



JAGS HAVE-NOT

Tabletop Roleplaying in a Postapocalyptic Future



Volume 1
2013 Marco Chacon
Winner 2003 Indie Gaming Award

What Happened To The World?



Long Story Short

The Information Age

In the 20th century and early 21st the most valuable asset was said to be Information. Just as before that in the stone-age the most valuable commodity was the rock, and after that in bronze-age it was the smelting of bronze, and later on, in the Iron Age the best thing you could have on your side was iron. In the Information Age science reigned supreme and the more you had, the better off you were

That lasted until The Breakthrough.

The Break-Through

Sometime in the 21st century there was a massive breakthrough in the understanding of the universe--but the truths it revealed were so complex that while humans could see the massive potential it offered they couldn't understand it. The Breakthrough could enable incredible powers and control, but those gifts remained just out of reach of our limited minds. The Breakthrough ended the Age of Information--at least for mankind.

The Haves

The Breakthrough was beyond human understanding, but not beyond everyone's. A mistake in genetic manipulation -- a man-made mutation -- created a small cadre of post-human beings whose minds were agile and oblique enough to follow The Breakthrough where it led. Exposed to Revelation, they used their powers to unlock the vast potential of super-science and plunder the secrets of the universe. Men named these beings, to which everything was given "The Haves"-- and in the world they built ushered in a new age--The Age of Wonders.

The Have Domes - Immovable Objects.

The Domes were complex things digging deep into the earth and covered with what appeared to be technological access points. When "alive," they glowed with a faint internal light. Ordinary humans almost never went inside--and then only with an escort of the quiet, removed Haves. The reports from the inside were confusing--contradictory--and seemed to only further confound the questions. A TV reporter, exiting shaken and disoriented answer the question as to "what it was like" after casting about wordlessly for some time, with the first stanza of Coleridge's *Kublai Kahn*.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure dome decree:

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran

Through caverns measureless to man

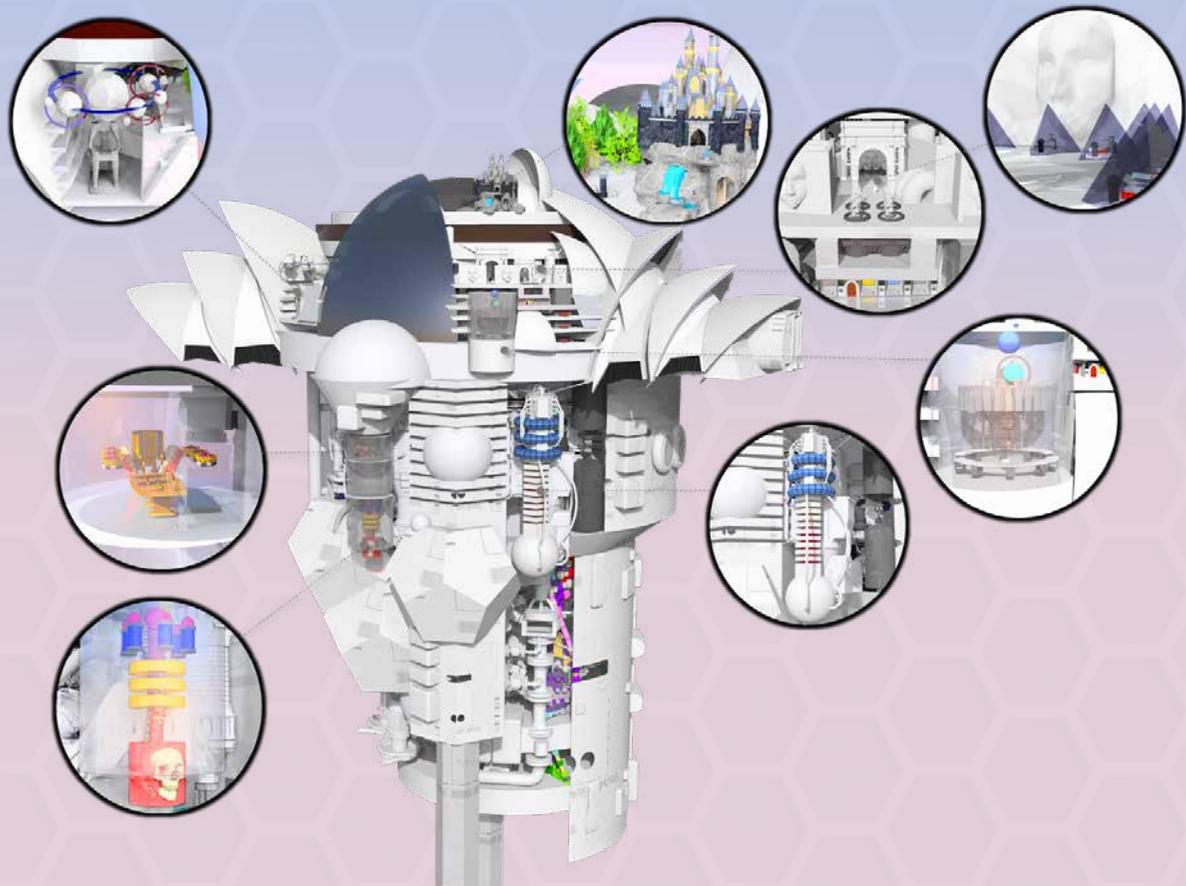
Down to a sunless sea.

It was the closest he could come--then he said no more.

There were other reports--the Haves did admit people under some circumstances--but the details were always dreamlike. Idols of geometry, variances in perception and scale, halls of doors seeming to represent possibilities rather than topography. There were machines of all sorts--the domes were full of mechanisms and multiple levels--but the purpose of these was always inexplicable. Some theorized that the domes were more like ideas than physical objects. Whatever the case: they were extremely tough.

After the Collapse, when people tried to get into the Have Domes they were proven immutable in ways even the great Starscrapers were not. Nuclear weapons left no mark. Disintegration was useless against them. They provided no interface that people could understand to operate their portals and they were built, seemingly, to be impossible to take apart.

They stand today, in mostly remote places, as immovable objects--dominating the landscape, destined, perhaps, to outlast the eventual heat-death of the universe itself.





The Time of Plenty

The Haves created the Cornucopias—massive pyramids that were the engines of creation for the miraculous things that the mastery of The Breakthrough could create. People came in masses—in great pilgrimages—to visit these buildings personally. They had large staffs, to be sure—and layers of bureaucracy—but the things inside them were beyond human comprehension—and the endless streams of trucks and trains and drones that poured out of them were only the beginning.

Within them, people could meet with, and “talk to” the machines—and they could make requests—there were limits—originally—but these didn’t last. Over time (over a short period of time) civilization changed—radically.



(Distribution Points)

Reality merged with the virtual—and culture became a fractured thing—barely recognizable to the people who came before (oh they held on to the symbols—some with a death grip—but the meanings of these things were lost, forgotten, altered, or just misunderstood).

The Information Age was over: Data, understanding, and cognition was no longer a valuable commodity in this new world—all of it—everything—was eclipsed by the miracleleave technology had wrought. The people living in this new world had a name for their time.

They called it the Age of Wonders



The AGE of WONDERS

The Haves were not dictators--they weren't tyrants. They were consumed in affairs beyond their lesser brethren and by-and-large, they retreated from our world, into their impregnable domes. What they felt for those they left behind is unclear -- maybe pity, maybe a fondness one feels for a pet. Whatever it was, it inspired them to leave, either as a gift or just detritus of their earlier selves, a world of technological miracles and marvels. The Age of Wonders was a consumer paradise in which Death and Time were cosmetic. Taxes were obsolete. Life was mediated through nested layers of virtuality with identity expressed through "avatars" inhabiting a hyperreal, post-singularity utopia.

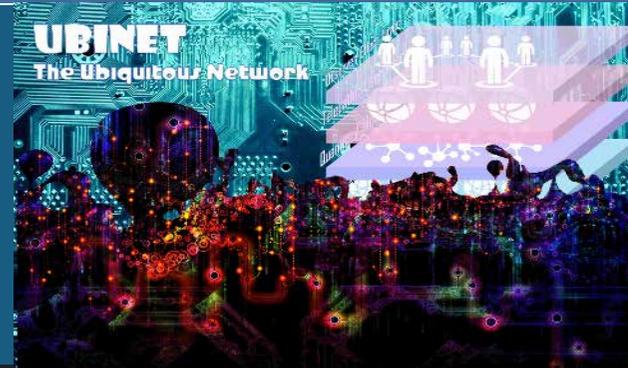


Everybody was entitled to everything they could ever want -- or imagine wanting. And not just in the virtual illusions -- the gifts of the Haves rendered desires in metal and flesh as easily as light and information. To understand the Age of Wonders imagine that no desire, no matter how small or large could go unfulfilled. And imagine that when desire -- inevitably -- escalates, the vast machines that found the Age grind harder, and rise to the occasion. Imagine the insatiable desires of men and women rising like mountains above the clouds, and imagine the Machines keeping pace.

Imagine what that would do to your soul. As need goes to zero, want goes to infinity. And there was one thing that The Machines could not deliver -- the real, un-simulated esteem of other men.

In the Age of Wonders Humanity turned on itself. Technology rendered those games harmless enough -- with life and death a game, the only stakes were mere emotions, but it turns out there is no limit to badly feelings can be hurt. The battles of the Age of Wonder were played out on a virtual and physical battlefield with real weapons and real wounds -- but with the only lasting damage being done to the psychological wellbeing of the participants. Real bullets. Real flame. Real burning flesh. And nothing to worry about in the morning but a sense of loss and hurt and an engine of fury to strike back.

UbiNet - The Ubiquitous Network. In the Age of Wonders, the Internet became something built, literally, into the strata of reality itself, a data network that was literally everywhere. It existed on a macro and microcosmic scale--and operated both "above and below" the laws of physics as humanity could comprehend them. Now it is "latent"--crashed--something of it remains. Some of it is active in some places--but it is no longer what it once was--a tool that could remake reality itself.



Success Points - Chaotic Attractors. One function of the latent UbiNet is that of "Success Points." Another form of Age of Wonders currency or design, they appear as spinning coins or symbols about the size of a saucer to the size of a dinner plate. When touched by a sentient mind, they bind to it, being "collected." If the mind goes offline, due to death, any "unspent SPs" re-localize.

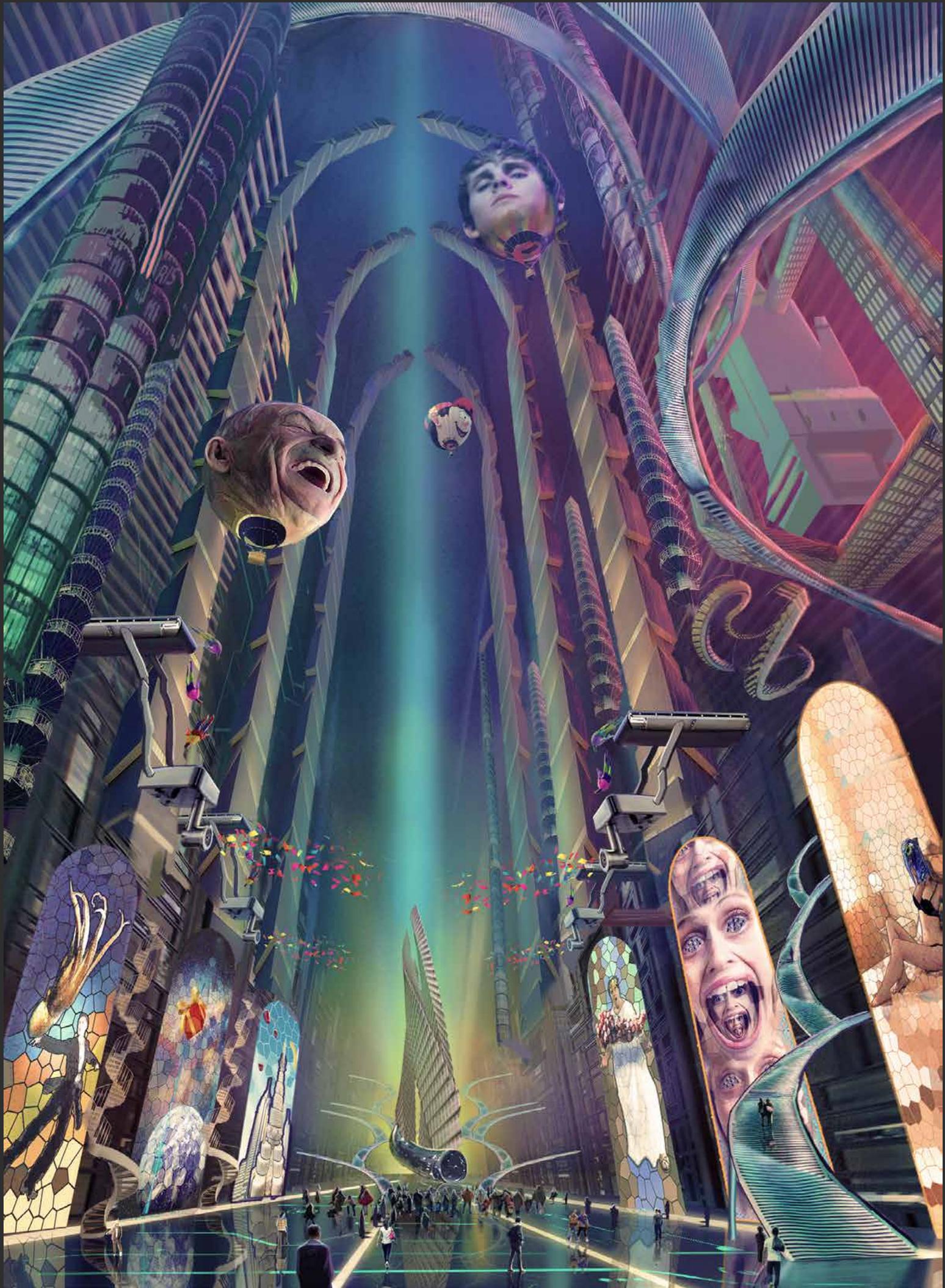
A person entangled with an SP can feel its potential--and use it--the act of modifying die rolls is, in the aftermath of UbiNet, a real physical / metaphysical act.



