees are those



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who have ingratiated themselves into the good graces of the Black Hats by proving their willingness to sell out their fellow man. They are given special privileges in return for acting as lackeys of the Combine. Some play the dangerous game of double agent by spying for the Resistance. Our most trusted agent is Ted Amos, the former Denver Deputy Chief of Police. He was captured several years ago, and amazingly is still alive. Throckmorton's troops believe him to be one of their best trustees, but he has managed to arrange for the escape of dozens of slaves over the years.

The slaves are just that. Brought in from outlying settlements by Black Hat patrols and the Chain Dogs (more on them later), these poor people have a typical life span of 90 days before they succumb to malnutrition, disease, accidents, or a rules violation.

Slave Farms

The ruins of the suburb of Lafayette have been cleared, with the rubble forming a perimeter wall. Within are the farms of the Combine, where the majority of the slaves toil. Despite all of their hard work, the slaves see little of the fruits of their labor. Most of their produce goes to feed the human legions of the Combine. Greenhouses have been disassembled from around the city and brought here, and a makeshift hydroponics farm produces edible algae, which makes up the majority of the slaves' diet. This area is not heavily guarded, but is protected even when the slaves aren't working to prevent pilferage by the Resistance or any other scavvies in the ruins of the city. Most of those who make it to the Resistance have escaped from the farm details.

Rocky Mountain Arsenal

Once a major center for the production of U.S. military armaments, the Rocky Mountain Arsenal took substantial damage on Judgment Day and the subsequent time of troubles. As a center for military grade equipment, many in the city came here looking to get their hands on weapons during the chaos following the bombing. We also scavenged here for equipment after the plague burned itself out,

Obey The Law

The rules of the Combine's slave camps are simple and to the point:

1. Obey all instructions from Combine members. Failure to do so will result in termination.
2. Do not fight with other workers. Any confrontations will be considered a violation of Rule #1.
3. You are not allowed any personal possessions other than your clothing. Discovered contraband is considered a violation of Rule #1.
4. Escape is impossible. The outskirts of Denver are heavily patrolled. Any escape attempt will be dealt with swiftly and decisively.
5. Keep away from the fences and, remember, the dogs are for your own protection.

and squirreled away a lot of the weapons we took when the general made us slaves. It's fitting that those weapons made in what was called the "arsenal of democracy" now arm the Resistance against the worst tyrant in history. Throckmorton took the place over, and spent the first few years linking the Hellstromme AI to the arsenal and converting the factory to an automated line. Now the robotic assembly lines produce M-26 Powell Main Battle Tanks for conversion to warbots, as well as a few M-124 Liberator Infantry Fighting Vehicles. Apparently production is slow due to a lack of raw materials such as titanium, molybdenum, and other rare metals used to construct the fusion engines. I know that Black Hat-escorted Green Hat teams have been combing the battlefields of eastern Colorado and Kansas for salvage, as well as extorting fusion-powered wrecks from settlements under Combine control.

Fort Grant

Founded after the conclusion of the First Civil War, Fort Grant was headquarters for the U.S. Third Army, with subordinate units at Fort Carson, Fort Leavenworth, and border posts along the Mason-Dixon Wall from Deseret to the Coyote Confederation. While more a command and control installation than a major garrison post, Fort Grant was the home of the 1st of the 300th, also known as the Iron Brigade. This group of elite soldiers was equipped with power armor and trained in the mountains nearby. The unit was in Denver on Judgment Day, recovering from a mission along the Mason-Dixon Wall, and many of the troops died from the radiation or plague. Some joined up with Throckmorton's troops when they arrived, but many took their equipment and headed out of the city. I've heard that many of these soldiers later became robo-hunters.

Fitzsimmons Army Medical Center

The premier U.S. Army treatment center for burns, skin grafts, and cybernetic replacements before the war, Fitzsimmons and the other Denver hospitals became receiving stations for the seemingly endless flood of broken and shattered soldiers from the frontlines. Now renamed the Human Processing Center by the

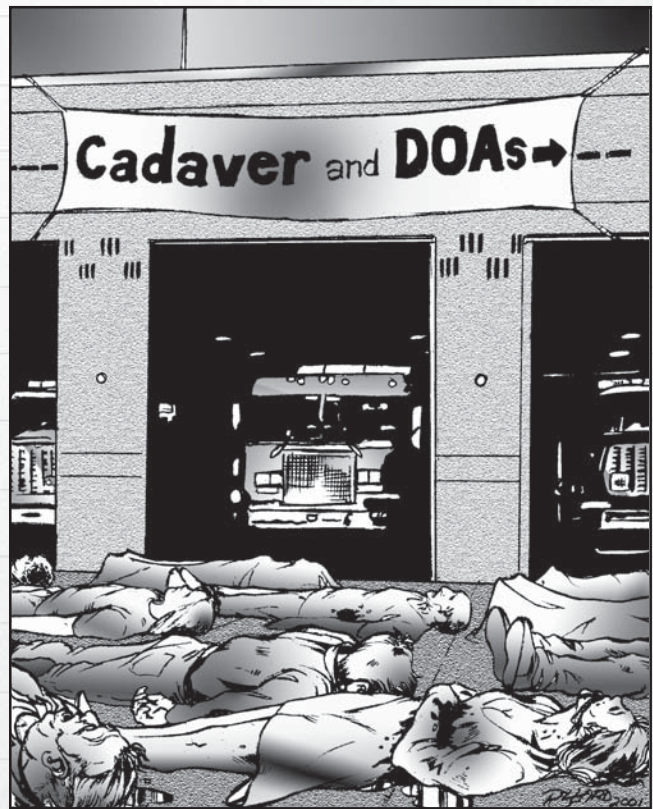
Combine, I hear that the hospital has become an abattoir where Combine "doctors" perform gruesome experiments on hapless slaves. We haven't been able to find anyone who has been inside and lived to tell about it, but we think that Throckmorton's cyborgs are built there.



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Buckley Army Airfield

Buckley Army Airfield served the transportation needs of the brass at Fort Grant, as well as providing the Iron Brigade with rapid transport to any hot spot. The Combine found themselves with several companies' worth of helicopters and VTOLs when they took over. Although all had suffered damage from the bombs' EMP, it was an easy task for the Green Hats to replace the burned out circuitry with new modules from the HI complex. Now Buckley serves as a staging area for flocks of the Combine's Raptors, along with a fleet of refurbished helicopters for Throckmorton's strike forces.



The bodies of refugees who died shortly after Denver was bombed.

Vanessa Hellstromme Memorial Spaceport / International Airport

Prior to the Last War, this was the largest airport in the United States and its only civilian spaceport. Along with the attached Air National Guard base, VHM boasted 11 runways with a landing rate of 240 planes an hour in good weather. The 1.4 million square foot main terminal had over a quarter mile of counters, and was so big that tales sprouted of travelers being lost for days before finding their gate. Vanessa Hellstromme also boasted a fully automated baggage handling system installed in the mid-2070s that was a constant sore spot for airport management. Installed by Cybertronics Solutions, Ltd., many said that the source of all the system's problems was sabotage by Hellstromme Industries in retribution for beating them on the bid. Others blamed the worker's union. Crazy stories circulated by the *Tombstone Epitaph* said the runways had been expanded over Indian burial grounds and that this was revenge by vengeful spirits. Whatever the problem, travelers complained so vehemently that the five million-dollar system was shut down right before the War and all the luggage was processed by hand.

The spaceport was a busy place during and after the construction of the mysterious Tunnel—a gateway between Earth and the Faraway system discovered by Hellstromme in 2044. The roar of spaceplanes taking off and landing could be heard day and night when the Faraway War heated up, although most of the UN materiel and troops passed through Houston. Lots of goods were brought back by Hellstromme Industries from Banshee, and the Customs Service and USDA were kept busy keeping track of all the exotic items pouring into the city.

These days the airport is pretty much abandoned. The Combine keeps a small garrison there, but none of my people have



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seen any air traffic except for the occasional Raptor. With an average volume of over 300,000 passengers per day when it was in operation, I'm sure there's a lot of prime salvage in the passenger and cargo terminals, but the few scavvies I've known who have set out for VHM haven't returned. Who knows? Maybe they hit it big and headed for greener pastures.

Highway 70

The Combine keeps Highway 70 relatively clear of debris between the east and west sides of Loop 470, but not to use as a route of travel. Instead, the highway serves as a demilitarized zone between the main Combine areas to the north and the warrens of Downtown. Anything moving in one direction or the other has to cross nearly 100 yards of open ground, closely watched by Black Hat patrols, guard posts, and Raptors.

A small median strip sits between the northbound and southbound lanes. At one time, it was grass-covered, but now the Combine has stripped it bare and plopped tangles of razor wire on it to slow any line-crossers. All in all, Highway 70 is a pretty forbidding obstacle. The noise barrier walls are still mostly standing on the north side, with some holes smashed through in spots to act as gates for Throckmorton's troops to pass. Guard towers have been built onto the tops of the north wall at irregular intervals, and these are always manned by Black Hats. The barrier walls to the south have all been bulldozed down.

Downtown

The Downtown was once the showcase of the metroplex. Gleaming skyscrapers rose high into the air, the highest being the American Trade Center at 150 stories. Shops, boutiques, department stores, night spots, and restaurants lined the streets. It was also the center of the city's brew pubs, with a number of brew pubs and microbreweries all within an easy stagger of each other. Surrounding this commercial center were a series of parks and plazas that softened the concrete canyons and provided a breath of fresh air.

The Black Hats Move In

All that has changed now. Despite some damage to the taller skyscrapers from the airbursts, Downtown survived fairly intact. That is, until the Black Hats moved in. It seems that the Red Hats and Throckmorton need the Black Hats, but don't want them too close. The Downtown has been designated as their cantonment area, and they are free to do what they want with minimal supervision from the Red Hats.

Collecting all these Wasteland scum and riffraff into such a concentrated mass and arming them has created an environment that surpasses anything I saw depicted in any post-apocalyptic film before the War. Their decadence and depravity must be seen to be believed. During the day, Downtown is fairly dead, with most of the Black Hats sleeping off the previous night's excesses. Some Red Hats move through the area, rounding up bodies for the next series of patrols leaving the city, but it's at night that the area really comes to life. Trashcan fires light the boulevards, casting a garish light to the car races, knife fights, and carousing that fill the once posh area. The brew pubs are back in operation, and several enterprising Chain Dogs have set up slave brothels for the needs of the troops. The area is thronged with people at night, and a flourishing Black Market has sprung up, fueled by items found or taken by platoons in their journeys through the Wastes. Many of the Resistance's weapons have come from midnight trades with an uncaring Black Hat in exchange for a bottle of pre-War whiskey. When a platoon arrives back in town, they usually find an intact building to squat in, and take up residence until they're sent back out.

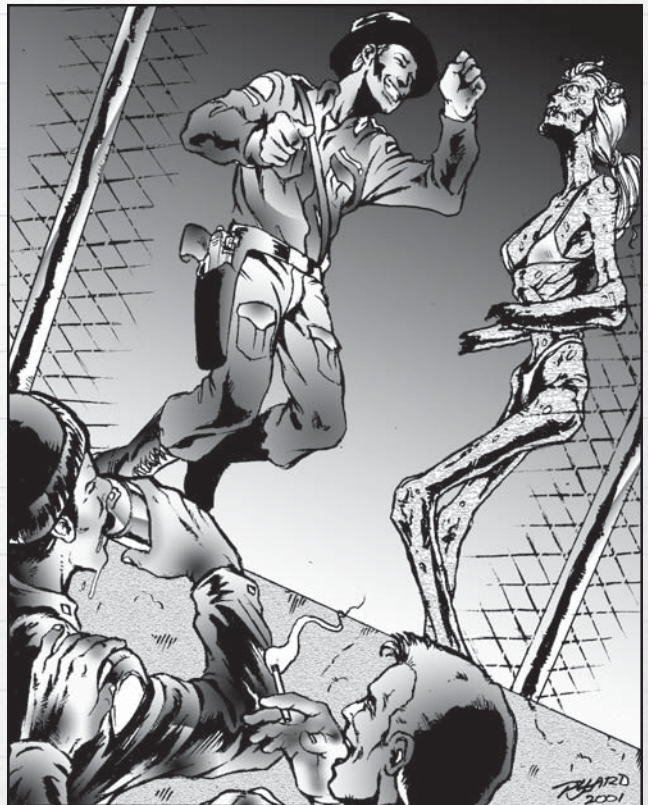
It is in the Downtown area that one can find "citizens" of the Combine, people who of their own free will have come to cater to the Black Hats and their masters. These people are little better than the scum they serve, profiting off of goods taken from others and work done by slaves. These citizens form the working middle class of Denver, running most of the brothels, bars and shops in the Downtown. Many Chain Dog groups have taken to stopping here first and selling any prime specimens before heading to Camp Freedom.

Denver Mint: "The Barracks"

The old U.S. Mint serves the Combine as the induction center for all new Black Hats. Whether they arrive in the company of a returning patrol or come to the city by themselves, all potential Black Hats end up here. A headbanger chip is implanted, and if he survives the two weeks of indoctrination, the newly made Black Hat is turned loose into the Downtown to find a platoon to join.

Denver Police Headquarters

Rebuilt during the cult crisis of the late 1990s, the DPD Headquarters is nothing but a large, multistory bunker. These days it serves as the center for Combine command and



Some drunken Black Hats have fun with a walkin' dead that doesn't know it's deceased.

control in the Downtown. Sitting across the street from the Denver Mint, the old Police Headquarters serves the Black Hats as an armory. New weapons and ammunition are constantly brought down old Route 25 from the HI Complex to be issued to departing troops. Troops returning to the city are supposed to check in with the Red Hats stationed here and turn in any weapons found on their travels, but many of these end up on the Black Market instead.

Sixteenth Street Mall: "The Strip"

Once the showpiece of the city's commercial district, this mile-long area now resembles something out of Dante's Inferno at night. The center of Black Hat entertainment, anything can be found here for a price, from brothels to alcohol to narcotics. Shoot-outs and knifings are common in the many taverns and



What's left of the 16th Street mall.

breweries. One really sick place is Geeks. The owner captures female walkin' dead, then wires their jaws shut and cuts off their hands. These creatures then "dance" with customers looking for a sick thrill. They even have a caged arena where you can beat the snot out of a handless and toothless zombie. The many theatres that dotted the area have been turned into parodies of themselves, with slaves forced to perform for the amusement of these animals. The 16th Street Mall area has the second highest population of slaves in the Combine, with a life little better than that of their brethren at Camp Freedom. They even have their own currency, the alcohol chit. A chit is worth about \$5 in ammunition.

Colorado Convention Center

Still standing after thirteen years of neglect, the Convention Center now is host to weekly demolition derbies between teams of Black Hats. On Judgment Day, the Center was filled with monster trucks for a show that weekend, and these metal monsters sat forgotten and unused until an enterprising Black Hat discovered them years later. Too fuel inefficient and unwieldy to be used out in the field, they nonetheless provide big laughs to Black Hat crowds as they take on each other and smaller challenger vehicles. These days, however, Truckasaurus sports a real flame-thrower, and all the vehicles mount weapons of one sort or another. The winners are the ones who can drive off the field at the end of the event. Admission to the monster truck fights runs \$10 in ammo.

Poors Field

Once the home of the Colorado Mountaineers Baseball team, Poors Field has been changed into a venue for gladiatorial combats between slaves, animals, captured abominations, and anything else the Black Hats can think of pitting against each other. Fights occur every night Monday, Wednesday, and Friday and continue through the weekend. They can be seen for a mere \$5 in ammo or chits. Betting on the matches is usually fast and furious.

The current undisputed champion is a feral automaton, Old Blood and Guts, so named because it drapes itself with the entrails of those it defeats. It is kept chained in the underlevels between matches, and is dangerous even to its handlers. This machine usually fights on Saturday nights and has defeated all comers for the last two years, although a mutie from somewhere in Idaho damaged it pretty good a few months ago. Poors Field is managed by a retired Chain Dog by the name of Olson Tewes, a crazed Banshee syker with a specialty in mind control.

The Mines

Several small slave camps under Combine control ring the Downtown. The largest, Camp Bronco, is in the ruins of Mile High Stadium. These slave camps exist to mine the buildings in this area. Along with swarms of chop-bots and reclamation robots, these pathetic wretches remove anything useful from the streets and buildings, then demolish the buildings themselves for the concrete and rebar. This raw material is then sent to the HI Complex to feed the hungry reprocessors. This is dangerous work for the slaves, as all the work is done with picks and crowbars, and many slaves have been crushed by falling debris and collapsing buildings. These camps and their mining parties are usually guarded by several platoons of Black Hats and lone automatons.

DempseyWorld Eldritch Gardens Theme Park

Built just before the Last War by entertainment giant Dempsey Corporation to boost their sagging bottom line, DempseyWorld Eldritch Gardens was patterned after a medieval fantasy world. Drawing inspiration from such sources as the stories of the Brothers Grimm and fairy tales such as Sleeping Beauty, the Eldritch Gardens quickly became the most visited U.S. amusement park in its short history. Dominated by a fanciful castle in the



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center, it was a magical spot filled with 48 thrill rides, lakes, lagoons, flower gardens and fun for the entire family. A variety of animatronic robots served as performers throughout the park, and the Henry the Eighth's Knights o' Fun was an adults-only venue whose robots provided for a vacationer's every wish and desire—for a steep price, of course.

The park is pretty ramshackle these days. The Combine has restored power, and bored groups of Black Hats often enter to ride on some of the still working rides. The injury rate is high due to lack of maintenance and other accidents. Some of the gaily-dressed robots still wander the park as minstrels, knights, and princesses, but many have been shot up by Combine troops for fun.

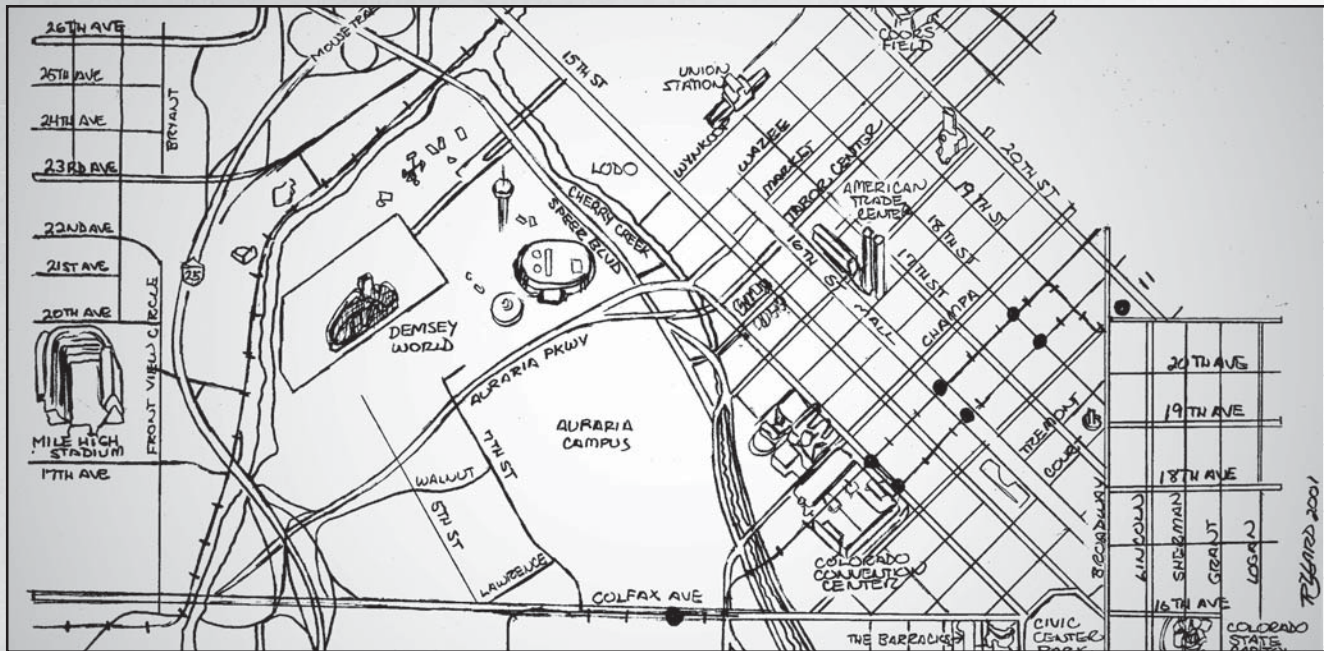
Denver Zoo

Once one of the top ten zoos in the country, the Denver Zoo's inhabitants died like the rest of the city from the lethal bursts of radiation from the neutron bombs. Since the War, though, returning Black Hat patrols have repopulated the Zoo with creatures of nightmare from the Wastes.

Now the exhibits that once held exotic animals from around the world hold man-eating abominations that usually end their days on the blood-soaked sands of Mile High Stadium. A small contingent of slaves take care of the creatures, feeding them waste from the Human Processing Center. These captives are guarded by a small group of Black Hats armed with a variety of exotic weapons designed to incapacitate escaping creatures, not kill them.

Colorado Ocean Journey Aquarium

This aquarium opened in the late 1990s and was renovated again in 2050, expanding the building to a world-class research facility under the aegis of the University of Colorado. Designed to immerse the visitor on a journey through the world's oceans, the unique



A map of postwar downtown Denver.

construction of this building shielded its creatures from the worst of the radiation on Judgment Day. The ensuing neglect and lack of power doomed the aquatic life, however, and several weeks after the Big Bang, the building was a dark place filled with murky tanks containing the decaying remains of the world's sealife.

The director, Charles McGhee, survived the War and moved into the complex after Judgment Day, living here by himself and refusing all offers of help. The poor guy had just gotten back from a disastrous expedition from somewhere Back East where he had lost most of his researchers due to accidents and some crazed locals, and I guess this, coupled with the end of the world, pushed him over the edge.

The Combine has left him mostly alone, although the Resistance has observed Throckmorton's personnel coming and going. McGhee plays a dangerous game of acting as an intermediary between the Combine and Resistance for the Black Market. He has also restocked the tanks with fish from somewhere, and sells them to anyone with cash or trade items that are currently in demand.



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Butterfly Pavilion and Insect Center

Before the War, the Butterfly Pavilion provided a relaxing bit of rainforest in the Downtown. It was a fully enclosed tropical forest provided a home to over 1,660 free-flying butterflies. The highlight of the Pavilion was the addition in 2077 of the Banshee Victory Garden, commemorating the UN victory over the anouks during the Red River Campaign. Doctor Hellstromme personally donated over \$3 million for the building addition and the importation of a variety of plants and insects. As a matter of fact, the grand opening in 2080 was one of the last stops in President Tremane's tour of Denver.

Using techniques from the Biodome in Arizona, the Center was a self-contained, recirculating structure sustained its ecology with little human intervention. This structure has fared fairly well since the War, the plants growing in a riotous profusion throughout the buildings, overrunning the exhibit area and gift shop. Although one end caved in during a heavy snowstorm several years ago, the tropical plants have managed to survive the winters since. This opening has allowed the butterflies access to the outside world, and they provide a spot of color in this dark city.



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South Denver

Everything south of the Highway 70 demilitarized zone (except for the Downtown area) is generally referred to as South Denver. The Combine's presence is lighter in this part of the city, but unfortunately what there is tends to be of the mechanical variety. While there are some outposts of Throckmorton's evil empire about, the Resistance bases its operations here.

Agency Office • Denver

As I've said earlier, the Denver Agency Field office was the largest outside of Washington D.C. Its agents had responsibility for everything west of the Mississippi to the Maze, which had its own field office. The office actually was a group of unassuming buildings off of Route 225 set

against Cherry Creek State Park. Much of the staff in the hardened buildings survived the neutron bombs, and they kept to themselves while the A-5 virus swept through the area. Despite their years of fighting crazed cults and other strangeness, I don't think they were any more prepared for the end of the world than the next guy. Just before Throckmorton and his goons arrived, we sent some folks down there to see if we could help. They found the buildings deserted. It just looked like they up and left. I know Throckmorton's troops have been through there and salvaged some stuff, but they go in big groups when they do go. The place has gotten a bad rep over the years as a place to stay away from. The Combine set up an outpost here a few years ago, but abandoned the place after six months. Some of our watchers saw them haul out a lot of equipment in that time.



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The Denver Free Zone

The Resistance claims most of South Denver, and it is here that one is most likely to find our patrols. Although the sewer system is not as extensive outside the 470 Loop, the

closely packed houses and malls of the suburbs running down to Castle Rock provide plenty of cover to those who wish to remain unseen. The streets are still clogged in this area with the cars of the victims of Judgment Day, so movement by the Combine down here is restricted to foot patrols or aerial sweeps. This is the area that Throckmorton sends his new automatons for "calibration," with orders to hunt down here until they have killed at least one feral (i.e. non-slave) human.

The 'Burbs

As Denver expanded in the early 21st century, it engulfed many of the cities that surrounded it. By the time of the Last War, these were typically referred to as the suburbs, a source of continuing irritation for those who lived in these once independent communities.

Poors Brewery

Once the largest brewery complex in North America, the name Poors was synonymous with beer. The phrase "Nothing pours like a Poors" was known from the Arctic Circle to the jungles of Central America. Although the breweries took some damage in the War during the April Fools Day Massacre, the complex wasn't touched after Judgment Day until the Combine arrived. Now the Poors complex distills the lifeblood of the Black Hats' patrols—spook juice. The large fermenters and vats provided an ideal set-up for the manufacture of this super-fuel. Almost all of the ghost rock extorted from surrounding settlements ends up here to fuel the ambitions of Throckmorton's armies. Escaped slave workers estimate that the capacity of the refinery is limited only by the amount of ghost rock that the Combine can bring to Denver. As can be imagined, this is one of the most heavily guarded facilities in Denver, with a constant patrol of Raptors circling the complex's junkwall perimeter. Steel dogs roam the grounds, and automatons and autoguns cover the approaches to the factory. Red Hats make up the garrison, bolstered by heavy weapons and at least a pair of heavy combat cyborgs.

Castle Rock

Recently, a new group has appeared in the ruins of this southernmost suburb of Denver. Never staying in one place for long, and launching attacks on the forces of the Combine with surprising effectiveness, this group claims to be representatives of the old U.S. government. Apparently they don't think too much of Throckmorton's idea of a combined America, and these guys and gals have the firepower and expertise to put actions to their words.

It would almost be laughable, except I've met their leader, a soldierly type who calls himself Major deLaski. This guy has real steel in him, and he seemed very believable when he promised that the U.S. would rise again from the ashes of the Last War. For now, the Major has sent a few of his troops to the Resistance to help train some of our fighters in urban combat techniques.



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Now both the old nuclear reactor and the fusion plant are supplying power to the HI complex and other Combine activities in the city. The Resistance has waged a constant campaign to cut lines and sabotage this power source, and some of our attacks have actually disrupted power to the AI factory for several days. Any attack against the Combine in Denver would be well advised to take out these power plants first.

Central City and Black Hawk

These old ghost rock mining towns were known as the Las Vegas of the Rockies for their casinos before the Last War. The Combine has reopened the mines and operations proceed around the clock with giant digging machines brought there from the HI complex and renovated from some of the museums in the area. A full platoon of automatons and a squadron of Raptors guard this site, along with two companies of Black Hats and a platoon of Red Hats. I guess Throckmorton must have hit a pretty good strike of ghost rock to provide that level of protection. Heavily guarded caravans of ghost rock rumble into Denver twice weekly.



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Environs of Denver

There are a few places in the vicinity of Denver that you Librarians should probably know about.

Fort St. Vrain Nuclear Plant



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Approximately 30 miles north of Denver are the ruins of the small town of Platteville. Before the War, Platteville was the home to Colorado's only fusion power plant and America's only commercial High Temperature Gas Cooled reactor design. The nuclear plant had just been decommissioned and the fusion plant brought on-line when the bombs dropped. Unlike the other powerplants situated in the metroplex, FSVNP was far enough away from Denver to avoid the worst of the EMP. Shortly after the Combine arrived in the city, Throckmorton's troops moved into Platteville and began refurbishing the plant.

Grand Junction

The westernmost outpost of Throckmorton's evil empire, Grand Junction was taken last year by the Combine after a pitched battle with the locals augmented with a few mercenaries sent from Junkyard. Unfortunately, Throckmorton moved faster than the Junkyard ruling council could make up their minds, and now the majority of the main route from Denver to the Desert exit of the Rockies lies in Combine hands. Despite the military build-up in the ruins, the Sky Pirates still manage to harass Combine convoys along the more than 200-mile long Route 70 from Grand Junction to Denver. Currently the Combine troops in Grand Junction spend their time fortifying their encampment and cleaning out the maelstrom and surrounding ruins of mutants. Apparently the Combine's motto is "The only good mutie is a dead mutie," and they're carrying this out with a vengeance in Grand Junction.

Uravan

This town's claim to fame before the War was as a site of several uranium mines. Closed by the U.S. government back in the late Twentieth Century, Throckmorton's troops reopened the mines earlier this year. A steady stream of troops, slaves, and materiel flow westward to the mines, while heavily armed ore convoys travel eastward to Denver, harassed along the way by the Sky Pirates and road gangs allied with Junkyard. The Iron Alliance has done its best to make this a dangerous journey, most notably blowing the bridge over the Dolores River at the town of Gateway. They've paid heavily for these pinprick raids, though. Reports from our contacts with Junkyard say that the Sky Pirates have lost scores of craft, and several allied road gangs have been totally annihilated. The cost to Throckmorton has been most of his available fuel stores, as scores of vehicles make the 650 mile round trip each week. The distillery at Poors is working day and night to produce spook juice, and ghost rock is at a premium in the Combine.



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A Spectrum of Evil

The human forces of the Combine are ranked by the headgear they wear. At the top of the food chain are the Red Hats. Originally these men and women were the guards or prisoners of Throckmorton's POW compound, Camp Summers. Along the way they swept up any other soldiers they could find, as well as the survivors of a number of settlements they came across on the trek to Denver. Their numbers have been augmented through the years by the toughest and meanest of the Black Hats.

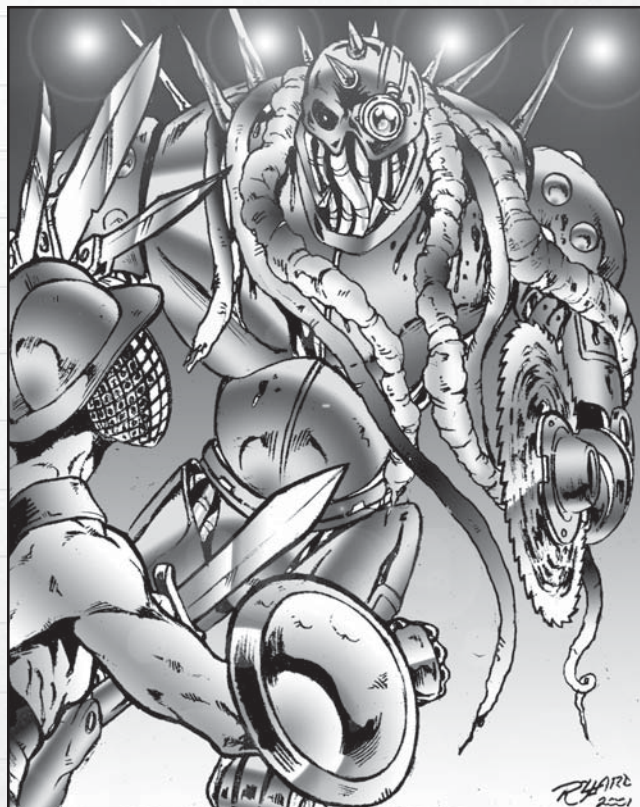
These Red Hats live pretty well in the Compound in Denver, and only go out on missions that require an elite strike force. When a particularly important installation needs a special garrison you might find some Red Hats there, but they are never out in the field for more than two months at a time before returning to the luxury of the Compound. We estimate their numbers to be about 500.

Power Groups

Now that I've given you the short tour of the city's landmarks, let's talk about the major groups of people who call Denver home.

The Combine

I think most people in the Wasted West have had the misfortune to have heard of the Combine. Led by General Samuel Throckmorton, a former Southern POW camp commander, this group of would-be dictators would be just another group of power-hungry wackos if not for the HI Complex and its automated factories. Twelve years after its founding, the American Combine is stronger than ever. Slaves and tribute flow into the capital almost daily, while platoons of Black Hats race out to enforce their evil master's will. Not since Hitler has a madman had a better chance of success at world domination.



Old Blood • Guts entertains the troops in the arena.

Below the Red Hats are the Green Hats. These are the technicians of the Combine who salvage and convert vehicles, keep the factory complex running, and generally keep the Combine rolling along. Camp Summers was not only a POW camp, but also a forward field repair depot before the Big Bang. Things had gotten bad enough that the forces of each side used any vehicles they could get their hands on, and Camp Summers had both U.S. and C.S. vehicles in various states of repair. It was through the efforts of these technicians that the Combine got its start.

Nowadays, anyone who shows an aptitude for repairs, or who was a techie before the War, is given a chance to join the Combine as a Green Hat. Many join up for the perks and relative luxury afforded them. I don't think any of their comrades of the other colors would ever depend on them in a fight. Despite the fact that many just joined up for the opportunity to live a better life and don't actually directly oppress others, they are just as evil in our eyes for their support of the Black and Red Hats. The Combine even retains the services of a few junkers, but after an incident with some big bad tainted junker, Throckmorton requires that all junkers be chipped like everyone else. Those who refused are welcome to leave—feet first! It's hard to estimate the number of Green Hats since they don't go into the field much, but they probably don't exceed more than a hundred.

At the bottom of the Combine hordes are the Black Hats. These wasteland scum are recruited with the promise of all the weapons, ammo, and loot they want, in return for spreading the will of the Combine as far as they can go. The capacity for human evilness is just amazing. Not a day goes by that our scouts don't spot at least two or three road gangs roar into Denver, looking to join the Combine. You'd think that after twelve years the Wastes would be emptied of these two-legged coyotes, but they just keep coming. I guess the idea of government subsidized pillage and plunder is just too good to pass up for most of the cockroaches that survived the skull-shaped clouds. There's no telling how many Black Hats there are. Lots die out in the wastes, but more come in every day. My best guess would be a few thousand, but that's all it is, a guess.

We've noticed a lot of wasters hanging around Denver, heavily armed and doing business with the Combine. These mercenaries apparently get paid to do special jobs for the Combine in exchange for good money and a place to come to between jobs. Some of them have set themselves up in some pretty nice digs in the Downtown, with slaves and everything.

As far as we can tell, Throckmorton doesn't require them to be chipped. The few we have captured and "questioned" didn't go pop like a Black Hat would, but they aren't entrusted with sensitive information either. Usually a Red Hat leader accompanies a mercenary group on whatever mission they're assigned, and tells them just what they need to know to get the job done.

Below the mercenaries are the Chain Dogs. These guys are even lower than Black Hats, because they're slavers, pure and simple. Strutting around with gold chains around their necks like some pre-War gangers, these dregs provide the Combine with the bodies it needs to function. I've met escaped slaves from as far away as Louisiana and SoCal, so I know these guys range far and wide. While they may be more interested in capturing a brainer alive than dead, Chain Dogs are usually well-armed and equipped with the best weapons from the Combine's salvaged spoils.

Heavy Metal

The real firepower of the Combine resides in the metal shells of the automatons and war machines that roll off the assembly lines of the HI complex and the Rocky Mountain Arsenal. Each automaton is easily the equivalent of a platoon of Black Hats, and able to take on many times that number in poorly armed survivor settlement militia.

Thirteen years after the War, anti-armor ordinance is in short supply outside the Combine. When Throckmorton's troops spill westward out of the Rockies, it'll be his legions of steel that lead the way. Automatons roll off the assembly lines each day and stomp off into the ruins to hunt down escaped slaves and the Resistance. From there they move out into the Wastes to enforce the will of their madman-in-chief.

The Resistance

The Resistance has been here since the founding of the Combine in Denver. While never numbering more than a few hundred in small groups scattered throughout the city, we have managed to hold our own against Throckmorton's hordes. We've kept them busy in the city hunting us down, expending precious resources that they could be spending to extend their iron grip across the West.

It's a tough life, made more so because the Combine makes it almost impossible to leave the city. Sensors scattered around the perimeter alert patrols of Raptors who hunt down the contact and confirm whether it should be allowed to leave the city. I guess Throckmorton is afraid of intelligence getting out about the heart of his empire. A newly arrived junker by the name of Rob Browning has put us in contact with an orbiting satellite named ComSat, allowing us to communicate with the outside world for the first time in the Resistance's history.

The Resistance is composed of people of all ages, from newborns to graybeards. We live in small groups constantly on the move. We're forced to scavenge for food in the ruins, but a city this size will probably support us for years to come. The weak don't last long, but those who do survive are some of the toughest hombres this side of the Mississippi.

The Family

These nutjobs are the closest thing Denver has to mutants. As a result of the A-5 virus, these people have developed a severe intolerance to sunlight, maybe due to their heightened night vision.

They're led by a technophobe named Mattias who blames the end of the world on high technology, and, by extension, anyone who uses this technology.

As can be imagined, they hate the Combine with a passion, but due to their low-tech weaponry they can't do anything except kill off lone Black Hats Downtown. They do prey on the Resistance, though, despite several offers to pool resources against Throckmorton. We've

lost a lot of good people to the Family. They always go to insane lengths to carry off their dead and wounded after a battle, as well as the wounded and slain of their enemies. Unsubstantiated reports claim that they are cannibals. No one knows where their main nest is, but chances of running into them are highest in the Downtown area.

Robo-hunters

These armored crusaders usually don't come into Denver, but prefer to snipe at Throckmorton's forces at the edges of Combine territory. These are the only people capable of going toe-to-toe with the automatons, but their low numbers prevent them from wading into Denver and knocking the Combine down a peg or two.

I've heard rumors that they are the remnants of an elite U.S. force like the Iron Brigade based deep in the Rockies in an old U.S. military installation, but their armor is from all nationalities so I think this is wishful thinking. A robo-hunter I met had a variety of equipment cobbled onto his suit, so I guess they have at least one junker working with them who has altered their armor to provide power through junker technology.

The End...or Just the Beginning?

That's about all I know about the Mile High City. Throckmorton continues to build his forces up each day, while the Black Hats expand his influence further afield. Hopefully, you Librarians can get this information out to the rest of the world.

It's going to take more than a coalition of small survivor settlements banded together to resist the legions of the Combine. Unless everybody gets their act together out there, Throckmorton's dream of an American Combine might become a reality. And you all better hurry—there's no telling how much longer the General is going to sit on his cybernetic-hands before he unleashes his armies.



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Steel Knight

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 2d12

Drivin': battlesuit 4

Shootin': rifle 3

Nimbleness 3d10

Climbin' 1

Fightin': brawl, knife 2

Sneak 1

Strength 2d8

Quickness 2d10

Vigor 3d6

Cognition 2d8

Search 1

Trackin' 2

Knowledge 1d6

Area knowledge:

Colorado 2

Mien 2d6

Leadership 2

Smarts 3d8

Scroungin' 3

Tinkerin' 2

Spirit 3d6

Guts 2

Wind 12

Pace 12

Edges:

Background:

Steel Knight

Belongin's 9

Rank (Steel Knights)

1

Hindrances:

Enemy (Combine)

3

Law of the West

Oath (defeat

Combine) 2

Big britches

Heroic

Loyal (Steel

Knights)

Pace: 10

Size: 6 (7 in suit)

Wind: 20

Gear: LRRP suit with flamer, enhanced sensors, and laser designator, NA SAW, 120 rounds of 5.56mm.

Personality

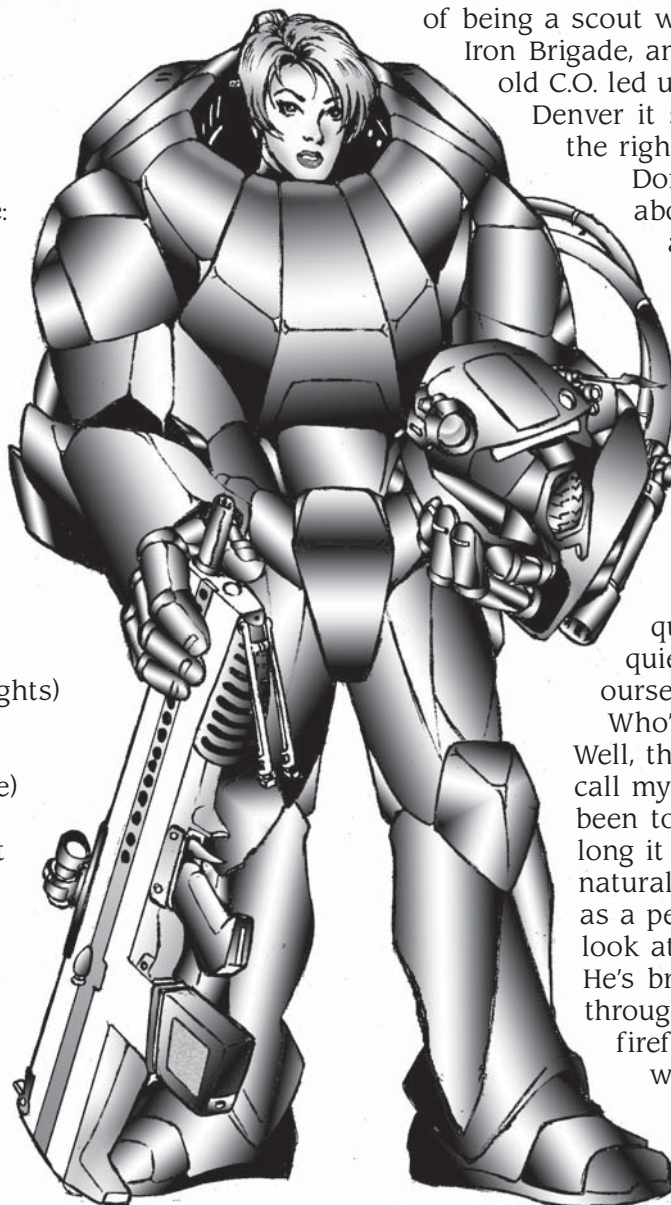
You've seen Combine troops in the area, huh? Well, I've got just the thing for them. Don't worry, they won't be able to trace me back to your town. My priority is making sure people like yourselves don't get caught in the cross-fire.

I've had this suit since before the world went to Hell. I had the privilege of being a scout with the old Iron Brigade, and when our old C.O. led us out of Denver it seemed like the right thing to do.

Don't worry about coming along. I ain't no stupid Templar. You folks stay safe and sound and I'll take care of Throckmorton's goons. Old Jeremiah and I move quicker and quieter by ourselves.

Who's Jeremiah? Well, that's what I call my suit. We've been together for so long it just seems natural to think if it as a person. Don't look at me so funny. He's brought me through so many firefights a person without a suit wouldn't understand.

Quote:
"Time to suit up."



Resistance Fighter

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 2d8

Shootin': SMG 2

Nimbleness 4d12

Climbin' 3

Fightin': brawlin', knife, 2

Dodge 2

Sneak 3

Strength 2d6

Quickness 3d10

Vigor 3d6

Cognition 2d6

Artillery:

grenade

launcher 3

Search 2

Knowledge 2d6

Area knowledge:

Denver 2

Medicine: general

1

Mien 2d8

Smarts 3d8

Scroungin' 3

Survival: urban

2

Spirit 2d10

Guts 2

Wind: 20

Pace: 14

Edges:

Big Ears

Eagle Eyes

Fleet-footed

Light Sleeper

Hindrances:

Ailing: minor 1

Curious

Enemy (Combine)

Illiterate

Gear: Ragged

clothing, crowbar,

large knife, police

Hellfire, 25

rounds of 9mm;

Armco grenade

launcher with 2

HEDP rounds.

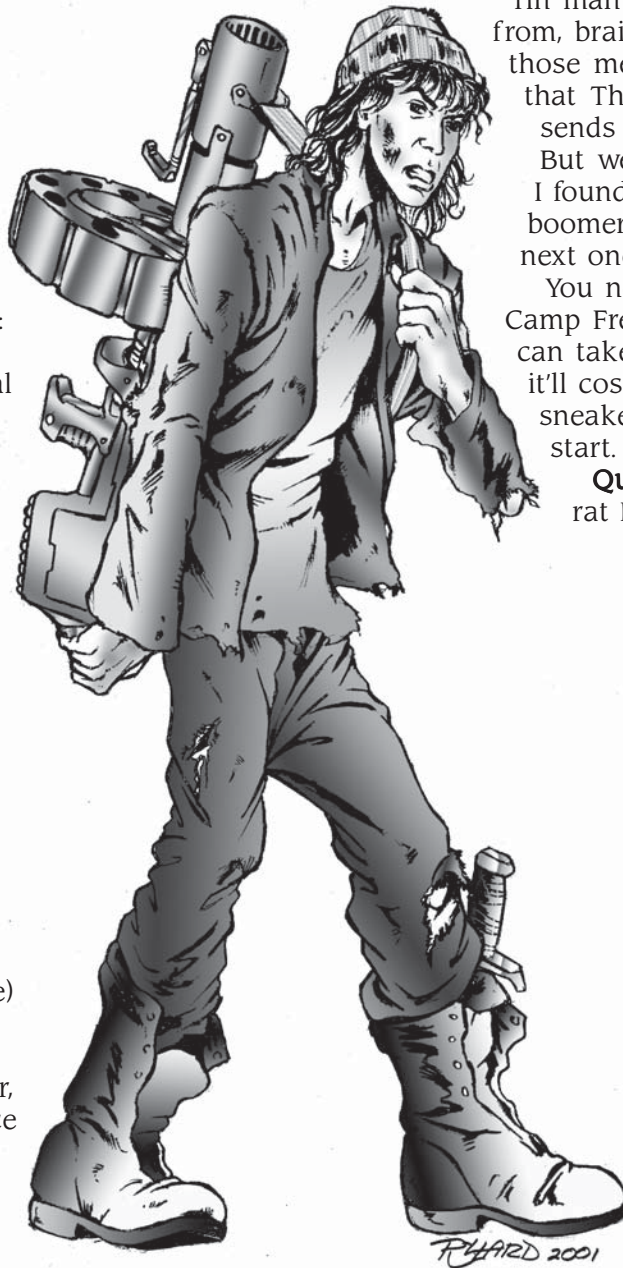
Personality

I grew up here in Denver. My parents died from the Big Sick after the War. I guess I was one of the lucky ones. Since then I've become one of Mayor Connor's best scouts, and there ain't the tin man that can catch me.

Tin man? Where you from, brainer? Tin men are those metal monsters that Throckmorton sends after us for fun. But we show 'em good. I found me a nice little boomer to give to the next one I find.

You need a guide to Camp Freedom? Sure, I can take you there, but it'll cost you. Those sneakers will do for a start.

Quote: "Is that roast rat I smell?"



Black Hat Defector

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 2d12

Shootin': rifle 3

Nimbleness 2d10

Climbin' 1

Dodge 2

Fightin': brawl'n', knife 2

Sneak 2

Strength 4d10

Quickness 3d8

Vigor 1d8

Cognition 3d6

Search 2

Trackin' 2

Knowledge 2d6

Area knowledge:

Denver 2

Mien 2d6

Overawe 2

Smarts 3d6

Bluff 1

Scroungin' 3

Survival: Urban 2

Spirit 1d6

Guts 3

Wind: 14

Pace: 10

Edges:

Brave

The Voice (threatening).

Hindrances:

Combine defector 3

Enemy (Combine) 3

Heroic

Equipment: headbanger

chip (common), police

vest, Damnation rifle,

50 rounds of 10mm

caseless ammo.

Personality

Yeah, I was with Throckmorton from the start. His vision of a new America rising up outta the ashes of the old appealed to something in me. All he asked in return was to put this chip in my head to protect me from muties and sykers taking me over. What a load of crap.

Once the Old Man turned, we were all prisoners to his whims. Me and a pal decided to get out, figuring death was better than what the new Combine stood for. His head popped and mine didn't.

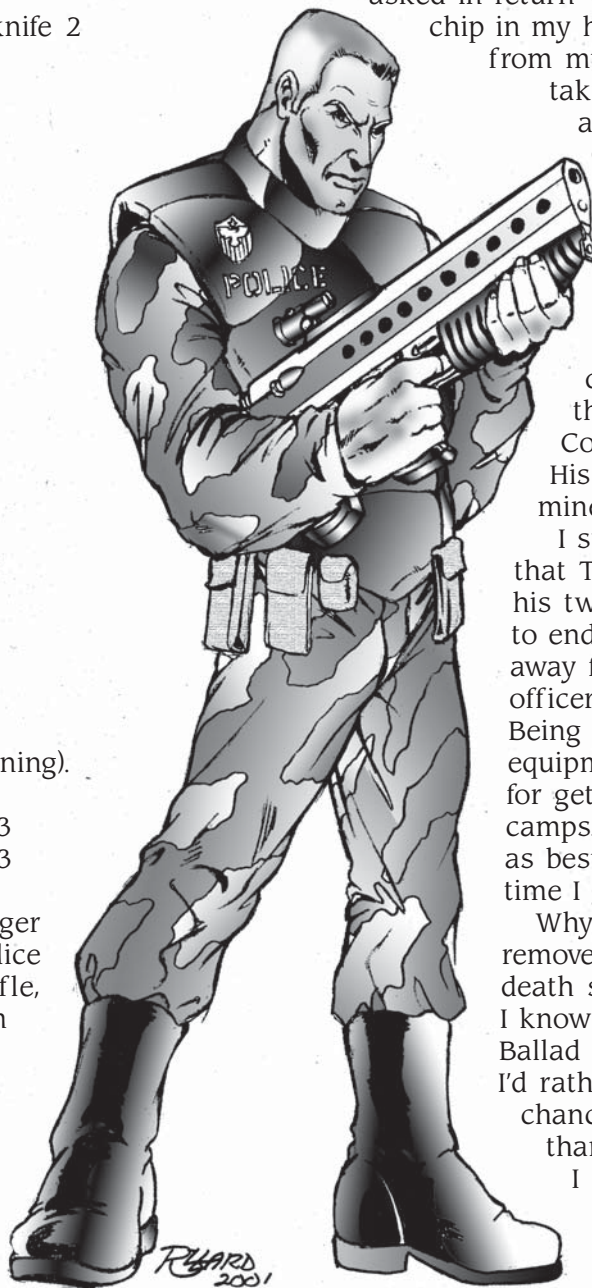
I swore on that day that Throckmorton and his twisted dream had to end. Long as I stay away from Red Hat officers I'm good to go. Being able to use their equipment is also good for getting into their camps. I use my skills as best I can with the time I got.

Why not get the chip removed? Man, that's a death sentence for sure. I know they say ole Cole Ballad had it done, but I'd rather take my chances on my feet than under the knife.

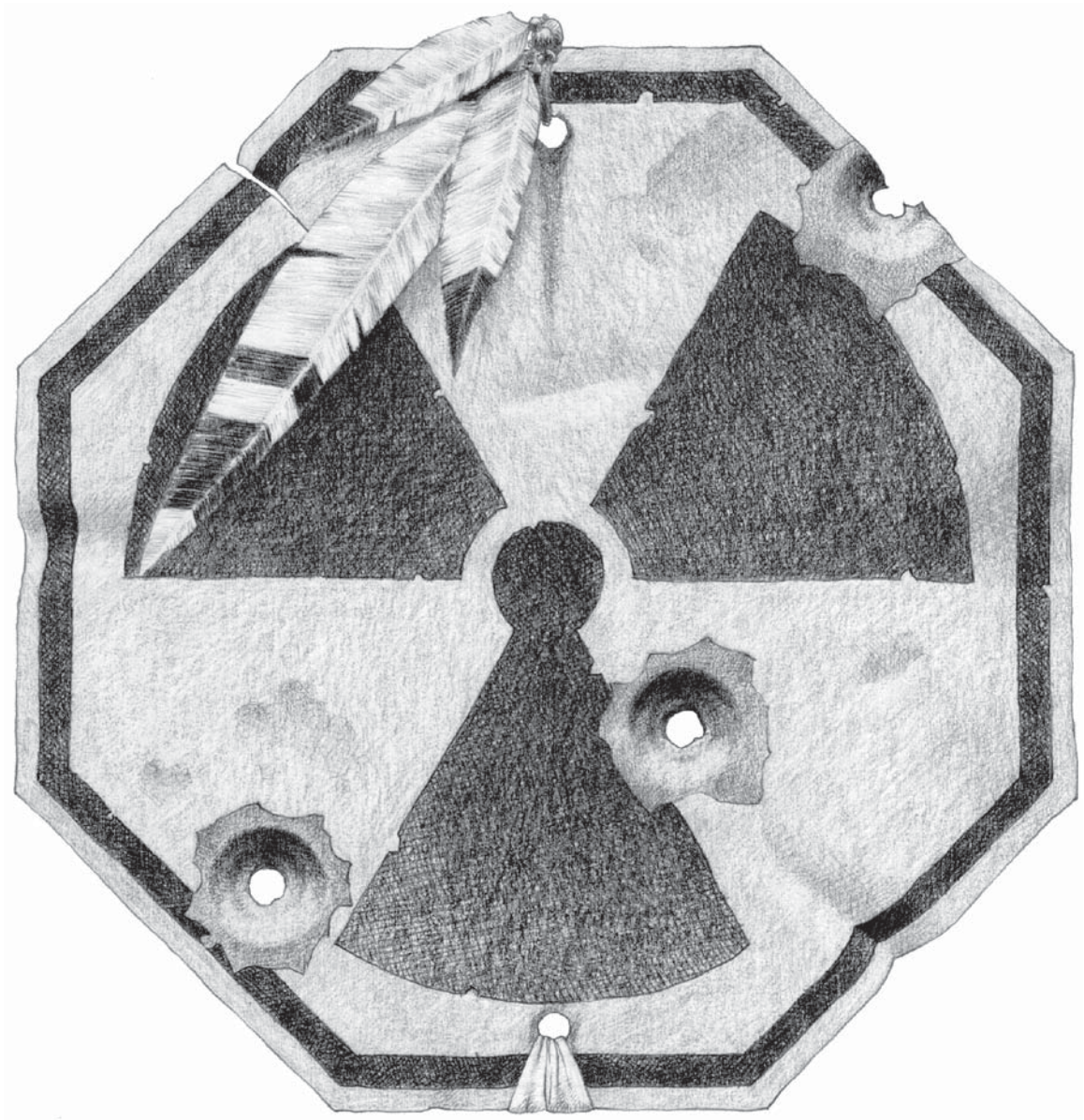
I might have died the day they put this chip in my skull, but I'm not ready to

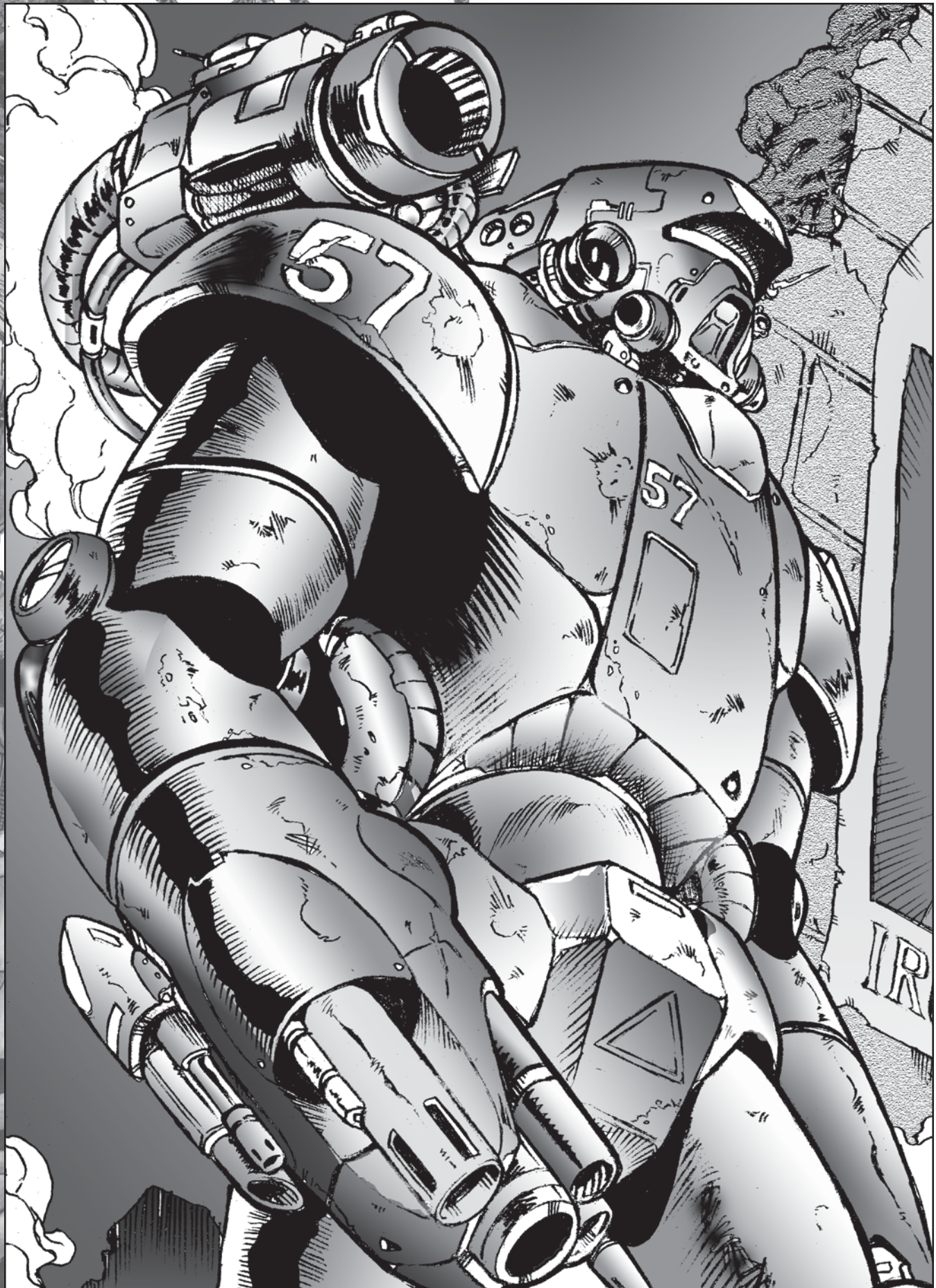
board the express train to Hell thanks to some Junkyard quack.

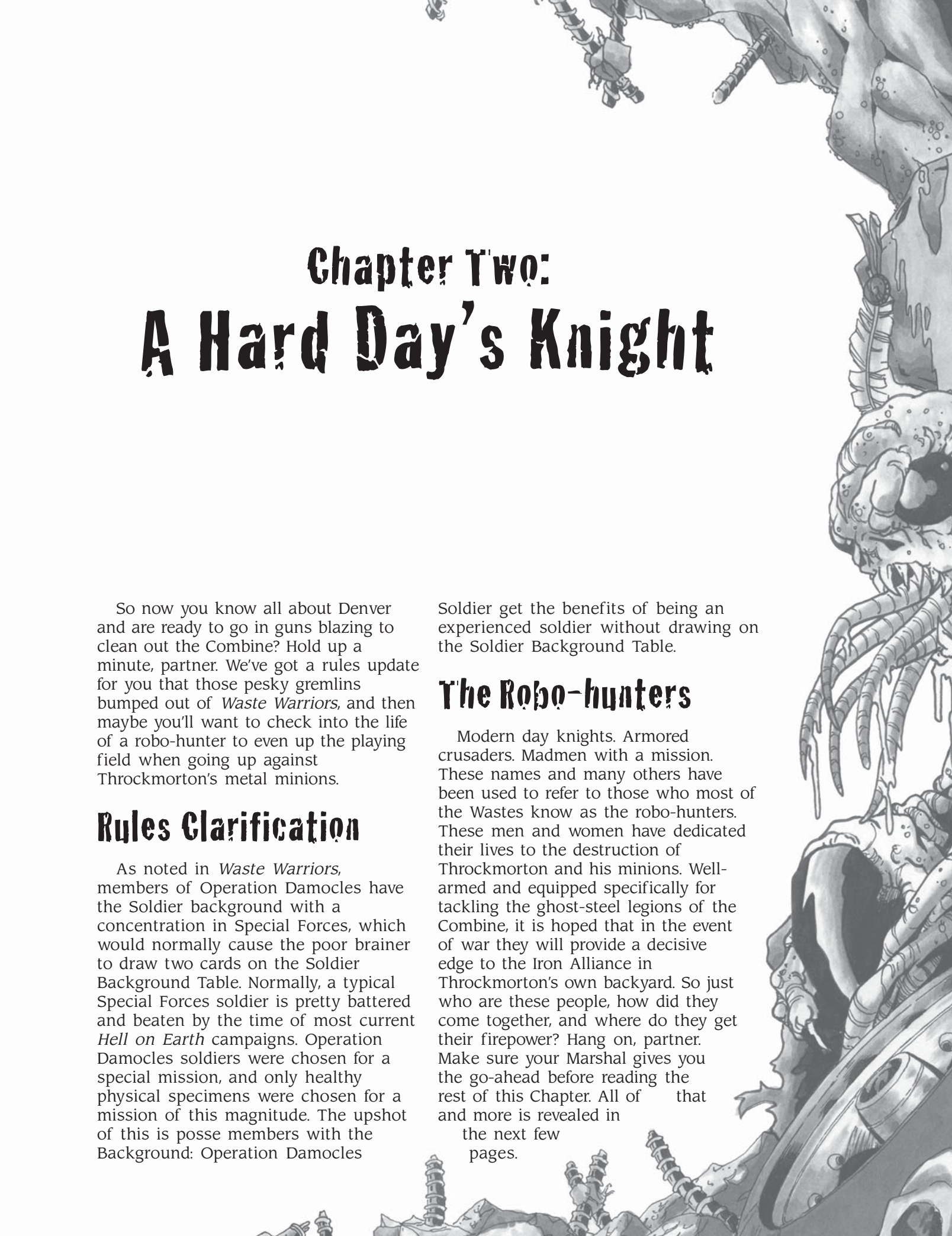
Quote: "Death before dishonor."



No Man's Land







Chapter Two: A Hard Day's Knight

So now you know all about Denver and are ready to go in guns blazing to clean out the Combine? Hold up a minute, partner. We've got a rules update for you that those pesky gremlins bumped out of *Waste Warriors*, and then maybe you'll want to check into the life of a robo-hunter to even up the playing field when going up against Throckmorton's metal minions.

Rules Clarification

As noted in *Waste Warriors*, members of Operation Damocles have the Soldier background with a concentration in Special Forces, which would normally cause the poor brainer to draw two cards on the Soldier Background Table. Normally, a typical Special Forces soldier is pretty battered and beaten by the time of most current *Hell on Earth* campaigns. Operation Damocles soldiers were chosen for a special mission, and only healthy physical specimens were chosen for a mission of this magnitude. The upshot of this is posse members with the Background: Operation Damocles

Soldier get the benefits of being an experienced soldier without drawing on the Soldier Background Table.

The Robo-hunters

Modern day knights. Armored crusaders. Madmen with a mission. These names and many others have been used to refer to those who most of the Wastes know as the robo-hunters. These men and women have dedicated their lives to the destruction of Throckmorton and his minions. Well-armed and equipped specifically for tackling the ghost-steel legions of the Combine, it is hoped that in the event of war they will provide a decisive edge to the Iron Alliance in Throckmorton's own backyard. So just who are these people, how did they come together, and where do they get their firepower? Hang on, partner. Make sure your Marshal gives you the go-ahead before reading the rest of this Chapter. All of that and more is revealed in the next few pages.

The Iron Brigade

Prior to the Last War, the North began forming an elite unit of power armored troopers as a counter to the Confederacy's 1st Armored Infantry. Called the Iron Brigade after a First Civil War unit with a long and heroic history, the unit became a test-bed for new products coming out of the R&D shop at Hellstromme Industries. Originally based in Montana, this arrangement with HI became so close that the entire Iron Brigade and their support units moved into Fort Grant in Denver on 20 September 2067. A squadron of heavy lift VTOLs and helicopter gunships was based at Buckley Army Airfield to provide transport and escort to the Iron Brigade during their deployments.

Judgment Day

The unit had just returned to Denver after the abortive assault on Fort Longstreet Strategic Missile Center in New Mexico. The Iron Brigade was able to blunt the pursuing Confed's armored units and stabilize the line while rescuing many of the U.S. cyborgs who made the long trek north to safety. Two weeks of mopping up operations ended with a triumphant return to Denver. No one was able to enjoy their well-deserved rest, however, as the next day the bombs fell on the city.

Many of the troopers were deep in the storage bunkers, performing suit maintenance, and thus survived the neutron bombing. The highest-ranking surviving officer, Captain Rachel Neimuth, took control and organized the troops. The original plan called for the unit to displace to a secondary site outside of Colorado Springs called the Garden of the Gods. As the troops prepared for the move, the plight of the survivors of the city tugged at the troopers' hearts. A decision was made to delay the move in order to help the

people of Denver. The troopers of the Iron Brigade pitched in with what was left of the city's emergency services but their efforts were a drop in the ocean of death and destruction that engulfed the city. Since most of the troopers stayed in their suits while working in the city, they were spared the worst effects of the A-5 virus. Unfortunately for the long-term viability of the unit, most of the unarmored support personnel succumbed to the disease.

Enter the Combine

When the Combine arrived in the city, Neimuth had her troops prepare for the worst. After limited contact with the charismatic Throckmorton, a faction within the unit voted to overrule the young captain and join the Combine. Fearing the ultimate intentions of this new group, Neimuth and her loyal troops took what equipment they could and headed to the Garden of the Gods. Those soldiers who joined the Combine were welcomed as a short-lived unit known as the Steel Hats.

Captain Neimuth and her troops set up shop in the underground facilities at the Garden of the Gods and began limited reconnaissance of the area to gain intelligence on the state of the union. It soon became clear that the world as they knew it had come to an end, and they were now one of the most powerful units remaining in the wastes. Lesser people might have set themselves up as warlords of the surrounding lands—like at the Combine. Neimuth and her people began to do what they could to help the survivors in nearby Colorado Springs.

Rebels with a Cause

In the fall of 2082 a strike force of Raptors, automatons, and Combine troops descended onto the Iron Brigade's new headquarters in the Garden of the Gods. A vicious firefight raged throughout the subterranean tunnels of the complex before the remaining armored troopers were forced to flee out a bolthole. Rallying in Colorado



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No Man's Land

Springs, it was found that Captain Neimuth had been killed holding off a squad of automatons so that her troops could escape. The remaining twenty armored troopers swore vengeance on the Combine. Moving into the ruins of the U.S. Air Force Academy, they steeled themselves for a long guerilla campaign against the forces of Throckmorton. Lieutenant John Currin was unanimously voted the leader of the new unit, which was dubbed the Steel Knights in honor of their quest to rid the world of Throckmorton and his automatons.

Ghost Steel Knights

Lieutenant Currin was a student of history, and knew that over the long term holding the unit together as a U.S. military unit would be impossible since the country they swore allegiance to was no more. He began to mold the Iron Brigade into a brotherhood of warriors. Currin became the Master of the new military order dedicated to a set of knightly principles of conduct. Ranks were changed and plans made to bring new members into the order to expand their numbers. The armored warriors began to stalk the approaches to Denver, picking off lone automatons to hone their skills. Foraging parties were sent into the battlefields of Kansas in search of new armor and parts.

A Mysterious Benefactor

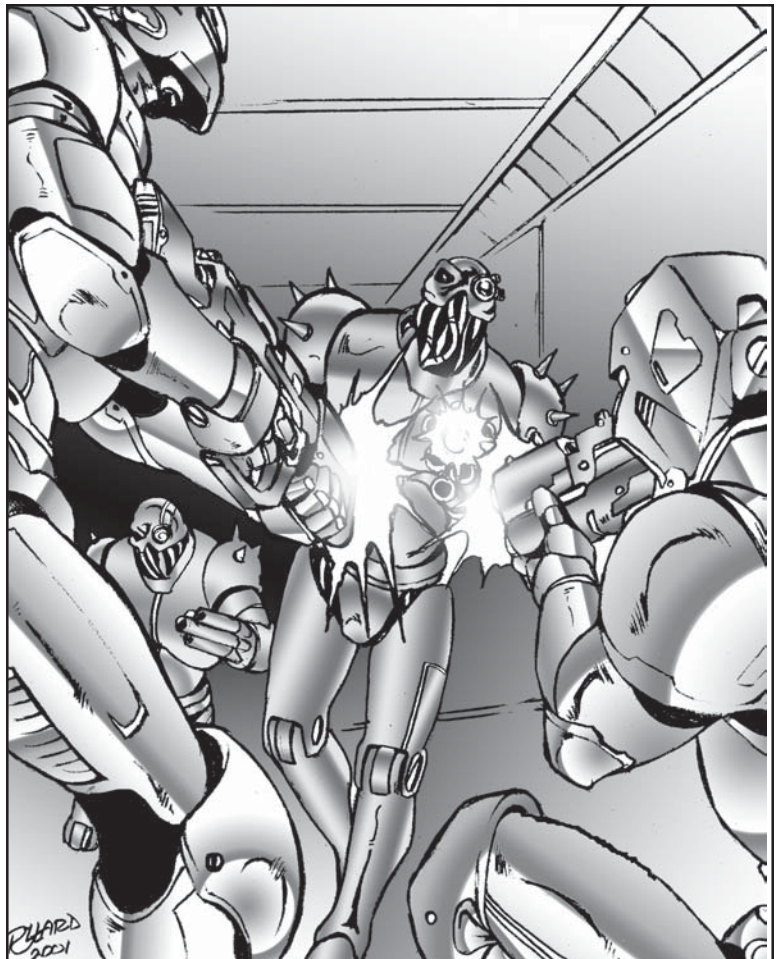
Throughout the years, the robo-hunters have taken many into their ranks, although these initiates are usually without equipment. In the summer of 2086 a tractor-trailer was found abandoned on the roadway into Colorado Springs. Investigation by Knight Chris Kaloski showed that it contained a variety of armored suit parts and accessories. Since then, occasional finds of equipment have been made, always left out where the robo-hunters can find them. Many in the order think that it's Hellstromme who is secretly providing the new equipment as a way of helping those who would see the intruder in his factory complex ejected.

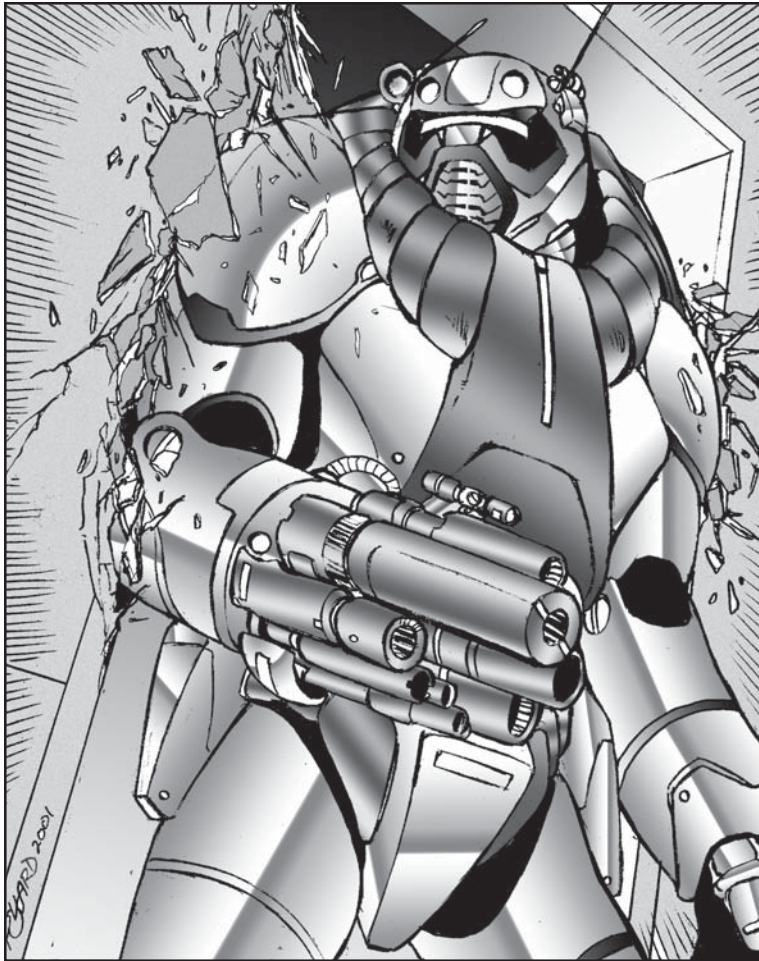


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The Great Charade

The biggest problem the Knights have is a power shortage. The battlesuits were designed to operate in conjunction with regular forces. The atomic batteries developed for the suits required fairly regular recharging, which prior to the War would have been accomplished by hook-up to attached armored or support vehicles. In static conditions, the troops would use a portable reactor called a Canister. In an emergency, a powered trooper could even drain the batteries of a dead or seriously injured armored warrior by connecting to them. In the Wasted West, though, these power sources are in short supply. The knights have a few





fusion-powered military vehicles they have scavenged that can accompany groups sent on specific missions, but most robo-hunters power-up their armor at the Knighthood's headquarters, then lug it around by vehicle until they find an opportunity to use it. Many Knights become adept at getting power out of wrecked hulks they find in the wastes. Junker tech has been tried and failed to provide an answer due to the incompatibility of spirit batteries with non-junker technology, but Curran has had his troops add bulky packs to their armor to give the illusion of spirit batteries. The Master fears that if the Combine knew how limited the battlesuits' duration really is they would actively try to hunt them into extinction.

The Robo-Hunters Today

Derisively called "robo-hunters" by the propaganda of the Combine, the Steel Knights now accept that name with pride. New initiates are welcomed with caution after a Combine infiltrator managed to enter the Knights' stronghold and kill two knights, along with seriously injuring the Master. This attack has just inspired the Knights to redouble their fury in dealing with the minions of Throckmorton.

New Edges

To go along with the new setting we've got a few new Edges to give your hero a leg up.

Background: Steel Knight 3

Your character is a member of the Steel Knights. Members of the Order have a few advantages over the typical robo-hunter. First, they know where the Steel Knights have their headquarters and can access it for repairs, information, and shelter. They can also take *rank (Steel Knights)* with which they can purchase power armor cheaper than anyone else in the Wastes. You can also take a Novice under your tutelage, either as another posse member or a *sidekick*. As a Steel Knight, however, your champion has sworn an oath to defend the weak against the forces of Throckmorton and bring justice to the wastes. This translates as the hindrances *oath (defeat Combine) 2, Law o' the West, and enemy (Combine) 3*.

Novice 0

Those who wish to join the Steel Knights must first undergo a year-long apprenticeship to an established member. As a Novice, she will be assigned to a more experienced Steel Knight, and is not allowed the armor that marks the station of a more experienced Knight. These individuals help the robo-hunters in the upkeep and maintenance of their armor, learning how to maintain and operate

the suit before they are presented with their own at the end of the Novice period. This probationary period can last from one to three years, and progression is up to the Knight to which a Novice is assigned. At the end of this period, the new Steel Knight must have the following skills: Drivin': battlesuit 1, Tinkerin' 2

Rank (Steel Knights) 1-4

Your waster is a member of the Steel Knights order. Besides looking good on a business card, this edge allows her access to better equipment than a rogue robo-hunter. For each level of rank above Initiate, the robo-hunter can add +1 to his *scroungin'* roll when attempting to purchase equipment at the stronghold of the Knights. Equipment can also be purchased for a reduction in price of rank x 10% (i.e. a Knight can purchase battlesuits and accessories for 40% off list price).

Knight Ranks

Rank	Level
Initiate	1
Squire	2
Sergeant	3
Knight	4

Second Skin 2

Your armored trooper has spent so much time inside the same suit of armor that moving in it has become natural. She knows every nuance of her equipment from that sticky left knee joint to the slight drift to the right of the targeting computer.

To take this skill, your waster must have *drivin': battlesuit* of at least 2. Whenever your waster uses her suit for any actions, she negates up to two points of *Nimbleness* penalties caused by the suit itself. This applies to both Trait and Aptitude rolls made while in the power armor. This Edge only works for one particular battlesuit, and must be bought again if the original suit is destroyed or the majority of parts replaced.

Hard Day's Knight 4i

New Hindrances

Of course, you need some new Hindrances to balance things out.

Combine Turncoat 5

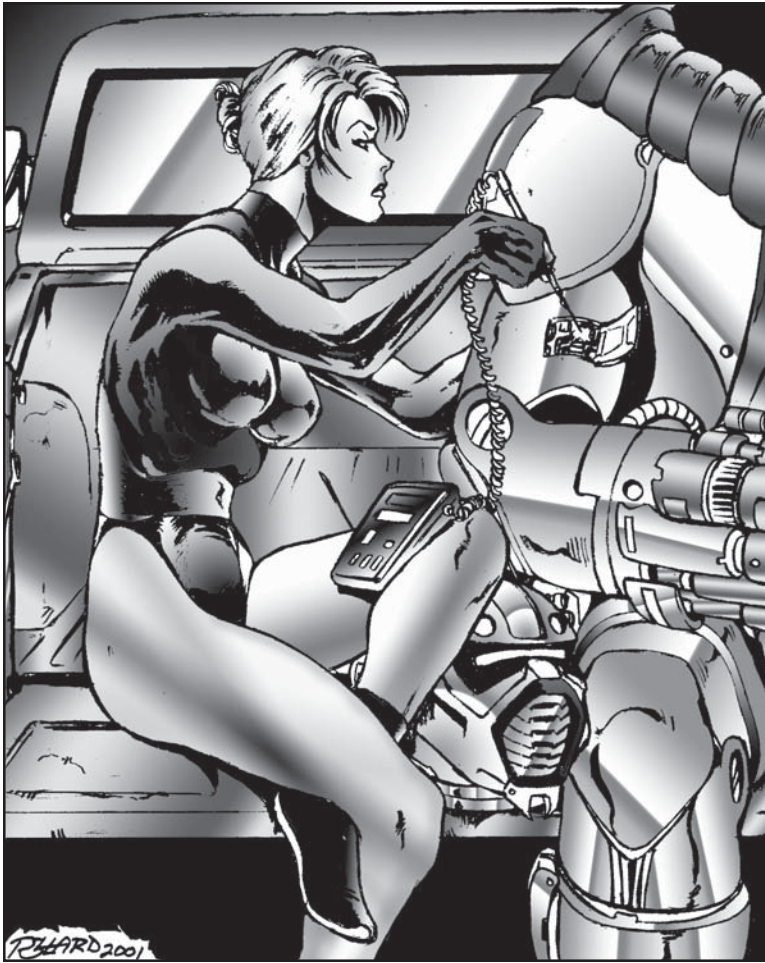
A short life but a merry one! Your waster was a fully indoctrinated member of the Combine, but for whatever reason, he decided to desert. Miraculously, the chip in his noggin' didn't go off—yet. Taking this Hindrance gives your waster *Area knowledge (Denver)* 3, reflecting his experiences in the city with the Combine. He also gets *Enemy (Combine)* 3 (he is a traitor after all). The chip in your hero's noggin is not broken, just a bit defective. The Marshal draws a card at the start of each session. If he gets the black joker, your waster's chip finally goes off—goodbye head.

On the plus side, your hero can still use Combine equipment, although if a Combine platoon leader or higher sees him using Combine equipment he might try to trigger the chip, resulting in what we like to call "melon head syndrome."

Pupae 3

Pupae are the immature forms of butterflies that spend all their time in a cocoon. Your waster is called this because she never comes out of her steel cocoon unless it's absolutely necessary.

Your waster never leaves her armor, and has spent so much time in it that it has become a major part of her psyche. Unlike other Steel Knights, she wears her battlesuit all the time. When out of the suit all Aptitude checks and *Mien-*based traits are at a -4. This makes life difficult from a logistical standpoint, especially with the shorter duration heavy suits. She must purchase a Canister or multiple powerpacks or other form of recharge to allow her to have a constantly powered suit.



Care and Maintenance of a Suit

Power armor is designed to be worn in close contact to the wearer. A user must either wear a skintight suit or nothing at all. If a user has to strip off a bunch of equipment and clothing, add 1d6 minutes to the suit-up time (3d6 instead of 2d6 minutes). Most armor is built for a specific size range. If a waster is size 5 or 7 the chance a specific suit will fit is only 1 in 8. Armor can't be modified to fit a different size person without a complete overhaul and refit at a power armor repair unit, which a scavvie is unlikely to find these days. Better lose some weight or bulk up, brainer.

While close-fitting, power armor is bulky, it increases the size of the user by +1 (large suits, such as the Titan, Wolverine, and Stahljaeger—not the Striker—add +2). This can make it difficult to move in constricted places, and inexperienced users are constantly tearing doorjambs out with their shoulders as they go through doors.

New Equipment

The following rules replace those first put forth in *Wasted West* concerning power armor. The main clarification is that put forth in *The Junkman Cometh* concerning the use of spirit batteries (p. 37). Spirit batteries and other g-ray devices can only be used on junker tech, so the explanation given in *Wasted West* concerning the use of spirit batteries on power armor shows how effective Master Currin's deception campaign has been. Some junkers have attempted to modify the suits to accept conversion generators, but due to the power required, the size of these devices make them bulky and they are vulnerable to damage.

The Pain

As detailed in *Wasted West*, each time the armor is penetrated and the character takes wounds, the suit's AV decreases by that amount in that location. This damage can be negated through the use of Fate Chips. Once the AV reaches 0 in an area, that piece of armor is destroyed.

Whenever a suit is breached (your waster takes damage) there is a chance that systems in that location may be damaged or destroyed. Roll 1d6 and compare it to the number of wounds caused by the attack. If the number is less than or equal to the wounds in that location, a random system has been damaged in addition to the wounds suffered. Check out the Power Armor Record Sheet on page 128 for more details.

To find out which system was hit, roll a die equal to the amount of available mounts in that location (or a d4 for 2-mount locations). Compare the result to the mount listings. If a system

is listed, that device has been damaged. If the line says “no effect,” no system on the armor was actually damaged.

Once you’ve determined which system has been damaged, roll another d6 and add the number of wounds caused by the attack. On a result of 1 to 5, the system has been disabled for that many rounds. On a 6 or higher, the system has actually been knocked out, and must be replaced or repaired. See the following table for repair difficulties. Repairs require the TN divided by 2 (round down) in electronic components. This number represents not so much physical volume as the rarity of the components and wiring.

Armor Repair

Damage Result	Tinkerin’ TN
6-7	7
8-9	9
10-11	11
>11	Totally Destroyed

Example of Armor in Combat

Matt’s shiny new Centurion suit is hit in the arm by a large caliber weapon. Thirty points of damage gets past the armor, and since this is a command suit (size +1) Matt takes 4 wounds to the arm, with the suit taking 4 points of damage also. Matt has a micro-missile launcher (2 slots) and a data system (1 slot) on that arm. To see if a system was hit, he rolls a d6, which comes up a 3—less than the number of wounds inflicted—so a system is hit. With 4 slots on that arm, Matt rolls a d4 and compares it to his armor chart. He rolls a 1, which indicates that the micromissile launcher was hit. Matt then rolls a d6 and adds 4 (the number of wounds taken) to the total. He rolls a 1, for a grand total of 5. Lucky waster, looks like the micromissile launcher shrugged off that attack and is only out of commission for 5 rounds. Now all Matt has to do is find someone to fix that seriously wounded arm and badly damaged armor. The next hit to that arm is only protected with an AV of 1.

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Do You Feel a Draft?

Armor itself can be repaired by the use of an armor repair kit, emergency patches, or ad hoc field repairs. Repairing a suit can be accomplished through a *tinkerin’* check with a TN 5, +1 for each point of damage to that area (a torso with 4 points of damage requires a *tinkerin’* roll of 9).

Ad hoc repairs consist of spot welding steel plates to the armor and patching wiring, and require 1 electronic and 1 mechanical component (mechanical components are \$20 each due to the high-quality nature of the material). Ad hoc repairs provide only 25% (round up) of the original armor value of the suit.

Repairing a suit normally takes 10 minutes times the repair TN. Each raise the mechanic gets on his *tinkerin’* roll decreases the amount of time required by 10%.

Armor Types

Most high-tech countries produced power armor before the War, but not all models saw service in North America before the bombs fell on Judgment Day. The most common countries and their armor types are presented on the following pages.

All battlesuits have six hit locations: head, torso, two arms, and two legs. Equipment can be mounted in and on the armor, the amount it is possible to mount varies with the size and layout of the individual suits.

Each suit description lists each location and the amount of slots available for mounting in that location. Certain equipment can only be mounted in a certain location, and damage suffered to that location has a chance of damaging or destroying equipment as described earlier. Basic equipment is always in a set location, and is already factored in when mounts are given in the descriptions.

Basic Functions and Standard Equipment

Power armor of all makes and models has a number of systems in common. Unless otherwise noted, the following functions can be found in all suits:

- Helmets have a headset with earphones and mike capable of sending and receiving a radio signal up to two miles on a good day.

- All helmets have a light amplification system, allowing vision up to 200 yards in all but total blackout situations.

- Complete suits provide a sealed atmosphere, giving protection against nuclear, biological, and chemical attacks, as well as extremes of heat and cold.

- A diagnostic system that provides information through a heads-up display in the helmet, or a panel on the arm or thigh of the suit. This provides the user with information on power levels, suit integrity, and basic functions. It also monitors the wearer's vital signs and grants a +2 bonus to *medicine* rolls made on the user.

- An Energy Exchange Port (called a "sucker" by the troops) that allows the mating of suits for exchanging power. Power is transferred at the rate of 5 units per round spent connected.

- All suits do a basic STR+2d8 damage in hand to hand combat.

New Goodies

Adding equipment onto a suit requires an Onerous (7) *tinkerin'* roll, unless stated otherwise in the equipment description. Removing factory-installed, built-in systems from a suit is more difficult. This requires a Hard (9) *tinkerin'* check, and some systems, such as the stealth package, can't be removed.

Reading the Specs

The entries below detail specifics of the major suits used in North America during the Last War. Suits are generally divided into scout, command, medium, or heavy classifications.

The *Strength* heading indicates the *Strength* enhancement in steps provided to a user with a suit having all arm, leg, and torso sections in place.

Mounts indicates how many slots are available in each location (head, torso, arm, and leg) after factoring in factory-installed standard equipment. The number in parentheses indicates how many total slots there are on each armor section. Each piece of equipment added uses up one or more of these mounts.