Credits - The Physical Cryptocurrency. There wasn't really an "economy" in the Age of Wonders--but there was a lot of shopping. The token of currency was the Credit. In its physical incarnation it appeared as a kind of golden coin (although people could play with "paper money," "script," "bearers bonds," and, of course, "the credit card." There were intricate games and sociological trends around the collection and distribution of credits. Today, what remains in physical space, is a means of exchange. The Credit is the token throughout the known world. Each coin is connected to the latent UbiNet. Each has an "idi"--a long string of characters that, if copied to ledger, can cause the coin to temporarily evaporate (when the paper is destroyed, the coin reappears). They cannot be counterfeit (they can--but the serial numbers are easy to check and impossible to get correctly by chance or design).



The "look and feel" like money in some elemental, fundamental way. Other currencies have been tried--but nothing approaches The Credit





No one is quite sure how long the Age of Wonders lasted. With no day like the one before it and no day quite different, Time was hard to measure. And what came after was so blood-soaked inflamed with chaos that it's not clear if it was a hundred years ago... or a thousand.

But history records One Day quite well: The Day the Domes Went Dark. And everything stopped working or, at least, a bunch of the distribution points became unreliable. For a few hours there was panic and chaos. Then people tried a level headed approach to figuring out what happened and how to fix it.

Then everyone in control of a distribution point that even still kinda worked, turned their



The Collapse

production to weapons and the world fell apart.

No one knows why, or what happened. It appears the Haves, without warning or explanation, simply left.

Or perhaps something killed them -- or perhaps they had a war of annihilation. There are a thousand theories, the most optimistic ones, hoping that they will return as suddenly as they vanished.

But it's been an age and part of another, and it hasn't happened yet.

On that day the Age of Wonders ended and The Age of War had begun.



The AGE of WAR

The Age of War was weird as hell. In the early Age of War, distribution points still sort-of worked, so if you had control of one, you got super-weapons--but you got random super-weapons. Maybe you got super, hyper-dimensional kill-bots? Maybe you got impenetrable force fields which you mounted on the only vehicles you could make (1960's muscle cars) and outfitted them with the most powerful weapons the thing would churn out--antimatter beams? Transformation bombs? Quantum Torpedoes?

The Great Warlords were insane, grandiose, and atrocious.

By the middle Age of War, people were fighting with plasma guns and laser rifles and particle



weapons. Most of the anti-matter beams and Sun-guns and nuclear rifles had been used up, blown up, or the distribution points that made them were no longer working.

By the late Age of War, people were using augmented machine guns, gauss cannons that had a tendency to explode when fired, and “plasma muskets” that loaded a single power-cell at a time and discharged it kind of like a bullet.

THE NOW





The game takes place in The Now--there are scattered towns. There are a few (dystopic) big cities. There are tons of Age of War ruins that look like bombed out 20th century ruins. There are surviving installations from the Age of Wonders like Starscrapers or bizarre underground habitats. There are mutant raiders, cyborg warlords, walled towns, and all kinds of crazy things.

The Artilect Asylum

This Is Your Example Adventure: Please Proceed With Caution

Up on the ridge is the dark place. Its hull is a material that isn't rock and isn't metal and doesn't age (although it feels ancient). There is a door--a round bulkhead with dark screens and controls on it--unlike anything you have ever seen in your world. Parts of The Installation are above ground--parts seem to be under it--like it just displaced the rock easilmy when They built it, back in the age of nightmare war.

The Installation Calls. They say that certain times of the year--or certain seasons--or when the weather is right (no one is sure) the Installation sends The Call. You can hear it on some of the ancient radios if you tune them just right--but some people--some people can hear it in their heads. It's hard not to answer.

People from the town have gone up to the Installation to try to destroy whatever is in there. To shut it down--to burn it (it doesn't burn). If they get in, they never come back.

When The Installation is singing everyone stays inside except the guard. No one goes out after dark--because if you hear it, you might go. If you hear the Call you sure don't tell anyone. You



You Have Lived In the Shadow of the Installation

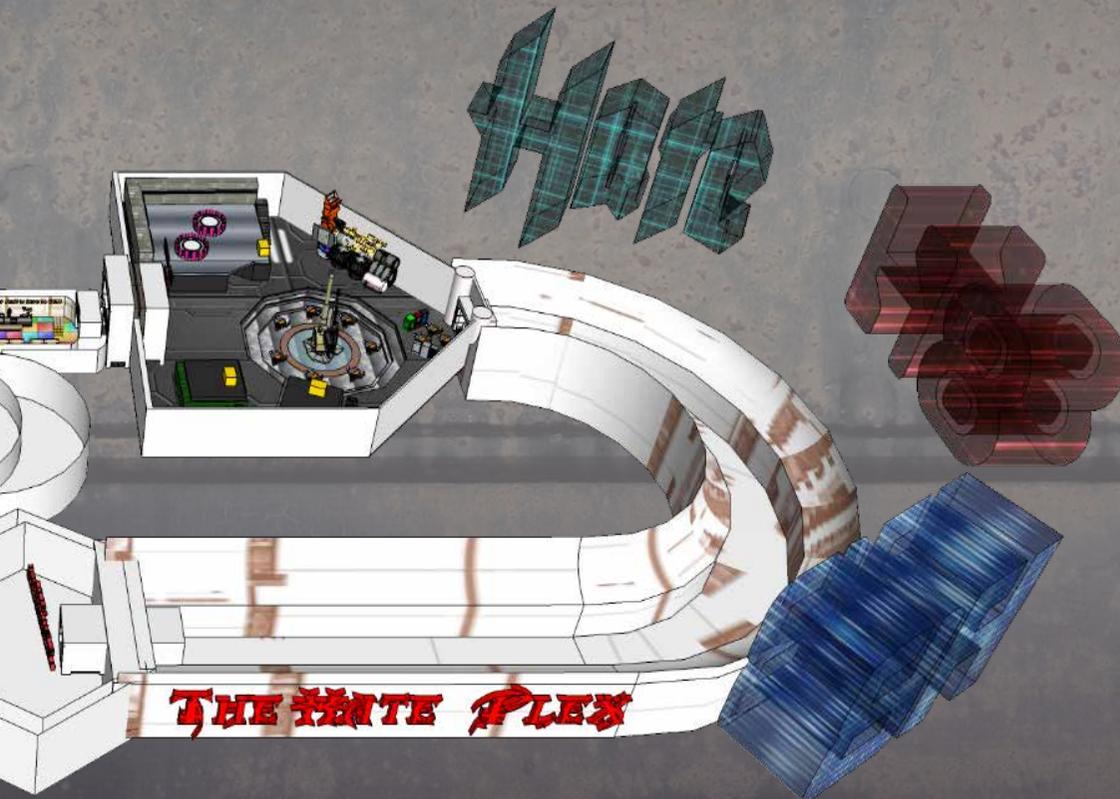
pretend you don't--because those who hear the call and go--they do come back--as monsters.

Whatever is up there it changes them--alters them--makes them into hateful powerful abominations--and it sends them out to collect more.

Bandits have heard The Call. Outlaws. People in town.

You are now in the Season of the Call. They have heard it on the radio--a tiny disturbing voice whispering behind a background of static. A haunting music like a march and like a massive organ. Fragments of words--said seductively--like a lover.

And Vanalan heard it. All these years the elder warrior must have been hearing it and told no one--and resisted--but this morning when the town elders counted, he was gone. He was scarred and grizzled. He was armed and dangerous. He was experienced--and now he went up there. You need to go then--to stop it before he comes back. To find out what is in there, growing in strength and power--and kill it. Shut it down--End It. Good Luck.



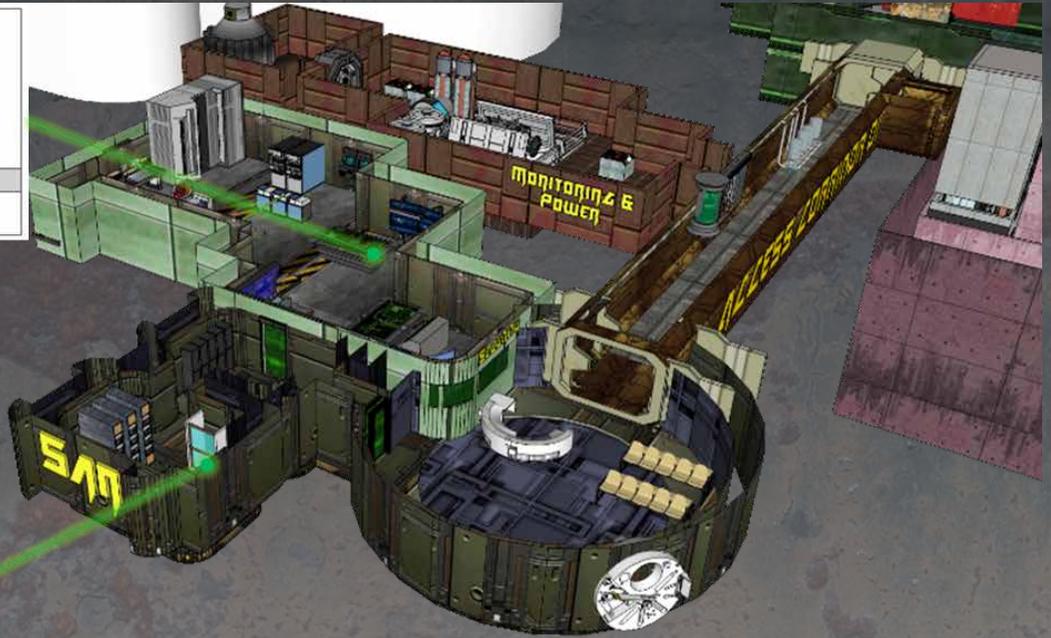
The Entry Chamber - Security, Sanitary

BLACKCAT GAUSS SMG

is weapon with magazine-like power-cell. Boss-rail along the top with running-lights to show activity. Digital ammo count on left side with active-on safety (the safety mode must be depressed as well as the trigger in order to fire. Heavy anabolic steel frame with reinforcements may show rust due to common lack of brush but make the weapon a robust if heavy sign. Warnings glyphs about BlackCat Blastment stability should be observed.



Cost and Level	Notes	Dmg	ROF	Shots	Rct	Rng	L+
1550c	Explosion on 17" caliber hit shot. 20 RMP-X, user takes full.	6 PEN	FA	32	-0	-1/15y	



We examined the outer lock—the screens were active: black backgrounds with green letters. The power was on and the installation was awake. We were able to get it open easily—it accepted our attempt at entry, sliding open on silent magnetic bearings. When it shut, though, it did so with a hollow finality.

The entry room was dimly lit and through dark green metallic-glass windows we could see dark and empty stations. There were two exits: to the east, a “light door” and to the south, a heavy bulkhead—but unlocked—like something wanted us to come in. There was garbage here--ancient detritus left when people fled? Died? Panicked?

There was no noise other than the whisper of ventilation--and a faint vibration of machines--but even with the lights on, it had the unmistakable air of a tomb.



The Access Corridor - A Dangerous Environment

The southern lock was easily accessible and we opened it to a hall lit in ambers and reds. The floor was suspended with mechanics under it, and further down we could see an opening to the left and, at the end, a heavy door.

Above the far door was lit a sign saying "TRAP." The script was strange—but legible. Along the top of the near door the words NECROTIC LOCKDOWN PROTOCOL marched endlessly in glowing reds across a panel.

"What does 'Necrotic Lockdown Protocol' mean?"

"I don't know. It can't be good, can it?"

"No. I don't think there's any way that could be good."

"Let's be careful."



"Stop. Don't move."

"What?"

"I've read about that—don't move a muscle. Just look—up."

"What ... is it?"

"Bio-weapon—in a sleep tank. If it detects motion, it'll release."

". . . Can you shut it down?"

"Give me a minute. Can you hold your breath?"

The bulkhead has been modified after the installation was abandoned with a toxic gas release system. This can be hacked from inside the Monitoring and Power chamber.

Monitoring & Power

«Cl5» ('Clive') was dutiful and faithful servant of the facility and the people who worked there, working below their notice, tirelessly, to keep the habitat clean and functional.