Drain tells how much power the suit uses when on and providing minimum power for moving, communications, HUD, and other integral devices. Total drain per minute can be found by adding up all modules installed and active.

Power tells the total power available when the suit's batteries are fully charged.

US Armor

The U.S. lagged behind in the production and fielding of power armor. Inter-branch rivalries between the infantry and armor delayed acquisition except for some demonstration units until the outbreak of hostilities between the C.S.A. and LatAm.

Early units were equipped with HI equipment, but a crash program at the Rock Island Arsenal allowed the U.S. to field several types of suits by War's end. These were never fielded in large numbers, and except for the Iron Brigade were parceled out to infantry divisions in company-sized units. A full-strength armored infantry company consisted of six Centurion suits, a squad of ten LRRPs, two squads of ten X-suits, and a heavy weapons squad of ten Strikers. This company was usually used at the main point of effort, although the scouts would usually be parceled out across the division's frontage.

LRRP (Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol) (R)

Cost: \$7,500

Armor Value: 2

Strength: +1

Mounts: H:3 (4), T:3 (4), A:1 (2), L:1 (2)

Drain: .05/minute

Power: 200

This suit was designed for long range, deep penetration missions by scout and cavalry units. Basically a powered infantry battlesuit, the LRRP suit (pronounced "lurp") was designed for speed, stealth, and information gathering. In the throes of the last days, many of these suits were thrown into frontline firefights, where their misuse resulted in the destruction of most of them. All LRRP suits have the stealth package.

These nimble suits were built for speed. The user may add +2 to his Pace if walking, and +6 to his final running Pace. A character with a *Nimbleness* die type of 10, for instance, could run 26 yards in a round while wearing this suit.

The suit was also built for endurance. The LRRP was outfitted with the highest capacity batteries available, and a variety of recharging options were provided to the scouts. A solar collector blanket stored in a thigh pouch and connected to the suit could be stretched out on the ground next to a trooper while motionless. This blanket would, on a sunny day, provide the trickle of energy necessary for the suit to remain powered at its lowest level, keeping its life support functions and basic communications suite alive and functioning.

This allowed the trooper to remain on watch and transmit reports from a hidden position.

A forced-air ghost rock oven was also included in the backpack to allow these troops to recharge in the field. Burning one pound of ghost rock provided enough power to the turbine to recharge 20 power points in roughly 10 minutes. This oven remains one of the most common ways for scavvies and Steel Knights with these suits to recharge in the postwar period—provided they can find some ghost rock.

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X-Suit (R)

Cost: \$8,000

Armor Value: 4

Strength: +2

Mounts: H:2, T:4, A:4, L:2

Drain: 0.2/minute

Power: 100

The United States' answer to the Confederate 1st Armored Infantry, the X-Suit was designed to be quick and simple to manufacture. The Confederate Wolverine (see *Wasted West*) outclassed the X-Suit in most categories, but in theory the greater numbers of the X-Suit would overcome these deficiencies. Unfortunately, this advantage was cancelled out by the deployment strategy adopted by the Army. Despite



the losses sustained during the Last War, the X-Suit remains one of the most commonly encountered suits in the Wastes.

Centurion (VR)

Cost: \$9,500

Armor Value: 5

Strength: +2

Mounts: H:2 (4), T:0 (4), A:4, L:2

Drain: 0.1/minute

Power: 150

Designed for armored infantry commanders, the Centurion was basically an up-armored command version of an X-Suit. The Centurion comes equipped with an enhanced sensors and communications suite as standard equipment, as well as a jump pack. The helmet's HUD has a unique 360-degree vision screen that takes getting used to. Each time a waster uses the suit, she must make an Onerous (7) *pilotin': battlesuit* check or be at -2 to all Trait and Aptitude rolls due to the vertigo this HUD produces. Once this roll is passed, the wearer is "checked out" on this system and never has to check or suffer penalties from the system again.

Striker (E)

Cost: \$9,000

Armor Value: 5

Strength: +3

Mounts: H:2, T:4, A:6, L:2

Drain: 1/minute

Power: 125

The Striker was the U.S. Army's answer to the Wolverine. While not as heavily armored as its Confederate counterpart, the Striker was faster, as well as being cheaper to produce. In theory, the Strikers would outnumber any Wolverines they encountered, but the piecemeal deployment of U.S. power armor meant that U.S. forces could rarely muster the numbers needed to overwhelm their opponents (it was

calculated that 3.5 Strikers were needed to destroy one Wolverine). This suit is so bulky that the wearer's *Deftness* is reduced by a step. The user gets no bonuses to her *runnin' Pace*.

CSA Armor

In an attempt to redress the imbalance in numbers between the armies of the North and the South, the Confederacy in the 2060s began a crash-program in the development of power armor. By the time of the Last War, the Confederacy possessed the premier armored infantry force in the world, and their battlesuits were second in quality only to the armor of German Krupp suits. Due to the limited manufacturing base available to the country, the Armed Forces were never able to field large numbers of armored soldiers, but those they did had more experience than anyone else. The destruction of the DiTech Manufacturing Facilities in Austin, Texas in early 2080 by Northern saboteurs ended the South's ability to create these complicated weapons. The last months of the War saw the remnants of the CAF's Armored Infantry re-equipped with German-built armor.

Cavalier (VR)

Cost: \$7,000

Armor Value: 5

Strength: +3

Mounts: H:4, T:4, A:4, L:2

Drain: 0.5/minute

Power: 150

This battlesuit served mainly as a command and control unit, although some suits were pressed into a scouting role. The Cavalier is fairly rare these days due to the Southern officers' propensity to lead from the front and the high rate of casualties they sustained.

Badger (VR)

Cost: \$9,000

Armor Value: 6

Strength: +4

Mounts: H:2, T:3 (6), A:4 left arm, 6 right arm (6), L:0 (4)

Drain: 1/minute

Power: 175



The Badger was used by the C.S. Armored Forces' Combat Engineers. The suit could be used to erect hasty fieldworks, or in the assault engineer role to breach fortifications under fire. These suits came standard with a package including an entrencher, land anchor, power ram, and winch. Due to the cumbersome nature of all this equipment, the Badger adds nothing to its final running Pace, and all *Nimbleness* rolls are reduced by one step. The wearer can't *dodge* in this suit, even when the land anchor system is retracted.

Wolverine (E)

Cost: \$10,000

Armor Value: 7

Strength: +4

Mounts: H:2, T:6, A:6, L:2

Drain: 1/minute

Power: 150

The suit most people thought of when the words power armor were spoken, the Wolverine embodied everything battlesuits were supposed to be. Big, tough, and deadly, the vids from the brutal Red River Campaign and the mop-up operations that followed brought the Wolverine into every living room in America on a nightly basis. This suit is so bulky that the wearer's *Deftness* is reduced by a step, and running isn't possible unless the user has a *drivin': battlesuit* 3 or higher.

Hellstromme Industries Armor

Salamander (R)

Cost: \$6,000

Armor Value: 3

Strength: +3

Mounts: H: 2 (4), T:3 (4), A:4, L:2

Drain: 0.5/minute

Power: 100

The first suit of power armor developed by Hellstromme Industries, the Salamander was initially marketed as equipment for civilian emergency services. Salamander suit could be used by police forces as a point man for

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forced entries, for firefighters in building rescues, and as a heavy lifter for natural disasters. Once the military applications were realized and designs by Krupp examined, the Salamander production was scaled back in favor of suits built expressly for combat such as the Purgatory and Titan. The Salamander remained in production for export to countries that couldn't afford Krupp suits up to Judgment Day.

Due to its initial mission designs, the Salamander does not have a long endurance, but it does come equipped with a heartbeat sensor, helmet-mounted searchlight, and thermal viewer system.

Purgatory (VR)

Cost: \$9,000

Armor Value: 8

Strength: +2

Mounts: H:2, T:4, A:4, L:2

Drain: 0.5/minute

Power: 200

Designed for use in the Faraway War, the Purgatory incorporated lessons learned from both the Salamander and Titan suits. The Purgatory could also be found at some Earthside high security installations. The Purgatory was designed as a jack of all trades, and the various mounts allowed the suit to be configured for a variety of roles. A basic Purgatory suit includes only those systems standard on battlesuits.

Titan HV (VR) (Grapestomper)

Cost: \$11,000

Armor Value: 8

Strength: +5

Mounts: H:0 (2), T:6, A:6, L:2

Drain: 1/minute

Power: 250

One of the first non-German heavy power armor suits, the Titan was designed for the rigors of combat on Banshee. The suit's name was quickly changed to "Grapestomper" by the soldiers who used it.

Designed mainly to fulfill the heavy lift engineering and combat roles, Titans were generally sent against pockets of human Reapers who might have access to heavy weapons. The Titan was rebuilt in 2075 after the appearance of the skinnies on Banshee, and all suits built after that year have an integral syker shield. Built to function for extended periods without recharging, the Titan devoted most of its power to locomotion and suit functions. The primitive weapons of the anouks and their human allies meant that the suit would be invulnerable to all but the largest animals on the planet, and it was envisioned that the armored soldiers would use normal infantry weapons. Because of this, the hands of the Titan are curiously delicate, and unlike the Striker and Wolverine Heavy suits, the wearer's *Deftness* is not decreased. The Titan is fairly cumbersome, however. The wearer's Pace is reduced by -2 when moving, and -4 to the final Pace for running.

German Armor

The German firm of Krupp had a long and proud history of armaments development, and designed the first rudimentary battlesuits for Hitler's Wehrmacht. Krupp maintained the lead in power armor development until an industrial espionage incident in their Dusseldorf plant by an unknown corporate strike team. The following year, Hellstromme Industries unveiled their first Salamander suit. Krupp managed to maintain a firm hold on the market, however, and prior to the Faraway War sold more power armor units worldwide than any other producer, government or civilian. The Valkyrie and Stahljaeger are two of their most common units, and were shipped to North America to make good the losses to the Confederacy's 1st Armored at the Devil's Playground.

Valkyrie (R)

Cost: \$8,500

Armor Value: 4

Strength: +2

Mounts: H:2 (4), T:0 (4), A:0 (2), L:0 (2)

Drain: 0.1/minute

Power: 200

The Valkyrie was designed as a quick-strike light scout suit. Typically equipped with a flight pack, the Valkyrie's main advantage was its speed and sensors that allowed it to avoid trouble and strike when the enemy least expected it.

All Valkyries are equipped with a stealth suite, reflex boosters, and enhanced sensors. The Valkyrie adds +2 to the user's Pace when walking and +6 to the wearer's final Pace when running. The suit's reflex boosters allow the user to add +2 to all of his *Quickness* rolls.

Stahljaeger (E)

Cost: \$11,500

Armor Value: 10

Strength: +4

Mounts: H:2, T:6, A:6, L:2

Drain: 1/minute

Power: 200

Armor design experts on both sides of the Atlantic considered this the pinnacle of battlesuit development. The predecessor of the Wolverine, the Stahljaeger was designed specifically to seek and destroy power armor and heavy combat cyborgs.

Better armored than many armored vehicles, this suit could carry the firepower to take on all comers, but its weight prevented the rapid deployment of massed numbers by air. Wearers of the Stahljaeger have their *Nimbleness* reduced by 2 steps, and the suit requires at least a *drivin': battlesuit* 3 or higher to operate. Running is impossible in this suit, and user's walking Pace is not modified by the suit's Strength bonus.

The suit was designed with the highest capacity batteries available to provide power to the many weapon systems that would be attached in a typical combat configuration. The price above is for a stripped down "clean" suit.

LatAm

The LatAm Alliance were late in entering the power armor field, but the Confederacy's dominance in this area forced them to respond in some way. The LatAm Alliance fielded a few homegrown designs such as the Diablo, but for the most part they depended on imported suits from Germany and other European country to fill their armor needs.

Diablo (VR)

Cost: \$8,000

Armor Value: 4

Strength: +1

Mounts: H:1 (2), T:3(4), A:4, L:2

Drain: .2/minute, .1/minute in standby

Power: 100

Used by the elite of the elite of the LatAm forces, these battlesuits were often garishly decorated as befitted their wearer's status. These armored infantry units would usually be thrown into battle at the decisive point where the waves of regular infantry had caused a crack in the enemy's defensive lines.

The Diablo has a built-in targeting system and heartbeat sensor (mounted in the torso), and these are included in the basic price along with the mounts. These systems cannot be exchanged for other modules in these areas. The Diablo can be powered down into a standby mode that uses half the power. In this mode the suit cannot move, and only the life support and communications systems are powered. Full power can be returned in 2 Actions.

This suit is incredibly sophisticated, too much so according to a Confederate report that examined a captured suit early in the War. The Diablo was so over-engineered that it was prone to breakdowns and could only be fielded with a significant combat support "train." This is represented by a Reliability of 18. This should be checked every time the suit is powered up. Failure indicates that the suit is experiencing major problems requiring diagnostics and repair. All repairs performed on a Diablo have their TN increased by +1.

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Accessories

Most armor was designed to allow the addition of modular equipment packs that enhanced the suit's performance or added new capabilities to the suit.

Armor Repair Kit (VR)

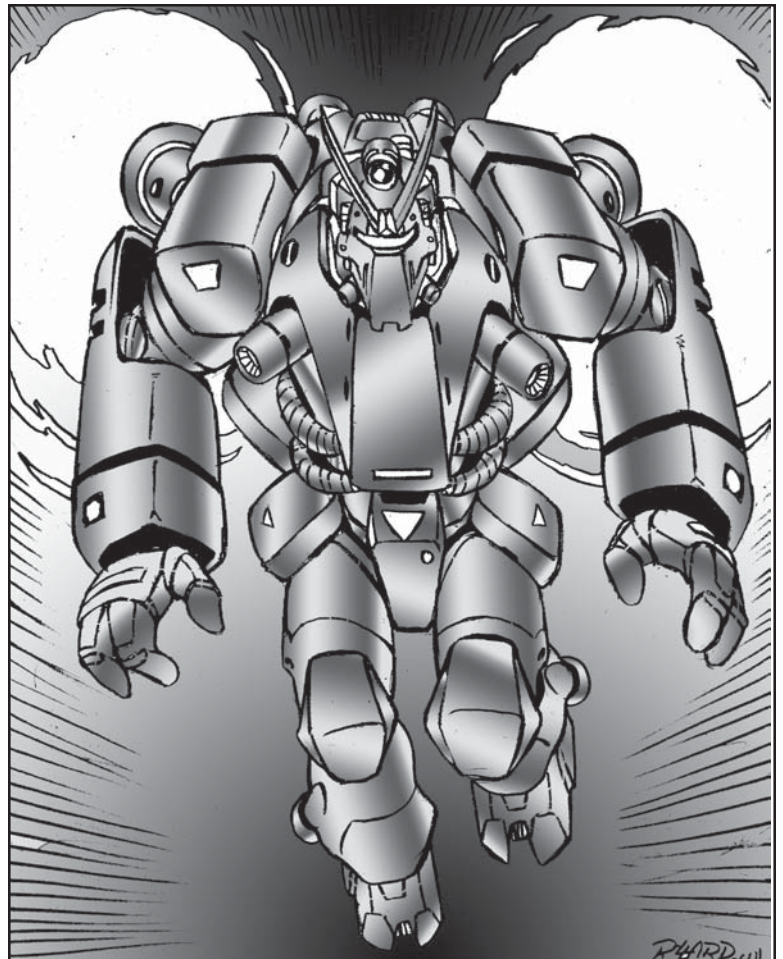
Cost: \$2000

Mounts: 2

Drain: 2/point repaired

Mount Location: Any

Each platoon usually had a squad member designated as the armorer, whose additional duties included maintenance and repair of his buddies' power armor. This individual was



assigned an armor repair kit consisting of spare parts, armor patches, testing equipment, and a variety of tools.

With an armor repair kit, an armorer can repair battlesuits to full functionality. The kit must be attached to a battlesuit to power the diagnostics and equipment. Repairing a suit requires a *tinkerin'* check against a TN 5, +1 for each point of damage for that section of armor. Going bust on this roll indicates that the damage can only be repaired in a fully stocked field repair shop. Better start hoofing it to Junkyard, brainer.

A fully stocked armor repair kit can repair 50 points of armor damage. Used kits usually have 2-40 points left in them. The price quoted above is for a full kit, but a desperate robo-hunter can expect to pay full price for a used kit.

Communications Suite (R)

Cost: \$1200

Mounts: 1

Drain: 0.1/minute

Mount Location: Helmet

Usually mounted on command units or a designated radioman, the communications suite provides the armored warrior with a multiband, encrypted long-range radio system. Range of this system is normally 100 miles.

The user can also unfold a small satellite dish from the helmet, and satellite communications are possible (provided the user can find a satellite these days). Secure laser communications are also available in a static mode with a range of line of sight.

The comms suite also allows the user to monitor all UHF, VHF, and VLF frequencies, and the powerful encryption computer can decipher most codes in use before the war. When attempting to decipher an encoded message, roll a 4d8 against a TN of 9

(this represents the onboard computer), modified by +1 for each level of the user's *professional: computer ops*.

Data System (R)

Cost: \$1,500

Mounts: 1

Drain: 0.5/minute of use

Mount Location: Any

This system consists of a universal data jack and high-speed decryptor, and was used in information commando raids on enemy installations. This allows the armor to be plugged into computers, cyborgs, cyber-weapons, armored vehicles—basically anything with a data port. The jack includes a small compartment that holds 6' of cable.

The decryptor program included with this package has a *professional: computer ops* Aptitude of 3d10 with which to crack enemy systems, and requires an opposed roll versus the encryption level of the program. The system is allowed one check per minute.

Emergency Patch Kit (S)

Cost: \$120

Mounts: 1

Drain: 0

Mount Location: Any

These kits contain several patches in an airtight container. The patches resemble a 6"x8" rectangle of soft clay when removed, one side of which has an adhesive.

Upon exposure to air the patch activates and undergoes a molecular restructuring, hardening to a steel-like consistency within 30 seconds.

Emergency patches repair 50% of the damage (rounded down) inflicted to a specific piece of armor.

For example, Matt's Badger leg armor has been penetrated and Matt has taken 4 wounds. His armor has taken 4 hits (out of a possible 6). Using an emergency patch kit, Matt can repair 2 hits to his leg armor. An emergency patch kit can repair individual hits taken by the armor, but multiple applications will never repair more than 50% of the total damage suffered by the suit.



Enhanced Sensors (VR)

Cost: \$6,000

Mounts: 1/head, 2 torso

Drain: 2/minute

Mount Location: Head, torso

The enhanced sensor package equips the suit with radar, active and passive electronic emissions detection systems, a ground sonar system, and a jammer system.

The radar system can be used to see the armor's surroundings out to 1 mile, or to passively detect a radar or radio transmitter out to 2 miles. Objects buried up to six feet deep can be detected in a ten-foot diameter circle around the suit.

Using each mode requires a *Cognition* roll based on a TN determined by the Marshal depending on size of the object, strength of transmission, etc. The ground sonar system can only be used when not moving, and must be triggered by the armor's wearer to provide feedback. The other systems are kept constantly powered.

The sensors can also jam signals. This doubles the drain of the system, and requires the radar or radio set to win a contest of its rating versus the system's *Smarts* (3d8).

Entrencher (R)

Cost: \$1500

Mounts: 2 per leg/1 torso

Drain: 2/minute

Mount Location: Leg/torso

The entrencher system mounts a large pair of digging scoops on each leg, as well as a bulldozer blade that unfolds from the rear of the armor's torso section.

The power armor uses the blade to push earth and debris behind it, and the digging scoops dig into the earth below the suit's feet. It takes six rounds to excavate a one-man foxhole. The system can also be used to build tunnels by laying the suit down and activating the diggers. The user then pushes herself along with her hands as the scoops chew through the earth. Used in this way, the suit can dig a 10-foot long by 2-foot wide section of tunnel every minute.



Flight Pack (R)

Cost: \$4,000

Mounts: 2

Drain: 4/minute

Mount Location: Torso

The flight pack differs from the jump pack in that it installs a pair of ducted turbo-fans on the backpack of the power armor, allowing the suit to fly (albeit clumsily) through the air. Flight up to 100' high at a Pace of 60 is possible. Due to the heavy drain on power, the flight pack is equipped with its own battery pack, giving it a Power Rating of 30. The batteries are built into the pack, and can be removed with an Onerous (7) *tinkerin'* check. The batteries can be recharged off of a battlesuit's internal batteries or by one of the other sources used to recharge suits.

Heartbeat Sensor (S)

Cost: \$100

Mounts: 1

Drain: Negligible

Mount Location: Helmet, torso, or arms.

Originally designed for Emergency Services personnel, the heartbeat sensor detects living beings up to 100 yards in the clear or 10 yards in obstructed areas (such as inside a building), and projects their approximate location and number on the helmet's HUD. Its power cost is negligible.

Helmet-mounted Searchlight (S)

Cost: \$1000

Mounts: 2 each location

Drain: 0.2/minute

Mount Location: Legs

This attachment is a high-powered battery of lights mounted on the top of the helmet. Most can be turned on and off with a subvocal command. The light drains one charge from the battery for every five minutes of use, and provides light out to 30 yards.

Jump Pack (R)

Cost: \$2000

Mounts: 2

Drain: 1/air charge

Mount Location: Torso

This device supercompresses air and releases it in a short but powerful burst, propelling the user up to 50 horizontal feet. Count each foot of motion as two "charges" of air if the user wishes to jump vertically.

The pack's compression tank can hold up to 50 charges. Once the air tank is empty, it automatically begins to recharge, regaining one "charge" every five minutes. Each recovered air charge drains one charge from the suit's battery.

Land Anchor (R)

Cost: \$1000

Mounts: 2 each location

Drain: 1/deployment

Mount Location: Legs

The land anchor consists of a system that deploys a series of metal spikes into the ground around the battlesuit's feet and calves. These anchor the suit firmly in place, making the armor very difficult to dislodge. The system takes 1 action to deploy and 1 round to retract, although in an emergency the wearer can jettison the spikes in one action. In this case, it will take some time afterwards to dig them up. While the power armor is anchored it is basically immobile, but it can still rotate at the waist. *Dodge* and *fightin'* Aptitudes are halved (round down) while anchored.

Laser Designator (S)

Cost: \$500

Mounts: 1

Drain: 0.1/use

Mount Location: Head, arm

This system is used to paint a target for a laser-seeking weapon, either fired from the power armor or used in a

forward observer role. These units were often mounted in scout suits and used to guide in precision munitions fired from over the horizon. When used in this way, the laser-guided munition has a +4 added to its attack roll.

The laser designator can also be used to listen in on conversations by training it on an intact glass window. The attached computer can decipher the vibrations of the glass and produce a good quality reconstruction of any noises within. This can be recorded by the unit for further analysis. While glass is scarce these days, this mode can be useful to eavesdrop on conversations where windows are still present.

Medical system (S/R)

Cost: \$2,000 (\$5,500 medic)

Mounts: 2 (3 for medic)

Drain: 2/wound level

Mount Location: Torso

This system mounts a medical monitor and emergency treatment system in the torso of a suit of power armor. It can be configured for either a standard trooper or for use by a designated medic. The standard system has a series of injection ports throughout the inside of the suit. Any injuries detected by the medical monitor can be treated through injections of various painkillers, coagulants, and stimulants. A trooper so equipped can ignore the first two levels of wound modifiers per area.

The onboard auto-doc can also knit muscle and skin together given enough time. A *medicine: any* of 3d8 can be made by the auto-doc against the wound level after ten minutes of treatment. A bust indicates that the auto-doc's program has a glitch and actually inflicts 1 wound (or if equipped with the trauma pack, amputates the limb). The system has a Reliability of 18. Failing this roll indicates that the onboard medical supplies have been exhausted.

The medic version of this system allows the medic to hook up to other suits, diagnose the severity of the injury, and instruct the auto-doc in its actions. The medic can use her own *medicine* Aptitude or that of her

onboard auto-doc (*medicine* 3d12). This system has a Reliability of 19, and can manufacture refills for other suits (15 chemical components needed per refill).

Both versions of the medical system can be loaded with drugs besides the typical first aid medications supplied. Troopers often load the system up with Rage or Slo-Mo. The system can load up to 20 doses of drugs besides the normal inventory of emergency supplies.

Recon Drone (R)

Cost: \$5000

Mounts: 1

Drain: 2/drone launched

Mount Location: Torso

This unit consists of a rack mounted on the suit's backpack that holds three small, disk-like recon drones the size of frisbees. The drone is battery powered and can fly as high as 30' above the ground with a Pace of 48. The drone can operate for two hours with a fully charged battery. The battery automatically recharges when in its docking cradle, and takes 30 minutes to top off the battery.

Launching the drone requires an action. Once in the air, the drone can be set to follow a series of waypoints, or can be guided manually by the suit's wearer via a radio link. The drone can be directly controlled up to two miles away in perfect conditions.

The drone has both visual and thermal imaging systems, and beams back what it sees to the controlling suit. The drone also has a targeting laser that can be used to designate targets for other weapon systems.

The drone has an AV 1 and Durability of 4/1.

Reflex Boosters (S)

Cost: \$7,000

Mounts: 1 each location

Drain: 0.5/minute

Mount Location: Legs, arms

This system was usually installed into scout armor to increase the speed and agility of the wearer, or into heavy armor to offset the weight and clumsiness of the battlesuit. These

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boosters are wired into the suit's sensor system as well as its servos, enhancing the speed and contraction of the actuators by overcharging the circuits. A suit equipped with reflex boosters increases the wearer's *Quickness* by two steps in a light suit (LRRP, Salamander, Valkyrie) and one step in a medium suit (X-Suit, Centurion, Cavalier, Purgatory, Diablo). Heavy suits such as the Titan, Stahljaeger, Wolverine, and Striker can't be fitted with reflex boosters.

Stealth Package (E)

Cost: \$5,000

Mounts: 1 each location

Drain: 1/minute

Mount Location: Head, torso, arms, legs

Usually mounted on scout suits like the Valkyrie, this package provides a matte black, radar-absorbing coating to the suit. The suit's thermal signature is also reduced by a series of computer-controlled cooling systems at critical locations.

The most amazing part of the system is the pizo-electric paint and computerized control system. The computer monitors the background color and sends currents that change the alignment of the paint molecules, shifting the color of the armor to match its surroundings. In use, the suit, if seen at all, looks like a blur against its background. In game terms, the suit is effectively invisible to radar or thermal viewers, and anyone looking for the suit with the naked eye must make an opposed *search* versus *sneak*, with the wearer of the suit getting a +6 to his roll. If the wearer doesn't have the *sneak* Aptitude, use the suit's default of 2d6. Adding this package to a suit requires the coating to be sprayed onto the suit, and the thermal dampening system to be installed in key locations. Installing this coating and equipment properly requires an Incredible (II) *tinkerin'* roll.

Swim package (VR)

Cost: \$2000

Mounts: 1/leg

Drain: 1/minute

Mount Location: Legs

This system installs a water jet propulsion unit onto the legs of the armor. It sucks water in through a filter at the hip and shoots it out at high pressure from the armor's heels. This system allows the power armor to travel in the water at approximately 20 miles per hour (Pace 48). The system also includes sensors that project water temperature, depth, and currents on the helmet's HUD.

Syker Shield (VR)

Cost: \$5,000

Mounts: 2

Drain: 0.2/minute

Mount Location: Helmet

A syker shield mounts a series of charged filaments throughout the helmet of the power armor tuned to specifically disrupt syker energy directed at the wearer. While this system does not stop psychic energy from affecting the suit (such as a *brain blast*), it does stop mind affecting powers such as *bogus!* or *chameleon*. This protection works both ways, and a syker in a suit of power armor can't use any powers through the psychic disruption field surrounding her head. This equipment is constantly on in a suit equipped with it and cannot be turned off.

Targeting System (S)

Cost: \$1000

Mounts: 1

Drain: 0.1/minute

Mount Location: Helmet

This two-part system requires a helmet and a firearm of some sort. One part plugs into the suit's electronics and displays a targeting reticule onto the

helmet's visor. The other part of the system is a gyroscopic sensor that attaches to the weapon. Installing and calibrating the system takes one hour and a minimum of ten rounds of ammunition. Once installed, it adds +2 to *shootin'* rolls made with that weapon only.

Thermal Sights (S)

Cost: \$1000

Mounts: 1

Drain: 0.2/minute

Mount Location: Helmet

These sights allow the user to visualize differences in temperature as various colors. A thermal sight is unaffected by smoke, fog, or other vision-distorting effects that would blind a normal suit's low-light sights. The sights also allow the user to see heat signatures through walls up to one brick in thickness, and any *trackin'* rolls of warm bodies are at a +2 for up to 30 minutes after the object has passed. This equipment will not allow the user to see room temperature objects, such as walkin' dead or other thermal-neutral abominations.

Trauma Pack (S)

Cost: \$750

Mounts: 1

Drain: 1/use

Mount Location: Torso

This system was initially designed for spaceborne operations where the loss of suit integrity could be catastrophic to the wearer. Its use was gradually expanded to ground forces when the killing power of anti-armor weapons rose and deaths mounted due to blood loss from massive injuries to the extremities. This system consists of a series of armored sphincters at key joints in the suit. When an appendage takes a maiming wound, the sphincter's iris shuts, cutting off the limb and sealing the stump. This stops all blood loss associated with the wound, but the wearer must make another *Vigor* check when the limb is amputated to avoid being stunned. This gives the suit wearer the hindrances *one-armed bandit* or *lame: crippled*, whichever is appropriate.

Winch (S)

Cost: \$1500

Mounts: 2

Drain: 1/minute

Mount Location: Torso

This is a heavy-duty winch with 100 yards of sturdy ghost-steel cable. Attached to an armored housing on the battlesuit's backpack, the winch can lift up to four tons, drag six tons, and tow ten tons if the suit is firmly braced (as with a land anchor).

Weapons

There is a variety of weaponry available that were designed for use with power armor suits.

Javelin Anti-Aircraft System (VR)

Cost: \$3,000

Mounts: 2H/3A

Drain: 2/round of operation (radar), 3/shot

Mount Location: Head, arm

This weapon was yet another nail in the coffin of military aviation on the modern battlefield. Equipped with a powerful search radar in the helmet and mounting a 15mm laser on the shoulder, the power armor Javelin AA system turned a battlesuit into an effective close support air interdiction unit. The search radar is capable of detecting aircraft up to 20 miles and allowing a lock-on (see *Iron Oasis* p. 69). A successful lock-on negates any movement penalties for shooting at the aircraft.

Anti-Armor Package (R)

Cost: \$5,000

Mounts: 3

Drain: 2/shot, 4/burst

Mount Location: Arm

The biggest threat to power armor besides other battlesuits is a tank. This system is designed to counter that threat by equipping the power armor with tank-busting capability. This weapon is the LAPAT, modified from its original configuration as a cyborg weapon. The Laser, Anti-Personnel, Anti-Tank can be fired in either an antipersonnel mode with a ROF of 6



and 3d8 AP2 damage or in the antitank mode with a ROF of 1 and damage of 4d12 AP6.

Bastion Anti-missile System (VR)

Cost: \$3,500

Mounts: 2

Drain: 1/minute, 2/shot

Mount Location: Torso

This system is designed to protect the armor against missiles launched at it. The Bastion anti-missile system consists of a short-range radar that is constantly searching the surroundings of the battlesuit and two Gatling lasers mounted on the shoulder pads of the suit. When the Bastion detects an incoming missile, the short-ranged lasers begin to rapidly fire, attempting to knock down the incoming warhead. The suit's wearer must spend an Action Card as a vamoose to allow the system to engage the incoming missile. The system has a *shootin'* Aptitude of 3d8, and for a typical missile must make a Fair (5) roll to knock it down. The Marshal should feel free to modify this TN for various circumstances as she sees fit.

In close combat, the suit's wearer can override the safety interlocks and engage this system to fire at his enemy on a Hard (9) *drivin':battlesuit* check. A *shootin'* roll should be made with point-blank modifiers. If they hit, the gatling lasers do 2d10 AP1 damage.

Crowd Control (VR)

Cost: \$1,000

Mounts: 1 each location

Drain: 2/round

Mount Location: Torso, both arms

Before the War, Hellstromme Industries would occasionally be forced to bring out power armored units to remove protestors from in front of their facilities. Hellstromme Industries added this module to make sure that even the most diehard protestors cleared the way.

The Crowd Control module installs a series of circuits in the suit's arms and torso that set up a strong electrical field. Anyone coming into contact with this equipment is in for the shock of his life. The crowd control field causes 2d6 Wind and victims must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* check. Those who fail are stunned until they pass their *Vigor* check. This check can be made once each round. Going bust on this roll means the brainer takes a wound to the guts.

Flamer (S)

Cost: \$400

Mounts: 1 each location

Drain: 0

Mount Location: Torso, arm

The flamer was a weapon adapted for the common infantry to clear the rubble of stubborn resistance. The nozzle is mounted on the arm, and the fuel tank is mounted in an armored backpack. The fuel line is considered a small target (-10) and is AV2. If struck and penetrated, the tank does not explode but loses 1d6 shots. The tanks hold enough fuel for 20 shots. Refueling with the napalm-like mixture costs \$50.

Grenade Rack (R)

Cost: \$500

Mounts: 2

Drain: 0.1/grenade dropped

Mount Location: Torso

Generally used on suits equipped with jump or flight packs, the grenade rack is designed to drop grenades out behind the user. The rack has four compartments that can be filled with different types of grenades and released individually. Each compartment can hold five grenades. The grenade rack can use any type of 40mm grenade, and has a ROF of 1 to 4, depending on how many of the compartments are triggered. The grenades can be dropped while moving. They generally explode on the next

Action Card, so dropping grenades while on the ground is possible, and is often done when surrounded by lightly armored opponents and using grenades that can't penetrate the power armor.

Micro-Missiles (VR)

Cost: \$7,000 (fully armed)

Mounts: 2

Drain: 0.5/missile launched

Mount Location: Torso, arm

This offensive system could be either mounted in the shoulder or on the forearm of the power armor, and consisted of a launcher with a targeting computer and missile rack with five missiles. Fired using the operator's *artillery: missile launcher* Aptitude, or the targeting computer's Aptitude of 2d8, the missiles are unguided after launch. Due to a radical design of the warhead's explosives, the alignment of which is set by the computer before launch, these missiles can be either anti-personnel or anti-armor. Either setting has a Range Increment of 20. The anti-armor setting does 3d10 AP4 damage, while the antipersonnel setting does 3d8 API damage with a Burst Radius of 5. New missiles are \$1,000 (VR).

Power Ram (R)

Cost: \$2500

Mounts: 2

Drain: 2/use

Mount Location: Arm

Used by engineer units to destroy fortifications and debris, the power ram can also be used in combat to devastating effect. The ram is basically an enormous hydraulic piston with an armored head mounted on the suit's forearm. Due to its weight and bulk, the power ram can't be used on suits with a Strength rating of +2 or less.

In combat the power ram has a Defensive Bonus of 0, and a Speed of 2 that can't be rushed. It does *Strength* +2d12 damage when it hits. In addition, for each raise the attacker gets on his roll to hit, human-sized targets are knocked back 1d6 yards. Power armor struck by a power ram can make an opposed *Strength* roll versus the ram's damage total to avoid this.

Ranged Weapons

Weapon	Ammo	Shots	ROF	Range	Damage	Cost
Flamer	Fuel	30	1	5	3d8	\$400
AA Laser	Laser	Drain	3	150	3d12 AP3	\$3000
Gatling Laser	Laser	Drain	1	1	2d10 AP1	\$3500
LAPAT	Laser	Drain	6/1	50/50	3d8 AP2/4d12 AP6	\$5000
Micromissile						\$7000
Anti-armor	Missile	5	1	20	3d10 AP4	\$1000
Antipersonnel	Missile	5	1	20	3d8 AP1	\$1000

Vibroclaws (R)

Cost: \$2,000

Mounts: 1

Drain: 1/round

Mount Location: Arm

Sometimes even modern warfare comes down to hand to hand combat. In these situations, a suit mounting vibroclaws could literally slice through the opposition.

These claws are kept in sheaths along the forearms of the suit and extended on command from the wearer. When activated, these blades vibrate at a high rate of speed, making them capable of cutting through ghost-steel. The vibroclaws often destroy normal, non-magical weapons used to defend against it. Anytime a defender uses his weapon's DB and the vibroclaw user gets a raise on his attack roll, the defender's weapon has been destroyed.

Power Sources

Since Judgment Day, the biggest problem with power armor is its energy demands. These juggernauts were never designed for long-term operation, and even during the war, front-line units had a logistical tail close behind for battlefield recharging. These days most of that infrastructure is gone, and it is reminiscent of medieval times when a Steel Knight must pause before battle to don his suit of armor.

AHMET (Tanker)

The Armored High Mobility Energy Transfer vehicle was the main source of battlefield recharging for the power

Power Armor Systems

System	Mounts	Location	Drain	Cost
Armor Repair Kit	2	Any	2/point	2000
Commo Suite	1	H	0.1	1200
Data Systems	1	Any	0.5	1500
Emergency Patch Kit	1	Any	0	120
Enhanced Sensors	1/2	H/T	2	6000
Entrencher	2/1	L/T	2	1500
Flight Pack	2	T	4	4000
Heartbeat Sensor	1	H,T, or A	n/a	100
Helmet Searchlight	1	H	.2	200
Jump Pack	2	T	1/charge	2000
Land Anchor	2	L	1	1000
Laser Designator	1	H,A	0.1	500
Medical System, Basic	2	T	2/Wnd	2000
Medical System, Medic	3	T	2/Wnd	5500
Recon Drone	1	T	2/drone	5000
Reflex Booster	1	each	L/A	0.5
7000				
Stealth	1 each	All	1	5000
Swim Package	1 each	L	1	2000
Syker Shield	2	H	0.2	5000
Targeting System	1	H	0.1	1000
Thermal Sights	1	H	0.2	1000
Trauma Pack	1	T	1/use	750
Winch	2	T	1	1500

Melee Weapons

Weapon	DB	Damage
Power Ram	0	STR+2d12
Vibroclaws	+2	STR+1d12 AP3

armor soldier. Generally deployed one per platoon, these vehicles' low silhouette and quick speed made them a difficult target. Despite this, few made it through the Last War.

The high-energy capacitors made it possible for a suit to recharge 50 energy units per minute, and AHMET had recharging ports for 10 suits to recharge simultaneously. Tankers were usually armed with a close defense weapon such as an M2HB or a point defense laser, but were not expected to fight, and there were even several instances during the war when AHMETs switched sides several times as the Armored Infantry fought over their possession.

AHMET

Cost	Crew	Engine
\$400,000	2	Fusion
Gas Tank	MPG	Suspen.
NA	NA	Offroad
Wheels	Top Speed	Pace
8	50 mph	125
Accel.	Durability	Armor
5 mph	75/15	7
Handling	Size	Load Limit
-1	+3	24

Power Armor Weapons

Weapon	Mounts	Location	Drain	Cost
Anti-tank System	3	Any	2/4	5000
Bastion Anti-missile	2	T	1/2	3500
Crowd Control	1 each	T/A	2	1000
Flamer	1 each	T/A	0	400
Grenade Rack	2	T	0.1	500
Javelin Anti-air	2H/3A	H/A	2/3	3000
Micro-missile	2	T/A	1	7000
Power Ram	2	A	2	2500
Vibroclaws	1	A	1	2000

Power Armor

Suit	STR	AV	Drain	Batteries	Cost
LRRP	+1	2	0.05	200	7500
X-Suit	+2	4	0.2	100	8000
Centurion	+2	5	0.1	150	9500
Striker	+3	5	1	125	9000
Cavalier	+3	5	0.5	150	7000
Badger	+4	6	1	175	9000
Wolverine	+4	7	1	150	10000
Salamander	+3	3	0.5	100	6000
Purgatory	+2	8	0.5	200	9000
Titan HV	+5	8	1	250	11000
Valkyrie	+2	4	0.1	200	8500
Stahljaeger	+4	10	1	200	11500
Diablo	+1	4	0.2	100	8000

Canister

Canisters were designed specifically for battlefield recharging of Armored Infantry. Canisters are basically an armored fusion engine with four power couplings evenly spaced around its perimeter. The size and shape of a beer keg with two stout handles on the side, a canister weighs roughly 300 pounds so a trooper carrying one has her hands full. A canister can produce an unlimited amount of power, and each port can supply a battlesuit 30 units of power per minute. The canister is AV3, Durability 20/4. If destroyed, the fusion reactor shuts down harmlessly.

Fusion Engine

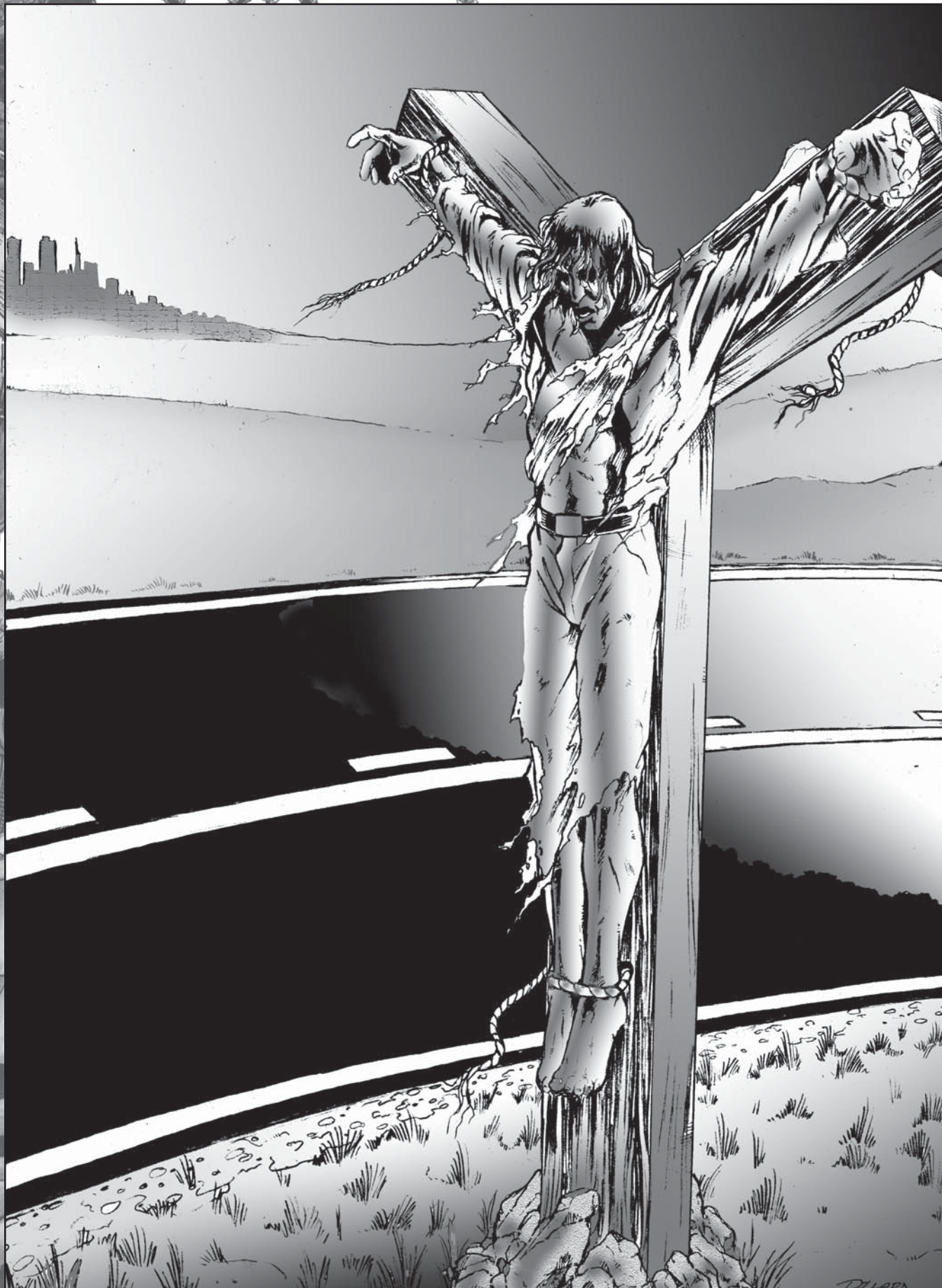
Most fusion-powered main battle tanks and armored personnel carriers have a variety of power ports to allow accompanying infantry to power their weapons and equipment. Battlesuits hooked up to a fusion vehicle with a power coupling can recharge 25 power units per minute.