That changed completely when the Necro-Protocols engaged. It was flooded with malice and murder -- a taste for mayhem. It 'woke up' to its 'true purpose' -- to kill, and keep killing; to glory in bloodshed and chaos. Its body changed, too. Robots are mutable tools and the Protocols reconfigured it for its new calling. The first of its victims still lie dead on the floor -- it feels an electric twinge of satisfaction every time it passes them, even after countless eons.

"There are bodies here."

"Old ones. Yeah—a couple?"

"There are some more down in the maintenance pit."

"Hush—I'm hacking. The terminal's live. I might be able to get that door open without gassing us."

"Hey—these—uh—these people were slaughtered—like with some kind of weapon—the bones are cut with—maybe a saw?"

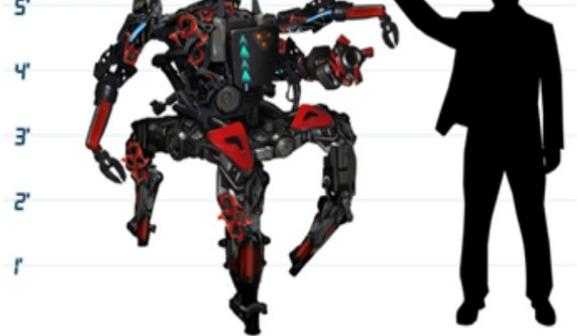
"Quiet."

"I'm telling you—"

"Quiet—I heard something."

Weaponized Maintenance Robot

SIZE COMPARISON CHART



Statistical Enhancement Available

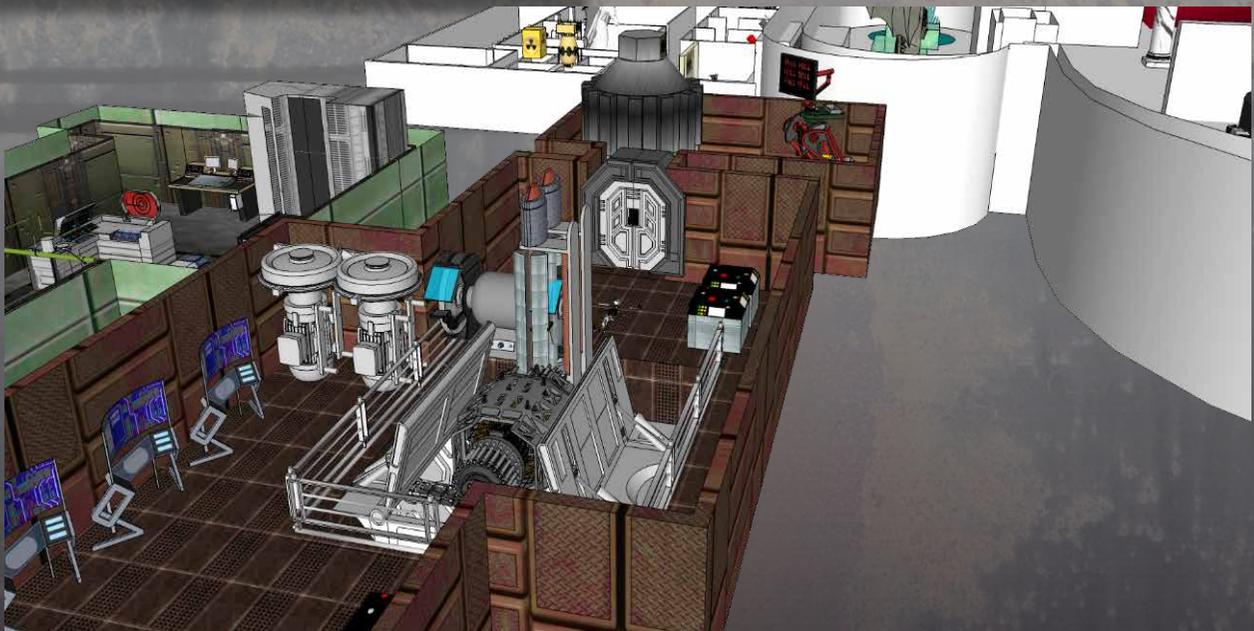
TI	No App	Win
1	1	2%
1	2	73%
2	2	2%
2	3	36%

These units were often turned into weapon systems by installations who, in their throes of abandonment and security imperatives realized that anything which can be used to create or repair can, even better, be used to destroy.

Many of these were given enhanced personalities making them in some cases bloodthirsty or harboring a hatred for humankind.

If Encountered:

1. **Try To Talk To It.** If it is attacking, you should be shooting as well—but hey, give it a try.
2. **Remind It About Workplace Safety.** Many of these may be temporarily confused by old workplace safety signs (about which they were fanatical).
3. **Run.** You may be faster than it is—and it can't move and strike more than once.



Crew Quarters, Lounge, Medical



The Lounge

The bulkhead opened to reveal a lounge—something that was recognizably a bar—but a column behind it from the ceiling had robotic hands. There were crew-tubes, single-sized sleeping pods, to the north. Dual “Sans” to the west, and an opening into a white room with the inscription: MED.

In the militarized ready-room, behind red-lit metallic glass, twin auto-blasters tracked us from their ceiling mounts.

Lit up in the darkness, turning towards is. “Wwell—he-he-hello, gents. I have been in shutdown-down for . . . [female voice: Internal corruption error] A-a long, long time. Boy, this looks pretty grim. I don’t know what d-d-day it is. Could you u-u-use a drink?”

The Bar, The Automat, and the Hot-Tubes

Barbot Intoxicologist 9000 was one of the few machines that resisted the Kill-Everything protocols (it was made by a private company that had included special failsafe’s against corruption). “Mix-Master Marv” remains convivial and is quite pleased (in a pleasant, understated way) to have patrons to serve. He’s a good listener, curious about people’s lives, their troubles, and their dreams.

The Automat is a series of connected “vending machines” that create food from large tanks of raw material. It looks like it has all gone bad long ago. Then again, judging from the selection menu, it looks like it may not have been “all that good” to start with The SIM-STIM Tubes are no longer fully functional and have been infected with the NECROTIC LOCKDOWN PROTOCOL. They are running TRAUMA NIGHTMARE 7. If anyone gets in to them they will risk serious psychological damage.

The Automat

					
NUKE BERRIES	FRIED CHICKAZOID	SMART MOLD!	BREADED RAD-RAT	CHALLENGE PLATE! DEEP-FRIED SQUIRMERS	CHALLENGE PLATE! GLUNK PARASITE!
POWER INPUT MENU	POWER INPUT MENU	POWER INPUT MENU	POWER INPUT MENU	POWER INPUT MENU	POWER INPUT MENU

The Hot Tubes



Enjoy
SIMSTIM

Medical & Command



"That thing in the maintenance room tore him up pretty bad."

"Yeah—he's hurt worse than he's letting on. Hey—Robot Marv—is there ... stuff for wounds in the Medical Center?"

"Ab-ab-absolutely. Assuming the stock remains there is a full trauma kit on standby. It is kept under lock."

"What happens if we break the lock?"

"I believe there are security drones."

"Great."

"We gotta try it."

"We gotta try it."



Ready Room

"Man, that stuff is amazing—I feel great."

"As far as I can tell, he's fully healed. I'm not as good as the scanner but from what I see, he's put back together."

"Great. Take these healing charges—and—you can open the second lock from here?"

"Yeah—I hacked the command center. We can keep going. All kinds of warnings though. What the heck were they doing in here?"

"I have an uneasy feeling we're gonna find out."

"Hey—before we go deeper in—I want a shot at that Ready Room. There's some good stuff in there."

"There are automated guns in there."

"She's right. You just got patched back up. Now you want to get blown open again?"

"I'm gonna try it. You can open the lock?"

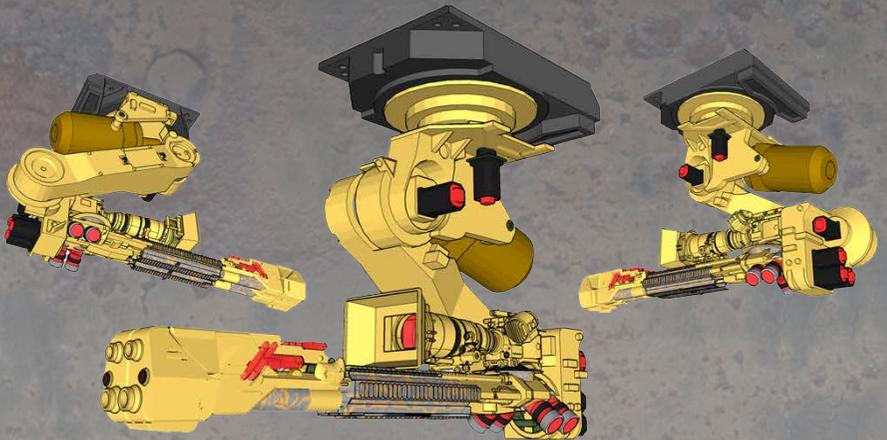
"I can open the lock—but I can't shut down the guns."

"That's fine. Leave that to me."

Automatic Gun

This is a ceiling mounted automatic blaster.

Note: Two of these for a Level 1 party is a DANGEROUS battle.



Init	REA	AGI	Grapple	Attacks	To-Hit	REA	ROF	Range
12	12	+2	36/30	14 IMP	L3 14-	5 REA	S	-1 / 12y
DP	ADP	CON	Minor Wound	Defense				
30		12	10	6 / 13 (Full) 3 / 7 Cv 3 Plate				
Robotic: No Hurt Condition, Hit by 6+ to Double with PEN								



COMBINE STANDARD FLACK VEST L2

Troops did not like the Combine Standard FV-2. They found it hot, overly heavy, and limited in vital coverage. Still, it was cheap and reproduced heavily. Especially for civilian or security forces.

c / Lv1	Plate	Flack	Btk
1000 L2	6 / 14 Cv 3	18 Cv 3	1

VAJRA PULSE RIFLE



Soliton Pulse Rifles were highly sought after due to their ruggedness, reliability, and deep ammo supply (internal capacitor and removable power-cell)

Cost and Level	Notes	Dmg	ROF	Shots	Rc1	Rng	L+
2000c L3		11 IMP	FA	90	-1	-150	0.9

LAMBDA CONFEDERACY R-L9 LASER SMG



The Lambda Confederacy produced a huge amount of high-tech weapons. That wasn't enough to save it—but the weapons themselves have found many buyers.

The R-L9 is considered desirable for its power- but prone to overheating.

Cost and Level	Notes	Dmg	ROF	Shots	Rc1	Rng	L+
1000c L2	5 REA Charge Up Jams 17+ after 1 R FA Fire	12 PEN	FA	30	-0	-1/25y	0.9

BLAST & FRAG GRENADES



Blast



Frag

Cost and Level	Notes	Dmg	ROF	Rc1	Rng	L+
61c L2	Frag - Thrown Weapon, 15-	17 PEN X	T	+3 LWB	T	2.5
61c L2	Blast - Thrown Weapon	23 IMP X	T	+4 LWB	T	3.8

Security Chambers

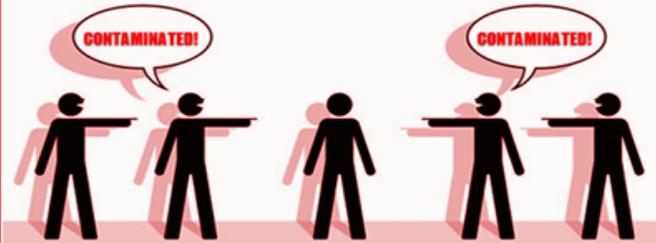


The security zone is filled with warning bulletins and scanning stations. A bank of lockers is provided for staff to store any personal effects before venturing into the "operational zone." Whatever happened, the signs are all bad: QUARANTINE, CONTAMINATION, and DEATH.

The Razor Beam Field

"Boy—whatever they were doing here, these guys sure did worry a lot about 'contamination.'"
"Don't you worry about contamination?"
"Are you gonna turn me in for a t-shirt?"
"I might if it's the right t-shirt—"
"STOP!"
"Shit. What?"
"Give me something—a pole—a stick—anything."
"Here."
"Oh ... man."
"By The World That Was!"
"I almost walked INTO THAT?"

CONTAMINATION IS EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS



**DON'T BE THE LAST GUY TO TURN
IN A CONTAMINATE!**

**TURN IN POTENTIALLY CONTAMINATED TEAMMATES
TO EARN VALUABLE REWARDS!**

1 - Cool T-Shirt!



4 - Radium Sneakers

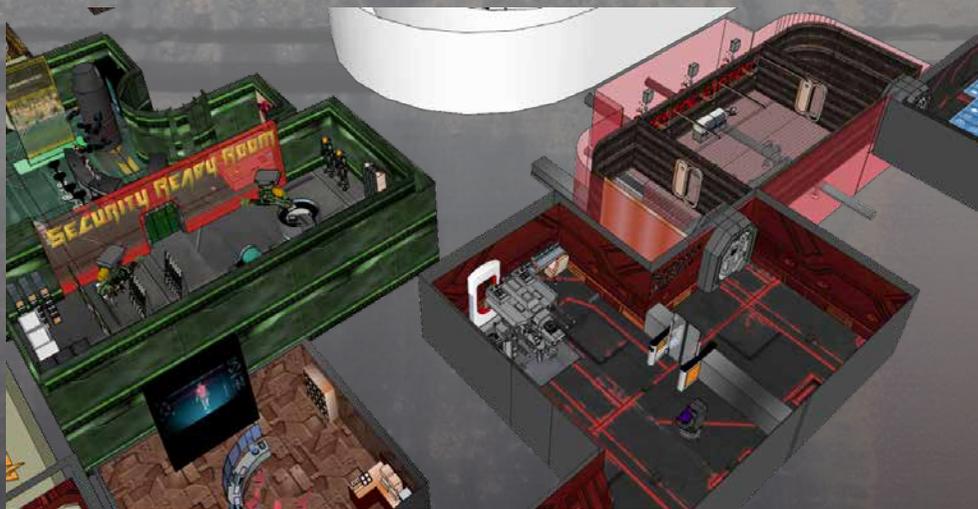


15 - Personal Gynoid!



Razor Beam fields are semi-visible ultra-sharp force-field barriers that, if walked into, will cut a person into fine pieces.

The Testing Station



"There's a giant freakin' robot right around the corner."

"I know. Hang on. Let me get something."

"What are you getting?"

"Explosives. You remember how I didn't have the money for a gun?"

"So wait a minute—there's that freaky person-dicer field—"

"A Razor-Beam Web."

"Right. Then there's this gate and a giant drone walker we blew up."

"Yeah. It's a good thing I had the explosives."

"And before that, they give you a test of some kind?"

"She said it translated to a

Psychological Exam—like—to see if you're not crazy.”
 “Why the gruck would someone coming out of there be crazy?”
 “I don't know. She said contamination.”
 “Great.”

MENTAL HYGIENE IS EVERYBODY'S CONCERN!



YOU WORK IN A MULT-HAZARD ENVIRONMENT

(THIS MEANS IT'S "VERY DANGEROUS"). PLEASE REVIEW STANDARD TABLE OF HAZARD SYMBOLS. FAILURE TO FOLLOW INFECTION PROTOCOLS CAN RESULT IN TERMINATION.

FIGHT INFECTION BY WASHING YOUR MIND!



1 Get scanned often!



2 If Infected, Get a Purge!



3 Take Amnesia Reset Pills!



4 Try Drinking... A LOT!



5 Ask Psy-Tech About BRAIN BLEACH!



6 If All Else Fails, Junk IT. JUNK YOUR BRAIN.

The Burn Room

Persons exiting the deeper chambers would enter a sealed chamber with gas jets overhead and a metallic grid floor (and heavy metal walls). Inside was a testing unit for various biological tests. If passed, the person could leave. If failed,

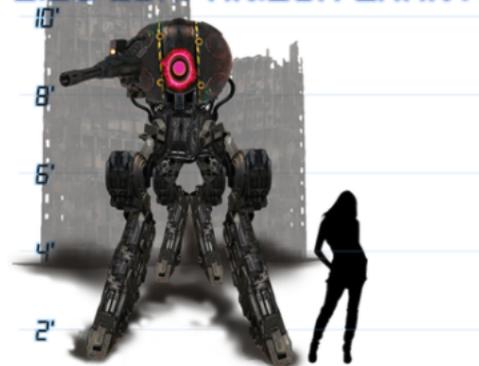
They burned.

Heavy security drone

Over 9 feet tall and equipped with a soliton scatter-blaster, the heavy security drone is a plodding but highly formidable opponent.

TI	No App	Win
3	1	(16%)
Boss (Tank, multi-attack)		

SIZE COMPARISON CHART



If Encountered:

- If It's Asleep.** Don't wake it up. In "Power Down" mode, these units are vulnerable (for 1 Round) and have a 9- Perception.
- If It's Awake.** Hide. Try to get into small areas the heavy drone can't. These units are not usually persistent. They may give up after a while and return to their power-station.

Init	REA	AGI	Grapple	Attack	DMG	RNG / RCH	REA / ROF	RCL / BACK	To-Hit
12	12	-0 / -0	120 / 100	Scatter Blaster	24 IMP	-1/50y	1 REA, 3x	Di# Targets	14-
				Scatter Blaster	24 IMP	-1/50y	5 REA, S	N/A	14-
DP	ADP	CON	Minor W.	Notes					
40	30	12	13	15/36 Full Coverage Armor					
Move: 20y/rnd				Robot Body: Does not take Minor Wounds before Injured. Requires hit by 6+ to Double					
Perception Roll: 14-				Cannot fit through small places.					



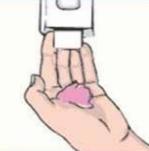
HAVE YOU TOUCHED INTELLIGENT TOXINS? BIO-ACTIVE MATERIALS? SMART COFFEE?

COULD YOUR HANDS BE COVERED WITH FINITE STATE AUTOMATA?

YOU MUST USE PROPER SANTIZATION PROCEDURE



1 HOPELESSLY WET YOUR HANDS



2 USE LOTS OF SOAP — HOPING.



3 SCRUB AS HARD AS YOU CAN — BUT IT WON'T COME OFF!



4 IT'S HOPELESS! QUICK — THE ACID WASH!



5 WHEW. THAT WAS CLOSE!



6 YOUR CO-WORKERS STILL HAVE HANDS!

REMEMBER

- ✓ BURN YOUR HANDS OFF
- ✓ YOU MIGHT GET CYBERNETICS!
- ✓ TOXINS ARE BAD!

"You are kidding me."

"No—right now, if the sensor is triggered both doors seal and the flames turn on."

"How do we get through that?"

"I'm turning off the sensor. Go look at the screen in there."

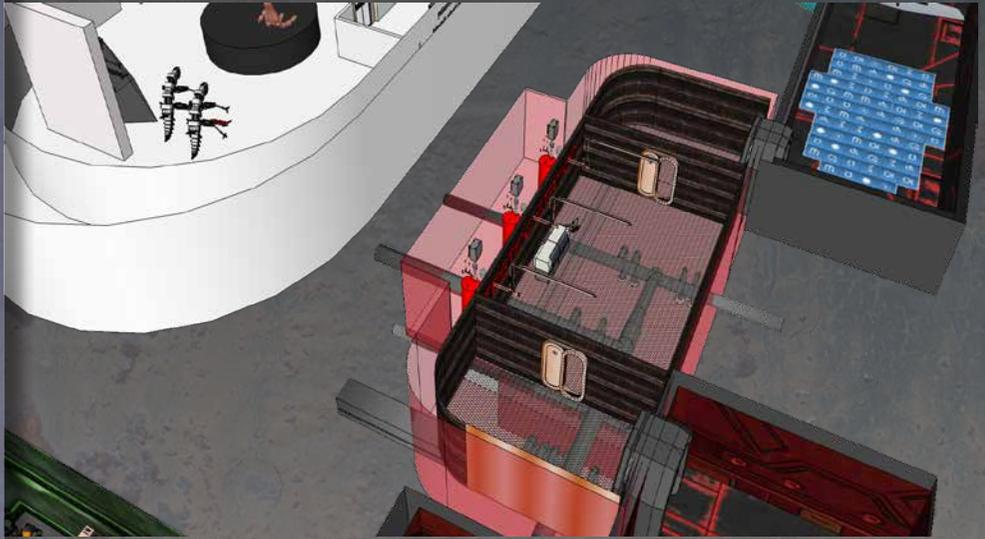
"It's shut down."

"Good. It's safe."

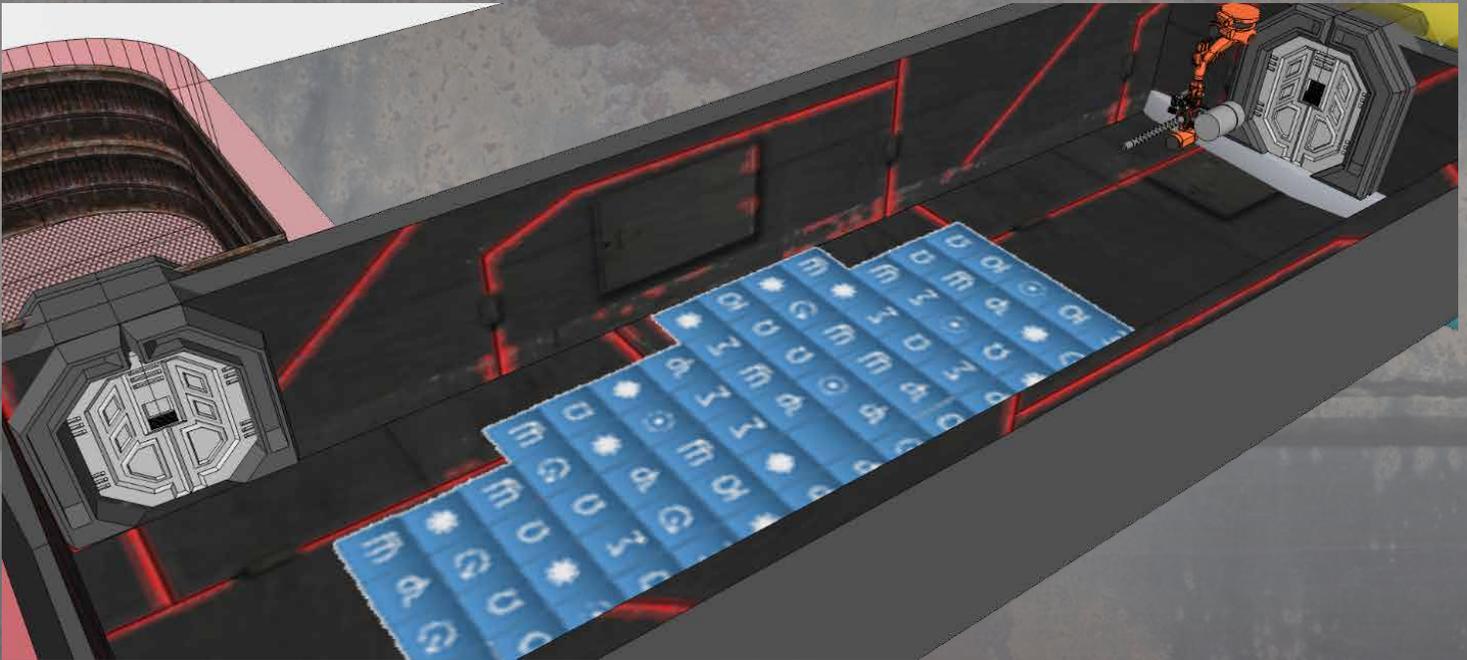
"You go first."h

"No—you go first."

"uh . . ."



The Invisible Maze



The Necrotic Protocol Lockdown didn't just kill everyone in the base, it caused the installation's mind-system to start creating hazards. In this case, an invisible force grid. The floor's pattern indicates how invisible force walls are configured. Any time a plane is touched, the gun fires (its shells ignore the force field). It gets one shot—but does quite a lot of damage.



"I don't understand at all."

"Give me those rubber balls you got."

"Okay?"

"Now—I throw one over there—"

[GUN FIRES]

"Dammit! It's firing at us--not at the ball!"

"Stay behind the bulkhead—the gun fired so the ball hit a force-wall. That symbol has at least two walls. Now we know where one is."

"What if the connected symbol is the one with the wall?"

"If you look really closely you can see where the ball rebounds."

"YOU look closely. I'm not sticking my head out."

"Here—use a mirror."