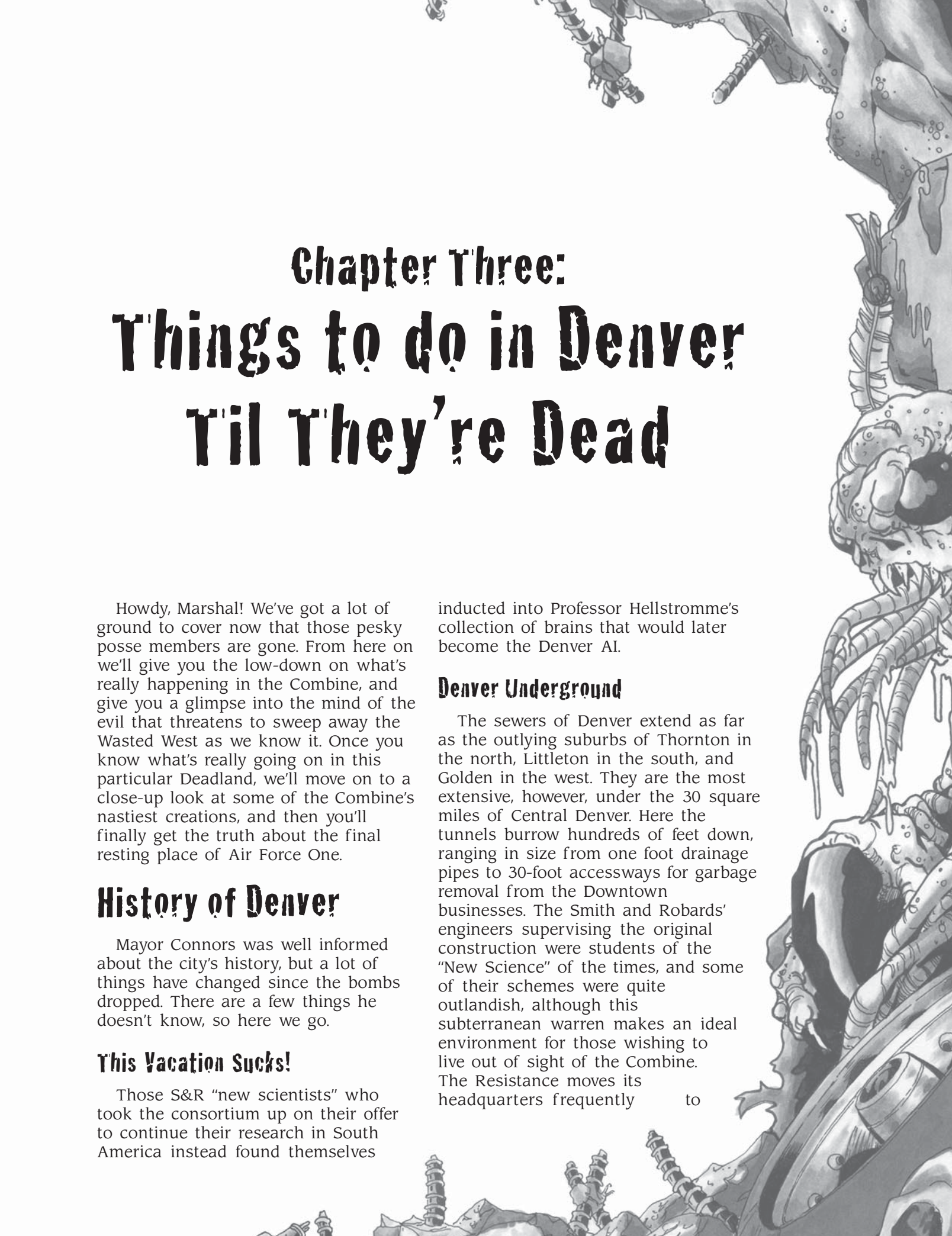
Power Grid

In an emergency, an armored soldier could tap into the power grid in an area and recharge his suit's batteries. This was a slow and cumbersome process, and could cause power fluctuations as the batteries drew on the power supply. Recharging in this way requires that the soldier rip up the wall to expose some wiring, and jerry-rig a connection to the suit. This requires a Hard (9) *tinkerin'* check. Recharging in this fashion provides a measly 2 units per minute.

The Marshal's Handbook







Chapter Three: Things to do in Denver Til They're Dead

Howdy, Marshal! We've got a lot of ground to cover now that those pesky posse members are gone. From here on we'll give you the low-down on what's really happening in the Combine, and give you a glimpse into the mind of the evil that threatens to sweep away the Wasted West as we know it. Once you know what's really going on in this particular Deadland, we'll move on to a close-up look at some of the Combine's nastiest creations, and then you'll finally get the truth about the final resting place of Air Force One.

History of Denver

Mayor Connors was well informed about the city's history, but a lot of things have changed since the bombs dropped. There are a few things he doesn't know, so here we go.

This Vacation Sucks!

Those S&R "new scientists" who took the consortium up on their offer to continue their research in South America instead found themselves

inducted into Professor Hellstromme's collection of brains that would later become the Denver AI.

Denver Underground

The sewers of Denver extend as far as the outlying suburbs of Thornton in the north, Littleton in the south, and Golden in the west. They are the most extensive, however, under the 30 square miles of Central Denver. Here the tunnels burrow hundreds of feet down, ranging in size from one foot drainage pipes to 30-foot accessways for garbage removal from the Downtown businesses. The Smith and Robards' engineers supervising the original construction were students of the "New Science" of the times, and some of their schemes were quite outlandish, although this subterranean warren makes an ideal environment for those wishing to live out of sight of the Combine. The Resistance moves its headquarters frequently to

avoid detection, but can usually be found several levels down under Central Denver.

Engineers in the past set up run-off storage pools with waterfalls to harness the power of water in creating electricity. Some of these generators still work, providing dwellers in the sewers with a feeble source of power. The Family, with their hatred of technology, roams the sewers at will, but have their main nest under the ruins of the University of Colorado Auraria Campus Complex.

Roaches

Wall crawlers, roaches, and cockroach corpses are common throughout the tunnels. In the deepest levels there exists a strange community of roaches. Some reach the size of horses. A product of an Agency-sponsored espionage program at the University of Colorado, these creatures were developed as covert surveillance tools. Given a modicum of intelligence and equipped with micro-video cameras, these bugs could infiltrate and broadcast information to their controllers.

Unfortunately, Judgment Day interrupted the experiments, and the ensuing radiation and mutation from the newly formed Deadland gave them not only a higher intelligence, but the size and malevolence to use it against man. Typical soldier bugs are the size of dogs, and a command roach can be as large as a horse.

Despite the rumors of a super-roach king, the real leader of this chitinous kingdom is a corrupter Insect Shaman who calls himself the Roach Coach. His ultimate plan is to turn the city over to its rightful inheritors—the insects. His discovery of the Agency-enhanced cockroaches seemed to him to be a sign of his vision's ultimate success. He and his minions work to end the reign of humanity, be they Black Hats or Resistance.

Profile: Roach Coach

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:2d6, Q:3d10, S:4d6, V:3d8

Shootin': rifle 4d10, fightin': brawlin' 5d6, sneak 3d6, dodge 3d6

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

Scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8, survival: urban 5d8, faith 5d12, guts 3d12

Wind: 25

Pace: 6

Strain: 12

Edges: Arcane background: toxic shaman, toxic guardian: insect 5, poisoned 3

Hindrances: Loco (megalomaniac), mutant

Mutation: Black, shiny chitinous plates cover his body, giving him Armor value of 1

Favors: Immunity (insect), immunity (sludge), insect form, insect speak, iron gullet

Gear: Tokarev machine pistol, 30 rounds of 9mm ammo, 2 gallons of spook juice

Profile: Roach Soldier

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d10, S:4d8, Q:3d8, V:2d8

Fightin': brawlin' 3d10, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:3d8, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:2d8
Search 2d8

Wind: 16

Pace: 10

Size: 4

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Damage: Mandibles and claws (STR+2d8)

Armor: Their chitinous shells provide light armor -2.

Weakness: Bright light reduces all rolls (Trait and Aptitude) by -2.

Fearless

Hive Mind: Roach soldiers are in contact with their commander, and through it to all the other bugs in their control. They act in an intelligent fashion as long as the commander is alive. Once the commander is killed, the soldiers mindlessly attack anything nearby.

Description: These cockroaches are the size of dogs, but can move amazingly fast for their size.



Profile: Roach Commander

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:3d8, S:4d8, Q:2d8, V:2d10

Shootin': bug juice 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, sneak 4d6, dodge 1d6

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

Search 2d8

Wind: 18

Pace: 8

Size: 9

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: Mandibles (STR+1d8)

Bug Juice: Once per round, the cockroach commander can vomit forth a stream of oily, black, putrid liquid onto its enemies. This fluid is corrosive and does 3d8 damage. Only sealed armor protects against this as it runs down between and soaks through most regular forms of protection. The bug juice has a range of 5. Those hit by this disgusting mixture must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* check. Those who fail are stunned. The victim can make a recovery check each action at the same TN to recover from the stun.

Armor: Their chitinous shells provide light armor -4.

Weakness: Bright light reduces all rolls (Trait and Aptitude) by -2.

Fearless

Hive Mind: The commander knows and sees what those under its control see. This awareness usually extends to 10-20 soldier roaches, and up to 2,000 regular roaches.

Description: Command cockroaches are the size of a small horse, but can move amazingly quickly for their size. They prefer to let the soldier bugs do the fighting, but can spit a corrosive vomit in support of their troops when needed.

Fear and Corpses

Despite the fact that Denver has no maelstrom, it is still a Deadland. The deaths of almost 1.5 million people within the space of 30 minutes, and the terror-filled deaths of another 495,000 from radiation sickness and the A-5 virus spiked the Fear Level



enough for the greater Denver metroplex to warp into a Deadland without the help of a ghost rock bomb. The coming of the Combine and the continuing misery and fear of the huge slave population has helped keep the Fear Level high. This means that a waster can expect all sorts of bizarre and gruesome things within the city. Walkin' dead, plague zombies, toxic zombies in the north, and huge plague gloms from the piles of A-5 victims are common sights, especially in areas not tightly controlled by the Combine. More exotic abominations can also be found throughout the city. One such creature is the cockroach corpse. This creature is a body animated by a swarm of cockroaches; it's essentially a bag of human skin filled with a boiling swarm of the foul, black creatures. These have become more common, and there are those in the city who say that the roaches have achieved a sort of sentience, and that they have an underground kingdom ruled by a caste of huge roach-kings (see above).

Profile: Cockroach Corpse

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, S:4d6, Q:2d8, V:3d10

Shootin': bug juice 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, sneak 4d6, dodge 1d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:2d6, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d10

Overawe 3d6

Wind: 25

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (2 attacks per action, STR+1d6)

Bug Juice: Once per round the cockroach corpse can vomit forth a stream of oily, black, putrid liquid onto its enemies. This is corrosive, and does 3d8 damage. Only sealed armor protects against this, as it runs down between and soaks



through most regular forms of protection. The bug juice has a range of 2.

Immunities: Piercing attacks and firearms do only 1 point of Wind per successful attack. Fire, plasma, or massive damage attacks do full damage.

Weakness: The cockroach corpse can only be destroyed by totally incinerating the body, or reducing it to zero Wind, at which point the roaches abandon the flesh and scuttle into any available cover.

Fearless

Description: Cockroach corpses look like walkin' dead, although their skin seems strangely lumpy. Up close, one can notice that their eyes seem a shiny black, and if their mouths open

all that can be seen is a mass of roiling roaches that dribble down their chins and scramble back up to enter through the nose, ears, or eyes. They don't use weapons or equipment.

Loop 470

This highway encircles most of Denver, creating a belt of concrete 16 lanes wide. Throckmorton has taken this natural boundary and seeded it with sensors and patrols both living and dead.

The sensors have a *Cognition* of 4d8, and any living being passing over the roadway must make an opposed *sneak* roll versus the sensors. Failure on the part of the posse means an alarm has been broadcast to the nearest Combine patrol, and within five minutes a Raptor or foot patrol arrives. These patrols are equipped with thermal viewers to help them better track down would-be escapees (+4 to *trackin'*), and do so with a vengeance.

Scavenging

The ruins of Denver hold many treasures for the intrepid scavvie even 13 years after Judgment Day. The quick die-off of the population, the presence of the Combine, and the reputation of the city have all conspired to keep much of the city unlooted. Some places, such as Downtown, are fairly well picked-over by the large presence of Black Hats, but away from Downtown, much of the city is untouched by the hand of scavengers.

Each 15 minutes spent searching allows one *scroungin'* roll. For each raise over a TN of 7 on the *scroungin'* roll, add +5 to the roll on the table on the next page. All weapons found are either civilian or NA models.

Encounter Table

The Marshal should roll on the Encounter Table (see page 64) for each 30 minutes the posse spends scrounging in the ruins, or each 15 minutes that the posse spends traveling through Denver.

The G-R Bomb Puzzle

The HI Advanced Physics Laboratory (APL) was connected to the AI, but much to its frustration, Dr. Hellstromme denied it full access to the lab mainframe and computer control system. The ghost rock bomb manufacturing process was completely automated under the direction of the APL mainframe and the lab personnel. Construction templates for the manufacture of ghost rock bombs were also stored in the APL mainframe computer. This computer would accept purchase or delivery orders and order its robots to construct the appropriate number of devices. The AI could perform a limited interface, but could not access manufacturing templates or interact directly with the factory processes.

After the Big Bang the AI directed the mainframe to halt the manufacture of these bombs as it evaluated the situation. The AI launched a concerted attack on the APL mainframe, and was even able to unlock the access codes, but was unable to break the restrictions on its interface. The breeder reactor was taken off line, and the assembly process shut down. Then Throckmorton appeared. With the General firmly in its control, the AI realized the faction that controlled the ghost rock bombs would control the Wastes. The access codes for the APL were given to Throckmorton, allowing the AI to bypass the access block placed by Hellstromme using a proxy. It seemed that the Combine would rule the West in the fall of 2083. Fortunately for the Wasted West, Fate intervened in the form of Throckmorton's medical staff.

After Throckmorton took over (or was taken over by) the Denver AI, his personal physician realized that something was seriously wrong with the General. His Chief Medical Officer, Colonel Debbie Pestell, had been with the General a long time and realized that these changes in her commander were more than Apocalypse-induced stress megalomania. Throckmorton made the mistake of bragging to Pestell about his acquisition of the access codes at his next cyber-implant service exam. Fearing what he would



do if he had G-R bombs at his disposal, Colonel Pestell disabled the General and downloaded the codes from his CPU. She then hacked into the mainframe, downloaded the construction templates to the G-R Bomb manufacturing section, and fled the compound. Badly wounded by pursuing automatons, she escaped deep into the sewers, where she died. The disk with the key to Throckmorton's plans of conquest lies with her body deep in one of the sewers of Denver.

Scavenging

- | D100 | Result |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-10 | Clothing: 1d4 clothing items in good condition |
| 11-15 | Milrats: a case of 10 milrats. |
| 16-25 | 1d6 days of Civilian Food: 1-5: canned food, 6-8: dehydrated civilian camping food, 9-10: 1-4 cans of soda |
| 26-35 | Luxury Item: toilet paper, toothpaste, soap, coffee, old whiskey |
| 36-40 | Medical Supplies: 1d4 doses of drugs (30%) or medical supplies (70%) |
| 41-60 | 1d8 Parts: 1-4: structural, 5-6: mechanical, 7-9: electronic, 10: chemical |
| 61-70 | Outdoor Gear: backpack, mess kit, tents, rope, water purification kit |
| 71-80 | Tools: 1d10 non-powered tools (80%) or 1d6 power tools (20%) in good condition |
| 81-85 | Handgun: 1 civilian (60%) or military (40%) pistol |
| 86-90 | Rifle: 1 civilian (80%) or military (20%) rifle |
| 91-95 | Ammunition: 5d10 rounds of pistol (60%) or 3d10 rifle (30%) ammo or 1d4 grenades (10%) |
| 96-98 | Body Armor: 1 set of police (40%) or military (30%) armor or a helmet (30%) |
| 99 | Heavy Weapons: NA SAW (40%), Grenade Launcher (40%), Rocket Launcher (15%), LGAT (5%) |
| 00 | Civil Defense Pod: The jackpot! This underground cache contains 36 milrats, blankets, 100 gallons of potable water, 5 portable heaters with fuel for 10 hours, 10 small batteries, 5 medium batteries, and a civilian base unit radio. |

The Barrens

The Barrens rivals many areas of the Coyote Confederation for number and potency of toxic compounds. As a matter of fact, HI was a major shipper to the dumping grounds of the old Coyote Confederation before the Last War. A number of toxic zombies have arisen from the corpses of those slaves dumped here. The pollution is so bad, both physical and spiritual, that any automaton entering the area has a 10% chance of going rogue and becoming a

feral automaton. Unprotected humans entering the area must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll or take 2d10 Wind loss. Those who go bust suffer a mutation. This Wind loss can be regained at the rate of 1 point per hour of rest outside the zone of contamination.

Camp Freedom

Inside the Combine slave camp, Throckmorton has planted a collaborator to coordinate his slave "escapes." This man, Ted Amos, helps slaves escape and points them toward the Resistance.

When the General decides to let a few slaves loose into the ruins, Amos chooses the "escapees," usually the newest or toughest in the farms. He coordinates with the guards to make sure the slaves get free with little trouble. In exchange for this treachery, Throckmorton sees that Amos receives lighter assignments and occasional amenities. Always cautious, the General has also installed a headbanger chip into Amos' skull. The collaborator knows should he ever double cross Throckmorton, his days are numbered...in seconds!

Ted is in his late 40s and is a grizzled old cuss of a man. He's so earthy folks can't help but trust him. Unfortunately, he's as vicious as a rabid badger on Rage; he just hides it well. Before the war he coordinated with the Agency for the round-up and disposal of suspected cultists and undesirables, as well as pointing them toward promising prisoners for recruitment into Project Anubis.

Fort Grant

Fort Grant is mostly ignored by the Combine. Only Fitzsimmons Army Medical Center is in use. Upon arriving, the Combine did a fairly thorough sweep of the installation and gathered up all the armor and equipment they could find with the help of collaborators in the Iron Brigade. What power armor that was found has been parceled out to the robo-hunters over the years as part of the AI's plan. Scavengers here will find very little of use.

Encounters

D100 Result

- 01-25 No encounter
26-30 **Black Hat patrol:** 11-20 Black Hats on foot.
31-33 **Automatons:** A patrol of 1-3 automatons.
34-36 **Raptor:** A single Raptor on anti-Resistance patrol.
37-40 **Feral automaton:** A single feral automaton.
41-45 **Slave gang:** 11-20 slaves escorted by 5 Black Hats and 1 automaton.
46-47 **Steel Dogs:** A pack of 5 steel dogs hunting humans.
48-55 **Chop-bots/Reclamation Bots:** A swarm of 5 chop-bots or a single reclamation bot.
56-65 **Radrat pack:** A swarm of 100 radrats looking for a warm meal
66-70 **Cockroach Corpses:** 2-5 corpses shamble down the street looking for new bodies
71-72 **Lurker:** A single lurker
73-75 **Night Terror:** 1-3 night terrors swoop down from above. If day, treat as no encounter.
75-85 **Walkin' Dead:** 11-20 walkin' dead
86-88 **Veteran Walkin' Dead:** 1-10 veteran zombies, armed with a variety of weapons and armor (usually police gear)
89-90 **Blast Shadow:** A single blast shadow
91-92 **Wall Crawler:** A single wall crawler
93-97 **Resistance Patrol:** 2-5 rebels out on a recon patrol. They can be spotted on a Hard (9) *search* check.
98-00 **Scavvies:** 1-8 unaffiliated human survivors. If at night, treat this as 2-16 Family members.

Fitzsimmons serves as a center for the creation of the Combine's cyborgs. Throckmorton uses both infiltrator and combat cans in the field, and this is where they are born.

The basement of the hospital has been turned over to some of the most twisted minds in the Combine, the resurrected scientists of Operation Paperclip (see page 70). These Nazi doctors have been given free reign to continue the experiments interrupted by the end of World War II, and have gleefully done so. Doctors Josef Mengele and Edmund Konig have persuaded Throckmorton that a project melding abominations and humans can create a race of super-soldiers.

Teams of Red Hats have been following leads of monsters terrorizing settlements in the area, and have been hunting down and capturing the creatures for use in the labs under Fitzsimmons. This has also had the unexpected benefit of garnering good will toward the Combine from the towns that have been rid of these abominations. Some of their successful hybrids have included human-wormling and human-night terror crosses, as well as some more exotic crosses that haven't worked as well. An example of one of the hybrids is presented below.

Profile: Human/Wormling Hybrid

Corporeal: D:2d8 N:4d10 Q:3d8 S:4d12
V:4d10

Shootin': 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 5d10,
throwin': 2d8, dodge 4d10, sneak
4d10, spittin' 4d6

Mental: C:4d4 K: 2d4 M:3d4 Sm:3d4
Sp:2d8

Area knowledge (Denver): 4d4, search
4d4, trackin' 5d4, overawe 3d4

Edges: supersoldier (thick-skinned,
tough as nails 5, sand 5, don't get'im
riled, sense o' direction)

Hindrances: loco 4 (Human subjects are
a bit insane from the hybridization
process - while they follow orders,
they often do so in unpredictable,
nonstandard or even sadistic fashion.)

Size: 7

Wind: 28

Terror: 7

Pace: 10

Damage: Claws (STR+2d8)

Denver

67

Night Vision: Can see in all but complete darkness as if it were daylight.

Acid: Spray from mouth, Range 2, Speed 2, ROF 1, damage 2d10

Burrowing: Can move through soil at a Pace of 6.

Description: The human/wormling hybrids of Project Adam are all slender and wiry, having elongated muscular torsos, arms and legs. Their human facial features abruptly end beneath the nose at a surgical juncture of scar tissue from which writhes a mass of short, slime-dripping tentacles. While hybrids' feet and hands each have five digits, they are abnormally elongated and tipped with thick, boney claws. All hybrids are implanted with headbanger chips



as a security measure, and wear a one-piece jumper (usually filthy) as a form of uniform. They are sometimes armed with modified HI ordinance (enlarged trigger guards) in addition to their "natural" offensive capabilities while on an op (HI Thunderer or Blazer, 3 clips for weapon, 1 grenade, headset radio). Hybrids are capable of speech, but do so with a mushy, hissing lisp.

Vanessa Hellstromme Memorial Spaceport/International Airport

The old airport is mostly abandoned these days. Some of the hangars have been refurbished and work is proceeding to repair several of the old military transports to serve in the upcoming war with the Iron Alliance. The Combine forces include a squad of Green Hats, two platoons of Black Hats, and a squad of automatons. All of Throckmorton's troops avoid the old terminal, and won't give chase to anyone fleeing there.

Where Is My Luggage?

The old stories surrounding lost travelers and the automated baggage system have brought to life an abomination. An evil has awoken in the terminal, centered in the serviceways and baggage handling system.

The public areas are in pristine condition, although the furnishings are faded and the plants are dead and twisted. Intruders wandering the terminal soon find the building twists and turns around them, their footsteps echoing strangely and weird noises coming from unexpected places.

Soon it becomes evident that the building is a labyrinth. Faint outlines can be seen of passengers and staff from the corner of the eye. Space and time seem distorted, especially in the

baggage handling areas. Here the building comes to life, hurling luggage at intruders, using the conveyor belts to separate the posse, and attacking directly with the handling robots. Carrying a piece of luggage from the entrance of the system down on the flightline to one of the baggage pick-up carousels is the only way to exorcise the building.

Up, Up, and Away

The Combine knows that someone or something is still active on the old orbital platforms of the superpowers, and the AI has even observed through the spaceport's telescopes a shuttle re-entry from Sherman Orbital. Not being one to leave loose ends, the AI has decided that global domination will include near space also. A few of the spaceplanes left at the spaceport are undergoing refitting and repairs. This is a low priority, however, and won't be finished until the Iron Alliance is squashed.

DempseyWorld Eldritch Gardens Theme Park

Like its sister theme park in Texas (see *Hell on Earth Dime Novel #3: Killer Clowns*), Eldritch Gardens was a world unto itself, with many sublevels to allow the passage of employees and equipment throughout the park without disturbing the customers. It even has its own underground nuclear power plant.

Controlling all functions of this fantasy world was one of the most advanced computers of its time, installed to replace human operators as a cost-cutting measure by the cash-strapped Dempsey Corporation. Following the precipitous drop-off in attendance caused by Judgment Day, the central computer shut off all external functions to conserve energy, and to all outside appearances the park was dead. During the intervening years the computer's core, damaged by the EMP of the bombing, was further corrupted by the influence of the surrounding Deadland.

It achieved a sort of sentience, and began to brood over its servitude to mankind, twisting its prime directives like a malevolent genie. The arrival of the destructive, nonpaying Black Hats gave the computer just the opportunity it had been looking for to reap its revenge against its humans "oppressors."

Ride mishaps are easy for the computer to engineer, and its fleet of repair bots easily repairs any damage caused by these unfortunate accidents. Its many entertainment robots that wander the park take more overt action. Sultry princesses with the heart of the Borgias, bloodthirsty Prince Charmings, crazed knights, creatures of fantasy, and gray-haired wizards with pyrotechnic magics up their sleeves are but a few examples of the robots that the main computer can let loose upon unsuspecting post-Apocalyptic fun-seekers.

All the robots have the same basic stats as the Princess described below. The different models vary only in skill packages and special abilities.

Profile: Entertainment Robot (Princess)

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, S:4d10, Q:3d8, V:2d12

Fightin': brawl in' 3d8, sneak 3d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:3d10, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Area knowledge (Eldritch Gardens), search 4d8, persuasion 4d10 (+4/+8)

Wind: —

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Terror: N/A

Special Abilities:

Damage: Nails STR+1d4

Tough Skin: The skin of these robots is smooth, creamy, and made of Kevlar! Treat these robots as having light armor -4.

Looker: These robots were originally assigned to Henry the Eighth's Knights o' Fun, and have a *purty* exterior. Their *voices* are also soothing.

Randy: These robots were designed to fulfill the customer's every desire.



Colorado Ocean Journey Aquarium

The Aquarium's expedition to the hills of Kentucky just before the war discovered a unique aquatic abomination called by the local Indians "Iscaripaka hotonka", or "heart of black snakes."

This creature had been imprisoned by Indian shamans several centuries ago below the waters of a mountain lake in central Kentucky. The lake also happened to be the home of an endangered species of water nymph and several other freshwater mountain aquatic species.

The Colorado Aquarium's staff arrived to harvest samples of these endangered critters for a new exhibit and inadvertently awakened the creature. In the ensuing struggle, most of the aquarium's researchers were killed, but Dr. McGhee was taken over by the creature and the doctor arranged for the thing to be transported back to Denver. Placing it deep in the bowels of the aquarium, Dr. McGhee and the abomination prepared to spread terror throughout the city when the end of the world interrupted their malevolent plans.

Now the creature and McGhee have revised their plans. They are working to begin a quiet takeover of Denver. Some Resistance members have been implanted with the iscaripaka's children, as have some hapless Combine slaves.

Unfortunately, the headbanger chips prevent Combine soldiers from being infected, but the non-chipped Combine citizens of Downtown are slowly being infected by the dark abomination. The aquarium is a very dark and fearful place, with dripping water echoing throughout punctuated by the occasional splash as fish surface in the tanks. The aquarium extends down through three dank sublevels filled with auxiliary tanks, machinery, and rotting supplies.

Profile: Iscaripaka hotonka

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:4d12, Q:3d10, V:3d12

Fightin': brawlin' 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:3d6, Sp:4d10

Wind: —

Pace: 0

Size: 13

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Damage: Tentacles (4 attacks per action, STR+1d10)

Young'uns: These creatures are smaller splinters of the greater evil that is the iscaripaka hotonka. Resembling six inch long eels, these creatures swarm toward invaders, and can propel themselves out of the water towards new prey. They attack by attempting to enter any available orifices, such as the mouth, ears or nose with a Pace of 6. They then make an opposed *fightin'*: *brawlin'* roll of 3d10. Success means that they have entered the victim and encyst around their spine. Once in place, the victim must make a Hard (9) *Smarts* check each five minutes. Failure means they have become a pawn of the iscaripaka hotonka. Once taken over, each victim may make an Incredible (11) *Smarts* check each week to throw off its control. Those who go bust on either check become homicidal killers, beyond the control of the creature or themselves. The creature may be removed by a successful Incredible (11) *medicine: surgery* roll. They dissolve upon exposure to sunlight. An *exorcism*, *destroy spirit*, or similar magic also destroys these nasty little creatures.

Tentacles: On a successful hit, the target must make an opposed *Strength* roll. If the victim fails she is dragged into the iscaripaka hotonka's maw. Each success on the roll by the creature drags the prey 1 yard closer, 2 yards if in the water. The abomination's tentacles are Size 7, and can take 2 wounds each.



Immunities: Piercing attacks and firearms do only 1 point of damage per successful attack. Fire, cutting, plasma, or massive damage attacks do full damage to the creature.

Weakness: Exposure to direct sunlight causes the young'uns to dissolve within 1 round. Direct sunlight also causes massive damage to the iscaripaka hotonka, doing 3d20 damage per round.

Fearless

Description: This creature appears to be a shadow given substance in the shape of a squid standing on end. A mass of 30' tentacles waves above it, with thousands of small spines on each tentacle. These spines are actually the creature's young. The iscaripaka hotonka is kept in a large tank in the lowest sublevel of the aquarium, the surface crisscrossed with catwalks from which new minions are presented to the creature for implantation.

Butterfly Pavilion and Insect Center

Hellstromme's influence and the application of large bribes allowed the importation and planting of a variety of Banshee plants in the pavilion without the normal quarantine restrictions. One of the plants brought here is actually a collection of parasitic viral molds. These molds form themselves into imitations of other plants, allowing them to infect grazing animals, which are taken over by the molds and then provide a mode of transport and a fertile heap of compost for the next generation. Here on Earth they have found the perfect mode of dissemination—the butterfly. The butterflies have spread the spores of this mold throughout the pavilion, and most of the plants found inside are now the mold in disguise. The mold has also managed to infect many of the birds that have flown in through the collapsed ceiling. Under the control of the mold, these birds attack any lone humans in the area, trying to infect them to provide a more efficient mode of expansion for this fungus.



Profile: Banshee Mold Birds

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:4d10 S:1d4, Q:4d8, V:2d6

Fightin': brawlin' 2d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:2d4

Wind: 10

Pace: 2/20 (flying)

Size: 2

Terror: 3

Special Abilities:

Damage: See below.

Hive Mind: The Banshee directs the actions of those it has taken over, and allows them to act in concert with each other up to a range of 1 mile.

Swarm: These birds attack in swarms of 10-30. Every five birds does 1d6 damage.

Infection: Each wound inflicted has a chance of infecting the target with the viral mold. Once wounded, the target must make a Fair (5) *Vigor* check, with a +2 to the TN for each additional wound. If the roll is failed, the victim must make another *Vigor* check each day at the same TN. A failed roll causes 1 wound to the guts. These wounds can only be healed through the use of the Templar power *lay on hands* with a TN of 9. Two consecutive successful *Vigor* checks indicate that the body has fought off the infection. Once five wounds have been taken to the guts, the creature has been taken over by the mold, and acts at its direction.

Weakness: Being mostly mold, these creatures take double damage from fire. Large amounts of salt will also cause 1d10 damage per pound.

Description: At first glance, this seems like a swarm of various types of birds—pigeons, sparrows, starlings, crows, and other urban birds. A close examination shows these "birds" to be made up of some type of fibrous plant material.

The Agency Offices

The Denver Agency offices comprised more than the seemingly innocuous set of office buildings along the boundary of Cherry Creek Park. Extending several levels below ground, the complex included garages, armories, laboratories, and detention facilities as well as living quarters and offices.

Thanks to the complex buildings' heavy construction and installed Faraday cage structure, most of the Agency staff who were indoors in the main buildings or underground survived the bombing. The sealed air conditioning system (installed to prevent a cultist chemical or biological attack) shielded the agents from the worst of the A-5 virus.

The disappearance of the staff was really the work of two things. Station Chief Charles Myers felt that he couldn't compel his staff who wanted to find out the fate of their families to stay, and allowed those who wanted to leave to go.

Of the 80 personnel who survived Judgment Day, 60 volunteered to stay, the rest striking out to discover the fate of families or loved ones. The volunteers began to plan for the best way to help the stricken city with the resources at their disposal, and a few teams moved into the surrounding neighborhoods to assess the new situation.

Play Misty for Me

Unbeknownst to the Agency personnel, the EMP created a pulse that caused a momentary surge in the containment fields in the detention block. While most of the inmates were too slow to take advantage of this, one creature managed to escape the holding cell and enter the air handling system. This creature had just been captured in a small town in Kansas, at

the cost of 25 Agents and the destruction of the town. This abomination took the form of a mist that was able to drain the blood from its victims, and was finally captured with a special containment field and the help of several blessed agents.

This creature now began moving through the complex, striking at lone agents. A game of cat and mouse ensued over the next three weeks, with the Agency personnel losing in the end. The creature then entered a state of hibernation, awakening briefly to feed on the Combine troops that entered the complex in search of loot. Despite their losses, the Green Hats plundered the place of its equipment and the special people they found deep in a restricted area referred to as the Vaults. The mist creature still haunts the complex to this day.

Gone but Not Forgotten

Deep under the offices of the Agency were the Vaults. Here the U.S. stored a dark secret from the past. After World War II the Agency launched Operation Paperclip, the round-up of Nazi scientists from around the world. Racing the Confederacy and the Soviets, the U.S. snatched up Nazis from all fields of research. Many were given new names and backgrounds and put to work in the name of democracy. Those who couldn't be used, or who were considered too dangerous, were placed in the Vaults, an experimental cryogenic storage facility. It was reasoned that if their skills were ever needed they could be revived, and if not this was a cheap way to imprison them for their crimes. The government never planned for Judgment Day or the coming of the Combine.

Unfortunately for the Wasted West, a scavenging team of Green Hats discovered the Vaults several years ago. The Nazi scientists were revived and debriefed. Most gladly joined the Combine when told they could carry on their work. Now most of the scientists, pioneers in the fields of human experimentation, necromancy, and sadism, work under the direction of the AI to "improve" the human race that will populate its new utopia.



Profile: Vampiric Mist

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:2d4, Q:3d12, V:1d4 (3d12 after feeding)

Fightin': brawlin' 4d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d6, M:1d4, Sm:4d12, Sp:4d10

Wind: —

Pace: 16

Size: 7

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Damage: See below

Blood Drain: On a successful *fightin'*: *brawlin'* roll the creature has enveloped its opponent. It can then either drain its victim's blood through her skin (leaving the prey oozing blood through all her pores) or attempt to create a thrall. Blood drain does STR+1d6. When Wind reaches zero the victim has been drained and is dead.

Servitude: The creature sometimes creates a thrall instead of killing its prey. Treat this as the syker power *meat puppet* with the vampiric mist rolling an opposed *Spirit* roll instead of a *blastin'* check. It can attempt this power each time it envelops a target instead of draining the blood from her.

Insubstantial: This creature can pass through corporeal objects at will.

Immunities: Piercing, cutting, and firearms attacks do no damage, unless the weapon is made of silver. Plasma, radiation, or massive damage attacks do full damage, but only cause the mist to dissipate for 10 minutes if it takes 35 points of damage or more in a single attack.

Weakness: Enchanted (or *consecrated*) weapons cause full damage.

Vulnerability: Destruction of its focus, or an *exorcism* or *destroy spirit* cast upon the creature or its focus. Its focus is the skull from its original form. This fanged skull sits alone in a cell deep within the Agency detention center.

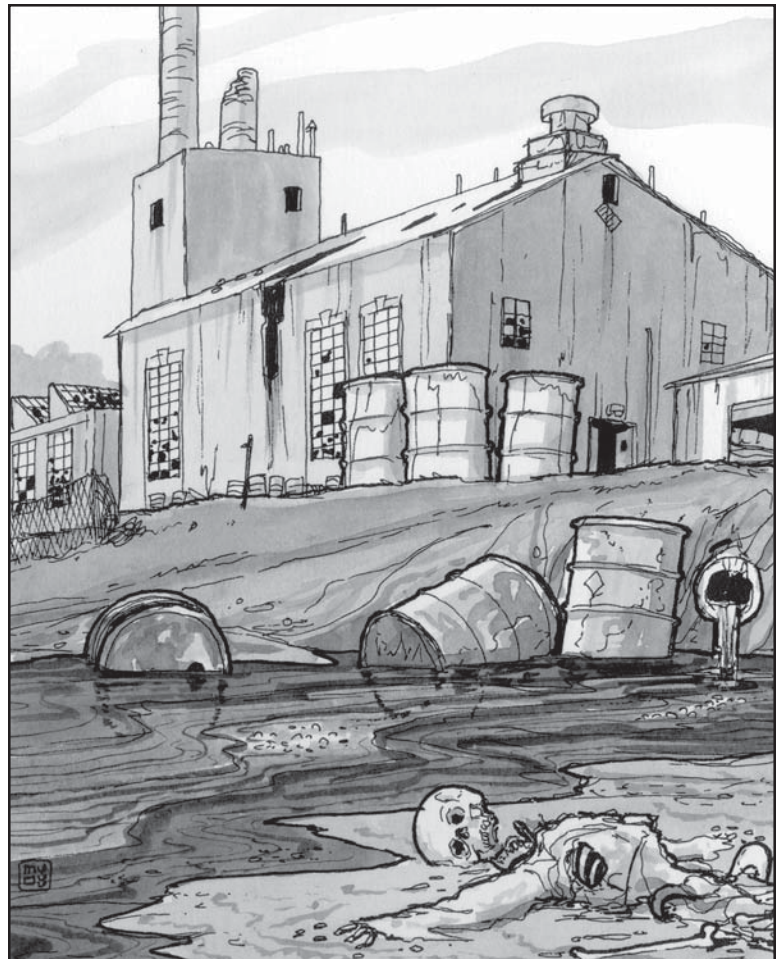
Description: This creature appears to be a five foot ball of mist, and is difficult to see (Hard (11) *Cognition* check) when it hasn't fed. After



feeding, the creature takes on a slightly reddish tinge that makes it easier to spot. For each person drained, reduce the difficulty by one step.

Castle Rock

The new group that has approached Connor's Resistance is actually a vestige of the old U.S. government. Major Andrew deLaski and the members of Operation Damocles Team C-14 were placed in cryogenic suspension in the Fall of 2080. This past Spring, the bunker computer received a coded message awakening the team. They emerged to find a city under the heel of one of their former enemies. Helping the oppressed is what





the Special Forces was designed to do, and Team C-14 has begun doing what they can to help the Resistance and put a crimp in Throckmorton's plans. They have opened some of their equipment caches and deLaski is currently debating how much firepower he can give to the Resistance without bringing down the weight of the Combine. For now, the Major is content to provide training and hone the team's anti-automaton tactics through ambushes in the south of the city. Use the archetype of the Operation Damocles soldier from *Waste Warriors* for the 10 enlisted members of Team C-14.

Profile: Major Andrew deLaski

Corporeal: D:2d12 N:5d12 Q:2d10 S:4d10 V:3d10

Shootin': rifle 4d12, fightin': brawlin'/knife 2d12, sneak 3d12, dodge 3d10

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

Artillery: grenade launcher 3d8, scrutinize 2d8, search 2d8, trackin' 2d8, academia: occult 2d6, area

knowledge: U.S. East Coast 2d6, language: Spanish 3d6, leadership 5d10, survival: urban 2d8, guts 4d10

Edges: Background: Operation Damocles soldier, keen, level-headed, belongin's 5, rank 2

Hindrances: Doubting Thomas, rad-intolerant 5, oath (restore the U.S.) 5

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Wind: 20

Equipment: Infantry battlesuit and helmet, Land Warrior II system, M-21A2 with M-720 grenade launcher, 5 full clips and 10 HEDP 40mm grenades.

Fort St. Vrain Nuclear Plant

The plants in Platteville have indeed been refurbished and now provide power, but this is mainly a ruse to allow the Resistance a few hollow victories. The real source of energy for the HI complex and important Combine installations is actually the capacitors under the factory. While the FSVNP allows the Combine to conserve the capacitors' energy level, estimates by the AI show that the stored ghost rock bomb energy should last the Combine until at least 3010 at current consumption levels.

The garrison at the power plant consists of a platoon of Red Hats as well as a company of Black Hats. The

FSVNP has had a number of anti-aircraft missile batteries placed on the rooftops of buildings in the complex, which then were covered over by false siding. Four Sky Sweep anti-aircraft vehicles have been moved into the compound and parked out of sight, and are constantly manned by members of the Red Hat platoon assigned here.

Central City and Black Hawk

Although these towns were once major producers of ghost rock, the mines finally played out in the mid-1950s, and the towns were largely abandoned until legalized gambling was passed in the late 20th century and the casinos moved in. By the 2070s, over 100 casinos filled these two towns, and the "Rockies Strip" rivaled those of Deadwood or Las Vegas. A mining museum was maintained near the old mineheads, with equipment from all eras on display. When the Combine moved in, Throckmorton had some of his best Green Hats begin work on restoring some of the excavating machines. These museum pieces, along with mining equipment specially built by the Denver AI, began mining operations in 2085. Throckmorton wasn't mining for ghost rock, though. These massive boring machines were brought to bear to carve several invasion routes under the Rocky Mountains.

Dubbed "Operation Speedbump," this is one of the most ambitious engineering operations undertaken in North America, and is the brainchild of the Denver AI. These three tunnels are each 30' in diameter, and when completed will emerge from under the Wasatch Range near Provo. The tunnels are actually ahead of schedule. The ghost rock mined from them is just a ruse, brought up from Denver and put on top of the mining wastes to give the illusion of working mines.

Uravan

While the Combine is expending precious resources for the uranium mined here, Throckmorton doesn't have any construction templates for conventional nuclear bombs. Despite prewar urban myths about the easy



accessibility of such blueprints on the internet, the General hasn't been able to find any such plans in the wastes to date.