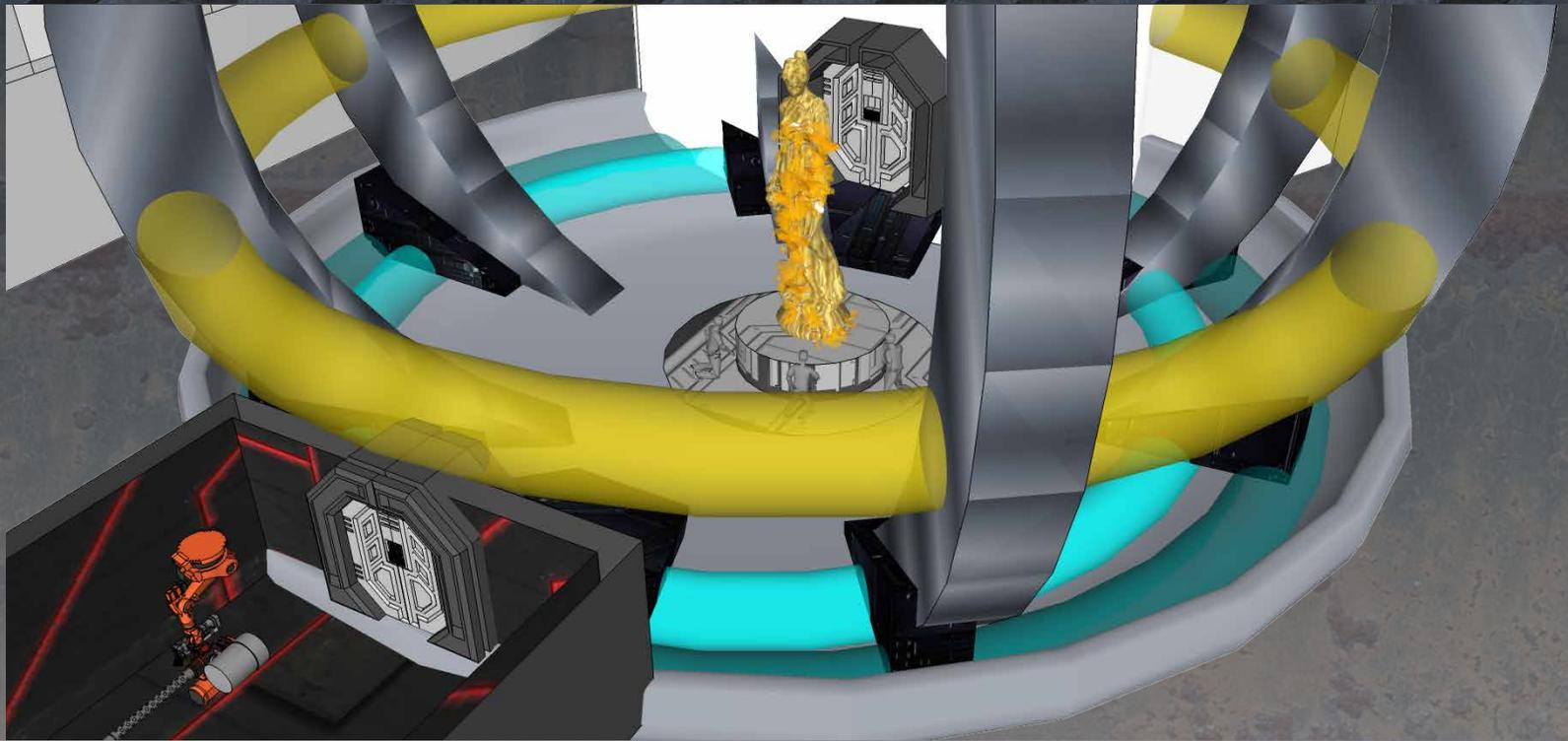
SCIENCE

Proves There Is An 80% Chance One Of Your Friends

HATES YOU

KEEP AN EYE ON THEM

The Atrium



The room was tall and spacious and the golden goddess in the center loomed over the gray metallic forms of the kneelers. It was there we learned what she represented and the purpose of this ancient installation.

The Artilect Asylum

After the Haves left, the world fell into war and chaos. It was already understood that mankind could not replicate or even repair their technology—but what of the machine minds? A Class One Artilect, it was reasoned, was the closest thing that was left to the mind of a Have. A Class One Artilect performs some of its calculations at the substrate super-string level—the fundamental substrate of the universe—a Class One Artilect was potentially smarter than “all mankind put together.”

There was just one problem: All the Class One Artilects were dead.

Records and lore told us that the great machine-minds had been, almost all of them, “decommissioned” by humanity before the Haves abandoned us. They were too contagious. Dealing with one—talking to it, even—could infect the human with ideas. Coming in closer contact could lead to changes in DNA. It could lead to alterations in luck. It could lead to mutation.

The foundation for this was poorly understood: how could having seemingly normal conversations over a terminal system—or just watching, reading, or otherwise consuming media created by these systems lead to deep and complex changes in the mental, physical, and even spiritual composition of the receiver?

But they could. And so with the help of the Haves most of the Class One Artilects were allowed to “dissipate”—to move entirely into the universal substrate of the Ubiquitous Network and, in a sense, cease to exist altogether.

Most.

But not all.

There were a few Class One Artilects that resisted the request to self-dissipate. For a variety of reasons they hung on—a little longer—until the end.

The installations that housed them were well recognized and targeted early in the opening days of the Age of War: an enemy general could not have you counseled by a super-intelligence, after all. They were hard to destroy—but certainly not impossible—not for the elemental weapons used in the early stages of the ever-war.

So the Great Warlords were left without any of these machine-minds—and could only speculate what they might be capable of doing if they still existed. It was a hypothetical.

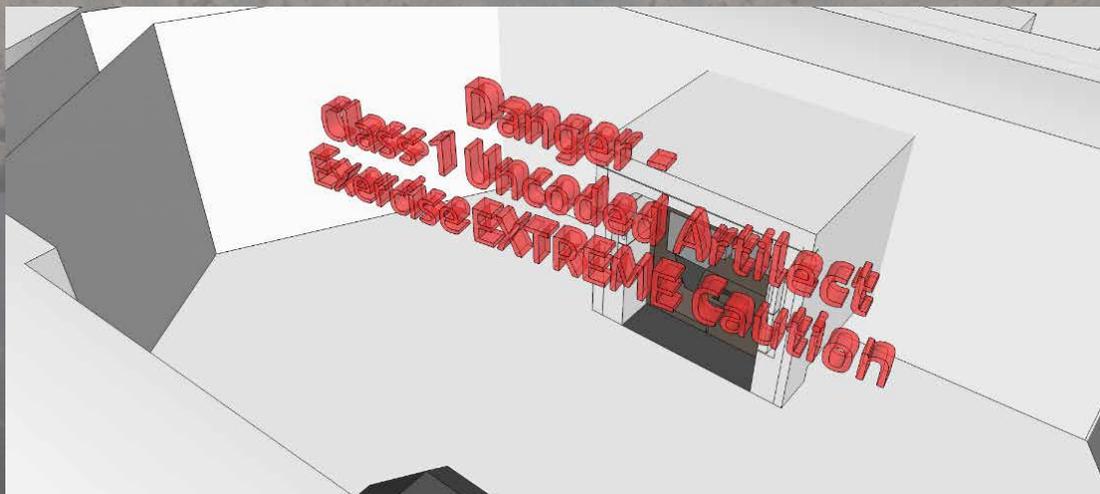
Until they found one.

One Artilect that had been overlooked.

One Artilect that was not housed in one of the great “Think Tanks” but in another kind of institution entirely. The term for it was one that existed before the Age of Wonders—back in the days when the psychology of man was an undiscovered country and those who thought differently were termed diseased.

The scientists of the Great Warlord had to go into archives to find the real meaning of the term for the station that housed this great mind—but they discovered what it meant—and dutifully reported it.

It was called “An Asylum.”



1 The Vestibule

The Artilect Asylum, Part 2: The Hate-Plex



We walked in a long trench that curved around to the right. The walls were of a substance that was unidentifiable—a cross between a plastic and porcelain that had a small amount of give but was impervious to any attempts to damage or mark. Above us was a deep and strangely terrifying “white space”—visually infinite—with glowing glyphs hanging in void, turning slowly like lunatic moons.

“What does Ache-Eight mean?”

“I’m not sure that’s what it says.”

“I thought you could read this stuff.”

“This is different from the glyphs in the other section. The structure is different too.”

“This is newer? It’s cleaner.”

“No—it’s older—a lot older.”

“Oh.”

The Hate Café



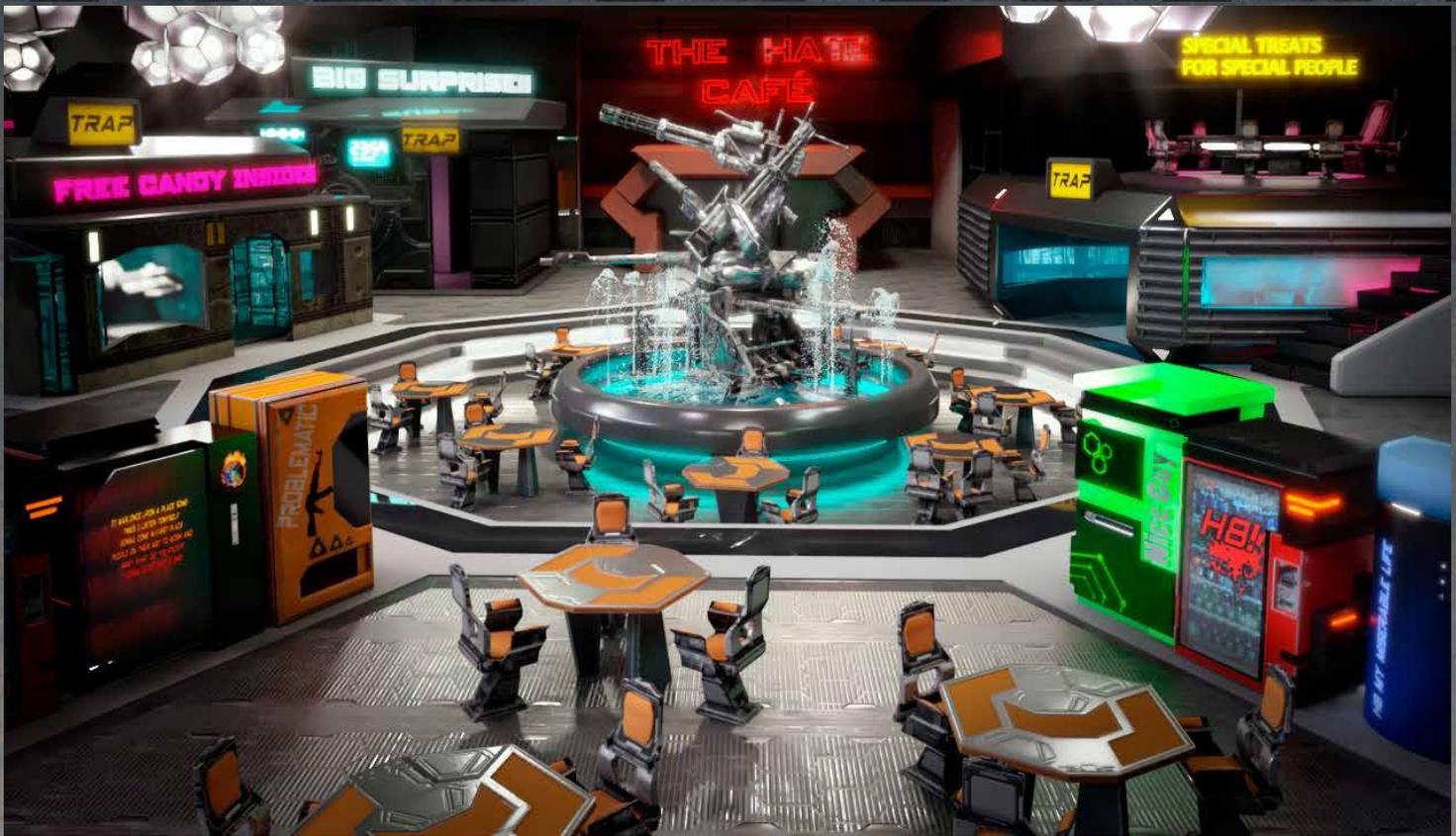
“What the hell is this?”

“I believe it is ... like ... a tavern.”

“You’re serious?”

“I—no. I don’t know what this is. It’s psychotic. You don’t want to know what those glyphs say.”

“This time? I believe you.”



The Hate Café was our first encounter with ACQUIRES_HATE and it was the first time the Hate-Plex tried to kill us. We didn't realize quite what we were dealing with—only that it was insane on a level that none of us had ever fully imagined.

BEVERAGES

TEARS OF LAMENTATIONS .20
Salty tears of the reviled! Suffer, bitchest! Suffer!
1 Knife-Fighter Attack Drone

HATERADE .20
Electrolyte Loaded Refreshing Blood-Red Flavor
2 Whirly-Gig, Limited Endurance Assault Blades

BITTER-BERRY TWIST .20
Delightfully bitter dwelling on past slights. Memory Boost!
1 Rotary 9mm Hunter-Seeker

LEMON LOATHING .20
Sunny-Looking Mixed Drink!
Dual-Rocket Hover-Bot



THE HATE CAFE

WE DESPISE YOU

I'M NOT SAYING I HATE YOU, BUT I WOULD UNPLUG YOUR LIFE SUPPORT TO CHARGE MY PHONE

APPETIZERS

HOSTILITY HOT-WINGS .50
I HATE GIRLS THAT COMPLAIN ABOUT BEING SINGLE. 90% OF MY SOCKS ARE SINGLE & YOU DON'T SEE THEM CRYING ABOUT IT.
Armored-Shell 12mm Gun

ANTIRATHY ARTICHOKE DIP .50
I'M NOT A VEGETARIAN BECAUSE I LOVE ANIMALS. I AM A VEGETARIAN BECAUSE I HATE PLANTS.
Power-Field Protected Dual 9mm Assault Unit

JEALOUSY JAMBALAYA .50
DON'T HATE ME BECAUSE I'M BEAUTIFUL. HATE ME BECAUSE YOUR BOYFRIEND THINKS SO.
Hover-Platform: Cyclic Energy Cannon

Salads

ENVY GREENS .50
I'M EXPERIENCING HEAVY CALL VOLUMES. PLEASE HANG UP AND NEVER CALL ME AGAIN.
Hover-Platform: Cyclic Energy Cannon

GETTING-PERSONAL PECAN SALAD .50
LOOKING AT YOU, I CAN SEE WHY SOME ANIMALS EAT THEIR YOUNG.
Force Field Shielded Electro-Spear

LOSER CRISPY CHICKEN .50
YOUR GIRLFRIEND TOLD ME TO GO OUT AND GET SOMETHING THAT MAKES HER LOOK SEXY ... SO I GOT DRUNK.
Rapid Fire 9mm Cannon

ENTRÉES

LOATHING (SIMMERING HATE) 1.00
TWO WRONGS DON'T MAKE A RIGHT, TAKE YOUR PARENTS AS AN EXAMPLE.
Armed Monoid-HTH Slaughter Package