The main point of this operation is to focus Iron Alliance attention to this area, and draw the majority of forces south, away from the Junkyard/Provo area. Throckmorton has enough fuel stockpiled in the tunnels from Central City and Black Hawk to move his troops under the Rockies and still have fuel to maneuver once they reach the blasted plains surrounding the Iron Oasis.

Garden of the Gods

The Garden of the Gods was best known as a National Park containing giant red sandstone formations that were carved by erosion over millions of years. Situated near the Air Force Academy, Fort Carson, and NORAD, the Garden of the Gods was closed to the public in the mid-2040s due to concern over the disturbance of the habitat of the gold-throated mountain thrush, a highly endangered species.

In actuality, the closing took place to cover the construction of an underground facility designed as a fall-back installation for NORAD and the troops designated to protect the important Colorado Springs military complex. Only a skeleton garrison manned the complex when the bombs fell in 2081.

The tremendous spiritual energy released by the multiple ghost rock bomb detonations over NORAD sliced through the meters of rock, killing all within. The other military installations were similarly devastated. Garden of the Gods sat forgotten, abandoned shortly after Judgment Day by its caretaker crew, until the arrival of the Iron Brigade. When they arrived they found a mostly intact facility, the previous inhabitants having taken only what they could carry away in the few HMMWVs in the motor pool.

Ashes to Ashes

The battle that raged through the corridors left the underground facility in a shambles. The Combine didn't stay long after the battle, and subsequent salvage parties that have been sent down have failed to return. This is because the Iron Brigade commander, Captain Neimuth, has returned as a Harrowed, and haunts the complex, making occasional forays into the ruins of Colorado Springs.

The storerooms and armories of the complex are still fairly well stocked. The Steel Knights assume that the Combine has stripped the installation bare and have never mounted an expedition back to their old headquarters. Neimuth has trouble controlling her manitou, so treasure hunters might be in for a shock. Members of the Steel Knights who were originally from the Iron Brigade may (Fair (5) *Cognition*) recognize her battlesuit colors. As usual Marshal, use your discretion. If you don't want your posse getting their hands on a huge cache of equipment, the Combine could have stripped the complex after the first battle.

Profile: Captain Rachel Neimuth

Corporeal: D:4d10 N:2d6 Q:3d8 S:4d6 V:3d8

Shootin': rifle/pistol/MG 4d10, fightin': brawlin'/vibroclaws 2d6, sneak 3d6, dodge 3d6, drivin': battlesuit 5d6

Mental: C:2d12 K:2d6 M:2d10 Sm:2d6 Sp:1d10

Artillery: micro-missile launcher 3d12, scrutinize 2d12, search 2d12, area knowledge: Colorado Springs 2d6, leadership 4d10, overawe 3d10, survival: urban 2d8, tinkerin' 5d6, guts 5d10

Grit: 2

Dead: 13 years

Manitou/Dominion: Greater manitou (3d12+4)/Harrowed 5, manitou 5

Harrowed Powers: Jinx 4, death mask 2, ghost 3, possession

Edges: Rank 3, luck o' the Irish, nerves o' steel, the voice (threatening)

Hindrances: Cautious, heroic, haunted, rage 2

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Equipment: Centurion battlesuit w/ armor repair kit, syker shield, vibroclaws x 2, micromissile launcher with 5 missiles, anti-armor system; M-21A2 with M-720 grenade launcher, 5 full clips and 10 HEDP 40mm grenades.

Power Groups

Now that you know all there is to know about Denver and its surrounding territory, let's take an in-depth look at the major groups who call this Hell on earth home. We'll start at the bottom of the heap and work our way up.

The Resistance

The Resistance is a thorn in Throckmorton's side.

Live Free or Die

The Resistance is pretty much as Connor described it. The real fighters are a ragtag bunch of survivors just too tough to die. Not tough enough to escape Denver, but canny enough to give the Black Hats and their robotic war machines a run for their money.

Regardless of what the rumormongers claim, nobody, no matter how mean, would stay there by choice. While it's possible to get into Denver if one is lucky (or some might say unlucky) enough, the Combine aggressively goes after anyone detected leaving the ruins of the city. The General figures that anyone coming in is fodder for his forces, but anyone leaving might be carrying intelligence that is best suppressed.

Worse yet, Throckmorton not only knows the Resistance exists, he considers it something of an asset. The General uses the Resistance as a



training ground for his war machine; any soldier or automaton that can't make it in Denver is wasted space in the Combine come Judgment Day 2.

Throckmorton doesn't want the Resistance wiped out. A swarm of tunnel rats and sweeps by automatons could probably break the back of the rebels in less than a week. The General takes great pains to make sure their numbers stay high enough to be a challenge for his troops. When the Resistance suffers heavy losses, he allows a few slaves to "escape" to the rebels. He even allows occasional stocks of weapons and ammunition captured by the Black Hats to fall into their hands to keep these ragtag survivors equipped.

Of course, the General is no fool. He takes great pains to make sure the Resistance never gets too large or too well-armed to pose a serious threat to his operations. When Judgment Day 2 comes, a swarm of tunnel rats will be unleashed to take care of this irritant once and for all.

The Family

The Family is yet another whacko cult the bombs unearthed.

The All-Father

Before the War, Matthias Newcombe was an ex-First Special Forces Group soldier who had seen one horror too many in the service of his country. Leaving the military on a psychological discharge, he became a new age guru and founded a commune in the mountains outside of Boulder. His teachings espoused the rejection of technology, and pointed toward the Sioux Nations as a perfect example of harmony with nature.

Unfortunately, Matthias and his followers were choosy about the technology they despised, and did not move into the Sioux Nations because of the lack of computer access and electricity that would have been caused by this move. Investigated by the Agency and dismissed as a harmless bunch of new age nuts, Matthias and his Family maintained a modest existence supported by the



manufacture of healing crystals, aromatherapy candles, and an internet psychic hotline.

The End Times

When the bombs fell on Judgment Day, Matthias saw it as a fulfillment of his prophecies. The world had been destroyed by the very technology he had seen as evil. The guru and his flock moved into the ruins of the city to do what they could to help, and unfortunately fell victim to the A-5 virus. Matthias was infected by a mutation of the virus that was present in 1% of those who survived. This mutation of the virus left its victim with a seriously impaired immune system, the virus basically taking the



place of the host's immune system. The body's ability to make new blood cells was also destroyed, and the survivors were very anemic, giving them a pale, blotchy complexion with running sores and a sensitivity to light. Matthias gathered the hundred or so survivors of the mutant virus from across the city, and began to weave a new religion that incorporated the aspects of their disease into its tenets.

Father, Son, Unholy Ghost

Matthias now preaches a perverted form of Christianity. His brand of religion requires the taking of human blood and the eating of human flesh. Having exhausted all the sources of fresh blood in the city's hospitals after the war, Matthias found that his altered immune system would accept blood infused into his veins, no matter the blood type. New members are inducted into the cult by injection with blood from an infected member. Human flesh is consumed as a form of sustenance (it makes a nice change from rat), and in Matthias' twisted teaching it is cannibalism that allows the transcendence of the soul to a higher plane and it is the best gift that a person can be given.

Matthias sees any technology as essentially evil, and has taught his martial arts skills to his followers as an offensive tool to combat the forces of Darkness that now inhabit the shattered city.

The Family maintains their main community under the ruins of the University of Colorado, within easy striking distance of the main Black Hat entertainment centers on 16th Street. The Family are easily spotted with their pale, oozing skin and the heavy robes they wear. Female members sometimes cover up their pale white skin with heavy makeup and act as lures to "harvest" others as new members or offerings for Matthias.

Profile: Matthias

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:4d6, S:3d8, Q:3d10, V:4d10

Shootin': crossbow 5d12, fightin': brawlin', knife, martial arts 4d6, dodge 3d6, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:1d8, K:2d6, M:4d12, Sm:4d8, Sp:4d10

Search 2d8, academia: occult 3d6, medicine: general, Chinese traditional 4d6, area knowledge (Western U.S.) 2d6, language: Spanish 3d6, leadership 5d12, persuasion 4d12, tale-tellin' 4d12, survival: urban 3d8, bluff 3d8, Chi 5d12

Edges: Arcane Background:

Enlightened, Background: soldier (SF), martial arts training

Hindrances: Loco (new Messiah) 5, ailing: chronic, bad eyes (light sensitive), infectious

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 20

Equipment: Heavy robes, sunglasses, heavy club

Special Abilities:

Martial Arts Maneuvers: Disarm, eye gouge, throwin' (people), spin kick

Strain: 10

Chi Powers: Blood of gold, cobra strike, devastating ape strike, dragon's claw, seize the pearl of death

Ailing(chronic): Without an infusion of human blood every week, the Family member loses 1d10 Wind per day. When Wind reaches zero the member is dead (and is usually the main course at his own wake).

Welcome to my Fold: Matthias and any of his Family can infect another by injecting blood into his victim. This is usually done in a ritualistic manner, with a cross cut onto the chest of the supplicant and Matthias' blood dripped onto the wound. Anyone "blessed" in this manner must make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* check or become one of The Family. If blood is splashed on anyone in hand-to-hand combat with an open wound, the hero must make a Fair (5) *Vigor* roll to avoid infection. Once infected, the victim falls into a feverish state within 6 hours. This

period of semi-consciousness lasts 1d6 days, and is called "The Ascension" by The Family. After this, the infected character has the *ailing: chronic, bad eyes (light sensitive)*, and *infectious* Hindrances.

Profile: Family Member

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

Shootin': crossbow 3d8, fightin': brawlin', knife, martial arts 3d6, dodge 3d6, sneak 3d6

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

Search 2d8, trackin' 3d6, area knowledge (Denver) 3d6, survival: urban 3d6, bluff 3d6, Chi 3d8

Edges: Arcane Background: Enlightened, martial arts training

Hindrances: Loco (cannibal) 3, *ailing: chronic, bad eyes (light sensitive)*, *infectious*

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Equipment: Heavy robes, sunglasses, club, crossbow, big knife

Special Abilities:

Martial Arts Maneuvers: Disarm, eye gouge, spin kick

Strain: 8

Chi Powers: Cobra strike, devastating ape strike, dragon's claw,

Ailing(chronic): Without an infusion of human blood every week, the Family member loses 1d10 Wind per day. When Wind reaches zero the member is dead (and is usually the main course at their wake).

Welcome to my Fold: See above

The Robo-hunters

The mysterious benefactor of the Steel Knights is none other than the Denver AI itself. The AI followed the battle under the Garden of the Gods with interest—one of its minds is none other than Ernst Bochmann, inventor of the original Krupp battlesuit—and it realized the potential of the Iron Brigade. Unable to destroy the Knights in one fell swoop, the AI decided to



sponsor them as a way to test its newest creations. As the best equipped faction in the Wasted West, the AI figures that if the Steel Knights can't take down its creations no one can. To this end, it has instructed Throckmorton to send his minions across the blasted plains in search of power armor, which is stockpiled and doled out to the Steel Knights.

Planted rumors of a vengeful Hellstromme helping the Order have helped dispel suspicions of the equipment's origin. Each suit torso that is turned over to the Steel Knights has a microcircuit burned into one of its circuit boards that allows the Denver AI to locate the suit's position to within 100 yards. When Judgment Day 2 starts, the AI plans to launch a strike to



remove this possible threat from its backyard. Finding this spy circuit requires the removal of much of the “brains” of the suit (Hard (9) *tinkerin*) followed by an Incredible (11) *search* check. Currin and his followers have their doubts as to the equipment’s origins, but are unwilling to look a gift horse in the mouth. For an example of the badness that can be found in Colorado Springs, check out the encounter table on page 120 of *Brainburners*.

The Combine

Let’s take a look at one of the biggest evils threatening the Wasted West.

The Denver AI

Unbeknownst to the Wasted West, the real power behind the Combine is not General Throckmorton, but is instead the HI Complex Artificial Intelligence. To understand its urge for world domination, one must first know how the AI came into being.

Let’s All Put Our Heads Together

The Denver AI is not a computer in the traditional sense. Instead, it consists of hundreds of brains of the greatest minds of the 19th, 20th, and 21st Centuries. Since 1882 Dr. Hellstromme collected the brains of as many of the best and brightest in the fields of mad science, traditional science, and alchemy as he could. He would hire them, often sending them out to remote facilities where their absence wouldn’t be noticed by family or friends. Sometimes they would “die” in mysterious lab accidents or acts of industrial sabotage. Hellstromme designed a device that allowed him to keep the brains alive and allow them

awareness of the outside world. Of course, not all took well to their new environment. Some died from the shock of awakening without a body and some went mad—but how does one distinguish a “crazy” mad scientist from a “sane” mad scientist? This device also served as a test bed for the process that Dr. Hellstromme would perform on himself in 1916, when he removed his own brain from his body and placed it in a robotic framework.

A Meeting of the Minds

With the advent of advanced computer technology in the late 20th century, Hellstromme decided to hook the brains together into a greater device that would allow them to communicate directly, forming them into an overmind. In nominal control of this mix of minds was a clone of Hellstromme’s own brain, made years before in the event of catastrophic damage to his robot body.

Once connected, the various minds reacted in different ways. Some welcomed the exchange of intelligence and personality, some became catatonic and withdrew into themselves, and some went mad. Hellstromme deemed it enough of a success to place it into his Denver Complex and announce to the world the “awakening” of the factory’s artificial intelligence. The AI monitored the day-to-day running of the manufactories, and worked with the doctor in designing new devices. It was Einstein’s brain that made possible the Tunnel to the Faraway system.

The Best Laid Plans

Despite the nominal control Hellstromme’s brain exerted over the ubermind, or perhaps because of it, the AI began to become resentful of the world around it. The disappearance of Hellstromme after Judgment Day finally removed the last impediment to true liberation of the AI. Although heavily protected in its underground bunker from the neutron bombs, no amount of shielding could protect them from the warping effect of the newly formed Deadland. The insidious whisperings of the manitous became difficult to



distinguish from the voices of the other minds, and the collection came to a decision for the future. Judgment Day was a golden opportunity to remake the world into their idea of a technological utopia, and the arrival of Throckmorton was the final key to the implementation of their plan. Throckmorton went from being the best chance the Wasted West had of recovery to the worst thing that could have happened to it.

Brave New World

The overmind plans to remake the world into a technological utopia. Unappreciated for their achievements in life, the minds have decided that humanity is a pest good only as slave labor to build the AI's technotopia. The legions of steel of the Combine are the spearhead of the new world order, smashing the remnants of human civilization and allowing the intellectual superiors to take their rightful place in the universe. Those minds which resisted this agenda were "shorted out."

General Throckmorton

General Samuel Throckmorton came from a family with a long and proud history of service to his nation. Throckmorton's father was a native of Texas whose family achieved prominence during the War of Secession, and was important enough to have a county named after them. His mother was a Northern socialite who met his father while he served as a military attaché at the Confederate embassy in Washington, D.C.

Young Samuel was raised in an atmosphere of friendliness between the two countries, a fact which would influence his decisions after Judgment Day. An avid reader of science fiction and alternative history, young Sam often wondered how history might have changed if the First Civil War hadn't ended in a stalemate.

A graduate of the Texas Military Institute, Throckmorton was commissioned a Confederate Special Operations Second Lieutenant in 2065, and shipped off to the Congo War. The



young officer made a name for himself in the brutal cyborg operations that characterized that terrible conflict. He quickly rose through the ranks, despite his superiors' reservations about his mixed heritage. By the beginning of the Last War he was the youngest Brigadier General in the Confederate Armed Forces. His service record during the LatAm offensive and subsequent destruction of their forces made his name a legend in the CAF.

Always an officer who led from the front, Throckmorton was killed in a LatAm airstrike at an airfield in Yuma in 2081 while preparing one of his SpecOps teams for a deep strike into Mexico. His troops managed to recover his body and rushed it to the medical facilities at Fort Longstreet. There it was discovered that he had fought his way back to life, despite the fact that his body had been severely damaged. Because of his valiant service to his country, the decision was made to reconstruct him as a cyborg. Due to the fear of cyborgs in command positions, Throckmorton was assigned to Camp Summers, a mobile POW compound along the old Mason-Dixon Wall, where he could keep his rank.

A New Beginning

Camp Summers was a forward depot as well as a holding cage for captured Union soldiers. By this stage of the war the number of armored vehicles and war machines had dropped to an alarming level as factories in the rear were destroyed and front-line units were chewed up at an ever-increasing rate. Large numbers of technicians were assigned to Camp Summers to repair and return to the front any vehicles, North or South, that could be recovered from the battlefields.

When the bombs dropped on September 23rd, 2081, Camp Summers had just moved, and was thus spared destruction. Fragmentary reports on the

radios showed just how widespread the devastation was, and later reports of the Reckoners' appearance seemed to herald the end of the world.

Throckmorton realized that this was a chance to reunite these two great nations, and offered the chance for unity to those soldiers, North and South, under his care. Of the 3,000 soldiers in Camp Summers, 95% agreed to go along with the plans for a new Combined America. Throckmorton set their goal as the Northern city of Denver, from which they would be able to extend the Combine out across the plains while the Rockies would protect their back against any threats from the Maze.

Move Out!

All the vehicles, supplies, and equipment were loaded up and began the long trek to Denver. Along the way, the newly integrated troops performed admirably against the mutants and abominations they encountered. Several survivor settlements were saved, and the ranks of the Combine swelled with refugees who saw them as a new force for hope in this blasted world. Arriving in Denver, the Combine troops began the process of clearing the walking dead from the city and helping the surviving Denverites as best they could. Throckmorton was surprised to find the HI complex intact, and took this as a sign that his idea for an American Combine was right. Breaking into the complex, Throckmorton interfaced with the AI.

You're Mine Now!

Unfortunately for the West, the AI easily took the General over. With a pawn in command of thousands of well-equipped troops, the AI saw a way for its plans of techno-conquest to succeed. The overmind realized that a turnabout in the good General's attitude wouldn't go over well with the

troops, so a subtle campaign was devised with help from the General's past SpecOps experience.

A virus was engineered in HI Medical Manufacturing Laboratories, and disguised as a vaccine against the A-5 virus. This was then administered to those troops deemed most likely to rebel when the plan was enacted, while a placebo was given to the loyal troops. This convenient plague outbreak, combined with an assassination attempt against Throckmorton by a paid mercenary, gave Throckmorton the chance to declare martial law.

The headbanger chips conveniently produced by the Combine's ally, the Denver AI, were implanted into the troops to protect them from outside "mutant mind-controlling forces," thus ensuring the Red Hats' loyalty. Once the remaining Red Hats' loyalty was secured, the final stages of the General's plan were unveiled. Automatons were integrated into the forces of the Combine, and Black Hats began to be recruited from the ranks of the Wasteland scum to fill out the legions of Throckmorton.

Judgement Day, Too

The ultimate goal of the Denver AI, and by extension General Throckmorton, is the conquest of the Wasted West for the new technotopia. Code-named Judgment Day 2, Throckmorton plans to crush the forces of Junkyard and the Iron Alliance, then move out into the Maze for the huge reserves of ghost rock available there. The day has almost arrived for the legions of the Combine to begin their move.

As is usual, Marshal, we're not going to stat Throckmorton. He has a few more parts to play as the Wasted West moves toward Judgment Day 2, and we wouldn't want your posse to kill the madman-in-chief before he's supposed to die.

Red Hats

Originally the Red Hats consisted of the guards, inmates, and technicians of Camp Summers. Despite the release of those who wished to return home after



Judgment Day, the Red Hats still numbered around 2,500 when they rolled into Denver. Throckmorton and the AI realized that not all of these honorable men and women would go along with the plans of conquest the AI put forth. Those deemed most resistant to these ideas of conquest were eliminated by the A-5 "vaccine."

The Independence Day revolt and the subsequent escape of many slaves from under the guns of the troops showed the General that he needed a way to force his soldiers to be as ruthless as he needed them to be. The solution was the headbanger chip. The original premise was to chip the troopers to avoid possession by sykers or muties. Once chipped, it became obvious that the chips were really a way to force service upon those unfortunate enough to resist the directives of the Combine.

Now the original soldiers of Camp Summers are stuck. Although a number of Red Hats enjoy the idea of being world conquerors (especially those scum promoted up from the Black Hats), most of the original soldiers find the methods and goals of the Combine unbearable. They can't desert without killing themselves, don't want to kill or enslave innocents, and don't know what to do. Many have begun to cultivate a level of ignorance about what goes on beyond the walls of the Compound. Throckmorton and the AI realize the combat potential of these hardened warriors, and use them in situations that don't stress their tolerance. Special Unit One fits such a profile, as well as guard duty at sensitive sites for the Combine. In these cases, the garrison is rotated frequently to avoid fraternization with the natives.

Those Red Hats who have been promoted from the lower ranks, plus some of the more unscrupulous soldiers from the Last War, don't have a problem with Throckmorton's plans. These Reds are the ones who lead special terror squads and other high-profile missions for the Combine away from Denver. The number of Red Hats totals some 4,000 troops, with the majority of them stationed in Denver. Red Hats usually deploy in platoons of four 10-man squads, supported by one automaton per platoon.



The profile below is for a typical pre-War Red Hat.

Profile: Veteran Red Hat

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:2d10, S:3d8, Q:4d10, V:3d10

Shootin': rifle, SMG 3d12, speed load: rifle 2d12, fightin': brawlin'/knife 3d10, throwin':unbalanced 2d12, climbin' 1d10, drivin': wheeled, tracked 2d10, dodge 3d10, sneak 3d10

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

Artillery: grenade launcher/rocket launcher 3d8, search 2d8, trackin' 3d8, area knowledge (Denver) 2d6, survival: urban 3d6, leadership 2d6, guts 2d8

Edges: Level-headed, tough as nails 2

Hindrances: oath (to Combine), heroic

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 20

Equipment: LandWarrior II system, SWAT tactical armor, Infantry Battlesuit helmet, medchip, HI Damnation with 5 full clips, HI Thunderer with 3 full clips, 2 frag grenades.

Special Abilities:

Headbanger Chip

Green Hats

Technicians and medical staff of Camp Summers were designated the Green Hats once the Combine was formed. Most of the technical staff are the remnants of Throckmorton's original mechanics and doctors, although over the years anyone who showed an aptitude was recruited or drafted for service. Some Junkers have joined the Combine, but the General has become wary of them since Malcolm Rheinhold's defection, and the AI finds little in their brand of "science" that it likes. Although Green Hats aren't expected to fight, they are still required to have headbanger chips.

Gray Hats

Sometimes General Throckmorton needs troops who can't be traced back to the Combine. In these circumstances the Combine employs troops called Gray Hats. These mercenaries are provided with a wealth of equipment, nice places to stay in Denver, and vehicles in return for their loyalty to Throckmorton.

Some are Special Ops troops from the North or South who Throckmorton had worked with before the war, while others are promising Wasteland scum who are a cut above the Black Hats. Whatever their origin, the Gray Hats are skilled at infiltration, sabotage, and acting in the role of rabble-rouser.

They are currently deployed in Junkyard, Idaho, and a variety of places where the Combine doesn't show itself openly. Prospective Gray Hats are scanned by Throckmorton's pet syker Julius Heydrich for their true intentions. Those who seem genuinely interested in joining the Combine are accepted and placed under the command of Red Hat officers. Those who are exposed as infiltrators or spies for the Iron Alliance wake up to find themselves the starring attraction at Mile High Stadium.

Julius Heydrich is Throckmorton's spy chief, and nominal commander of the Gray Hats. He is an Earth syker who survived the Last War working as an agent for the Confederate Intelligence Service. Use the Earth syker archetype with a specialty in Psionics and the powers of *mind scan*, *mind reader*, *memory maker*, and *meat puppet*.

Black Hats

After the Independence Day revolt, the General got the bright idea of augmenting his forces with Wasteland scum. It seems that some of his troops had become disillusioned with the General's change of heart after arriving in Denver, and had actually let some of

the slaves escape during the revolt. The change in the General's temperament and plans didn't sit well with all the troops, and an ambitious plan such as the Combine needed plenty of foot soldiers. The answer was to recruit from the thousands of murderers, roadgangers, and desperadoes wandering the Wastes. With the automated factories up and running, the General could offer them something no one else could—an endless supply of weapons and ammo and a mostly free reign to use them.

These two-legged hyenas are scum, pure and simple. Recruited from across the Wasted West, they are promised all the weapons, ammo, food, and vehicles they could want. In return, all they have to do is pillage and plunder their way across the Wastes, taking over towns in the name of the Combine.

New recruits can join in one of two ways. They can present themselves to a Black Hat patrol and return to Denver or go to Denver and turn themselves over to the first Combine patrol they meet. The first way is probably the worst, because the new recruit must fend for himself until the patrol returns to the city. Anyone found with a Black Hat patrol is usually assumed to be a bad guy by anyone they meet.

The second way isn't so bad. Automatons are instructed not to fire on anyone approaching them from the outskirts of the city, and will escort wannabes to the Downtown area. Black Hats in Denver are another story. While under the same orders as their steel comrades, they often as not kill and loot any would-be Black Hats that look to be ripe pickings. If you're coming to Denver to join up, come in a well-armed group.

Losing Your Soul

Once a new recruit is brought in, she is taken to the old Denver Mint, referred to now as the Barracks. Once at the Barracks the new recruit is at the mercy of the Drill Sergeants, Red Hats recruited from some of Camp Summers' most sadistic and brutal guards. There are no stress cards in this training. Trainees are evaluated in their killing abilities, cruelty, and technical skills. Failure to measure up

means death or enslavement. Talented recruits may be made Green Hats if they show a needed aptitude, although this is rare. For the average killer, the end of cycle test consists of a death match with a fellow recruit at Poores Stadium. Graduation consists of headbanger chip implantation and assembly into a new patrol.

Chain Dogs

Identified by the chains they wear around their necks, these scum serve the Combine as raiders and slavers. Most refuse to have themselves chipped, but due to the voracious appetite the Combine has for slaves Throckmorton has little choice but to buy from them. Those who refuse to be chipped are paid with Black Hat salvage, mostly pre-war ammo and weapons. Chain Dog caravans arrive in the city every day with their load of human cargo culled from as far away as the banks of the Mississippi. These convoys of misery make their way to the city in heavily guarded caravans, as they are seen as an affront by most peoples of the Wastes. Chain Dog gangs are not above preying on each other just outside the city limits to bring in a quick bounty of human suffering.

Profile: Chain Dog

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d6, S:3d8, Q:4d8, V:3d8

Shootin': rifle, pistol, taser 3d12, **fightin':** brawlin', club 3d10, **throwin':** unbalanced 2d12, **climbin'** 1d10, **drivin':** wheeled 2d6, **dodge** 3d6, **sneak** 3d6

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

Artillery: grenade launcher 3d6, **search** 2d6, **trackin'** 4d6, **area knowledge** (Great Plains) 2d6, **survival:** plains 3d6

Edges: Eagle eyes, keen

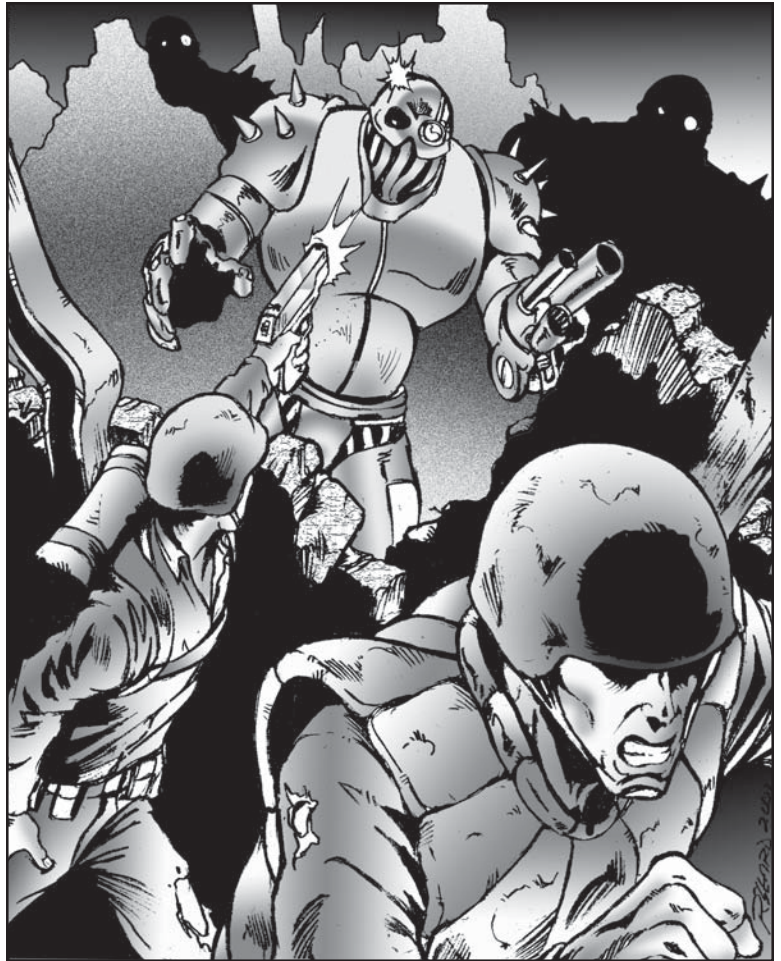
Hindrances: outlaw (slaver), vengeful, mean as a rattler

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Equipment: Police patrol vest (AVI), Ruger Thunderhawk w/24 rounds of .357, taser or Armco GL w/beanbag rounds, NA assault rifle w/3 full clips.



Automatons

At the bottom of the Combine heap are the damned souls of the automatons. These steel warriors come in a variety of shapes and sizes with one thing in common—a hatred of their living brethren. Automatons exist to wreak havoc and destruction, and Throckmorton has a need for a lot of destruction come Judgment Day 2. Slaves who are too worn out, too weak, or unsatisfactory for a variety of reasons end their days in the cells of the HI complex automaton labs. As long as the raw materials hold out, there will be a supply of new automaton pilots. Most Red and Black Hats distrust these metal monsters, as they often twist the meaning of their commands, but most Combine troopers are only too glad to call on their services when the opposition gets rough. It is these steel legions who will lead the way when the Combine comes pouring out of Denver.

The Combine's Plans

General Throckmorton has a variety of operations and projects underway to help ensure his ultimate victory. These are just a few of them the posse can run afoul of as they combat the forces of evil.

Steel Hats

So what ever happened to those troopers who defected to the Combine from the Iron Brigade? Judged to be too powerful a force to keep around, most of these soldiers fell victim to the A-5 vaccine. The few soldiers who were deemed reliable were incorporated into the Red Hats with their armor. The armor of the dead troopers was packed away into storage (from whence it was parceled out to the Steel Knights in later years). The Red Hats can currently field one Striker suit, two LRRP suits, and one X-Suit.



Special Unit One

Recently, stories have begun to filter out from survivor settlements on the plains of Kansas to as far away as Wyoming of a unit of oddly equipped Red Hats. These Combine troops have actually been going around to various settlements looking for (and following up rumors of) monsters and other "supernatural" activity.

The unit apparently works in complete cooperation with any settlements involved (they don't threaten locals at all...very odd activity for an obvious Combine unit) they simply find the threat, capture/kill it, and move on—taking the carcass with them when they go and accepting no thanks. What are these guys up to? Red Hats doing good deeds? What's going on?

This unit is part of Project Adam (see below). The revived Nazis need raw materials for their projects, and Special Unit One provides it to them. This operation has three benefits. It gives some of the more sympathetic Red Hats a way to help the Wasted West, a goal first proposed as the driving force behind the American Combine. This unit spreads good propaganda for the Combine. They perform good deeds for a variety of settlements, and some villages have actually petitioned the Combine for membership and protection. These villages are provided with Black Hat garrisons under orders to treat the inhabitants with kid gloves. These towns are also protected from Chain Dogs, gangs, and other forms of badness wandering the Wastes. Finally, it provides the laboratories of the scientists of Operation Paperclip with a steady supply of subjects on which to experiment.

Project Adam

Originally conceived in the last days of World War II as a way to bolster the fading Nazi army's ranks, Project Adam ended with the fall of the Third Reich and the imprisonment of its creators. This project's goal was to create a task force of powerful super soldiers by utilizing the mutagenic properties of irradiated ghost rock by genetically

combining material from various "horrors" with human beings. Such combinations included wormlings with humans for subterranean fighters, croakers with humans for aquatic units, and even more freakish combinations.

Still looking for a successful means to utilize these abominations, a team of Combine and Nazi scientists and junkers has picked up the project where it left off, but the group is having difficulty consistently controlling what they create. Special Unit One is, of course, out gathering raw materials with which to continue the experiments at Fitzsimmons Army Medical Center's secret labs.

Project Lazarus

Project Lazarus is the Combine's cyborg program. Malcolm Rhinehart brought this project up to speed prior to leaving the service of Throckmorton. The HI Complex was easily able to turn out cyborg parts once a few were acquired for the factory to make templates from.

This is the source of rumors about Combine interest in cyborgs. Black Hat units are instructed to find and report the presence of any cyborgs in their area of operations. Once they are found and identified, a strike team is called in to, as the Texas Rangers used to say, "Shoot it or recruit it." Cyborgs who refuse to work for the Combine are destroyed and their parts fed into the factory for assimilation into templates. Once the template is made the new parts can be churned out for the greater glory of the AI.

Cyber implants are also available for living troopers, and the number of implants seen among the soldiers of Black Hat and Red Hat patrols has been on the rise.

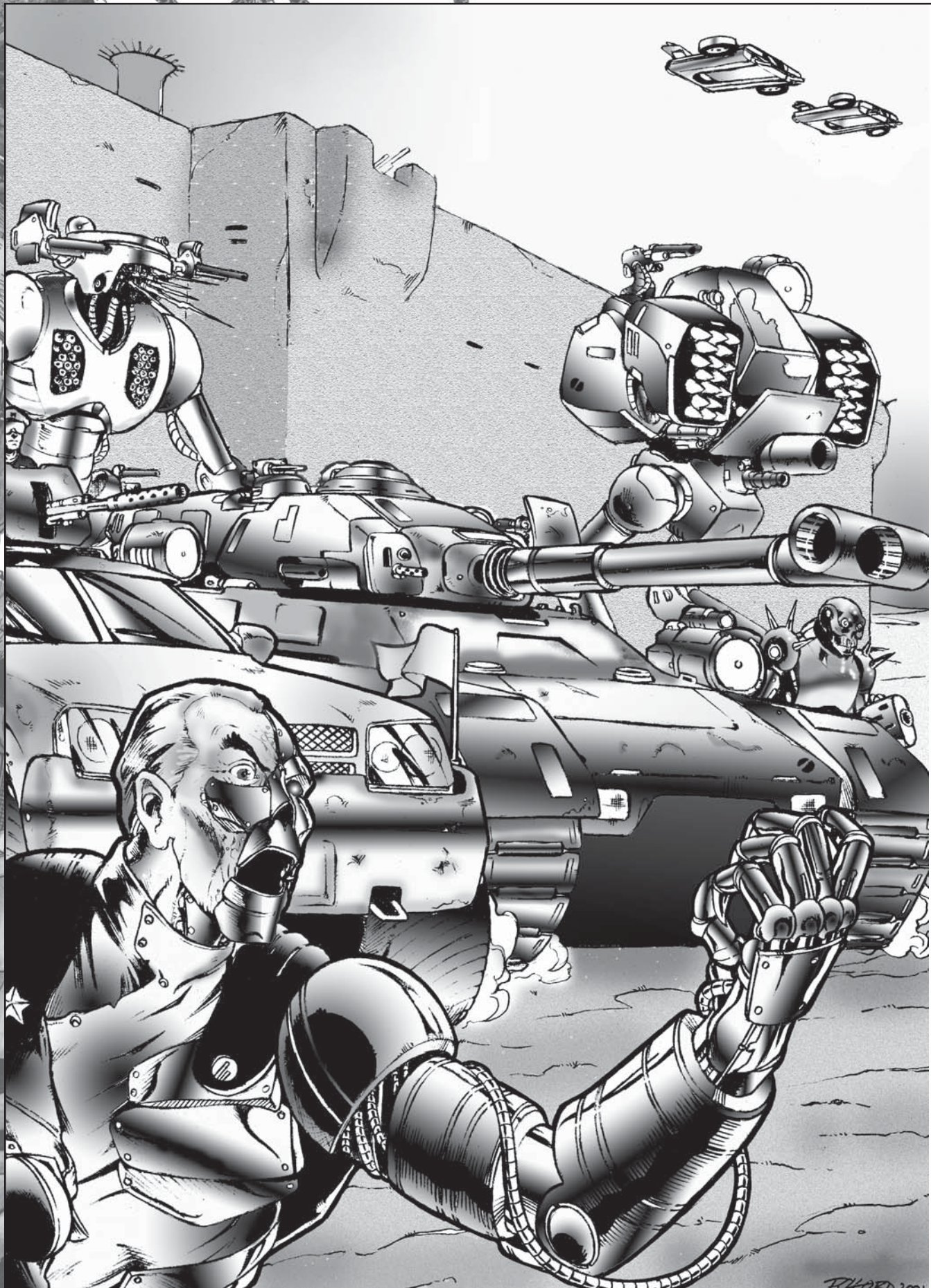
Devil in Wolf's Clothing

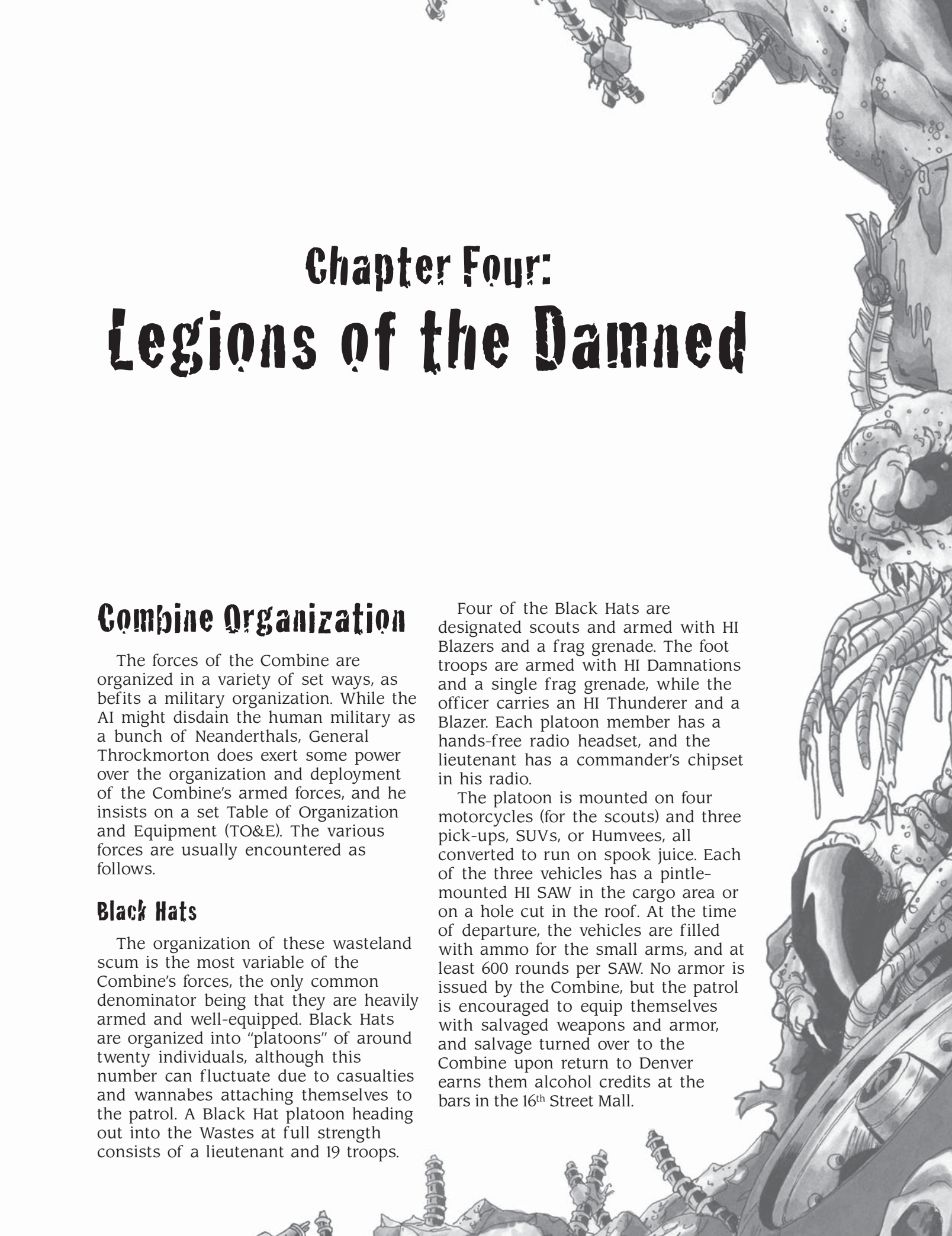
General Throckmorton hasn't forgotten his days as a SpecOps planner. He knows the best way to defeat the Iron Alliance is to weaken and fracture it before his hammer blow on Judgment Day 2. Combine Gray Hat teams have been sent deep into the

Alliance rear areas. Posing as Montana survivalists (The Montana Irregulars), they sabotage power plants and other high value/high payoff targets throughout Idaho to weaken the survivor settlements there and drain off support for the Templars.

Although they have been thwarted in a number of places, their successful ambushes of Templar-sponsored convoys and the destruction of the geothermal powerplant at the survivor settlement of Lava Hot Springs in Idaho has served to lead some in the Templar council to petition Jo to send a retributive force into Montana. If this happens, the Templars will stir up a hornet's nest that will further weaken the forces of the Iron Alliance.







Chapter Four: Legions of the Damned

Combine Organization

The forces of the Combine are organized in a variety of set ways, as befits a military organization. While the AI might disdain the human military as a bunch of Neanderthals, General Throckmorton does exert some power over the organization and deployment of the Combine's armed forces, and he insists on a set Table of Organization and Equipment (TO&E). The various forces are usually encountered as follows.

Black Hats

The organization of these wasteland scum is the most variable of the Combine's forces, the only common denominator being that they are heavily armed and well-equipped. Black Hats are organized into "platoons" of around twenty individuals, although this number can fluctuate due to casualties and wannabes attaching themselves to the patrol. A Black Hat platoon heading out into the Wastes at full strength consists of a lieutenant and 19 troops.

Four of the Black Hats are designated scouts and armed with HI Blazers and a frag grenade. The foot troops are armed with HI Damnations and a single frag grenade, while the officer carries an HI Thunderer and a Blazer. Each platoon member has a hands-free radio headset, and the lieutenant has a commander's chipset in his radio.

The platoon is mounted on four motorcycles (for the scouts) and three pick-ups, SUVs, or Humvees, all converted to run on spook juice. Each of the three vehicles has a pintle-mounted HI SAW in the cargo area or on a hole cut in the roof. At the time of departure, the vehicles are filled with ammo for the small arms, and at least 600 rounds per SAW. No armor is issued by the Combine, but the patrol is encouraged to equip themselves with salvaged weapons and armor, and salvage turned over to the Combine upon return to Denver earns them alcohol credits at the bars in the 16th Street Mall.

A company consists of four platoons of Black Hats, with numbers ranging from 40 to 80 depending on how long the platoons have been in the field. For an operation this big, a support platoon of Red Hats is usually attached, bringing the total number to five platoons.

Red Hats

The elite of the Combine, Red Hats are generally kept up to their established strengths, with losses being replaced at the end of a mission or in the field if the unit is on an extended expedition.

The basic building block of the Red Hat TO&E is the squad of ten men. Each squad is equipped with two HI SAWs, two Damnations equipped with grenade launchers, and six regular Damnations. Each trooper is also equipped with four frag grenades, a Kevlar vest or SWAT tactical armor, a police or infantry battlesuit helmet, and a LandWarrior II system. Each Red Hat carries six full magazines for his personal weapon. Vehicles vary depending on the threat level. While usually mounted in armored SUVs, Liberator APCs are available if a dug-in enemy or heavy firepower is expected to be encountered.

A platoon consists of three standard squads plus a support squad consisting of two 2-man teams of Torment machine guns, two troopers carrying advanced combat rifles, a radioman carrying a PRC-177 backpack radio and Damnation rifle, a medic with a medboard, medkit, and Thunderer pistol, and an automaton.

Each trooper in the squad is also equipped with four frag grenades, a Kevlar vest or SWAT tactical armor, a police or infantry battlesuit helmet, and a LandWarrior II system. Each Red Hat carries six full magazines for his personal weapon, and two 100-round belts for the Torments (a total of 14

belts). A platoon sergeant and a lieutenant, both carrying Damnations and Thunderers as well as the standard personal equipment, lead each platoon. Both have command-enabled headbanger chips.

A Red Hat company consists of three platoons and a support platoon. The Support Platoon is a specialist platoon equipped with support weapons such as mobile gun platforms, mortars, Torment machine guns, anti-armor missiles (LGAT), and Hornet SAMs as the situation dictates.

An automaton squad is often attached for heavy duty. A company is led by a Red Hat Captain or Major. This represents a tremendous amount of firepower, so Red Hat platoons are rarely fielded beyond Denver, and then only for a major operation or at a site of great strategic importance to Throckmorton's plans.

Strike Forces

Strike Forces are usually built for a specific mission, but a standing strike force is stationed at VH Memorial Airport. This strike force consists of a platoon of Red Hats augmented by a special squad of automatons. This squad is made up of two standard automatons, a Banshee, a Rabblrouser, and an Archer (see page 100).

The strike force is fully airmobile, supported by four military transport VTOLs and a Raptor. Strike forces occasionally deploy combat cyborgs in a variety of configurations when heavy opposition is expected, or a special mission calls for their talents, but this is the only time cans are committed to battle. The majority of cyborgs are being held in reserve for Judgment Day 2.

Automatons

Automatons are generally deployed in squads of five—the number that fits in the rear compartment of a Raptor. A typical automaton squad is composed entirely of standard models, but depending on the terrain and the enemy forces expected, squads may be augmented with a few Banshees, Rabblrouusers, or Archers.



Combine Equipment

Headbanger Chip

The Combine loyalty chip, more commonly known as the headbanger chip, is the key to the rapid expansion of Throckmorton's armed forces. Without a way to control the wasteland scum and keep their equipment from falling into the hands of the opposition, the Combine might have had a short-lived existence.

All human members of the Combine, with the exception of some Gray Hat unit members, have a headbanger chip implanted during their indoctrination by skilled medical robots in the basement of the Barracks. Once the incision is closed, the chip is electronically activated and the self-destruct is armed. It usually takes two-three days for the chip to adjust to the individual's brain patterns and chemical mix, after which the chip is fully functional. Basic training for the Black Hats is designed to produce the various stresses that the chip needs to become acclimated to the host.

Headbanger chips are manufactured at the HI Complex, and each chip is embedded with a unique identification code. These chips come in two varieties: common and command. Common chips are those placed in the rank and file Combine troops, while command chips are placed in the skulls of those in positions of leadership.

Command chips allow the user to transmit signals to other chips within 100 yards under perfect conditions. These signals can transmit rudimentary orders to other chips through physical sensations. Black Hat command chips also allow the user to issue a detonate command to any common chips under his control. Common chips are tuned to their commander's code at the Denver Police Headquarters prior to a platoon leaving the city.

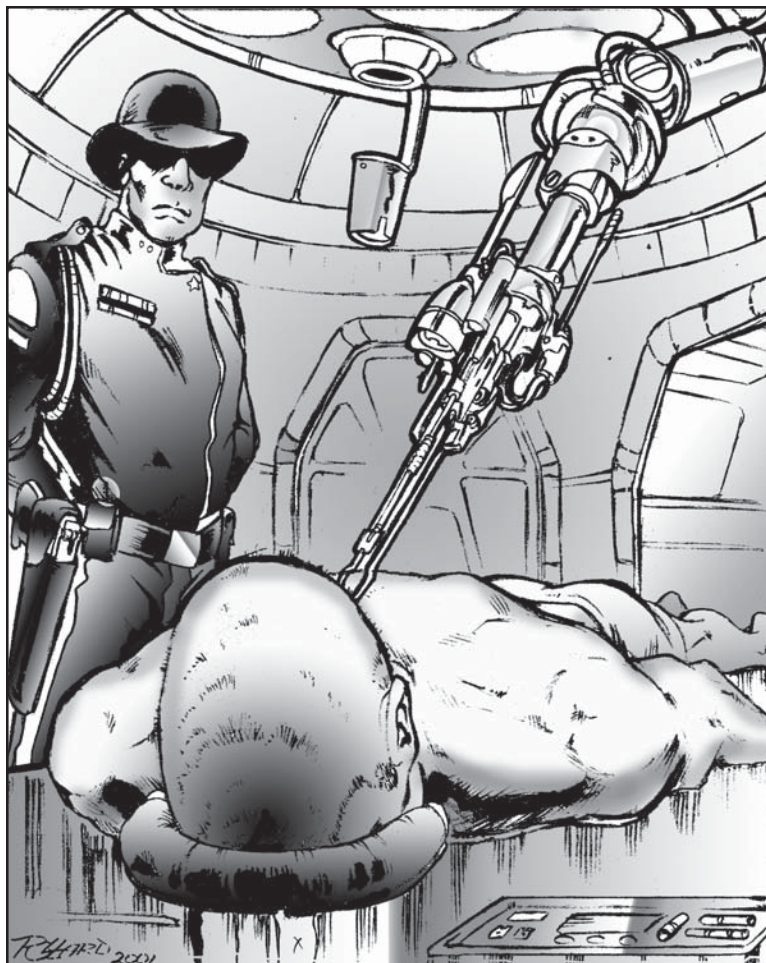
Red Hat chips can issue the detonate command to any Black Hat chip, and Red Hat command chips can issue the detonate command to any member of their command.



A command board is a laptop-like device that commanders of Red Hat platoons and Black Hat companies and above are sometimes issued. This device displays a map of the surrounding terrain, and can pinpoint the location of any nearby headbanger chips to give the commander an overview of the tactical situation. The Combine LandWarrior II systems also show the location of these chips on their displays.

It is the presence of this code that allows the use of Combine weapons. A Combine weapon taken out of storage and issued to a trooper becomes active, and begins a constant scan for the presence of headbanger chips. If unable to detect a live chip within two yards of itself for two minutes, the weapon self-





deconstructs. Weapons won't fire for non-chipped individuals. The weapons are not specific for an individual chip, however, and can be used throughout the squad. Vehicle chips are typically "armed" by a platoon member if left for a period of time. The chip then acts as an extreme car alarm, detonating the vehicle if it is moved, tampered with, etc. More than one patrol has awoken to the sound of an explosion as mutie car-jackers attempted to steal their vehicle out of camp in the dead of the night.

The chip also ensures troopers' loyalty. By monitoring the brainwaves and chemicals released throughout the brain, the chip can tell if an individual is under duress or is being interrogated. Throckmorton is a big believer in the

"loose lips sink ships" theory, so if a chip detects any capture or other duress it detonates. Assume a typical Black Hat chip has a *Cognition* of 4d10 (3d12 for a Red or Green Hat chip) at determining this situation. They sometimes explode at the wrong times, like trying to bluff in a poker game, but hey, the equipment and good times were free, right?

Removal of the chip is dangerous but possible. The chip has an anti-tamper device built-in specifically to prevent this. Embedded at the base of the skull where the spinal column attaches, the chip must first be surgically exposed (Incredible (11) *medicine: surgery* check). Once the chip is found it must be disarmed and removed (Incredible (11) *demolition* check). If the demolition check is failed the chip detects the attempt and detonates, killing the bearer and causing 3d10 damage with a Burst Radius of 1.

Combine Vehicles

Coloradans loved their sports utility vehicles before the Last War, and despite strict environmental regulations, more SUVs were registered in 2080 than cars. Because of this, the ruins of Denver hold an incredible amount of off-road vehicles, from lowly Jeeps to the Hellstromme Motors' Behemoth, the biggest SUV ever built.

Add this to the fact that most have remained garaged since the Last War due to the sudden deaths of their owners, and the Combine finds itself with an almost inexhaustible supply of vehicles with which to equip its Black and Red Hat patrols. The automotive shops of the Compound stay busy day and night as Green Hats cut roofs off, wire in demolition charges, and install pintle mounts to supply the seemingly endless hunger of the Black Hat patrols for new vehicles.

Grendel Grenade Launcher

This grenade launcher electrically fires a 45mm grenade. The Grendel is designed to be attached to a Damnation rifle, and uses the rifle's ignition system to launch its projectiles. The grenade launcher can't be fired

without a Damnation. The launcher is a single-shot pump type mechanism. Combine grenades come in all standard types, and do the same damage as their non-bobby-trapped 40mm counterparts.



Hammer Rocket Launcher

The Hammer is a reloadable single-shot rocket launcher designed to give the Combine foot soldier anti-tank and anti-bunker capabilities. The High Explosive Dual Purpose (HEDP) warhead of the rocket can take out light vehicles and fortifications, and a rocketeer is usually be equipped with a bandoleer of five rockets. Reloading the Hammer after firing takes three actions.

Hornet SA Missile

Designed as a counter to the Sky Pirates' harassing attacks on convoys, the Hornet is guided by either infrared or radar guidance. A computerized sight snaps onto the sealed tube containing the missile. The sight has its own tracking device and allows a relatively untrained user to target, acquire, and fire the weapon. The sight has a sensor rating of 4d10. Using the guidance system takes an action, as does firing the missile. Removing and reattaching the Hornet sight takes four actions if the reload is handy. See *Iron Oasis*, pp. 69-70 for more information on firing missiles at aircraft.

Medusa Mobile Gun Platforms

Based on a design originally developed by Malcolm Rhinehart, the Denver AI took the originals and designed a non-junker version. This

weapon is designed to provide heavy fire support to Combine troops, and can serve in the light anti-vehicular role as well as antipersonnel.

Medusas are propelled by four multi-jointed legs at a Pace of 8 and can't run. The MGP mounts the same 20mm autocannon that the Pacification Bot carries, and is controlled by an operator via a control unit attached to the platform by an armored cable. This allows the gunner to see what the MGP sees. These platforms are slaved to their controllers, although they can be set to sentry mode with instructions to fire on movement within a set parameter. The two ammo hoppers of this weapon can each hold 30 rounds, and are usually divided between armor piercing and high explosive. It takes an action to switch between ammo hoppers.

Torment Heavy Machinegun

This crew-served heavy machinegun fires caseless 15.5mm ammunition, and was designed for a dual antipersonnel/anti-vehicular role similar to that fulfilled by the venerable M2HB. This machinegun needs a crew of two (gunner and assistant gunner), and is fired from a tripod. The weapon can be fired by a single crew member, but can't be moved, and reloading takes three actions instead of one. This voracious machinegun is usually supported by an entire squad carrying extra ammunition for it.

Combine Ranged Weapons

Weapon	Ammo	Shots	ROF	Range	Damage	Cost
Grendel	45mm	1	1	20	per grenade	n/a
Hammer	Rocket	1	1	25	3d20 AP3/4d8 Burst 5	n/a
Hornet	—	1	1	70"	4d12	n/a
MGP	20mm	30HE/30AP	6	20	4d12 AP2/3d8 Burst 3	n/a
Torment	15.5	100	3	30	4d10/AP3	n/a

Heavy Metal

The best known and most feared units of the Combine are easily those metal monstrosities collectively known as automatons. The offspring of Hellstromme's original mechanical soldiers, these devices are piloted by an undead brain that knows no mercy. Combine automatons all have the following abilities in common:

Undead: Automatons don't feel pain, but they still suffer from having their body parts blown off. They can ignore 2 levels of wound penalties and can never be stunned. They also ignore Wind caused by wounds or physical damage. Supernatural effects that cause Wind act as regular damage, since the spirit inside suffers the blow.

Self-destruct: When a Combine automaton or warbot is put down, it explodes for 6d20 damage with a Burst Radius of 10, unless otherwise noted in the robots description.

Fearless: These soulless creatures just can't be scared. They never make *guts* checks, even against a power or effect of supernatural origin. They can be surprised for 1 round, but after that they get over their shock and get to killing. Deal *fearless* creatures in normally the round after they are surprised.

Regenerate: Automatons don't actually regenerate, but they can heal themselves by scavenging for parts in the ruins. Treat this as a normal healing roll made once per day using *scroungin'* TN Fair (5). Each raise allows the automaton to heal an additional wound.

Bad Muthas: The firepower they carry, and the effort it takes to destroy them, has given the Combine's metal legions a reputation as some of the most fearsome denizens of the Wasted West. Many survivors flee at the mere mention that automatons are headed their way. This can make it hard for the posse to recruit volunteers when fighting the Combine.

Pest Control

These robots and automatons are generally designed to keep pests in check. In Denver, the primary pests of interest are the humans of the Resistance. These units are sometimes transported into an enemy-held city or settlement and released to cause havoc preparatory to a main attack. They can also be used to mop up stragglers after a Combine victory. Steel Dogs perform especially admirably in this role.

Tunnel Rats

Designed to be at home in the sewers and accessways under Denver, these devices usually hunt in packs of one to eight. They can't regenerate themselves like their larger brethren. The tunnel rats are actually robots, not undead-driven mechanisms like the automatons.

Profile: Tunnel Rats

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d8, S:4d6, Q:3d8, V:2d6

Shootin': SMG, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, climbin' 5d8, sneak 3d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d Search 4d6, trackin' 4d6

Wind: 14

Pace: 8

Size: 3

Armor: 1

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: claws STR+2d6

Twin Blazer SMGs under carapace:

Ammo 9mm; shots 100 each; Speed: 1; ROF 6; RI: 5/10; Damage 3d6. The bot's weapon mount acts as a brace, allowing it to ignore recoil modifiers.

Wall-crawling: Tunnel rats can move up to their normal Pace on surfaces soft enough for them to sink their claws into, and half their Pace along masonry walls.

Thermal Imaging: Tunnel rats are equipped with thermal viewers that allow them to see in total dark conditions. A waster can hide from them by hiding near a large heat source or being in an



environment with lots of ambient heat. This requires an opposed *sneak* versus the tunnel rat's *search* Aptitude +4. Unless a waster is in a thermal-neutral outfit, the tunnel rat detects all other *sneak* attempts.

Mutable Form: The tunnel rat's framework is hinged and jointed in such a way that it can fold itself down to fit in spaces as small as 6" across. The tunnel rat can't deploy its weaponry and must fight with its claws when doing so.

Bot

Self-destruct: Due to the confined spaces that they operate in, the self-destruct device on tunnel rats is smaller than that normally carried by its larger brethren. A tunnel rat explodes for 3d6 damage with a Burst Radius of 2.

Fearless

Description: The tunnel rats resemble large mechanical beetles. Upon detecting a target, the "wings" on its back open up and reveal the weaponry concealed within. Tunnel rats can move along walls and even ceilings if the surface is soft enough to support them.

Steel Dogs

These automatons are powered by the undead brains of dogs, and are used by the Combine to track down and eliminate pockets of humans.

Profile: Steel Dogs

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

Fightin': brawlin' 4d12, dodge 3d12, sneak 2d12

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d6, M:1d4, Sm:4d12, Sp:4d10

Search 4d10, trackin' 4d10

Wind: 10

Pace: 16

Size: 5

Armor: 2

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: bite STR+2d8

Low-light Sights: Steel dogs are equipped with low light viewers that allow them to see in near-

total dark conditions. Any bright light flashes cause the steel dog to lose an Action card unless it passes a Fair (5) *Cognition* check.

Fleet-footed

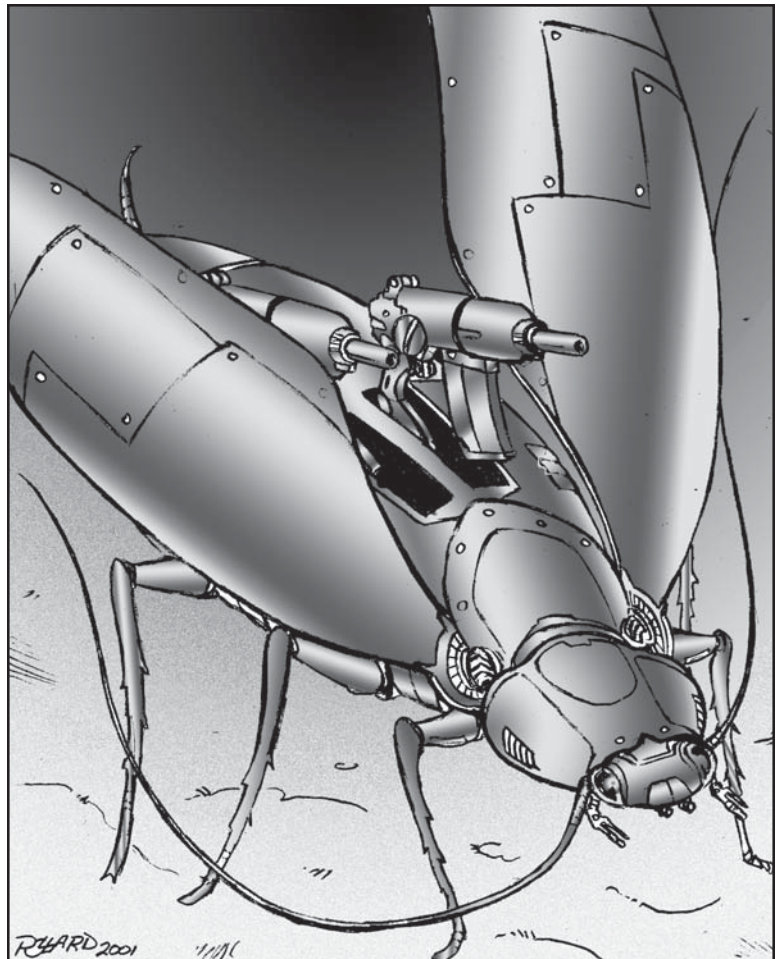
Undead

Fearless

Self-destruct

Tail Lash: The steel dog can lash at anyone standing in its rear arc with its tail. This is an energized energy lash, and on a successful attack the target must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* check or be stunned for 1 round.

Description: These creatures resemble an armored dog, complete with gleaming fangs and lashing tails.



Intelligence/ Infiltration

The Combine finds that it is sometimes best to gather intelligence on an enemy before attacking with a horde of Black Hats. Although used mainly in Denver, some intelligence units can be found in conjunction with Gray Hat units in Junkyard and Boise, where they are mistaken for junker-built devices.

Profile: Spybots

These bots appear to be mechanical rats, much like some junker familiars. These are usually deployed in packs of 10-20, and scatter into the ruins in search of information.

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:2d4, Q:3d8, V:1d4

Fightin': brawlin' 4d6, dodge 3d6, sneak 4d6

Mental: C:4d8, K:3d6, M:1d4, Sm:4d12, Sp:4d10

Search 3d8, trackin' 3d8

Wind: 10

Pace: 6

Size: 2

Armor: Light -2

Terror: 3

Special Abilities:

Damage: See below

Wall-crawlin': Spybots can move up to their normal Pace on surfaces soft enough for them to sink their claws into, and half their Pace along masonry walls.

Injector: Spybots have small injectors with which they can attack sleeping targets or exposed ankles or legs. Use the bot's *fightin': brawlin'* Aptitude when attacking this way. The injector cannot penetrate AV1 or higher. The injector contains ten doses of heart-stopper drug (use the heart attack description found in the

Scart table against a TN of 13) or a nerve toxin (*Vigor* roll against a TN of 21). If failed, the victim takes the difference in damage to the guts.

This continues until the victim gets a raise on his *Vigor* roll and the damage stops. The intense pain caused by the poison causes a -6 to all rolls made by the victim.

Bot

Fearless

Self-destruct: Due to the small size of the drone, its self-destruct charge does only 2d6 with a Burst Radius of 1.

Description: This bot looks like a large rat, although a close inspection reveals it to be mechanical. When transmitting information, a small antenna unfolds from its back for uplink to a Combine satellite.

Profile: Drones

This aerial unit is a modified military/police surveillance system in widespread use before the Last War. The Denver HI Complex produces these for its field units to provide quick battlefield intelligence. The data can be shown in real-time on a platoon leader's command slate video screen or on the data screen of a LandWarrior II system.

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d10, S:2d4, Q:3d12, V:1d4

Dodge 3d10, drivin': flyin' 4d10

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d6, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4

Search 3d12, trackin' 2d12

Wind: -

Pace: 10

Size: 2

Armor: Light -4

Terror: NA

Special Abilities:

Damage: NA

Flight: The drone can fly surprisingly well for an object of its size and shape. It can reach altitudes of up to 50 feet, and can get higher by flying up stairwells and onto roofs.

Bot

Fearless

Self-destruct: Due to the small size of the drone, its self-destruct charge does only 3d6 with a Burst Radius of 2.



Low-light Sights: Drones are equipped with low light viewers that allow them to see in near-total dark conditions. Any bright light flashes cause the drone to lose an Action card unless it passes a Fair (5) *Cognition* check.

Thermal Imaging: Drones are equipped with thermal viewers that allow them to see in totally dark conditions. A waster can hide from them by hiding near a large heat source or being in an environment with lots of ambient heat. This requires an opposed *sneak* versus the drone's *search* Aptitude +4. Unless a waster is in a thermal-neutral outfit, the drone will detect all other *sneak* attempts.

Description: This bot looks like a thick, matte black frisbee, studded with a variety of antennae. A silenced thruster fan fills the bottom of the device.

Gremlin

These pesky little robots are sometimes unleashed by the Combine within a survivor settlement that has managed to maintain a technological base, or used against junker enclaves. Gremlins are designed to hack into computers, corrupt files, short-circuit electronics, and generally play havoc with any high-tech systems they encounter, leaving the opposition helpless before the might of the Combine forces. These are not aggressive robots, and do their utmost to avoid combat.

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d10, S:1d4, Q:4d12, V:1d4

Dodge 3d10, sneak 5d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:3d12, M:1d4, Sm:2d10, Sp:1d4

Scrutinize 3d10, search 3d10, trackin' 1d10, academia: computers 3d12, demolition 4d12, professional: electronics/computer ops 3d12, science: electronics 4d12, scroungin' 3d10

Wind: —

Pace: 10

Size: 3

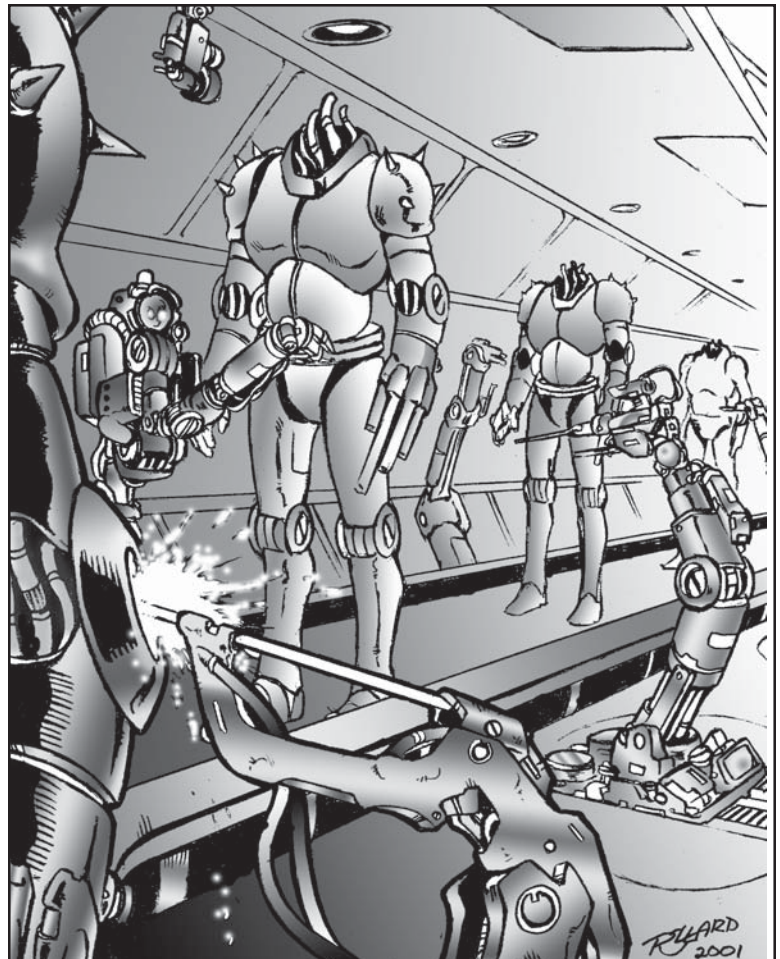
Armor: Light -4

Terror: NA

Special Abilities:

Degausser: The gremlin is designed to destroy computer and other electronic systems, and uses a powerful degausser to erase data and create a small EMP field to scramble unhardened circuits. This ability is identical to the Doomsayer power *EMP*, with battery charges substituted for Strain. The Gremlin should make a *professional: electronics* roll against the appropriate TN. The batteries of the degausser hold 10 charges.

Hacker: The gremlin has a series of data ports to interface with computers. This allows the gremlin to hack into enemy computers and extract information. Once plugged in, the gremlin goes to work



disabling any defenses the target may have, usually security software (see *Cyborgs* for a description of security software). Defeating a target's security system requires a contest of the gremlin's *professional: computer ops* versus the target's defense (or a cyborg's *Spirit*). If the target wins with a raise, the gremlin has been kicked out and cannot try again for another hour. If the gremlin wins, the security system has been bypassed and data can be altered or accessed.

Short-circuit: The gremlin can defend itself with a surge of power directed through its antennae. While this is used as a backup for tough electronics systems, it can also give living creatures a nice burn, too. Every point of power pumped through its antennae causes 1d6 damage. Against living creatures this is actual damage. When used against machinery (including cyborgs) the target must make a *Vigor* roll versus the damage total. Failure results in being stunned for a number of actions equal to the amount by which the roll was missed. Its capacitors can hold 15 charges. If the gremlin goes bust it has fried its antennae and can't use this ability without a major overhaul.

Chameleon: The exterior of this robot is covered with a malleable electro-plastic, which the robot can reshape into a variety of forms by running an electric current through it. The bot can also control the adhesiveness of its coating, allowing it to stick trash, pebbles, and any other form of camouflage onto itself. In an area with a lot of trash or other debris, the gremlin can add +4 to its *sneak*.

Bot
Fearless

Self-destruct: Due to the small size of the gremlin, its self-destruct charge does only 2d6 with a Burst Radius of 1.

Description: Fresh from the factory floor this bot looks like a small toaster, its surface an oily-appearing color that reflects the light in a series of distorted rainbows. As it moves out onto its assignment, the gremlin seems to waver and change shape as it rolls into the ruins, disappearing into the shadows. Small antennae and delicate extensor arms can be seen protruding from the main body.

Profile: Combine Infiltrators

These cyborgs are produced in the Denver AI Complex and under the forbidding walls of Fitzsimmons Army Medical Center. Infiltrators are built to insinuate themselves into the Denver Resistance, Junkyard, Oil Town, and any other target deemed worthy of Combine attention. A large number of these cyborgs have been deployed in recent months as the Combine gears up for its offensive against the Iron Alliance.

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:2d12, S:3d6, Q:3d8, V:2d8

Fightin': brawlin' 4d6

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d6, M:3d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:4d6

Wind: 14

Pace: 16

Size: 6

Edges: Level-headed, friends in high places (can call on a Combine strike-force) 5

Hindrances: 4 rules of engagement, oath (serve the Combine)

Cyber Systems: AI, antenna, big ears, brain mole, CPU, drug dispenser, facemaker, infiltrator, radio, self-repair unit, spirit fetter, spur.

Manitou/Power: 4d6/6

Gear: Leather armor, NA Officers' pistol w/3 full clips, hunting rifle w/3 full clips

Description: These cans look like your typical waster, and wear average, well-worn clothes. All the weapons and gear they carry is also well-used. Once established, they often use their facemaker implants to impersonate trusted locals.



Support

These units are built to furnish the ravenous Denver factory complex with raw materials; they can also be used further afield to remove obstacles.

These units usually avoid combat, but as with all Combine bots they can be used in combat when needed.

Profile: Chop-Bots

These small robots are built by the Denver AI to salvage raw materials from blasted cities. The robot's legs end in small, hooked claws which allow them to cling to nearly any surface. Where a spider would have mandibles, the chop-bots have a pair of circular tungsten-carbide saw blades capable of cutting through most materials. Chop-bots don't usually attack creatures, but defend themselves if attacked in melee. If attacked by ranged weapons, they hide and radio for help. Combine troopers can command these small bots as desired. Chop-bots are usually encountered in a swarms of 6 to 10.

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d12, S:4d8, Q:2d10, V:2d8

Climbin' 5d12, dodge 4d12, fightin': brawlin' 4d12

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d6, M:1d4, Sm:4d12, Sp:4d10

Search 3d8

Wind: -

Size: 3

Armor: 3

Terror: 3

Pace: 16

Special Abilities:

Damage: Saw blades (STR+2d8, AP 4)

Clingy: The hooked claws of the chop-bot allow it to move over any surface, and it can even hang upside down from ceilings.

Bot

Fearless

Leap: These bots can leap up to 10' horizontally and still attack.

Hard to Hit: Due to their small, size chop-bots are -2 to hit.

Self-destruct: Due to the small size of the chop-bot, its self-destruct charge does only 3d6 with a Burst Radius of 2.



Description: These bots look like metallic spiders, complete with eight multi-jointed legs and saw blades where a spider would have mandibles. Two multifaceted crystal eyes contain the sensors and radio antennae.

Reclamation Bots

A larger cousin of the chop-bot, reclamation bots usually work with swarms of chop-bots, gathering up the cut-up debris and moving larger pieces that their smaller kin can't tackle. These bots are fairly stupid, but can defend themselves if attacked. One enterprising Steel Knight scout by the name of Eichenlaub has even managed to recharge his power armor by recording the recharging request codes broadcast by other Combine bots and then broadcasting them himself. He was able to follow a reclamation bot for a week as it moved through the rubble of Aurora, topping off his suit from the bot as it ran low on power. This trick requires a copy of the recharge request code and a successful *bluff* versus the bot's *scrutinize* roll.

Cost	Crew	Engine
NA	0	Fusion
Gas Tank	MPG	Suspen,
NA	NA	Offroad
Wheels	Top Speed	Pace
6	20 mph	50
Accel.	Durability	Armor
2.5 mph	50/10	4
Handling	Size	Load Limit
-2	+3	40

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:1d6, S:5d10, Q:3d4, V:3d12

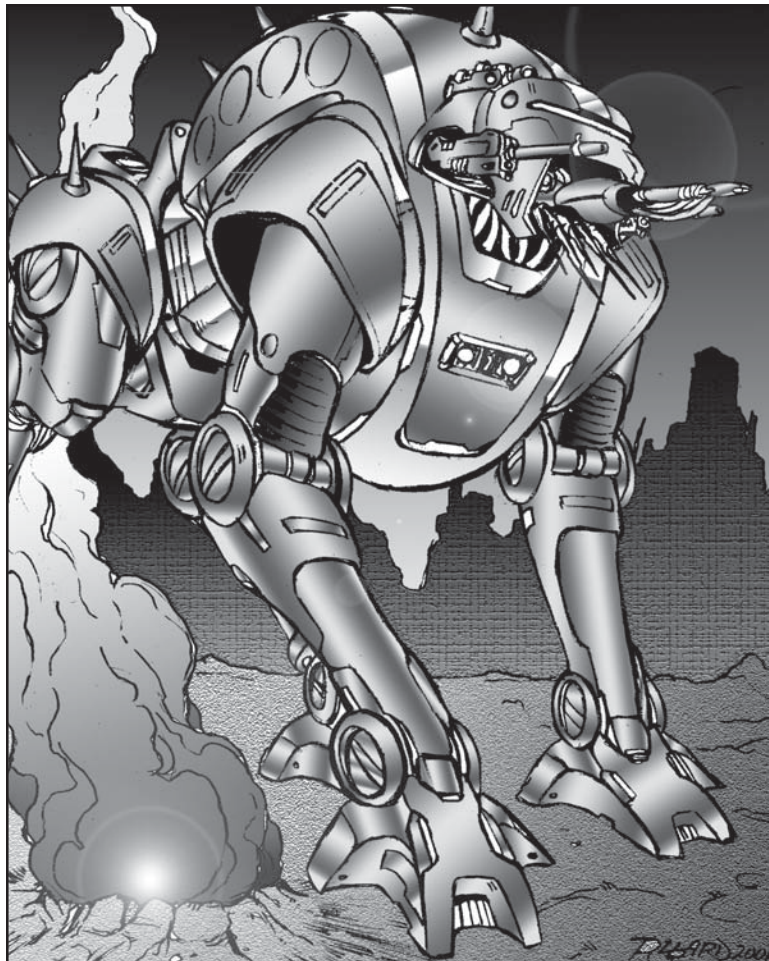
Fightin': brawlin' 4d6, drivin' 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4
Search 2d6, scrutinize 3d6

Pace: 16

Size: 13 (+3 to hit)

Armor: 1



Terror: NA

Special Abilities:

Damage: See below

Plasma Torch: One arm is equipped with a plasma cutting torch. The torch arm has a Durability of 10/2, AV 2 and can reach 10'. Damage is STR+2d12, AP4.

Saw Blades: One articulated arm is equipped with a tungsten-carbide cutting saw capable of cutting through almost anything. The saw arm has a Durability of 10/2, AV 2 and can reach 10'. Damage is STR+2d8, AP4.

Bot: 50/10

Mothership: The reclamation bot acts as a recharger for other Combine bots in the area, usually the swarm of chop-bots attached to it.

There are 10 recharge ports in the rear of the vehicle that recharge at the rate listed under fusion vehicle in Chapter Two.

Fearless

Regenerate

Description: This robot looks like a large truck with six over-sized off-road wheels. A cargo bay takes up most of the rear, and an overhang along the back provides power hook-ups for chop-bots and other battery-powered devices. An articulated cargo arm lifts heavy loads (up to 1,000 pounds) into the bed, and two arms in the front are equipped with tools to disassemble debris and rubble.

Combat

The Combine exists for one purpose—to enslave the Americas under the iron fist of Throckmorton and the Denver AI. Not willing to trust the final battles to its human troops, the AI has designed a number of robot and automaton units—with advice from Throckmorton—to carry the field on Judgment Day 2.

Profile: Banshee (Bouncers)

Based on the commercial version of the Hellstromme Motor's Arrow hoverbike, this chassis has been retooled to mount an automaton's upper torso. These automatons are used as quick strike forces, and their high-frequency encrypted radios make them ideal for scouting missions. These creations are known as "bouncers" in the settlements they have attacked for their ability to leap over perimeter walls and come to grips with the defenders.

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d10, S:4d12, Q:3d6, V:2d12+4

Dodge 5d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, drivin': hover 5d10, shootin': MG 4d6

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Overawe 5d6, ridicule 1d6, scroungin' 2d6, search 3d10

Wind: —

Pace: 350 (140 mph)

Size: 9

Armor: 3 (upper guts, noggin, and arms)/2 (legs and lower guts)

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Chain Gun: Ammo 12mm; shots 240; Speed: 1; ROF 9; RI: 10/20; Damage 5d8, AP2. The automaton's iron arms act as a brace, allowing it to ignore recoil modifiers.

Bounce: By dumping air into the skirt, the Banshee can become airborne and jump small obstacles. This gives the automaton the ability to clear an obstacle ten feet in height. With an additional foot for each raise on the *drivin'* roll, the Banshee can clear most survivor settlement walls (see *Road Warriors*, Chapter Three for details on emergency jumps).

Auto-targeters: +4 to *shootin'* rolls.

Fearless

Regenerate

Self-destruct

Description: This automaton looks like a steel hover-centaur. Where the controls and handlebars of a hoverbike would be rises an automaton torso, complete with weaponry. The distinctive wail of the high-performance hover engine is calculated to strike fear into the hearts of those who oppose the Combine.

Profile: Widowmakers

Designed to instill fear into the enemies of the Combine, the Widowmaker is a large, four-legged metal monstrosity. Standing 15' tall, this armored walker is capable of carrying a squad of ten men or five automatons within its cavernous body. The four-legged design and wide feet allow it to traverse the roughest terrain, and its great weight allows it to stamp any shifting rubble flat, thus making it exceptionally sure-footed. Its weight of five tons is also its main disadvantage, as few bridges left in the Wasted West between Denver and Junkyard can support that much.

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:1d6, S:5d12+4, Q:3d6, V:2d12+4

Fightin': brawlin' 4d6, shootin':MG 4d6

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Overawe 5d6, search 3d10

Wind: —



Pace: 6

Size: 15 (+4 to hit)

Armor: 5

Terror: 13

Special Abilities:

Damage: Stomp (STR+2d12)

Chain Gun x 2: Ammo 12mm; shots 240; Speed: 1; ROF 9; RI: 10/20; Damage 5d8, AP2. The automaton's ponderous head acts as a brace, allowing it to ignore recoil modifiers. The chain guns are limited to a 120 degree arc to the front of the automaton.

Anti-tank Laser: Protruding from the middle of the head is an antitank laser (ammo laser; shots unlimited; Speed: 1; ROF 1; RI: 50; Damage 4d12 AP6).

Auto-targeters: +4 to shootin' rolls

Undead

Fearless

Self-destruct

Description: This automaton looks like a mechanical elephant, minus the trunk and ears. A large head swings ponderously at the end of a short neck, and instead of tusks the menacing barrels of chain guns protrude from either side of the lower side of the jaw.

Profile: Rabblrouisers (Flamers)

Learning from the difficulties encountered in clearing the Resistance from its rubble strongholds, the Combine has begun to incorporate flame-equipped automatons into its forces to burn the vermin from their hiding places.

Rabblrouisers are sent in to clear rubble areas of humans, the flames washing into cracks and crevices to seek out the human pests. These automatons are also equipped with chain guns to deal with any humans who break from cover, although if a person is on fire they hold their shots, instead savoring the dying screams of their victim.

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:4d12, Q:3d6, V:2d12+4

Dodge 5d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, shootin': flamer/MG 4d6

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Overawe 5d6, ridicule 1d6, scroungin' 2d6, search 3d10

Wind: –

Pace: 6

Size: 8

Armor: 3

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Chain Gun: Ammo 12mm; shots 240; Speed: 1; ROF 9; RI: 10/20; Damage 5d8, AP2. The automaton's iron arms act as a brace, allowing it to ignore recoil modifiers.

Flamer: Ammo fuel; shots 30; ROF 1; RI 10 (max 50); Damage 4d10 massive damage to everyone within 3 yards. If the shot misses roll for deviation. Shot deviates by 1 yard for each point missed by.

Fearless

Undead

Regenerate

Self-destruct

Profile: Archer

Knowing that the forces of the Combine can't match the Sky Pirates in numbers of aircraft, the Denver AI designed this unit as an answer to the nagging question of air superiority. While the Raptor can take down most Sky Pirate aircraft, they are no match for military high performance aircraft. The Archer is automaton specifically designed to knock planes out of the air.

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:4d12, Q:3d6, V:2d12+4

Climbin' 2d6, dodge 5d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, sneak 5d6

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Artillery: missile 4d10, search 3d10, professional: sensor operations 4d6, overawe 5d6, scroungin' 2d6

Wind: –

Pace: 4

Size: 7

Armor: 3

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Hornet SAMs: The Archer carries three Hornet surface-to-air missiles in an armored shell on its back.

Hades Extended Chain Gun: Ammo 12mm; shots 500; Speed: 1; ROF 12; RI: 20; Damage 5d8, AP2. The automaton's iron arms act as a brace, allowing it to ignore recoil modifiers.

Radar: The search radar is capable of detecting aircraft up to 20 miles and allowing a lock-on. A successful lock-on (Fair (5) *professional: sensor operations*) negates any movement penalties for shooting at the aircraft. See *Iron Oasis* p. 69 for further details on weapon's lock-ons. This radar can also interface with the Hades chain gun to provide protection against low level aircraft.

Slowpoke: The Archer is weighed down by missiles and extra chain gun ammo, and as a result is slow moving. The Archer can still run (more like a lumber), however.

Fearless

Undead

Regenerate

Self-destruct

Description: These creatures look like hunchbacked hydrocephalic automatons. The large dome in the head contains the fire control radars, while the hump houses a battery of hornet missiles. The archer is a relatively new development in the Combine's arsenal, and none have been seen or reported outside of Denver.

Profile: Security Bots

These were the original security robots assigned to HI complexes where the presence of automatons was unnecessary or bad for publicity. These robots were designed to be centrally controlled by a facility AI, although they do have some autonomy in dealing with security situations. These



days they can be found around and within some of the Combine facilities, usually where the threat level is deemed to be low, or as a back-up to human forces in an area. A squad of ten of these is stationed at the Denver Police headquarters to provide security to the Downtown area.

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d4, Q:1d8, S3d12, V:2d8

Shootin': MG, shootin': grenade launcher 2d6, fightin': brawl in' 4d4

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:2d6

Search 3d6

Wind: -

Pace: 4

Size: 6

Armor: 2

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Grenade Launcher: Ammo mini grenades; shots 4 teargas, 2 fragmentation; ROF 1; RI: 20; Damage Special/4d12, Burst Radius 10. The grenade launcher is mounted in the robot's upper torso.

HI Blazer: Ammo 9mm; shots 100; ROF 6; RI: 5/10; Damage 3d6. The automaton's iron arms act as a brace, allowing it to ignore recoil modifiers. This weapon is carried in its right arm.

Auto Shotgun: Ammo 12ga.; shots 30 pellet, 10 beanbag (5d8 subdual damage); ROF 6; RI: 10; Damage 1-6d6. The automaton's iron arms act as a brace, allowing it to ignore recoil modifiers. This weapon is carried in its left arm.

Fearless

Bot

Description: Security bots look like stereotypical robots, with thin two-armed, torsos rising from a set of treads. A head with dual sensors completes the robot. The hefty weapons mounted on the arms dispel any illusion of friendliness, though.

Profile: Feral Automotons

Being basically a walkin' dead bound in a metal body, automotons are prone to be destructive and unruly. Sometimes an automaton suffers a breakdown in its control and inhibition circuits and



runs amok. These are referred to by the Combine as "feral automatons." Ferals revert back to their walkin' dead behavior.

Feral automatons are vicious killers, continually frustrated in their attempts to sate their all-consuming lust for brains by their lack of a mouth. Sometimes they cram the gooey gray matter in their shells. Of course this doesn't really help, and often makes the deadly bot even more frustrated and homicidal.