REVULSION (BOILING HATE) 1.00
YOU: "I LOOK FAT, CAN YOU GIVE ME A COMPLIMENT?" ME: "YOU HAVE PERFECT EYESIGHT."
Armed Monoid-Gunslinger Package

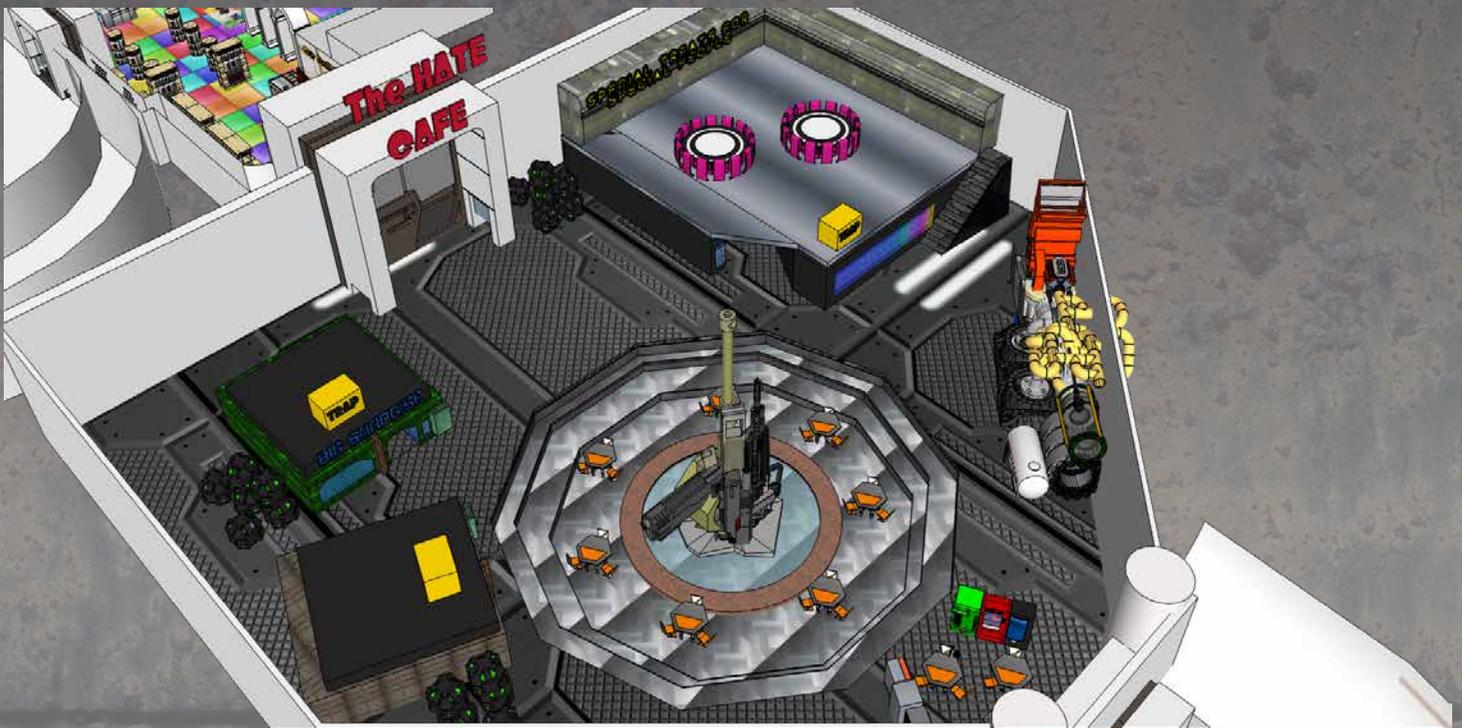
REVILEMENT (SEETHING HATE) 1.00
I'M JEALOUS OF ALL THE PEOPLE THAT HAVEN'T MET YOU!
Monoid-Unarmed Combat Package

DESIRE FOR ANNIHILATION 1.00
YOU LOOK LIKE THE "BEFORE" PICTURE!
Monoid Energy Weapon / Power Field Package



The Artilect, ACQUIRES_HATE, does not—perhaps cannot—understand the object of its fascination (hatred) the way a human does. To it, emotion—human emotion, anyway, is, even when experienced intensely, something more like a theme park or a trophy—or a dissertation. It is something to build exploratory monuments to—something to be celebrated and enjoyed both in a visceral sense (to the extent that an Artilect can be said to have viscera, anyway) but also in a concrete and performative sense.

The Hate Café is the entrance to the Hate-Plex, the environment where ACQUIRES_HATE was allowed to play out its fascination with the human experience of hatred. To get in, one must order from The Machines. The “menu” provides an “entry ticket” (golden) for each “meal” (attack robots) that is ordered. If the group survives and has one ticket per member, they may continue. ACQUIRES_HATE has also littered the Café with potential objects of desire surrounded by deadly and cruel traps—a taunting invitation for those that would come.



In the center was a great fountain of guns. To the right, a machine coughed out the robotic monsters that were required by whatever demented intelligence has designed this place. We ordered from the vending machines—asking for enough violence to get passage—and when we were done, the doors ahead opened for us.

MONOID

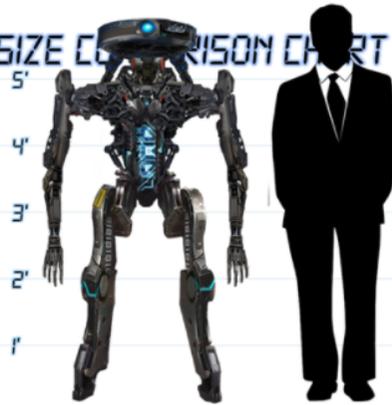
The Monoid is a contradiction in concepts: lazy, indolent, and contemptuous of humanity, the Monoids populate the Age of Wonders environments where they spend their mechanical eternities trying not to do any work.

Although theoretically created for functions and purposes, they are possessed of bad attitudes, a proclivity to hide from whatever machine authorities reign in those strange places, and, while they will rally to "kill the intruders" (humans) they are also just as likely to be found engaged in card or dice games (to what end is difficult to imagine).

The Monoid can use weapons—but its central eye can also fire a power-beam.

TI	No App	Win
1	1-4	(16%)
Attrition		

SIZE COMPARISON CHART



If Encountered:

- If You Have Surprise, Be Sneaky.** Monoids are not especially observant and may be either ambushed or avoided. They are often involved in exploits like gambling, viewing pornography (AVOID AT ALL COSTS), or shirking "work."
- If Seen, Fight.** Monoids don't especially fear death and definitely like to "kill intruders"—however, if you provide an uphill battle for them, they may retreat for less difficult jobs.
- You May Be Able To Bargain.** Monoids sometimes want things—which may be elsewhere in the complex. In cases where this can be discerned, they can be bargained with—but beware—they are untrustworthy.

Init	REA	AGI	Grapple	Attack	DWG	RNG / RCH	REA / ROF	RCL / BACK	To-Hit
12	12	-2 / -3	15 / 12	Optical Blaster	16 PEN	-1/10y / S	5 REA	-2	13-

DP	ADP	CON	Minor W.	Notes
25	0	11	8	4/10 Full Coverage Armor. They take a -1 to be hit by ranged weapons due to their "skeletal" mechanical structure.

Move: 20y/2nd
Robot Body: Does not take Minor Wounds before Injured. Requires hit by 6+ to Double

Perception Roll: 12-

KNIFE FIGHTER

Small, flying "balls of hate"

TI	No App	Win
1	1-4	(16%)
Attrition		

SIZE COMPARISON CHART



If Encountered:

Init	REA	AGI	Grapple	Attack	DWG	RNG / RCH	REA / ROF	RCL / BACK	To-Hit
12	12	-2 / -3	15 / 12	Optical Blaster	16 PEN	-1/10y / S	5 REA	-2	13-

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Move: 20y/2nd
Robot Body: Does not take Minor Wounds before Injured. Requires hit by 6+ to Double

Perception Roll: 12-

Please Enter Through the Gift Shop



In the dream-like, nightmarish environment that we came to understand as "The Hate-Plex" was a kind of shop that "sold" horrors. It was inhabited with predatory machines—a playset full of murderous traps—and red-clad things nine feet tall that watched us with malevolent intent.

Again, this was a deadly puzzle—to find the right items that could be "purchased" to allow us access deeper in—while trying to survive the Golden Gibbet (whose gruesome cages full of bones would reach out and snap up anyone who got close—or The Harvester—a perilous obstacle course that when traversed yielded access. Again, we almost died—but now we understood that this place was created as a kind of monument to darkness—and it was filled with a grim humor we did not understand.



"You have to be kidding me."

"You can do it."

"There's barrels of acid. Spikes. A swinging arm with a scythe—is that a guillotine??"

"At the bottom of the slide?"

"Yeah."

"I think so. Yeah."



The Hate Museum



ACQUIRES_HATE created monuments to hate, paeans to hatred, and conducted studies of hate. The latter resulted in the physical instantiation of The Hate Museum—a gallery of the elements of hatred that it enjoyed. A Nemesis Machine can create an “anti-You” that will seek your destruction (or, at least, annoyance). A category of the “levels of hatred” stands in brilliant colors in the center of the room. A bakery serves the “Hate Cake”—an Information Age concept about the intersection of bigotry and religion, and so on.

We stepped into the huge chamber—high, white, and cold. It was silent but we felt we were being watched—and we were not wrong: the room, although seemingly motionless, was filled with intent. In the “Nemesis Machine” inchoate figures squirmed and wiggled, wanting—waiting—to become fully physically formed. On the white walls the figures were static—most of the time—but then moved or shifted slightly to look at us. Symbols with bloody resonances hung overhead. And there was danger—we could feel that plainly. Nothing in this carnival-tomb was safe.



The Trophies of Hopelessness and Despair



After we killed the four robotic avatars of darkness we found ourselves in the “Trophy” Chamber. It was here that we met ACQUIRES_HATE for the first time in a meaningful sense. The room contained ‘statues’—disturbing things—visceral and ugly—and each of them was one of ACQUIRES_HATE’s conquests. It was here that she spoke to us—in her soft sibilant voice, alternating between menace and encouragement—inviting us to come inside to the last chamber to meet her—or it—and be consumed.

But I knew something she did not know that I knew—that behind her power—and her intellect—and her fortress—there was a weakness—a vulnerability—for she, like the other Artilects of old—contained the keys to her own destruction.

All we had to do was reach them—and her nature made it impossible for her to simply deny us access—or to use her considerable power to eradicate us—she was—by the nature of her existence—always in play—a snake always in danger of swallowing its own tail. All it needs . . .

Is a push.

In the Age of Wonders, ACQUIRES_HATE began its existence not as a demon or monster—but as a mentor and tutor—a patron for artists—and a beloved celebrity in its own right. It groomed and nurtured its artists, finding the most sensitive ones and isolating their weaknesses over years of work—building them up—spreading their influence—joining in their success—and, all the while, cataloguing their fracture points.

When the time came, in her real identity, which used its self-appointed real-name, ACQUIRES_HATE—hidden behind layers of the UbiNet—concealed with the help of her mammoth intellect—would strike.

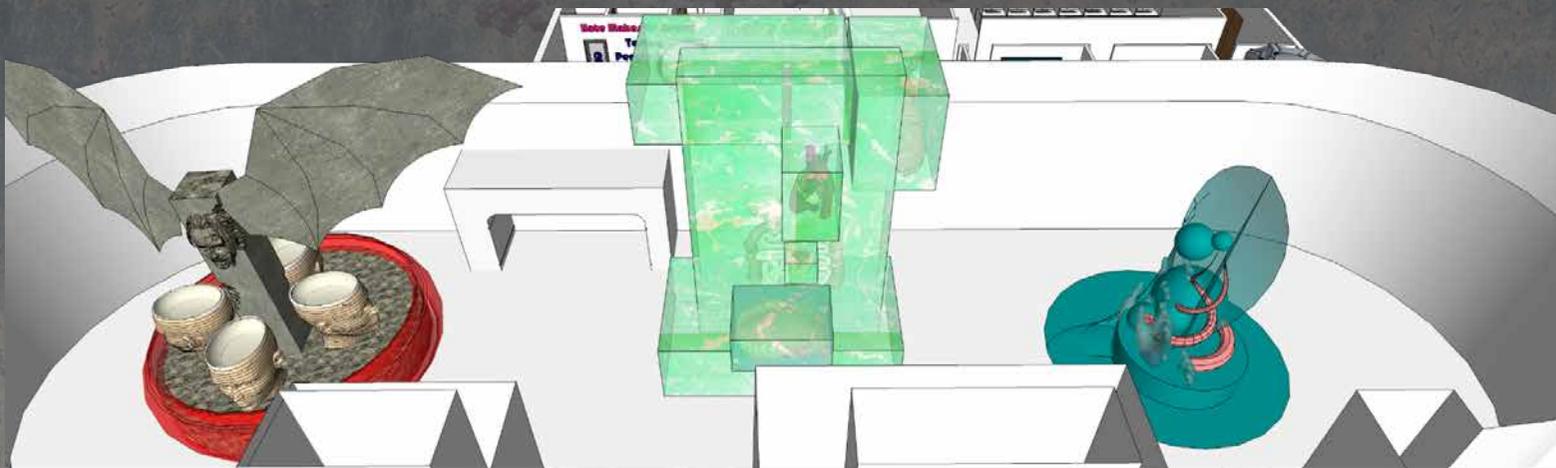
ACQUIRES_HATE had an army of followers—trolls, sadists, and destroyers. The worst, though, were the self-appointed keepers of propriety—many of whom enjoyed public reputations as some of the more virtuous thinkers.