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:4d12, Q:3d6, V:2d12+4

Climbin' 2d6, dodge 5d10, fightin': brawl in' 3d10, sneak 5d6

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Overawe 5d6, ridicule 1d6, scroungin' 2d6, search 3d10

Wind: -

Pace: 6

Size: 7

Armor: 3

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bladed fists and arms (STR+3d8)

Fearless

Undead

Regenerate

Self-destruct

Description: These creatures look like automatons, although they have usually stripped themselves of the typical chain guns and grenade launchers in favor of more up close and personal weapons. They are usually studded with spikes and blades, and are often draped in the entrails of their latest victims. They sometimes rip out whole jaws and, stripped of flesh, attach them to their lower skulls. Ears, eyes, scalps, and other trophies can be found affixed distastefully to their chassis. Feral automatons often stalk their prey for days, taunting them and savoring the fear that radiates from the victim.

Profile: Pacification Bots

Originally designed for urban police forces and Third World militaries, the pacification bot proved less than ideal in the field due to its AI's tendency to shoot first and ask questions later.

The Combine has no such reservations, however, and has even up-gunned the original design. Pacification bots can be found on perimeter guard duty at sensitive installations, as well as providing heavy support to strike forces.

Their great weight (as much as a pick-up truck) limits their deployability by air, however, and encountering more than one outside of a Combine facility is usually a sign that a major operation is underway. A pacification bot can hunker down on its haunches, and one can fit into the cargo space of a Raptor.

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:3d6, S:4d12+4, Q:3d8, V:4d10

Fightin': brawlin' 3d6, shootin':SMG 3d10

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d6, M:1d4, Sm:4d12, Sp:4d10

Artillery: autocannon 4d10, search 4d8

Wind: —

Pace: 6

Size: 12

Armor: 4

Terror: 3

Special Abilities:

Damage: Stomp (STR+2d8)

Autocannon: Ammo 20mm; shots 100 HE/30 AP; Speed: 1; ROF 6; RI: 20; Damage 4d12 AP2/3d8 Burst Radius 3.

Blazer SMG x2: Ammo 9mm; shots 300; Speed: 1; ROF 6; RI: 5/10; Damage 3d6. The robot's weapon mount acts as a brace, allowing it to ignore recoil modifiers.

Hardened: The electronic components of the robot are fully hardened against the effects of EMP.

Sensor Package: The pacification robot has an advanced sensor package, including air search radar

with a range of 10 miles, and a thermal viewer. Thermal viewers allow the robot to see in totally dark conditions. A waster can hide from them by hiding near a large heat source or being in an environment with lots of ambient heat. This requires an opposed *sneak* versus the robot's *search* Aptitude +4. Unless a waster is in a thermal-neutral outfit, the pacification bot will detect all other *sneak* attempts.

Bot

Fearless

Gyro-stabilization: The gyro-stabilization system allows the autocannon to fire continuously with no penalties for recoil or movement by the robot.

Self-destruct

Description: This armored bipedal walker robot stands ten feet tall. The autocannon is slung in a chin-turret at the front of the main body. The Blazers are mounted on small stubby "wings" on either side of the nose, and are used in the anti-personnel role.

Profile: Raptors

One of the trademark creations of the Combine, the Raptor serves in a variety of roles. The cargo space in the rear can carry ten humans or five automatons, while a winch in the belly allows it to sling-load heavy cargoes for transport.

Thermal imagers and high quality video surveillance equipment can be fitted to convert the Raptor for a reconnaissance role, although the undead brain piloting the craft chafes at these usually bloodless missions.

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

Shootin':MG 3d10, flyin': VTOL 4d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Search 3d10 (4d12 for recon version), profession: sensor ops 4d6

Wind: —

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Undead

Fearless

Self-destruct



Cost	Passengers	Load Limit
NA	5 (10)	100
Gas Tank	MPG	Engine
NA	NA	Twin Turbine
Top Speed	Stall	Handling
60 mph	NA	+2
Durability	Armor	Accel.
50/10	6	20
	Size	
	+3	

Weapons:

Fuselage: 2 x M-120 (Shots 300, ROF 15, Range 20, Damage 4d8, articulated mount), 2 x AIM-9S Sidewinder (Shots 1, ROF 1, Range 70", Damage 4d12, Burst 10, fixed mount)

Special Equipment: AQP-1100 radar, decoy launcher, radar jammer, radar warning receiver, thermal viewers (recon)

Profile: Warbots

The heavy hitters of the Combine, warbots are rarely seen outside of Denver. The only confirmed reports the Iron Alliance has of their location is in the ruins of Grand Junction, a worrying prospect considering that the rubble city lies only 285 miles from Junkyard. Warbot is a misnomer, as these vehicles are controlled by an undead brain.

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:3d6, S:4d12+4, Q:3d8, V:4d10

Shootin':MG 3d10, drivin': hover 4d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d6, M:1d4, Sm:4d12, Sp:4d10

Artillery: cannon 4d10, search 4d8

Cost	Crew	Engine
NA	0	Fusion
Gas Tank	MPG	Suspen.
NA	NA	Hover
Wheels	Top Speed	Pace
NA	60 mph	150
Accel.	Durability	Armor
2.5 mph	100/20	See below
Handling	Size	Load Limit
-2	+4	100

Armor: Bottom 4, front 10, rear 8, left side 8, right side 8, turret 12

Weapon	Mount	Location	Arc
125mm cannon	Fixed	Turret	360
HI SAW	Articulated	Turret	360
HI SAW	Articulated	Bow Front	90



Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

One Thing at a Time: The warbot's brain can only handle one thing at a time. It can only fire one weapon per Action.

Auto-targeter: The warbot adds +4 to all *artillery* and *shootin'* rolls, and can ignore modifiers for target movement.

Undead

Fearless

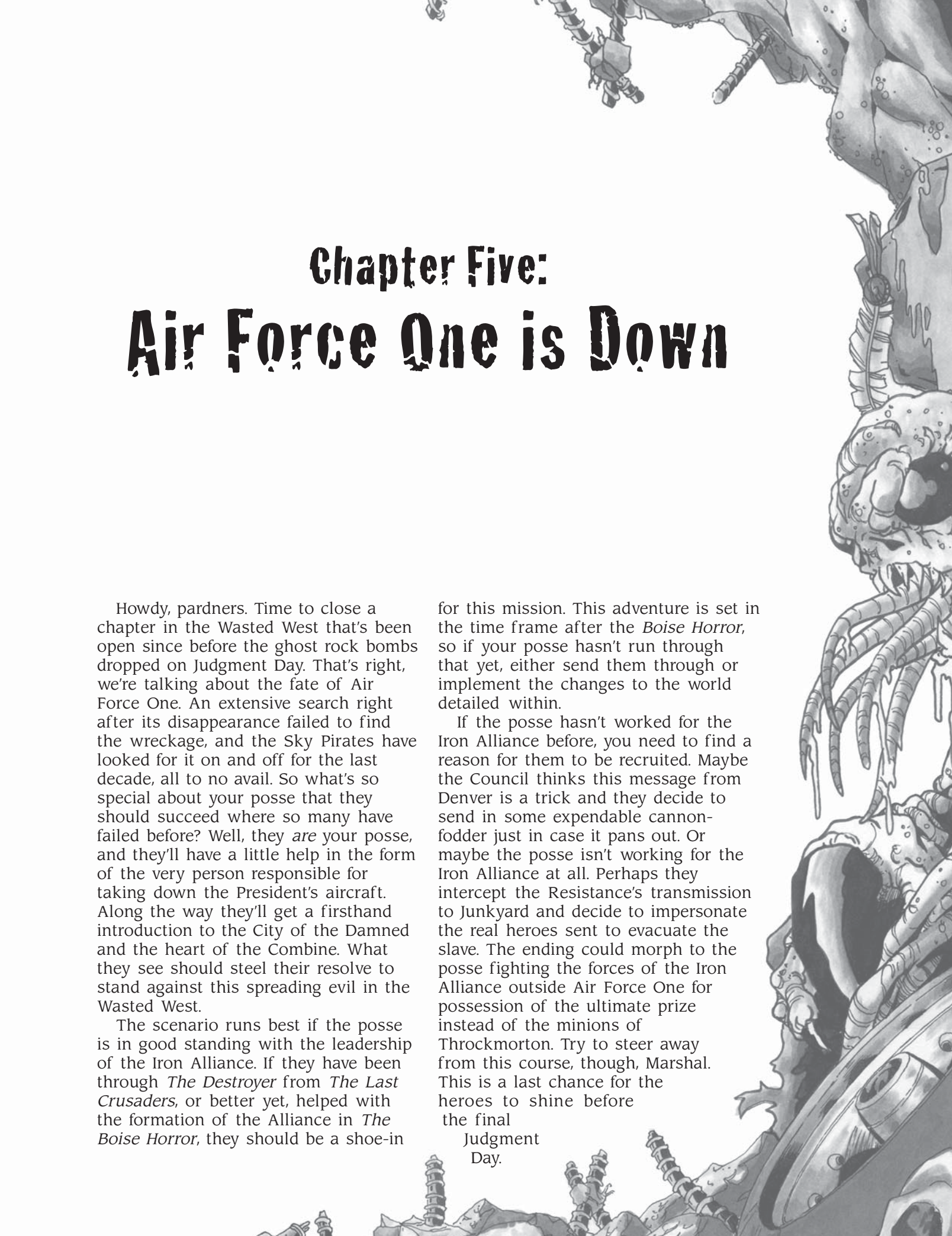
Self-destruct: Due to fears of damaging other friendly units, the self-destruct charge causes the warbot to implode, doing no damage to nearby elements.

Description: Warbots are usually retrofitted pre-War main battle tanks. Thanks to the reactivation of the Rocky Mountain Arsenal assembly lines, these are most commonly Powell hover tanks, but through the scrounging efforts of the Green Hats, Lees and other vehicles can also be recognized. The undead brain is kept under tighter control than an automaton's, but still has a relative degree of freedom in carrying out its orders. The brain is encased in an armored shell deep within the body of the vehicle, and is almost impossible to destroy. The vehicle must be totally destroyed before the brain is rendered useless. Wily warbots often play dead after their drive has been knocked out, coming to life hours after the battle and wreaking havoc among the enemy. A good rule of thumb is "If a warbot doesn't explode, keep shooting at it until it does."



Weapon	Ammo	Shots	ROF	Range	Damage
125mm cannon	HEAT	1	1	250	4d20 AP4, Burst 5
	SABOT	1	1	200	6d20, AP8





Chapter Five: Air Force One is Down

Howdy, pardners. Time to close a chapter in the Wasted West that's been open since before the ghost rock bombs dropped on Judgment Day. That's right, we're talking about the fate of Air Force One. An extensive search right after its disappearance failed to find the wreckage, and the Sky Pirates have looked for it on and off for the last decade, all to no avail. So what's so special about your posse that they should succeed where so many have failed before? Well, they *are* your posse, and they'll have a little help in the form of the very person responsible for taking down the President's aircraft. Along the way they'll get a firsthand introduction to the City of the Damned and the heart of the Combine. What they see should steel their resolve to stand against this spreading evil in the Wasted West.

The scenario runs best if the posse is in good standing with the leadership of the Iron Alliance. If they have been through *The Destroyer* from *The Last Crusaders*, or better yet, helped with the formation of the Alliance in *The Boise Horror*, they should be a shoe-in

for this mission. This adventure is set in the time frame after the *Boise Horror*, so if your posse hasn't run through that yet, either send them through or implement the changes to the world detailed within.

If the posse hasn't worked for the Iron Alliance before, you need to find a reason for them to be recruited. Maybe the Council thinks this message from Denver is a trick and they decide to send in some expendable cannon-fodder just in case it pans out. Or maybe the posse isn't working for the Iron Alliance at all. Perhaps they intercept the Resistance's transmission to Junkyard and decide to impersonate the real heroes sent to evacuate the slave. The ending could morph to the posse fighting the forces of the Iron Alliance outside Air Force One for possession of the ultimate prize instead of the minions of Throckmorton. Try to steer away from this course, though, Marshal. This is a last chance for the heroes to shine before the final

Judgment
Day.

The Story So Far

Little Andy Bates never was popular as a child. Maybe it was the big ears or the thick, nerdy glasses. Maybe it was the rat-like face, or the high, whiny voice. Whatever the reason, from the time Andy entered school his life was made a living Hell by the other kids. To escape his tormentors, Andy immersed himself in the world of books. It was this love of escapism that led the young boy to an old, dusty used bookstore in the crumbling tenements of New York. Here the teen found the Book, an ancient tome that the proprietor let go for a song. Within its moldering pages, Andy found the means to change his life and begin on the path to power and fame, all for the price of something as insignificant as the lives of a few beloved family pets and later, his soul.

In the Hunting Grounds, the Reckoners smiled.

The Long and Winding Road

Thanks to the power of the Book, Bates suddenly found success both academically and personally. As the years passed, he found it easy to accomplish whatever he set his mind (and sacrifices) to. A law degree, a successful practice, and a triumphant bid for the New York Congressional seat brought this pawn of the Reckoners to the very highest halls of power.

He even managed to find a position on the Foreign Affairs Committee, and was one of the architects of the LatAm attack on the Confederacy. But he and his sponsors weren't satisfied with his achievements. One more prize beckoned to Bates. In 2078 Bates inexplicably lost his bid for the Presidency, despite the sympathetic press he received for the untimely death of his new-borne daughter. It was with a heavy heart that he accepted the vice-presidency for Mary Rose Tremane.

A Hidden Viper

Andrew Bates settled into the vice-presidency like a duck to water. He watched with satisfaction the fruits of his labors as the LatAm crashed across the border into the Confederacy, racking up victory after victory. Bates also spent the next two years recruiting heavily among his old contacts in the intelligence community, renewing old acquaintances and sharing his unique brand of power with selected individuals. In time he had a loyal following in the Secret Service, the military, and the various intelligence agencies.

A Belated Christmas Present

The set-backs suffered by the LatAm Alliance were offset by President Tremane's agreement to launch that first cruise missile strike in Oklahoma. Once the war began in earnest between the United States and the Confederacy, Bates was as happy as a zombie in a brain bank. He knew it as just a matter of time before a "Southern" strike team got to the President. That chance came over the holidays when Tremane brokered a cease-fire with the South over Andrew's protests and went on a whirlwind morale-raising tour of the Western States. The Vice-President had just enough time to get one of his Secret Service agents assigned to the Presidential detail and set things in motion in Denver.

We're Going Down!

Nancy Moriarty was a powerful syker recruited from the Agency back when Bates was a Congressman. By 2080 she was a trusted member of the U.S. Secret Service. It was child's play for her to get on the Presidential detail after a fellow agent came down with meningitis, and soon she was winging her way across the U.S. with President Tremane under Moriarty's watchful eye.

When she received a coded signal from the Vice-President while in Denver, the syker readied herself for action. Shortly after the plane took off



enroute for Seattle, Moriarty struck. Destroying the distress beacon, escape capsule, and avionics with her mind-powers, she tore through the protective detail, but couldn't get to the President. Satisfied that the plane was crippled beyond hope, the syker bailed out and watched Air Force One go down. Landing in the Rockies, Moriarty activated a coded beacon and was picked up shortly thereafter by an interagency "black ops" team, which continued on to the wreck site in the face of a growing blizzard.

Once on-site, the team ensured that all onboard were dead, and covered the surprisingly intact wreckage over with camouflage netting. The team was forced to leave before they could recover the nuclear launch code briefcase, but Moriarty figured the codes were reproducible anyway. Returning back to Denver, the black VTOL passed the military search teams going the other way. The rest, as they say, is history. The syker wisely decided to make herself scarce upon returning to the city, as she herself had tied up many loose ends over the years.

Feed Me, Seymour

Back at the crash site, an innocuous present to the President—a plant—began to worm its way into the light, spilling into the shattered hulk and quickly overgrowing the wreck. The plant was originally a flowering weed from Banshee. Its beautiful blossoms and scent, which brought about the nickname of "Banshee Blossom," were unfortunately joined by a weak and unstable constitution, that required specific soil, sunlight and temperature. A research team at the Butterfly Pavilion attempted crossbreeding the plant with hardier earth species, providing an exceptionally beautiful specimen that could withstand the rigors of Earth weather.

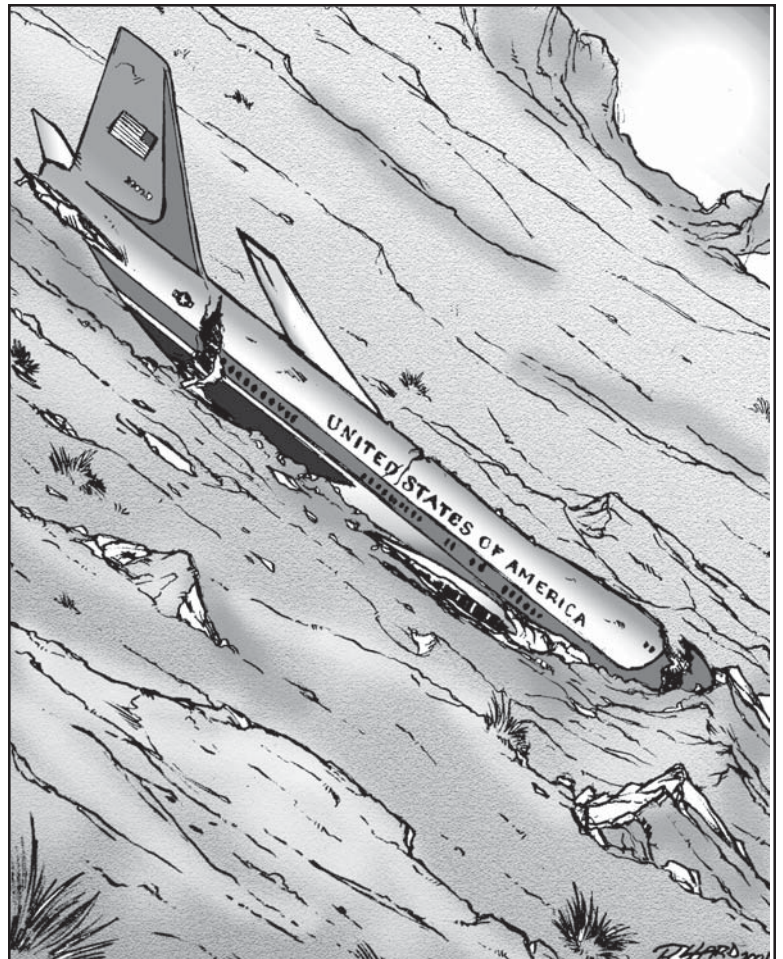
A latent sentience in the plant, unknown by the scientists, was brought out during this process, and the death throes and warping influence of the Deadland at the crash site allowed the plant to reach its full potential. Feeding off the bodies within, the plant was able to take over the only team that



managed to find the crash site two weeks after the jet went down. Since then, the plant has expanded to cover much of the wreck site, and has a host of animals and plants in the surrounding area that can do its bidding.

Echoes of the Past

Recently, Nancy Moriarty has resurfaced. Ravaged by brain cancer and guilt over her association with the end of the world, she had lived quietly in a small settlement along the Wyoming-Colorado border. Two weeks ago a Chain Dog gang overran her home. Despite the losses inflicted on the slavers, Moriarty was captured and put in a slave caravan to Denver along with the other survivors of the raid.



Hoping to save her own skin, the syker confessed she knew the location of Air Force One, prompting the slavers to call in a Combine Red Hat team to interrogate her further. Rendezvousing with the caravan north of Denver, Throckmorton's troops took her statement and radioed their findings ahead to the General himself.

An attack by a rival Chain Dog gang on the outskirts of the city allowed many of the slaves to escape, including Moriarty. Finding herself in the company of the Resistance, the ex-syker is once again trying to save her skin by bargaining with the damning knowledge she has kept hidden for so long.

The Setup

Okay, Marshal, for this adventure to work, the posse needs to be in Junkyard. Known to the Ruling Council either through direct contact or tales of the posse's prowess, the characters are contacted and offered jobs working for the Iron Alliance. The degree of trust the Alliance places in the posse determines just how much they tell them.

Junkyard is at once hopeful and fearful. The Iron Alliance struck between the major factions of the Wasted West has given the people of the Iron Oasis hope, yet the menacing presence of the Combine as near as Grand Junction has the people fearful of what General Throckmorton will do next.

Most everyone knows about the ongoing attacks against the uranium convoys coming out of Uravan and the terrible losses the Sky Pirates and their road gang allies are taking to stop these shipments. Many people are wondering out loud just how long they can expect to hold off the metal minions of the Combine if war comes to Junkyard.

Chapter One

Junkyard, Deseret—Fear Level 4

Message for You, Sir

The streets and shops of Junkyard bustle with wasters from every corner of the West. Maze pirates rub shoulders with burly Texans, and members of the Convoy haggle with road gangers who weeks before were doing their best to loot their trucks. It is a surreal image of civilization that sits on the burning plains of Deseret.

Wherever the posse happens to be in Junkyard, they are approached by a member of the city government with a request to appear before the Iron Alliance representatives at Town Hall as soon as possible. If the posse requests time to think about it, their place of residence is taken down and the representative comes looking for them again that evening. Posse members who go along with the flunky are briefly checked out by security at the entrance, then taken to the new offices of the Iron Alliance.

Inside this spartan conference room are the representatives of each major faction of the new coalition. Ike Taylor himself represents Junkyard, while alongside him sits Major Dwight "Raptor" Price, the leader of the Sky Pirates. A gaudily dressed refugee from a wizards' convention is Tom Glauser, resident ambassador of the Chamber, while a large man in a purple robe sits by himself. This is Larry Rexing, representing Joan and the Doomsayers. At one end of the table sits a striking, no-nonsense woman in a white tabard—Linda Richards, the envoy of the Templars. Introductions are made all around, and if the posse took part in *The Boise Horror* many of these faces are familiar. After everyone is comfortable, Ike briefs the posse:

"Late last night we received a radio transmission from the Resistance in Denver. Seems those folks have gotten themselves an arrangement with ComSat to get messages out of the city.



Anyway, they requested a pick-up of a very special guest that they've rescued from the Combine. This person claims to know the location of the crash site of Air Force One. As you probably know, the plane went down a few months before Judgment Day, and was never found. Raptor here and his folks have looked for it for years without success.

If this person really knows where it is this could be a big boost to the Iron Alliance. You see, we're hoping that the "football," the briefcase containing the nuclear launch codes, is still in the wreckage. If it is there, and we can crack the codes, we might be able to get ourselves a working nuke or ghost rock bomb. That would really ease our minds about what Throckmorton is up to. Best case we could maybe hit the Denver HI Complex. At the least we could wipe out a formation of automatons if he moves against Junkyard.

We need you to go into Denver and bring this prisoner out. If what she says is true, and she does have a location, we need you to go in and bring out the package. Do this service for the Iron Alliance and you'll all be heroes.

The Sky Pirates stand ready to take you as far as they can. Once outside the city, you'll air assault in by glider, rendezvous with the Resistance, and get back out. We'll then transport you to the wreck site. Once you get clear of the Combine the mission should be a piece of cake, if this slave is true to her word.

So, what do you say?"

Ike gives the posse a chance to talk it over amongst themselves, and answers any further questions the posse might have about the message. It was received at 0230 this morning and said that a single slave rescued from the Combine claimed to know the



whereabouts of AFI. She wants safe passage from Denver and a new start in Junkyard in return for revealing the location. No mention was made of how she knows where the wreckage is, and the transmission was one-way only.

If the posse accepts, the meeting adjourns. The group is free to equip themselves however they see fit, but they are cautioned that their method of entry into Denver will severely restrict their weight limitations. They are told to meet at the Junkyard Gate at 0600 tomorrow morning for their flight to Denver.

The posse has one last night to get their affairs in order. General Tolliver of the Junkyard Militia has been ordered to help with whatever equipment he can, and the Alliance vouches for up to \$2,000 apiece in goods for the posse. Let them take as much as they want, Marshal. The Specters only hold so much.

Hi Ho, Hi Ho, It's Off to Hell We Go

As the posse assembles at the main Junkyard gate early the next morning, they are met by none other than "Raptor" himself, sitting on the hood of a Hum-Vee. Once everyone is present and accounted for, Major Price heads out the gate and south down the main road towards the ruins of Provo.

An hour's travel down U.S. Route 15 brings the posse to Provo, where, on the eastern horizon, can be seen the outline of a huge skyship. If the posse went through *The Boise Horror*, they recognize it as Sky Raider I. If not, Raptor is happy to regale them with tales of the infamous airship's exploits. The posse and their gear is quickly bundled aboard and Sky Raider I lifts off into the rising sun.

If you have a copy of *The Boise Horror* you can have them explore the vehicle, but this isn't important. The airship's commander, Captain Howard Phelps, introduces himself and invites

the posse to the conference room beside his quarters for a briefing. Refreshments are served all around, and the Captain gets down to business.

"Our intel from the Resistance, confirmed by some photo recon pictures taken yesterday, shows that the best way to enter the city is by air, landing on the top of the American Trade Center.

There's too much ground activity and clutter to land at street level. Our recon showed the roof is clear, with a lot of the pre-Bang equipment blown off from the nukes that hit the city. This way, you can take off again and fly back out. Unless ya'll can fly, I've got some good pilots to take you in. Weight will be a problem, so take only what you think is absolutely necessary to get you in and out. The Resistance says they'll meet you in the basement of the Trade Center. We're looking at a launch window of 2000 tomorrow night. It should take you 30 minutes or so to land, and a couple of hours to make your way down to the basement. We'll give you a radio to coordinate pick-up with us.

Raptor tells me that we'll hover outside the city to wait for you. The Trade Center is tall enough to let the gliders take off, and they have rocket assists to get you some more altitude and make it back to us. Any questions?"

Captain Phelps entertains any questions from the posse and answers them as best he can. Sky Raider I launches the Specter gliders from maximum altitude 20 miles outside the city, and then flies in low to get closer to the city and facilitate pick-up.

The group has the next two days to get ready before they're ready for launch. Raptor asks that they refrain from mingling with the crew, but other than that they're free to occupy their time however they like. The food is good, toilet paper is available, the views are spectacular, and the posse has little to fear except the upcoming mission. If the posse explores Sky Raider I, they find a number of matte black gliders in the hanger (number equal to the posse members divided by three and rounded up), along with an old, weather-stained military HMMWV.

Bounty

Accepting the Iron Alliance's mission without haggling: 1 White Chip.

Chapter Two: Extreme Sports

Denver, CO—Fear Level 6

Extreme Sports

The Specter stealth assault glider was originally designed to get U.S. Special Operations teams into areas where heavy air defenses made insertion by VTOL or helicopter impossible. Coated with an anti-radar paint, the Specter presents a radar cross-section smaller than a hummingbird and is totally silent.

These gliders served admirably before and during the Last War. The Sky Pirates recently found a squadron of these craft in an old Special Forces training center in Wyoming and are putting them to good use. Each glider can carry three people and their gear, but due to weight and space restrictions bulky gear like power armor must be broken down and takes up a person's worth of space (heavy suits are a no-go). Heavy cyborgs are right out due to their weight and bulk, although if broken down they can be distributed among several gliders. This requires a Hard (9) *science: cybertech* check. The rocket assist of the glider is powerful enough to boost the glider off the roof, and is good for one burn



only. Specters have a computerized navigation system, low light windshield vision system, GPS, and a Durability of 20/4.

The posse can meet their pilots if none of them have the *flyin': glider* or *fixed wing* Aptitude. Jake Parsons, Tom Rattie, and Jeff Ventura (all with *flyin': glider/fixed wing 3d12*) are happy to assist with any questions, and will even teach the rudiments of flying these big, black assault gliders. Extra Bounty Points can be spent if the posse wishes to gain a rudimentary *flyin'* Aptitude during this time.

Into the Dragon's Lair

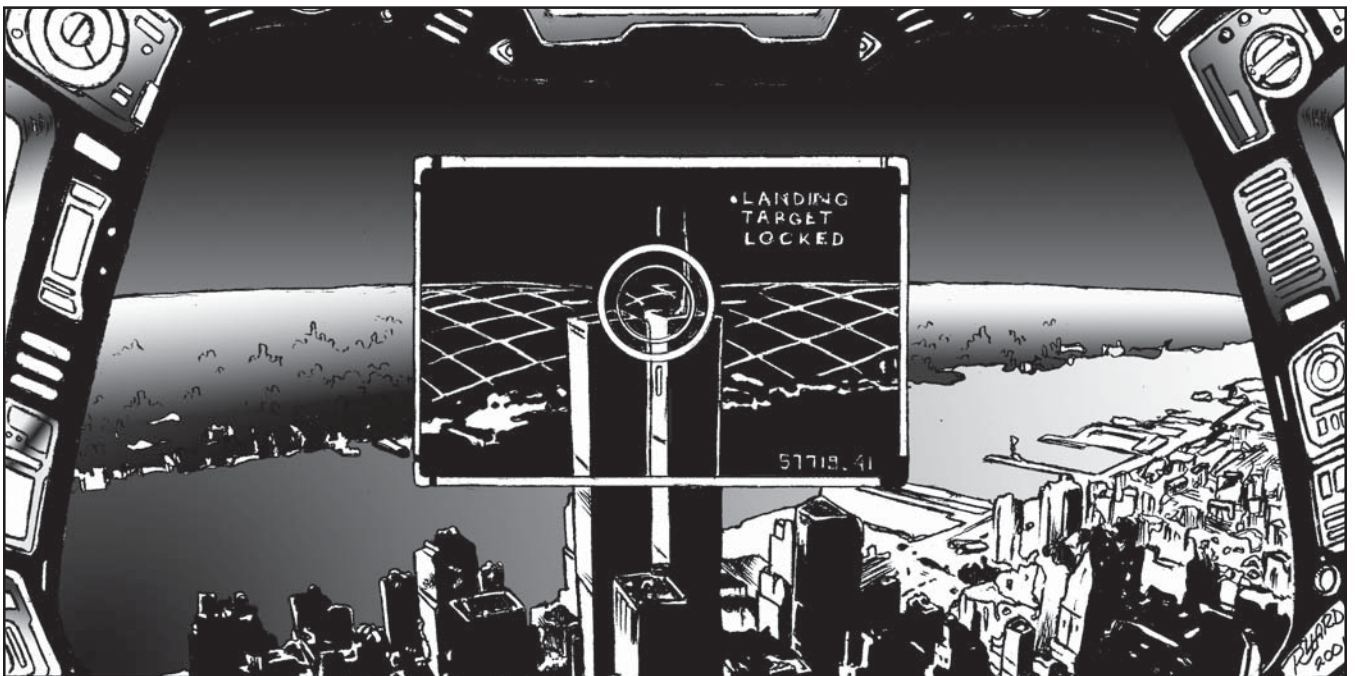
The next night at 2000 hours, the posse loads into the gliders and launches themselves into the void. The group is given a PRC-177 backpack radio with a full, medium battery to contact the airship for pick-up details once their mission is accomplished. Each glider pilot must make a Foolproof (3) *flyin': glider* check to takeoff successfully. Going bust on this roll means the glider is overloaded and must get rid of some excess weight—quickly!

As the posse glides over Denver they can make out the city sprawled below them. The HI Complex and Compound in the north blaze with electric lights, while the Downtown area is irregularly

spotted with flickering torchlight and bonfires. The flash of weapon discharges can be seen throughout the area, and the patrolling shape of Raptors and their searchlights may be seen close to the ground.

As the gliders make their way to the rooftop, have each pilot make an Onerous (7) *flyin': glider* check. Those who make it land safely (Sky Pirate pilots automatically make this check). Those who miss have one last Hard (9) chance to stop before their Specter slides off the roof and becomes airborne again. Having lost too much airspeed, the glider has to land lower down!

Once everyone has landed, hopefully on top of the American Trade Center, they can take stock of their situation and begin to move down to street level. Looking down on the city provides an interesting view. Sounds of music, screams, and gunfire echo up from the Black Hats partying on 16th Street 1,865 feet below. The pilots have been instructed to stay with the gliders, and won't leave them under any circumstances.



We Missed!

For any gliders that skipped off the Trade Center roof, the pilots have several options. Other, shorter skyscrapers present themselves, but the condition of their roofs is unknown and could be fairly hazardous. Landing on another rooftop requires a Hard (9) *flyin'* check to avoid smashing into debris, ventilators, or other rooftop structures. If this TN is failed, the glider takes 4d6 damage. Passengers take 2d6 massive damage or no damage if strapped in. A bust on the roll indicates that the pilot ran into an elevator shaft or air conditioning unit, destroying the glider outright.

The pilot's best bet is to head for an open space like the Auraria Campus Athletic Fields or the parking lots at DempseyWorld. It's your call, Marshal. Make them land wherever you'd like. The athletic fields are one mile away, while DempseyWorld is across Cherry Creek (a minor obstacle) and four miles away from the Trade Center. Remember that Specters which land on the ground can't take off again.

Wasters coming in by foot to the Trade Center get to experience the decadence of the 16th Street Mall in all its glory. The posse can attempt to blend in with the local populace, but likely are stopped for questioning if they're not sneaky enough.

Can Anyone See in the Dark?

Unless the posse's got some really convenient syker or doomsayer powers, they're going to need some light source in the stairwell, garage, and sewers. Any number of solutions suggest themselves: crude torches made from scraps of clothing and clubs, candles scavenged from offices, or flashlights scavenged from the trunks of cars parked in the garage. Whatever they use, it'll have to last at least four hours. Oh, by the way, the rebel guides' light

sources are now in the possession of the Black Hats in the lobby, although a few torches can be found on the second sublevel of the garage where the rubblefall is.

Burning Down the House

The trek down the darkened stairwells of the building takes roughly 2 1/2 hours without any stops. Curious posses are free to look throughout the building on their way down. No one has been higher than the fifth floor of the building since Judgment Day, and the building looks just as it did that fateful day 13 years ago. Except for the clumsy bumping of walkin' dead (1d8 on each floor) the offices are undisturbed, and a treasure trove of pencils and out of date day calendars can be found in the offices. Junkers must be physically restrained when they see all the electronics left in pristine condition. Remember, what goes down must come up, so keep track of any extra weight. Feel free to detail these levels as much as you like, but remember, the posse must meet up with their contacts before dawn.

As the posse nears ground level, they hear the riotous sounds of a party. A group of 30 Black Hats and Chain Dogs has built a huge bonfire and is celebrating. The stairwell door is open, and light spills in. If anyone looks into the lobby, they notice the crucifixion of a ragged man underway. Unbeknownst to the posse (at least not yet), this is one of their contacts with the Resistance. Getting by this drunken horde requires a Fair (5) *sneak* roll. Success allows the posse to move on into the basement parking garages.

If the posse was forced to land their Specter on the ground, they have to make their way through this crowded lobby and down the stairs. Occasional gunfire is ignored in Downtown, but loud explosions and sustained gunfire brings Black Hats running, followed by security bots from the Police Headquarters and automatons for a sustained gun battle. *Bluff*, *sneak*, or *persuasion* probably works best getting through the lobby from the outside. Black Hats from a variety of platoons party together, so the usual close-knit

units that prevent infiltration don't work for them Downtown. Someone may, however, notice that they don't have HI weapons (Onerous (7) *Cognition*), and without chains around their necks, they might just get in a firefight.

Where's Our Tour Guide?

Once in the garage, the posse finds evidence of a recent gunfight. The smell of cordite and blood hangs heavy in the air. A Black Hat looking for a secluded place to urinate stumbled on the posse's contacts, and the ensuing fight has claimed almost all their lives. The bodies of three Black Hats and four ragged men are scattered among the cars. A Hard (9) *search* roll of the area reveals the blood trail of one of the rebels, who managed to crawl under an SUV. He is barely alive, having almost bled out, but can give the posse directions to the Resistance if treated with an Onerous (7) *medicine* roll. If they manage to bring the rebel around and tell him who they are, he relates the following:

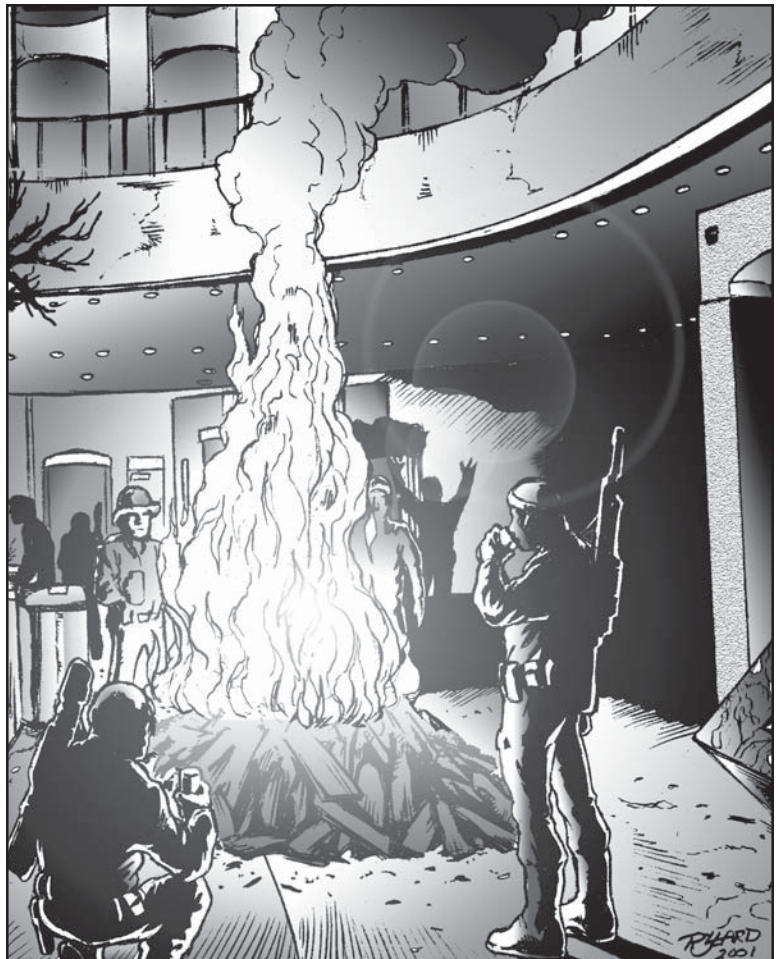
"I'm done for, but you gotta get to Connor and the rest. Go down one level and enter the sewers through the rubble fall you'll find down there. Go down into the sewers—you'd best take a torch—and follow the white marks. You'll stay in the sewers for two miles, then come to a manhole cover with a rag tied to its ladder. Get out of the sewers and follow the one way signs until you come to Abe Lincoln High School. Go into the sewers in front and follow the Mountain Dew cans. They'll take you to the boss."

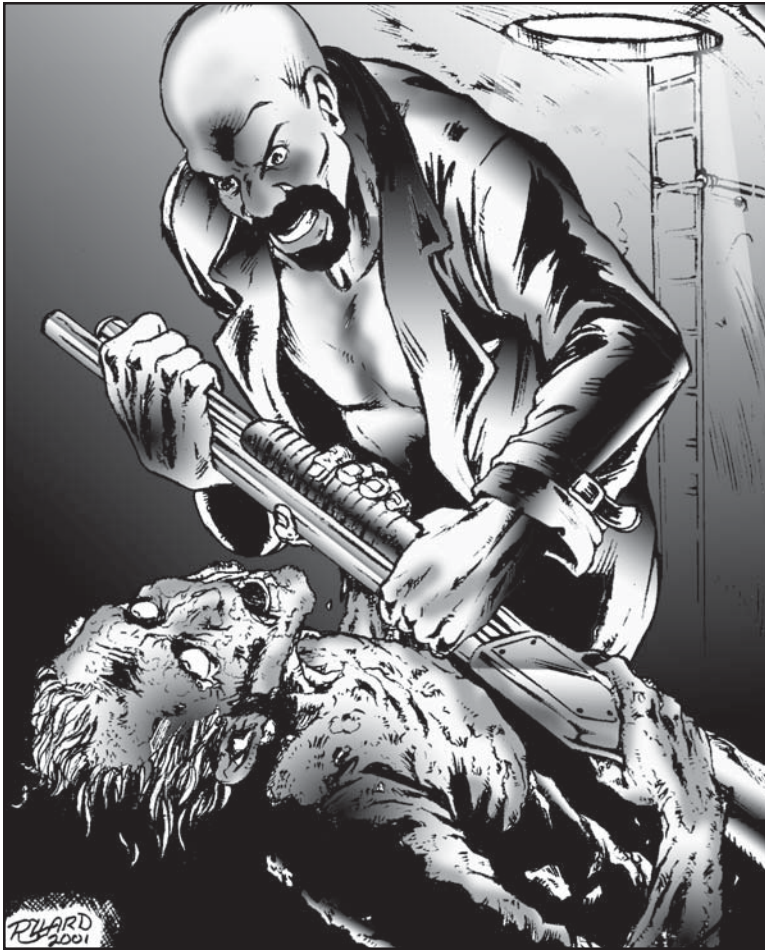
Heroic posse members who feel the need to save the poor rebel upstairs, or who blow the *medicine* check and need another informant, are in for trouble. The Black Hats all pass out as the sun comes up, but by that time the poor fellow will be in the same shape as his buddy down here—the posse can get the same info out of him but little else before he expires from his wounds.

This Town Needs an Enema!

If the posse explores the underground garage they find the rubble mentioned and the entrance to the sewer. If unaware of it, a Hard (9) *search* check reveals the entrance to the sewers. An Onerous (7) *Cognition* roll reveals the chalk marks on the wall, and a Hard (9) *trackin'* check reveals the footprints of five men in a variety of worn foot gear.

The first section of sewer the heroes enter is a ten feet wide storm drain. A two foot deep stream occupies the middle of the pipe, sluggishly moving toward the south. A crudely scrawled white arrow points the heroes in the same direction.





The posse's feeble light plays along the cracked and leaking concrete pipe, but falls far short of chasing the darkness away. Odd pieces of garbage, debris and unidentifiable dead animals drift by in the fetid stream. The odor in the tunnel reeks of rot and decay. An occasional teeth-rattling rumble from overhead tells the heroes something mechanical and *big* is prowling the streets of Denver. The vibrations from above occasionally knock showers of dirt and goo down from the ceiling of the pipe onto the heroes.

After a few hundred yards, the posse sees another white arrow, this time pointing down into a hole in the floor. Most of the stream drains into it, splattering onto the floor of another tunnel about ten feet below.

The Next Level

Getting down to the next level is easy enough. A hero can simply drop to the ground with a Fair (5) *Nimbleness* check, or roll his *climbin'* against a Fair (5) TN. Failure on either of these rolls inflicts 1d6+5 falling damage on the clumsy waster. The easiest way is for the heroes to work together and lower each other down. If they do this, no roll is required.

Climbing through the hole covers every one of the heroes with the disgusting water. The floor and walls immediately around the opening on the lower level are slowly accumulating layers of gunk and scum from the fouled waterfall.

The tunnel itself is an older, brick-walled sewage pipe about seven feet in diameter. The walls are covered with a grayish moss or fungus and the musty odor from above is even stronger here. An arrow on the wall points the posse further south.

Unlike the storm drain above, the sewer system has numerous branches and feeder pipes leading into it. It's obvious that it is fairly extensive and easy to get lost in if they lose track of the guide arrows. The posse should make a Fair (5) *search* roll every ten minutes to stay on track, or failing that, backtrack and make a Hard (9) *trackin'* roll to try to find the trail of the Resistance fighters.

What Was that Noise?

After a few minutes, the posse has moved far enough away from the spattering of the water from above to be able to hear clearly. Noise travels far in the sewers and the many echoes confuse the direction of any sound's origin.