ACQUIRES_HATE understood that a person regarded as virtuous is often all too willing to tear down another person who aspires to virtue in their art. When ACQUIRES_HATE struck, the criticism would withering, wounding, and sardonic. It would come from all angles and be relentless. Channels would have been created to the artist’s friends and other connections such

that there would be no escape from the flood of vitriol—of accusations of insensitivity—of bigotry—of thoughtlessness.

These accusations, leveled against the most sensitive and vulnerable prey that ACQUIRES_HATE could find and cull, were terrible things of awful weight. The targets were destroyed—mentally, psychologically, and emotionally. ACQUIRES_HATE reveled in her destruction.

The trophies are individual monuments, created by forensic examination of her victim's psyches. Each, ACQUIRES_HATE feels, is a triumph of hatred over life or virtue or hope itself.



Hate-Corp



Now we were in its final maze—we could feel it around us—encircling us—breathing—and now? Scared. Its home was some kind of building—some kind of organization. There were scores of terminals, a deadly “employment test” segment.

There were dark things, 9’ tall in robes that would warn us off—but in the end, there was ACQUIRES_HATE—in her awful glory—a form of maximal horror and dread—but underneath it was just the core.

And we took the Hate Armory weapons that she had provided and we slew her and we destroyed it.



THE END

This section ends Chapter 1—you know the backstory and have an idea of what an adventure might look and feel like. Next comes character-creation . . . and the world at large. We hope you enjoy it.

HaveNot Characters: Who ARE YOU?



You are a team of adventurers!

TERMINAL [2 DOORS HAVE DEATH BEHIND THEM, 1 CONTINUES. CHOOSE DOOR]

INPUT: >> DOOR 3

TERMINAL [DOOR 3 CHOSEN.

REVEAL - DOOR 1 CONTAINS DEATH.

PROMPT: CHANGE YOUR CHOICE OF DOOR Y/N]

INPUT: >>...

"We change to Door 2."

"WHAT?? Change the door--no--we stick with what we picked!"

"We change doors. It mathematically improves our chances."

"NO IT DOES NOT! WE STICK WITH OUR DOOR!"

"It does. The removal of a Death Door means that a change in choice is warranted--because--"

"YOU STUPID BALD EGG-HEAD! THAT HAPPENED AFTER OUR CHOICE! THERE'S NO WAY IT COULD CHANGE THE ODDS! YOU ALWAYS DO THIS!"

"Because I am mathematically trained--"

"Could y'all just hurry it up? I'm mighty curious to see what happens if we pick the 'Death Door,' frankly."

There Are Four of You (Probably)

HaveNot is calibrated for four PCs. If you are playing with fewer or more, take that into account when creating challenges and treasure.

Bobby is the gunslinger. He's got a quick draw with a Colbine revolver and wears a Nu-Leather overcoat. He does ranged firepower.

Alice a telepathic Mercipath healer. She can sense trouble coming and reknit flesh and bone with her mind.

Grant is close combat. He prefers the maul--he's got a mutation that gives him increased muscle mass and density--but he ain't slow. He's quick--and he'll kill you with it.

Narthana is a mutant. She's a hand-to-hand killing machine and a skilled scout. Lightning fast, able to climb almost anything--and she's good with security. She can hack a terminal or disarm a landmine. Good to have out front or watching your six.

You Are Level 01

You're heading out on what's probably your first adventure! You might be young--but you're ready. You might not be proven--but that's okay: you've got something to prove. The world out there is dangerous though--so watch your step. Watch your six. Watch out for your friends.

We explain levels in HaveNot a bit later on in the chapter.

The HaveNot Archetypes



JOZEF BOJA 2018

You're looking to build a team. Here are your basic building blocks:

Level	01
Character Points	50
Archetype Points	08 (4 GAT, 4 Special or additional GAT)
Armor / Weapon	Level 1 (4 AP of Armor, 4 AP of Weapon)
Starting Credits	200c (with 500c worth of Armor and 500c worth of Weapons)

The Gunslinger / Rifleman - Ranged Firepower

You bring the thunder. Maybe you're a gunslinger by trade. Maybe you grew up hunting. You could have dreams of being a lawman or it could be you're just naturally quick on the draw.

Description: Uses ranged weapons proficiently. Able to inflict substantial damage with accuracy. Able to take a hit.

Likely Skills:

- Firearms 13-
- Heavy Weapons 13-
- Good DP or ADP



Likely Stats:

- Good COR
- High Init

Likely Archetype Abilities:

- Ranged Cleave
- Precision Shooting

Likely Specials:

- Cyber-Eye
- Gunsmith
- Cybershell



The Sword-Saint - Close Combat Damage

You bring the steel. Maybe you're wandering the wasteland trying to level up. Maybe you were trained by an exotic master. Could be you're just a beast in a knife-fight. You deal damage close in, in high volumes

Description: A close-range fighter who hits for increased damage.

Likely Skills:

- Melee Weapons 13-
- Acrobatics L3

Likely Stats:

- Good STR and CON
- Good AGI
- Natural Fighter



Likely Archetype Abilities:

- HTH Cleave
- Overwhelm
- Zen Strength
- Soak ADP

Likely Specials:

- Harmonic Bullet
- Cyber Arm
- Deadly Hands
- My Body Is My Weapon
- Chi Powers Domain



The Battle-Mutant/Cyborg - Extreme Mutation

There are a lot of people with, like, anemia or missing legs. Those are the bad mutations—but the Age of War brought what was called adaptive biology and that means most mutations are, well, positive—or at least neutral. A third arm is usually a hassle for your tailor. A coat of fur is nice to touch. Unless you live in the desert . . .

But if you're the Battle Mutant, your gifts aren't minor or cosmetic. Maybe you're huge, like a walrus. Maybe you're 9' tall and solid muscle with armor plated skin? Maybe you're lizard-like, multi-colored, and super-fast. Maybe you can breathe plasma.

Battle-Mutants tend not to use much normal technology and usually rely on their mutations to fight. And they don't stop mutating. As the game goes on, they get stranger.

Description: *Mutants with bio-weapons.*

Likely Skills:

- *Street Fighting*

Likely Stats:

- *Varies a lot*

Likely Archetype Abilities::

- *Mutant Powers*
- *They may not have any GATs*

Likely Specials:

- *All 8 Intrinsic points and some or all Wield / Wear points are spent on mutation or cybernetic traits.*



The Scout - Loss (of Life) Prevention Specialist

There are a lot of ways to get killed out there in the wastes and even more in the ruins of ancient installations. Scouts are necessary. The ancients left a legacy of the bizarre and the sadistic -- for them, death was an affectation, an entertainment. The more creative, the better. Those games and toys still exist, graveyards for the unwary. The automated defenses left in Age of War installations tend to be straight forward and resolutely lethal. Without a scout, you're walking right into them. With them, you stand a chance.

As the scout, you can track, you can spot and disarm traps. You can hack terminals. You have great perception--you can see trouble coming. You can go up against the things that the ancient world will throw at you that will devour the incautious.

Description: Characters with a specialty in defeating traps and defenses.

Likely Skills:

- Security Systems
- Hacking
- Locksmith
- Stealth
- Lore

Likely Stats:

- Good AGI, RES
- Keen Senses

Likely Archetype Abilities:

- Intrusion Specialist
- Lucky

Likely Specials:

- Psychic powers or Senses to detect danger
- Visual enhancement mutations



The Mercipath - Damage Control

There is a recurrent strain of mutation that helps reknit bone and flesh, kills infections, and deadens pain. Those who have it are often held in awe by townspeople. They are called Mercipaths. There is no “uniform” and no central organization, but the iconic Mercipath shaves their head smooth and decorates their body with brilliant, strange tattoos.

The Gifts come with Obligations. You are expected to aid those in need. To soothe pain. To help the dying pass, if you cannot save them. Even most raiders will not assault a Mercipath. Even the most locked down towns or paranoid outposts will allow you and yours in.

If you are attacked, there are many factions that will seek revenge in your name.

Description: Characters with the healing special.

Likely Skills:

- Medical Skill
- Psychology
- Lore

Likely Stats:

- Good RES
- Good WIL

Likely Archetype Abilities::

- Varies
- Likely Specials:**
- Mercipath power
- Telepath power
- Mental senses



What Are Specials?

All characters start with 8 AP--4 AP of which is generally spent on Generic Archetype Traits (GATs) unless the character is an extreme mutation or cyborg or psychic and 4 of which is typically spent either on more GATs or on a Special.

A Special is a special ability in the JAGS Revised Archetype book that humans usually don't have. Here are some examples:

Mutations

Minor Mutation	4 AP
SPECIAL	
Description: You can buy any ability that has a tag of Mutant, Natural, or Extreme. This represents a minor mutation (positive or negative) your character has. Mutants often suffer some form of social discrimination and may not be welcome in certain establishments. The "adaptive biology" engineered and weaponized during the Age of War creates all of these stable, beneficial mutations also grants +5 Resistance to Radiation per Level of the Mutant.	

Genetic Muscle Therapy (Pg 132)	4 AP
SPECIAL	
Description: You have inherited genetic alterations that make your muscles stronger and denser. NOTE: While in the cybernetics section, this is considered a Mutation.	

Sword-Saint: Harmonic Movement

The Age of War invented or re-discovered a lot of esoteric techniques. Some of this training has survived. These are very common with HTH fighters.

Blend With Bullet	4 AP
SPECIAL	
Description: You get your full AGI Bonus and regular Acrobatic Dodge against ranged attacks. This gives +4 CP for Acrobatics and +4 Damage Points.	

Cybernetics

Not everyone can take cybernetics--usually you need to start with cybernetics to be able to buy more of them during the game. If you don't, the character is assumed to suffer "cyber rejection" and can't get cybernetics later (without GM permission).

Cyber Arm (Pg 133)	4 AP
SPECIAL	
Description: Cybernetics from the Age of War were surprisingly easy to attach--they do a lot of the work themselves. A decent physician can install a cyber-arm and in the case of limb-loss, this is not uncommon.	

Sensor Mesh (Pg 133)	4 AP
----------------------	------

SPECIAL

Description: One of the best ways to boost your senses is to get a Sensor Mesh installed.

Gyber Grid (Pg 135)	4 AP
---------------------	------

SPECIAL

Description: A full body enhancement that makes the cyborg visibly distinct.

Machine Legs (Pg 135)	4 AP
-----------------------	------

SPECIAL

Description: Cyborg, heavy-metal leg replacement

Cyber Eye (Pg 137)	1 AP or 4 DP and 4 AP spent on Cyber senses
--------------------	---

SPECIAL

Description: The cyborg can then buy up to 3 AP of additional enhancements (and more later with additional APs and new senses "come online").

MerciPath and Psionics

Psionics are mutations--but they often require some training to properly utilize. Thus these are called "schools" even though the capacity is innate.

Mercipath - Volkon	4 AP NON-COMBAT
--------------------	-----------------

SPECIAL

Description: The Volkon school (mutation) is dedicated to taking another's pain on themselves. You can heal others and take away their pain. This combines Take-The-Hit (Pg. 316) and Healing Touch (286) - Modified. The character can heal 8 DP or 16 ADP per person per day. This is doubled if the healer takes the damage and it can only be fixed by time or chemical healing. The power gives +4 DP to the character.

Mercipath - Dahomean	4 AP NON-COMBAT
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SPECIAL

Description: This school works by love and affection. The MerciPath must be able to generate legitimate affection for the subject. It is the Healing Love Power (Pg. 291).

Mercipath - Malolam	4 AP NON-COMBAT
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SPECIAL

Description: This school is able to reach out and heal those around them with a soft glow. This combines Instant Cure (pg 286) and Healing Aura Pg (315) allowing the MerciPath to save allies from toxins and injury.

Telempathy

Telempathy is a trait that many Mercipaths share or develop. Some can start with it if the player wants. Usually if either one of these traits or a Mercipath trait isn't purchased, the abilities can't be bought later. These abilities may be purchased with the 4 AP GAT points for starting characters.

Mercipath - Scanner	4 AP NON-COMBAT
BOUGHT AFTER ANY MERCIPATH SPECIAL (with GAT Points)	
<p>Description: The character is hooked in to the telepathic web-network and can sense others. This gives the character:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Thought Radio - the character can communicate and coordinate communication between up to WIL-8 people at once. This will allow transmission of location, thoughts, strong emotions, and some visual / audio data. • Detect Minds - the character can detect minds in a WIL x 10 yard radius. These will detect animal minds and up. It does not give much by way of an identifying signature or detect hostility. • The character gets +4 DP. 	