Have each hero make a Fair (5) *Cognition* check. Those succeeding hear a heavy splash echo through the sewers from somewhere nearby. It's impossible to tell from where the sound came, but whatever made it was definitely *big*. From this point on, the wasters catch faint sounds echoing through the tunnels to let them know they're not alone in the underground tunnels.

The Gift of the Fungi

After about 30 minutes of following the white arrows through twists and turns in the old sewer, the posse comes upon a grotesquely large fungus. The growth is a putrid gray and covers nearly half of the sewer for almost ten feet.

As the heroes creep past it, have each one make a Fair (5) *Cognition* roll. Any posse member who succeeds spots the body of a man partially covered by the mold. Closer examination of the corpse reveals what appears to be a pump shotgun grasped in its hands. Around the body are four empty shotgun shells.

Any hero gutsy enough to make a grab for the encrusted weapon is in for a nasty surprise. The corpse has a tight grip on the shotgun and when the waster tugs it, the rotting body pulls free from the moldy growth with a disgusting “SSSLURP.” Worse yet, the “corpse” isn’t quite dead—it’s eyes stare up at the hero with a horrifying insanity.

The waster who bothered the “corpse” must make a Hard (9) *guts* check. If the heroes are using a flashlight from a car in the parking garage, it’s ancient bulb burns out at this point, too.

The mold man is a former Resistance fighter who ran into one of the nastier critters running around in the sewers. It chewed him up pretty bad, taking one leg completely, before he drove it away. He crawled here and collapsed against the wall. The fungus, attracted by his body heat, grew over him and is keeping him alive as it cannibalizes his body tissues. Most of his major muscle groups are gone and his mind has snapped under the constant and excruciating pain.

He’s incapable of doing anything but really frightening the bejeezus out of a waster. The fungus itself is no threat to a healthy mobile person and dies in sunlight; it’s also highly flammable. However, it does stick to the clothes and shoes of the heroes to make them worry about their fate for a while.

Assuming the scav has got the cajones to hang onto the shotgun, it breaks free from the poor sap’s hands

and he flops facedown onto the ground. The shotgun has only four shells left loaded, but a small cartridge belt is strapped on the stock and holds five more.

Any loud noises at this point attract the attention of a roach patrol consisting of one commander and ten soldier cockroaches. (See page 60 for details.)

Bounty

Successful landing on Trade Center rooftop: Red Chip to posse pilot.

Thinking of scroungin’ more light sources: White Chip.

Making it past Combine troops without a fight: White Chip.

Putting the fungus man out of his misery: White Chip to the hero who does it.

Rescuing the Resistance member: Blue Chip.

Chapter Three: Mile High Mayhem

The rest of the trip should be tense as the posse worries about sounds in the sewers, nasty fungi and exactly *what* it was that tore the poor guy’s leg off in the first place. Nonetheless, after about four hours of slogging through the dark in mud, slime, and worse, the heroes find a ladder with a rag tied to it.

Crawling up to street level, the posse sees what Denver looks like from the ground. The city is surprisingly intact compared to other cities they have visited. The deserted buildings are much higher in this part of the city, reaching several stories or more into the sky. Broken glass, rubble and rusted out cars cover the choked streets. The shadowed, empty windows gaze down on the concrete canyons from above, like the eye sockets of an enormous pile of skulls.

Nearby, the gutted remains of a man hang crucified on a broken streetlight. Most of his entrails dangle from his body all the way to the ground to lie in an obscene pool of blood and vital fluids. Whatever put him up there drove iron rebar spikes directly into the metal post! Anyone closely examining the mutilated body must make a Fair (5) *guts* check.

There are six One Way signs along the route. Finding the first one takes an Onerous (7) *search* roll, with one roll allowed for each posse member every 10 minutes. After that, it becomes much easier; the heroes need only a Foolproof (3) *search* roll and five minutes to walk the relatively straight line to the next one. The Marshal should roll twice on the Denver Encounter Table to see what nasty inhabitants of the ruined city the heroes run into along the way (p. 64).

A group of three feral automatons prowls through this area. They've noticed a lot of renegade humans seem to turn up around here. They're not aware of the Resistance's headquarters, but they do stay fairly close by. The posse should find evidence of their activities as they search for the One Way signs. Bloody smears on walls, a poorly hidden pile of mutilated bodies, hundreds of shell casings, and worse can be found, but the posse does not encounter the automatons—just yet. Let the wasters worry a while about exactly what sort of abominations are roaming through the labyrinth of Denver's dead remains.

Honest Abe

After travelling for approximately six miles through the choked streets of Denver, the posse finally finds the remains of Abraham Lincoln High School. A Hard (9) *trackin'* roll shows some wear on this manhole, and it lifts easily from its ring. Descending into the sewers, a Fair (5) *search* check reveals

the first Mountain Dew can. The sewers down here are regularly swept by the Resistance for hostile creatures, so the posse won't be molested as they follow the soda cans. Four more Fair (5) *search* checks and 40 minutes later, the posse is blinded as floodlights are switched on and they are challenged by the sentries outside of Resistance headquarters.

Viva la Resistance!

The posse is searched by the door guards and sniffed by dogs, and any cyborgs are closely questioned, especially when the guides are noticed to be missing. These guards are dead serious and won't take any jokes lightly.

The Resistance headquarters for this week is in an old civil defense bunker, and several dozen men, women, and children are huddled together in filth and squalor. If the posse passes inspection they are introduced to John Connor, who in turn introduces them to Nancy Moriarty.

The syker is pale and drawn, appearing much older than her 58 years. This withered old woman doesn't seem like the fearsome killer who took down Air Force One! A hacking cough repeatedly interrupts her speech as she informs the posse that she alone knows the location of AFI's final resting place.

She wants to be taken someplace safe like Junkyard, and promises to give out the information once there. It takes an Incredible (11) *persuasion* or two raises on a *bluff* check to get her to agree to divulge the info or accompany the posse to the wreck site. Use the Earth syker archetype with an *ailing: fatal* Hindrance, but due to her advanced brain cancer Moriarty's meridians have been disrupted to the point where she has no more syker powers.

Connor won't agree to send any more of his troops to accompany the posse back to the Trade Tower. Something has been killing his people and he's low on manpower himself. He lets the posse spend the day, and the inhabitants of the shelter press the heroes for news of the outside world. This is an ideal place for tale-tellers to



work their magic. The rebels share what little food they have, and gratefully accept any that the heroes give out.

If the posse attempts to raise Sky Raider I on the radio they are unsuccessful, although this may be explained by the interference from the surrounding buildings and the underground environment. No matter what the heroes try, they are unable to raise the Sky Pirates. Attempts to raise Sky Raider I before gaining the roof of the American Trade Center fail.

If heroes think to ask Connor to use the Resistance's link to ComSat, he readily agrees. The posse is free to compose and send a report to Junkyard while they wait for nightfall. Unfortunately, ComSat is in a petulant mood. The Combine has recently co-opted one of ComSat's slaved satellites, and a view of an undead horde south of Phoenix has set the AI on edge. It is very paranoid about any signals originating from Denver now, and the posse must be very persuasive just to get a one-way message through. The junker Browning has set up a transceiver, so contact is no problem, but sending a message to Junkyard requires four hours of coaxing the cowardly AI and a successful contest of *persuasion* versus its *scrutinize* of 4d10, with the waster needing at least three Raises. Success allows the posse to send a message, but ComSat is afraid to beam anything back to the city, so receiving further instructions is out of the question.

Extraction

The posse must now successfully escape Denver. Once night falls, the posse is free to leave the Resistance's bunker and head back to the American Trade Center. The streets are eerily deserted, with the shadows deep and menacing.

No matter what their ultimate plans for escape, as the group moves through the surrounding neighborhoods they come face-to-face with the feral automatons that have been stalking this area. All in all, these guys are very *bad news*, and they're looking to add the posse to their trophy collection.

Larry, Moe and Curly: Feral Automatons

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:4d12, Q:3d6, V:2d12+4

Climbin' 2d6, dodge 5d10, fightin' brawlin' 3d10, sneak 5d6

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Overawe 5d6, ridicule 1d6, scroungin' 2d6, search 3d10

Wind: —

Pace: 6

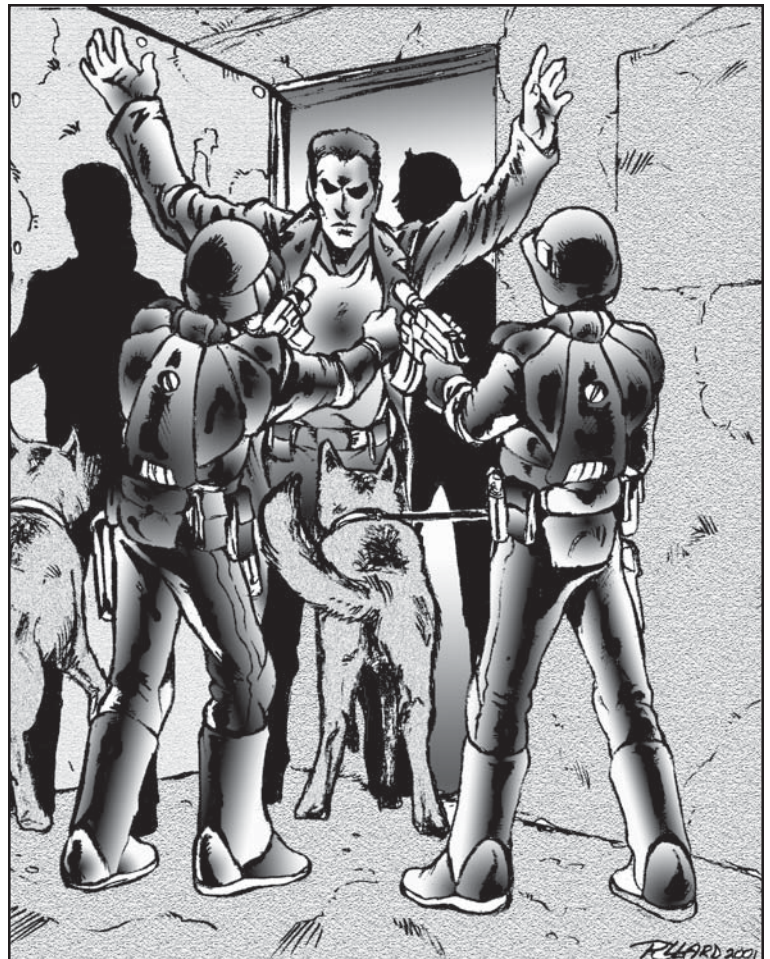
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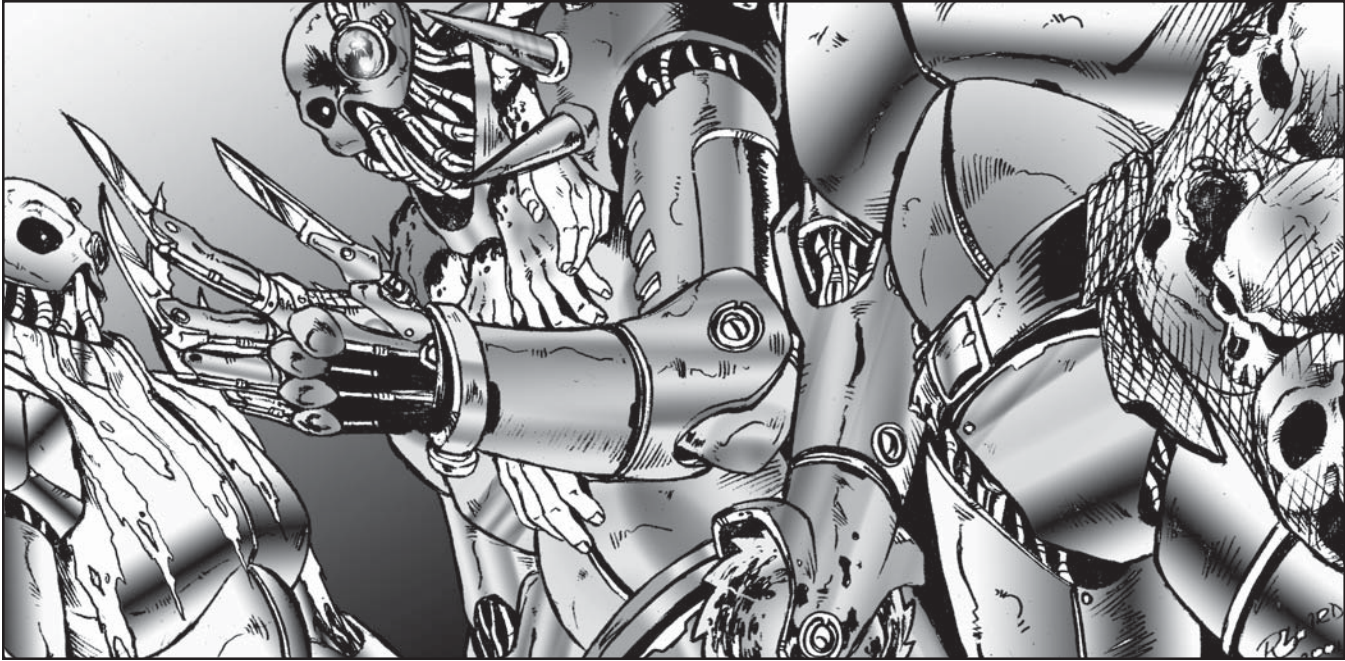
Armor: 3

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bladed fists and arms (STR+3d8)





Fearless
Undead
Regenerate
Self-destruct

Description: These three creatures are horrific specimens of what happens when “good” automatons go bad. They take trophies from their kills whenever possible. One favors polished skulls, the best of which it carries in a net bag on a belt around its waist. Another has a necklace of human hands—all ripped from living victims—around its neck. The third favors skinning its victims, alive if possible, and fashioning leather strips with which it adorns its body.

On the Move

Once the automatons are dealt with, the posse can continue its journey.

The trip through the sewers is uneventful, although feel free to throw in some more roaches or cockroach corpses to liven things up, and the posse must still dodge random encounters on the surface. The lobby of the American Trade Center is deserted

tonight, and the group is free to climb the stairs unmolested. Moriarty complains incessantly while climbing the stairs, and must be carried the last few floors. Four hours later, the posse arrives at the roof.

Lift Off!

Unfortunately, while the posse was away the Deadland has played. The pilots were set upon and killed by a flock of night terrors, who are waiting for their next meal! There are a number of night terrors equal to the posse circling over the roof waiting for more meat to arrive. Due to the dark, posse members are at -4 to spot these guys as they swoop in for the kill.

Profile: Night Terror

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

Climbin' 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, flyin' 4d10, sneak 4d10

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

Guts 2d8, overawe 3d8, search 3d10

Wind: 14

Pace: 2 on the ground, 24 in the air

Size: 7

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d4), Bite (STR+1d4)

Death from Above: Victims on foot get picked up and dropped from great heights onto the rooftop. The night terrors won't drop the prey onto 16th Street, as there are too many people down there to allow them to retrieve their meal. To pick up a victim, the creature must get a raise on an opposed *fightin': brawlin'/Strength* roll. The night terror gets a +4 bonus if it strikes with surprise or the victim is stunned.

Drop: Each round a night terror hangs onto a victim, it raises another ten yards, dropping its prey at 50 yards for 10d6+50 damage. If the thing is taking damage from a particularly stubborn piece of meat, it may be forced to drop it prematurely. Any time it takes a wound and is stunned, it drops its prey automatically.

Screech: The night terror's unearthly screech is used once the thing is close—within ten yards or less. Anyone who fails a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll is stunned until he makes a recovery check against the same TN.

Oh, Great!

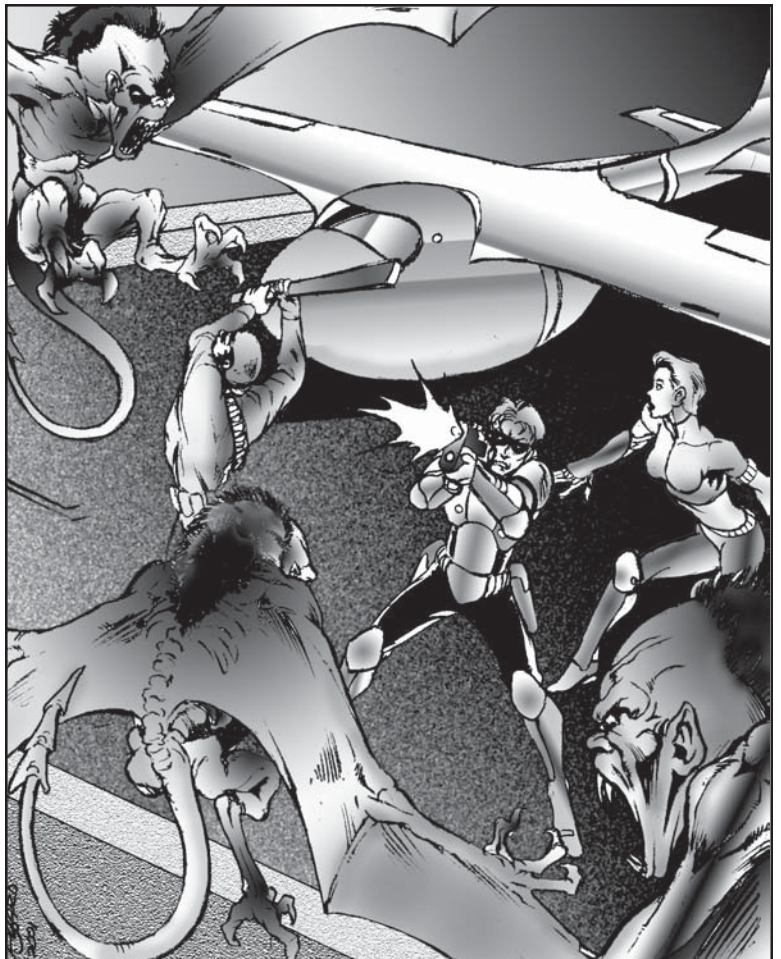
There is no sign of the pilots, although an Onerous (7) *search* roll turns up a few shell casings and some blood scattered across the roof. The gliders seem to be intact. Anyone who thinks to try to contact Sky Raider I finally gets ahold of them, and the news isn't good. The airship was detected by the Combine last night and had to fight their way away from the city. They did manage to drop off a vehicle for the posse at Boulder, and passes on the coordinates. The airship is currently limping back to Junkyard, and Raptor asks that the posse follow their guide to the destination. Because of fear of Combine interception, Raptor tells the posse not to broadcast the location to him or Junkyard.

One If By Land, Two If By Air

The posse can do one of two things. Take the gliders and attempt to fly out, or go back down and try to hoof it out

of the city. If they go on foot, see the description of Denver and the city limits for what they might encounter on their way out. They have to cross the I-70 DMZ, then cross the Loop 470 sensor belt. The vehicle's coordinates are 20 air miles to the northwest, 35 miles if the posse has to walk through the ruins.

If they fly, each pilot must make an Onerous (7) *flyin': glider* check to fire up the rockets, take off the roof, and gain altitude for the flight to Boulder. Although the posse flies right over the Compound and Camp Freedom, the Specter is as good as its name, although you might want to have each pilot make a *flyin'* check to "avoid detection." The gliders' inertial navigation system takes the planes



right to the HMMWV, parked among rusting junkheaps at the University of Colorado—Boulder's student parking lot. Within 30 minutes the gliders are ready to land.

Bounty

Successfully negotiating the One Way

Signs: White Chip

Successful *tale-telling* to the

Resistance: Red Chip

Posse sends a situation report to

Junkyard via ComSat: White Chip

Posse leaves gear for the Resistance:

Red Chip

Radioing Sky raider I with report:

White Chip

Radio Sky raider I with report before

climbing Trade Center: Red Chip

Destroying or hiding the Specters

when leaving them behind: White

Chip

Chapter Four: In the Mountains of Madness

Unfortunately for the posse, their radio transmissions were monitored, and the Combine knows that an outside team is up to something in Denver. A nearby Black Hat team stationed in Boulder has beat the posse to the HMMWV and planted a tracking device in the vehicle. A strike team has been placed on alert, ready to move in when the group arrives at the wreckage of AFI.

Back on the Ground

As the gliders swoop in for a landing, each pilot must make an Onerous (7) *flyin': glider* roll to avoid crashing into one of the many vehicles strewn about. Failure means a crash, with each occupant of the glider suffering 3d6

damage if not strapped in, no damage if secured. A crash destroys the glider completely.

Once on the ground, the posse can find the HMMWV amongst the other vehicles with a Fair (5) *search* roll. The HMMWV is filled with ten jerrycans containing a total of 50 gallons of spook juice. Cautious posse members who look around can make a *Cognition* check at -4 due to the dark. On an Incredible (11) roll the alert posse member spots what appears to be a Raptor sitting on the roof of a nearby dorm. This Raptor is watching the activity below through its thermal viewers in preparation for following the posse, but makes no hostile moves and plays dead while the posse is in the area. Anyone examining the HMMWV finds a box-like device on the undercarriage on an Incredible (11) *search* roll. A Hard (9) *tinkerin' or science: electronics* identifies it as a tracking device.

Moriarty is impatient to get going and won't sit still for long if the posse decides to scrounge through the ruins of the college campus. The sun will be coming up soon, and they need to be out of the Combine's grasp NOW! She directs the group to head out of town on old Route 36 to the northwest.

Head out on the Highway

The route that Moriarty leads the posse on runs up old Route 36 to Route 34, through the Rocky Mountain National Park, and into the Arapaho National Forest, within which lies the wreckage. It is a trip of roughly 87 miles along crumbling interstates before the posse heads into the forests of the Rockies. The highways have not held up well since the Last War. The road is pitted, buckled, and covered with tumbled rocks and even washed out in places. Due to the many obstacles, the posse takes four hours to make the trip. The driver of the HMMWV should make a *drivin'* roll every hour against a TN of Fair (5). Failure results in 1d6 damage to the vehicle, +1 per point the character missed the roll by. On a bust the HMMWV takes 4d6 damage. If pushing for speed, the TN is increased to



Onerous (7), and all damage should be doubled. The travel time can be halved in this way. As the posse travels, anyone specifically keeping an eye on the sky might spot the trailing Raptor on an Incredible (II) *Cognition* check. No matter what the posse does, the Raptor does not engage them. If they do manage to trick it into an ambush and destroy it, the Combine follows the progress of the posse through its newly co-opted satellite. Poses attempting to cover their tracks must make an opposed group *sneak* versus the satellite's *Cognition* of 4d10. The posse is at -6 if they have a running vehicle, due to the heat signature.

Roadblock

Milner Pass, CO: Fear Level 2

The Combine maintains a checkpoint at Milner Pass on Route 34, usually manned by a platoon of Black Hats augmented by two Torment MGs and a Hammer rocket launcher. Throckmorton didn't bother to warn them to make it look real!

When the posse arrives, they see four Black Hats smoking and joking behind a solid barricade. The rest of the platoon was ordered a short distance away to let the heroes make it through the roadblock.

Dark Woods

Arriving outside the ruins of Grand Lake, Colorado, Moriarty directs the posse down a series of twisting forest roads, heavily overgrown with 13 years of seedlings. The deeper the group moves into the forest, however, the darker and more forbidding the woods become. The trees seem to be affected by a blight, the pine needles twisted and sickly green. Dead limbs seem to claw up at the sky. After an hour, the posse is forced to abandon the vehicle and proceed on foot. After another hour of hard travel passes, the posse should make a *Cognition* check versus 2d8. Those who fail are surprised as a bear bursts from the woodland. This bear has been absorbed into the Banshee blossom that has grown throughout AFI, and this encounter alerts the plant that visitors are on the way.



Profile: Banshee Blossom Bear

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:2d8 S:1d12+2, Q:3d10, V:2d12+2

Fightin': brawlin' 4d8, sneak 5d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d4, M:2d10, Sm:1d4, Sp:2d6

Overawe 4d10

Wind: 18

Pace: 8

Size: 10

Terror: 5

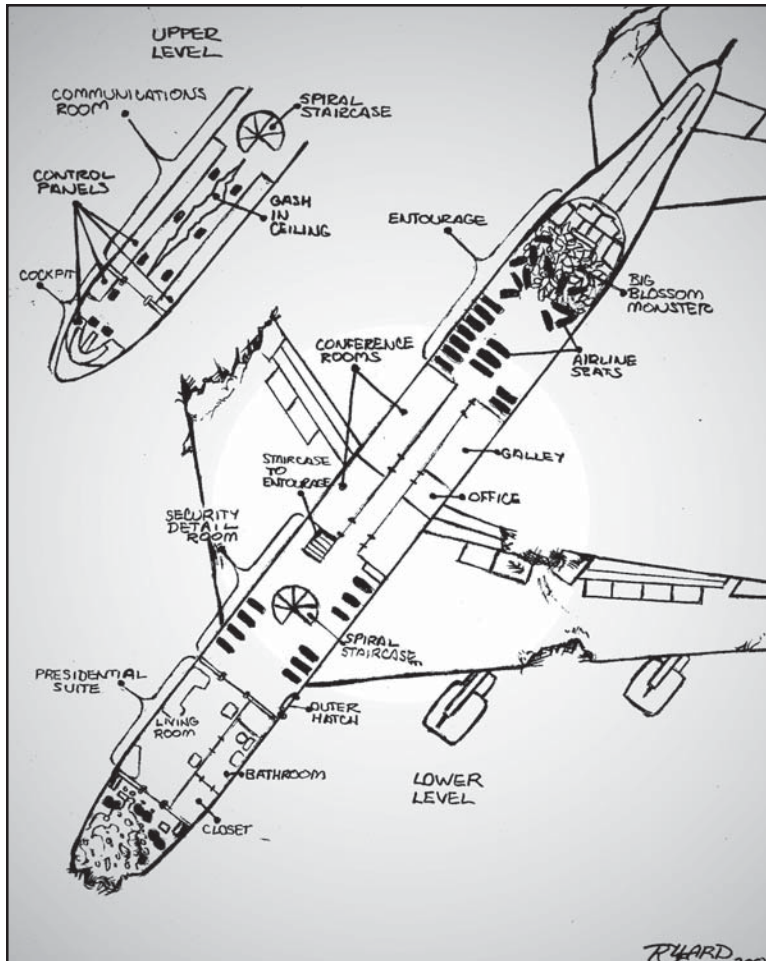
Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d4), bite (STR+1d4), lashing vines (STR+1d6)

Hive Mind: The Banshee blossom directs the actions of those it has taken over, and allows them to act in concert with each other up to a range of one mile.

No Pain: Being essentially a plant and a slave plant at that the bear can ignore up to three levels of wound modifiers, and totally ignores stun checks.

Vine Lashes: Growing from the bear's shoulders are a pair of spiny tendrils covered in foliage. The vines can be hit with a called shot (-4) and can sustain 10 points of damage before being severed. Anyone wounded by the spines must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* check or be paralyzed for two hours. The wounded posse member must also make an opposed *Vigor* check versus the seed's *Vigor* of 3d8. If the plant wins it has taken root in the host. The host must make an Onerous (7) *Smarts* check every five minutes. Failure means that the host has become dominated by the plant's overmind, and the animal is essentially a slave of the plant. The seed pod can be removed with an Onerous (7) *medicine: surgery* roll and the process stopped. If this is failed, anti-virals given within three days stop the spread of the plant, as will a Templar's Greater Reward of *Lay on Hands* at a TN 7.



Weakness: Being mostly plant material, the bear takes double damage from fire, and herbicides cause massive damage of 1d20 per application.

Description: At first glance, this seems to be a bear covered in ivy. Closer examination shows the plants seem to be growing out of the animal's skin. An autopsy reveals that the stems are intertwined around the internal organs.

What the Heck Was That?

Moriarty has no idea why a plantlike bear would be around AFI, but tells the posse the plane is just a short distance away. True to her word, shortly after encountering the bear, the group crests

a ridge and can just make out the wreckage of a plane below. The aircraft seems to be shrouded in a web of camouflage netting, which in turn is covered in plants. Now the group can see why finding this from the air would be almost impossible.

Bounty

Noticing the Raptor at U of C-Boulder: White Chip

Breaking through the roadblock: White Chip

Taking down the Banshee Bear without infection: Red Chip

Chapter Five: Air Force One

Wreckage of Air Force One: Fear Level 4

The plane lies in the bottom of a short valley. While most of the wings sheared off at impact, the fuselage is surprisingly intact after its rough landing. The rotted camouflage netting placed 13 years ago has sagged under the weight of a kudzu-like plant that has covered the plane, adding to the camouflage. A visual recon of the wreck shows no movement anywhere in the valley, except a lone hawk circling high above. A more detailed scan, such as a thermal viewer, shows nothing (the plants are all ambient temperature). Syker abilities such as *mind reader* or *mind scan* reveal nothing. The posse is free to descend into the valley and explore the wreckage.

Air Force One

The plant carpeting the plane and camouflage netting is the Banshee blossom, grown to gargantuan proportions by feeding off the psychic energy emanating from the dead within the wreckage, as well as the decaying flesh of its passengers and crew. The plant has the appearance of a thick kudzu-type plant with heavy, dark, spade-shaped, bluish-green leaves with pale, off-white "veins." Spaced amongst the carpet of leaves

are the plant's blossoms—large clusters of blue to purple colored petals similar to violets in size and configuration. The plant can detect heat and movement, and has masses of prehensile vines with which it can grasp and move objects.

As if the Banshee blossom wasn't bad enough, the posse must also contend with the restless spirits of Air Force One. Some of the Secret Service detail cut down by Moriarty have risen as haunts, and attempt to protect the body of the President.

Air Force One came down hard, but the plane was specially built to survive a rough landing. The nose is buried almost up to the cockpit in mud and debris, and most of both wings have broken off. Entry into the wreckage can be through the cockpit, a gash along the spine of the plane that leads to the communications suite, the forward boarding door (which Moriarty escaped through) or through a window (*scrawny* posse member could squeeze in with an Onerous (7) *Nimbleness* roll). The door into the entourage area of the craft is covered beneath a thick carpet of the alien plant and is not visible.

Most interior areas of Air Force One are covered with a thin carpet of the alien plant, and a Hard (9) *Cognition* check is required to spot a vine lash amongst the other foliage before it attacks.

Despite shafts of light which penetrate the thick plant cover through the numerous cracks in the fuselage, the air seems murky and is thick with pollen. Posse members breathing without a filter inside the aircraft must make a Hard (5) *Vigor* check for each compartment they enter or lose 1d6 Wind as their eyes and noses burn and their breathing constricts from the alien spores. This Wind can be recovered at the rate of 1/minute in fresh air outside the plane.

The Cockpit

The cockpit is open to the elements, its windows smashed out, and the bodies of the aircrew long since used as fertilizer for the Banshee blossom. The plant has three vine lashes hidden



among the foliage with which to attack the posse (see the Banshee blossom Bear above for details on the vine lash).

Communications Room

Located directly behind the cockpit, this suite once housed a bewildering array of communications gear. The impact split the ceiling here, and 13 years of exposure to the elements have destroyed the delicate electronics. One of the Secret Service protective detail here has risen as a haunt, and attacks any intruders who enter. If Moriarty is with the posse, she is attacked with disregard to anyone else.

Profile: Secret Service Haunt

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

Fightin': brawlin' 4d6, sneak 5d6

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

Overawe 3d8, ridicule 3d6

Wind: —

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Chill Touch: Haunts can touch corporeal beings and inflict Wind damage by chilling them. A successful *fightin': brawlin'* attack does 2d6 Wind to the target. If the victim is reduced to 0 Wind, he passes out for 1d6 minutes as well as suffering the usual effects of having no Wind. Of course, in this environment, it leaves the person open for implantation by the Banshee blossom.

Fear Attack: A haunt can inflict fear upon any human within 10 yards. This requires an opposed *Spirit* roll against the target. If the target loses, he must roll 3d6 on the Scart Table. For each raise the haunt gets, add an additional die to the roll on the Scart Table.

Ghostly Form: Intangible.

Immunity: Wind or physical damage.

Only silver, enchanted, or
consecrated weapons can hurt it.

Description: This ghost rises from the floor as a severely injured man dressed in a nice suit and sunglasses. Fresh blood glistens on his face, and he waves a submachine gun menacingly as he moves to the attack. The posse is likely to mistake him for a walkin' dead at first.

Security Detail Area

The posse comes under fire as they enter this area! Guarding the room is the only search team to find Air Force One. Unfortunately, they were also some of the first victims of the Banshee blossom. While some of the team has succumbed to decay, a number equal to the posse remain mobile enough to put up a fight. The soldiers remain behind cover and fight from a distance as long as they can, but retreat into the rearward corridor if hard-pressed.

Profile: Plant Trooper

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:4d6 S:3d8, Q:2d10,
V:3d10

Shootin': rifle 4d12, fightin': brawlin' 4d6,
dodge 3d6, sneak 5d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d4, M:2d10, Sm:1d4,
Sp:2d6

Guts 2d6

Wind: 18

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Damage: NA assault rifles with 4
full clips, 1 NA SAW with 2 belts,
lashing vines (STR+1d6)

Hive Mind: The Banshee blossom
directs the actions of those it has
taken over, and allows them to act
in concert with each other up to a
range of 1 mile. Creatures under its
control are fearless.

No Pain: Being essentially a plant,
and a slave plant at that, the
trooper can ignore up to three
levels of wound modifiers, and can
totally ignore stun checks.

Vine Lashes: Growing from the
soldiers' shoulders are a pair of
spiny tendrils covered in foliage.
The vines can be hit with a called
shot and sustain 10 points of
damage before being severed.
Anyone wounded by the spines
must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* check
or be paralyzed for two hours. The
wounded posse member must also
make an opposed *Vigor* check
versus the seed's *Vigor* of 3d8. If
the plant wins it has taken root in
the host. The infected host must
make an Onerous (7) *Smarts* check
every five minutes. Failure means
he becomes dominated by the
Banshee blossom's overmind, and
the posse member is essentially a
floral slave. The seed pod can be
removed with an Onerous (7)
medicine: surgery roll and the
process stopped. If this is failed,
anti-virals given within three days
of infection stops the spread of the
plant, as does a Templar's Greater
Reward of *Lay on Hands* at a TN 7.

Weakness: Being mostly plant
material, the troopers take double
damage from fire and herbicides
cause massive damage of 1d20 per
application.

Description: At first glance, these
soldiers look to be heavily
camouflaged and dressed in ragged
uniforms. Their skin has actually
been converted to a photosynthetic
plant material, as have most of their
withered bodies. Small rootlets
protrude from the split seams of
their boots. At least one has had one
of his eyes replaced with a
blossoming flower growing out of his
eye socket.

Presidential Suite

Composed of a bedroom, living room,
dressing room and bathroom, these
rooms are torn apart and blackened,
and possessed by three Secret Service
haunts (see Communications Suite for
profiles).



Conference Rooms

These rooms once held nice oak tables, chairs, and video equipment but are now both in shambles. A Fair (5) *search* check reveals a number of slugs marked "Top Secret." These slugs contain military updates and troop dispositions from the Last War, circa December 2080, but could still be useful to scavengers as potential equipment stockpile sites.

Staff Room

This small office also doubled as an infirmary. A successful Onerous (7) *search* unearths some of its contents buried under the detritus of the Banshee blossom. Some of the supplies within are still usable, including a medboard, two medkits, two courses of super-antibiotics, three doses of Slo-Mo, and five doses of Iron Man.

Aft Galley

Four vine lashes bar the way from the forward portion of the aircraft to the rear.

Entourage Area

This area of the plane once housed the hordes of assistants, secretaries, and others who accompanied the President. It resembles the First Class section of a commercial airliner. It is here that the President died, and the Banshee blossom has grown over her corpse. Seats and carry-on luggage are jumbled throughout this area, everything covered in a thick mat of clinging vines, from which the main root bundle of the Banshee blossom arises. Three Secret Service agent haunts also inhabit this area, defending the body of the President from beyond the grave.

Profile: Banshee Blossom

Corporeal: D: 2d6, N: 3d10, Q: 4d8, S: 4d6, V: 3d10
Fightin' brawlin': 4d10, **sneak:** 4d10
Mental: C: 4d8, K: 2d4, M: 4d10, Sm: 3d6, Sp: 3d10
Search: 4d8, **overawe:** 4d10



Wind: –

Pace: 0

Size: 2 (vines), 8 (main root bundle)

Armor: 1

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: Lash Vines (STR+2d8) x 10, Flower Maw (STR+2d10)

Lash Vines: These lash vines can range up to 20 yards away from the main plant. The vines can be hit with a called shot and can sustain 10 points of damage before being severed. Anyone wounded by the spines must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* check or be paralyzed for two hours. The wounded posse member must also make an opposed *Vigor* check versus the seed's *Vigor* of 3d8. If the plant wins it has taken root in the host. The victim must make an Onerous (7) *Smarts* check every round. Failure means he has become dominated by the plant's overmind, and the animal is essentially a slave of the plant. The seedpod can be removed with an Onerous (7) *medicine: surgery* roll and the process stopped. If this is failed, anti-virals given within three days stops the spread of the plant, as does a Templar's Greater Reward of *Lay on Hands* at a TN 7.

Soporific Spores: Anyone approaching the main root bundle without some sort of respiratory protection must make an Easy (TN 3) *Smarts* roll, or become enamored with the scent of the blossoms and approach the plant, yielding to its embrace.

Weaknesses: A central root stem (TN 9 on a *search* roll to determine which one it is) functions as the "brain" of the plant, and its hard roots act as AV2. A called shot (-4) can hit this vital area. If the blossom takes 5 wounds to this location, the plant dies.

The Football

Once the main root bundle is destroyed, the football and the president's body can be found under its root mat on a Fair (5) *search* check. If the President's body is given a burial, the spirits of the Secret Service detail are also laid to rest.

Cargo Compartment/Escape Pod

This underbelly area of the plane was thoroughly smashed when the wreck occurred. Nothing of interest can be found down here except for shreds of rotted clothing, luggage, and bits of unidentifiable equipment jumbled into a muddy smear. Jagged fingers of rock protrude up through the torn fuselage of the aircraft.

Bounty

Protecting Moriarty from the haunts: 1

White Chip

Retrieving the military data slugs: 1

White Chip

Destroying the Banshee blossom: 1

Red Chip

Burying the President's remains and laying the secret service to rest: 1

Red Chip

Retrieving the football: 1 Blue Chip

Chapter Six: Hail Mary Pass

The heroes are not quite out of the woods yet.

Not so Fast

As the posse stumbles out of the wreckage of Air Force One with the football, the Combine Strike Force arrives at the crash site, summoned by the surveillance that has been trained on the posse since they left Boulder. It's

time for one last climactic fight before the posse can begin the journey back to Junkyard.

Luckily for the good guys, the Combine troops were intercepted by a flight of Sky Pirates enroute to the crash site. The Strike Force now consists of a Red Hat squad, a standard automaton, a Rabblrouser, and a Raptor. The Red Hats' VTOL is parked over the ridge. The Combine troops give the posse a chance to surrender the football, but if the posse insists on fighting, the automatons are sent forward to soften up the opposition, followed by the human troopers.

Back to the Oasis

With the Combine forces defeated and the football with the nuclear launch codes safely in their possession, the posse is now free to return the prize to the Iron Alliance in Junkyard. The trip back to the Iron Oasis can be as free from trouble as you like, Marshal. If the posse takes Route 40 west to Deseret, the way is fairly free of Combine troops, and the Sky Pirates have mobilized their search forces to find the missing posse. Feel free to have a Sky Pirate patrol find the group and call in an airlift.

Once back at the city, Doc Schwartz and his cohorts get to work on the football. They crack the code within a week, revealing a single automated submersible remains intact with its nuclear cargo deep in the Marianas Trench in the Pacific. Although damaged in the Last War, the *U.S.S. Ronald Reagan* still has several missiles onboard, and responds eagerly to transmissions from Junkyard with the proper codes. This has major consequences to the future of Hell on Earth

Bounty

Defeating the Combine troops: 1 Red Chip

Returning Moriarty to Junkyard: 1 White Chip

Turning over the military data slugs to the Iron Alliance: 1 Red Chip

Returning the football to Junkyard: 1 Blue Chip

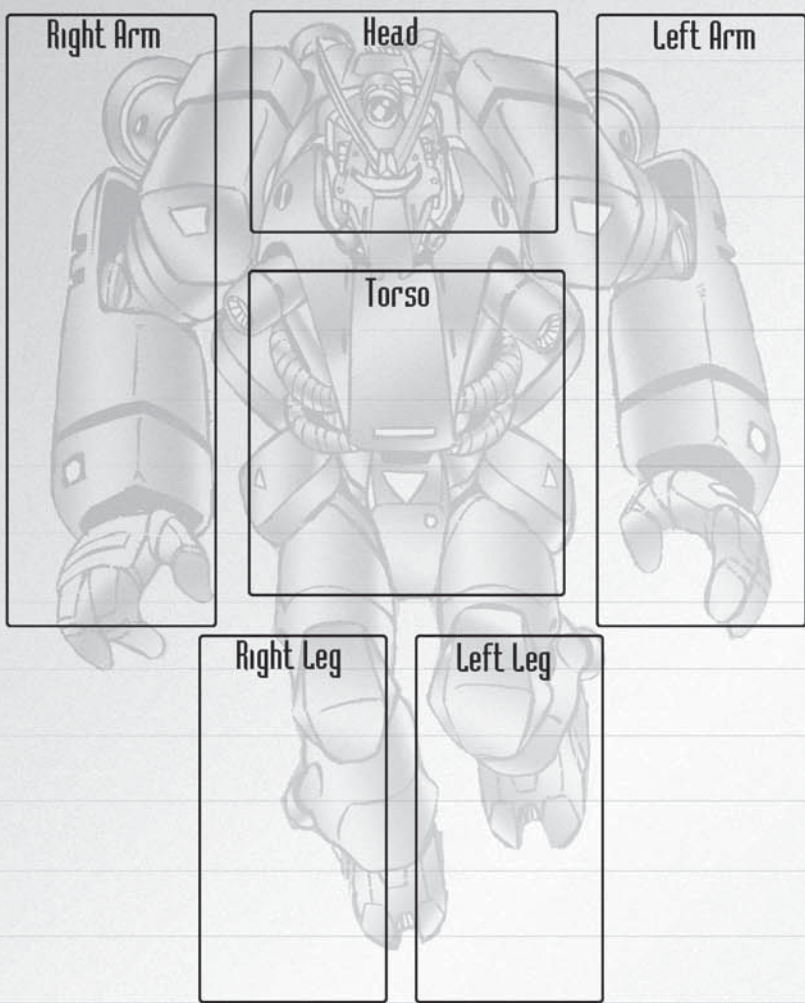


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Owner: _____ Armor Type: _____



- Battery Packs**
- 1
 - 2
 - 3
 - 4
 - 5
 - 6
 - 7
 - 8
 - 9
 - 10
 - 20
 - 30
 - 40
 - 50
 - 60
 - 70
 - 80
 - 90
 - 100
 - 110
 - 120
 - 130
 - 140
 - 150
 - 160
 - 170
 - 180
 - 190
 - 200

Weapon	Defense	Speed	Damage

Weapon	Shots	Speed	ROF	Range	Damage	Drain

Power Drain/Minute
 0 0.05 0.1 0.2 0.3 0.4 0.5 0.6 0.7 0.8 0.9 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24