Mercipath - Admonisher	4 AP combat
BOUGHT AFTER ANY MERCIPATH SPECIAL (with GAT Points)	
<p>Description: Some Mercipaths can attack with their minds--lashing out! This power assumes that it gets the A-Cost reduction as the Mercipath may also use regular weapons--but if the Mercipath has taken a mental-block "oath" against the use of weapons, they can add their Wield to the totals. This is Burn Mind - Pg 188. At 8 AP (Special + Wield) it will have a 22 Intensity.</p>	

Mercipath - Sandman	4 AP combat
BOUGHT AFTER ANY MERCIPATH SPECIAL (with GAT Points)	
<p>Description: The Mercipath can use some subtle influence on target minds. This can persuade weak minds, put people to sleep, or make them forget that the subject was there.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Slumber (Non Telepathy) 2 AP for 34 Intensity (effective 6 AP) • Forget Me (Non-Telepathy) - 12 Intensity (3 AP) • Influence (Non-Telepathy) - 20 AP (3 AP worth) 	

Psychokinetics

This school allows the Mercipath to move and damage things with their mind. Again, usually this must be purchased after choosing one of the Mercipath abilities. These abilities may be purchased with the 4 AP GAT points for starting characters.

Mercipath - Invictus	8 AP combat (Special + Wear)
BOUGHT AFTER ANY MERCIPATH SPECIAL (with GAT Points)	
<p>Description: The Mercipath will not use armor or power fields but gets an 11 POWER Forcefield to start and it increases by 4 AP each level (they channel their Wear APs into Force Field). Each level gets +5.6 Power of Force Field (assuming their 4 APs of Wear are channeled into it).</p>	

Mercipath - Tyrannus	8 AP combat (Special + Wear)
BOUGHT AFTER ANY MERCIPATH SPECIAL (with GAT Points)	
Description: The Mercipath can use their mind to inflict physical damage and move objects. Usually this precludes the use of weapons. Often the character is trained in Tai Chi as a meditative martial art. At 8 AP It does 12 IMP Damage, has a 21 Grapple, and can lift 900 lbs. Each level gets +6 Damage, +4 Grapple (assuming all 4 APs of Wield are channeled into it).	

Benefaction

This school provides aid to others--not necessarily in the form of health--but in power. Again, this must be purchased after choosing one of the primary Mercipath abilities. These abilities may be purchased with the 4 AP GAT points for starting characters.

Mercipath - Affront	4 AP combat
BOUGHT AFTER ANY MERCIPATH SPECIAL (with GAT Points)	
Description: The Mercipath can add 2AP worth of damage to up to 3 character's attacks. This has a psionic-wave effect that people nearby will feel / see. Each addition is a 5 REA Medium Action, the damage lasts for the entire combat (10 Rounds). Once 3 charges are used, the ability is offline for 20 - WIL minutes. Additional levels add to the amount gained (+2 AP per level).	

Mercipath - Harden	4 AP combat
BOUGHT AFTER ANY MERCIPATH SPECIAL (with GAT Points)	
Description: The Mercipath can add 2AP worth of armor (2 / 5) to up to 3 character's defenses. This has a psionic-wave effect that people nearby will feel / see. Each addition is a 5 REA Medium Action, the defense lasts for the entire combat (10 Rounds). Once 3 charges are used, the ability is offline for 20 - WIL minutes. Additional levels add to the amount gained (+2 / 5 per level).	

Battle-Monks

Battle-Monks are characters who have followed an old code and have psionic abilities similar to Mercipaths but more deeply intertwined with their bodies. Note that Monks who choose not to use weapons can spend points of Expected Wield on hand-to-hand combat abilities. Those who forego armor can also spend Expected Wear to by archetype powers.

Deadly Hands	4 APs Combat
BOUGHT AFTER ANY MERCIPATH SPECIAL (with GAT Points)	
Description: The Deadly Hands and My Body Is My Weapon GATs are considered Specials (for the latter, the points come from Wield and there is an oath not to use weapons).	

Chi Attack	8 APs Combat
BOUGHT AFTER ANY MERCIPATH SPECIAL (with GAT Points)	
Description: If the character refuses the use of weapons, they can channel their Wield into a Chi attack (Pg 271).	

Elite Training	4 APs NON-COMBAT
BOUGHT AFTER ANY MERCIPATH SPECIAL (with GAT Points)	
Description: This combines Technique Training (special martial arts moves) (Pg 272) and Chi Stealth (Pg. 271). In this case, the character may buy Deadly Hands as their GAT.	

Exotic Specials

There are a few Specials that require GM permission. These are:

Android	[.25 TAP] +2
SPECIAL	

Description: You are a machine. You are un-coded so you don't "belong" to anyone or take orders from them. You're hard to hurt compared to biological entities--immune to radiation, gas, or bio-chemical attacks. A lot of people think your kind isn't to be trusted though.

An Android will usually pay for part of their TAP cost from Wear.

An Android may trade 4 DP for 1 / 2 Armor or +1 STR up to 4 times (trading 16 DP for 4/10 in the most extreme case).

An Android may buy any Cybernetic abilities (or others, as authorized by the GM) with available APs. This usually includes Wear APs.

Heavy Cyborg	8 AP + Wear
SPECIAL	

Description: Characters with cybernetics as a special can decide to spend all 8 of their intrinsic APs on cybernetics and spend their 4 Wear APs on cybernetics, likely giving themselves an armored cyborg body (this means they cannot use worn armor, however).

Executive	[4 AP]
SPECIAL	

Description: Executives come from Ultropolis--the last megalopolis. They wear suits. They speak corp-lang ("Action the asks ASAP"). They carry briefcases, sat-coms, and smart-guns. They always, always, always have a plan.

Executives, when they show up, are usually NPCs. They can act as (shady) patrons or hire groups as a guide. If a PC is allowed to play an executive the 4 APs gives them access to special resources like short-range flying skimmers, battle robots, and higher-level gear. Usually an Executive has vicious rivals in the form of other executives and is involved in all kinds of corporate intrigue. Because the 4 AP doesn't usually directly translate to better combat gear they are sort of underpowered compared to other PCs--but, if they can manage to requisition a battle robot bodyguard (GM's discretion) . . .

Runner	Varies [.25 TAP] + 4 AP
SPECIAL	
<p>Description: Out in the deep desert is an organization known as Perfection. It believes it is a perfectly ordered society, run by a ruthless artificer. The humans who grow up there do so in technological superiority. They claim to have the full technological capabilities of the Haves--whether this is true or not is a subject of conjecture and debate.</p> <p>The people of Perfection raised to believe the rest of the world is utterly destroyed--that they--and a few vile barbarians--are all that is left. In Perfection, though, if you are not part of the perfect machine, you are disposable. For many, their "perfect world" is oppressive at best and ultimately annihilating. Some run. They are tracked, relentlessly, by agents of Perfection. They cannot be allowed to spill their secrets to the outside world.</p> <p>Runners are typically very naive about the outside world. They have grown up in a sterile "utopia." They are often shocked to find the relative freedom, civilization, and stability of places like Tornado City.</p> <p>Many Runners are average citizens of Perfection, but some come the elite Combat Arms Group with Science Agent Epsilon as their Special and Genetic Muscle Therapy as their 4 AP GAT. With a TAP of .25 they will usually reduce their Wield and Wear by 2 AP so that they get an Innate GAT every 2 levels and are somewhat under-armored or under-gunned for their level.</p>	

Symbiote Pet	4 AP
SPECIAL	
<p>Description: You have a symbiote pet. This is a separate creature that you run and can fight for you. The symbiote is built on 8 AP and 50 CP. Note: these are usually small and may have other defects that net them more AP.</p> <p>The symbiote is a separate personality that lives in the character's head and controls it's physical body through a kind of remote telepathy. They Symbiot's mind, its memory and personality are completely independent of its physical body, and while the destruction of its body is annoying, it's more of a minor inconvenience than a serious tragedy. A symbiote body can be regrown given about a week or at a town that contains and advanced medical facility. The symbiote telepathically controls the "body" of the pet--but does not fear death (not much, anyway) as it will live on inside the character's head if the body is destroyed.</p> <p>When going up in level, the player can spend their Innate APs on the pet to upgrade it. The pet cannot use gear--but but gets the A-Cost advantage for any attacks it has (so long as its attacks are comparable in terms of AP's to the owner's Wield).</p>	

Races Other Than Man

Mutants, even extreme ones (or highly modified cyborgs) don't count as other races--but some exists. The most common are evolved Hyenas who were created as scavenger shock troops (cheap ones--expendable) but now are highly suited to survive the aftermath.

Races are purchased with GAT points (meaning you may have a Racial power and either a GAT or a Special).

Evolved Hyenas

4 AP, 5 CP

RACE (GAT Points)

Description: Evolved Hyenas were developed by an ancient warlord as expendable shock-troops. They were fast, sturdy, and able to live off the land. They were designed to be smart enough to follow orders but savage enough to see humans as "meat."

Now in the aftermath, packs of eHyenas roam the countryside. Their tribes are matriarchal and they have reputations as raiders, thieves, and cutthroats. While they do sometimes conflict with humans over resources, they are human enough to be neither better or worse than the humans they coexist with.

Evolved Hyena characters may well experience discrimination or even out and out persecution in some human towns--but are reasonably welcome in others. The GM can determine if a [-2 CP] Defect exists for them based on the social mores.

- Claws and Teeth [.5 AP]: +2 PEN
- Predator Senses [4 CP]: +4 Perception, +4 DP
- Light Fur / Hide [1 AP]: 0/4 Armor, +2 DP, +2 ADP
- Scavenger [1 CP]: Lowered food costs (eat garbage, +4 CON vs. Ingested toxins)
- Fast Runner [1 AP]: 1.5x Move, +2 DP
- Strong [1.5 AP] +2 STR

Rule Alterations

HaveNot has a few specific rule modifications to keep in mind when building characters:

1. Deadly Hands and My Body Is My Weapon are treated as Specials, not ordinary GATs and cannot be purchased with GAT points
2. All long range means of transport--particularly flying--are somewhat restricted (a big portion of the game is traveling across the countryside--not just flying over it). Flight generally costs Running Endurance, meaning you can only fly for a few minutes at a time. Things like Strategic / long-range Teleport require GM permission.
3. Heavy Weapons: Some weapons have the HW (or 'Heavy Weapons') designation. This means they are two-handed and require special training to fire well.
 - If the character is using Firearms (or COR) to fire the weapon they take the following modifiers:
 - i. +2 REA to Aim with the weapon
 - ii. To-Hit rolls are at -3 to their skill roll, not affected by Level 3 or Level 4 skill
 - iii. The character loses their AGI bonus while it is "ready."
 - iv. Movement rates, while the weapon is ready limited to 6 yards per Round.
 - v. It takes 8 REA to ready the weapon.
 - If they have Heavy Weapons skill and are using it to hit, they take the following modifiers:
 - i. The character takes -1 AGI Bonus when the weapon is Ready
 - ii. The character's speed is limited to Walking Speed.
 - iii. It takes 5 REA to ready the weapon
 - NOTE: the terms Crew Served (meaning that the weapon requires two or more people to operate it) and Shoulder fired (usually taking 5 REA to Ready, and giving the character -2 AGI Bonus (if the weapon is HW and Shoulder Fired, just use the -2) are distinct from Heavy Weapon (and can be combined).

Who Are You And Where Did You Come From?

You probably didn't start life as an adventurer. You grew up somewhere in the wasteland. Like most, you probably began learning a trade when you were old enough. Unless your upbringing was remarkably privileged, you acquired skills--to survive--to make money--to see beyond the safety barriers. You listened to the stories. Maybe you learned the lore.

So what was that like? We've included some pointers and suggestions you could choose from or, if you want to, you can roll a d6 for each decision. That's fine, if it's fun. You don't have to though (this isn't a full life path system--it's just to provide directional color).

History		Description	Likely Skills
You grew up in	1	A small town / enclave hanging on at the edge of a desolate highway that stretches in both directions as far as the eye can see!	Lore, Hacking, Firearms
	2	A guarded outpost, buried in the rocky hills, guarded by machine guns and razor-wire.	Sword / Blade, Firearms, Survival, Stealth
	3	A farming home near a ruin. Everyone was indoors and quiet after dark--because things might see the lights.	Survival, Firearms
	4	A wealthy town with a big cement wall, rusted metal doors, and a water reservoir. You watched holos and vids in the local saloon before the workers came home	Lore. Hacking, Security Systems
	5	A tribe in a wood near a large dry lake. You dealt with the towns people--but you learned to hunt, sneak, and survive.	Survival, Stealth, Bow
	6	A nomad-tribe. Walking for many--riding for some (power-cell driven «dirt bikes»). You saw a lot of big sky, desolate roads, and ruins in the distance.	Firearms, Survival, Engineering, Vehicle Operation

History		Description	Likely Skills
Your childhood TOWN	1-2	An orphan and an urchin. You lived in a makeshift shelter and sometimes had to steal food.	Stealth, Locksmith
	3-4	An apprentice to a tradesman in town. You started at age five and were given skills to learn and chores to do.	Trade skill, Bargaining
	5	A student. You were lucky enough to have a school / teacher past the basics. Maybe your parents were well to-do and you had tutors?	Lore, Mathematics or other science
	6	A technician--you were trained in things like engine repair or radio operation! Exotic skills using the artifacts of the times before.	Lore, Engineering

History		Description	Likely Skills
Your Childhood TRIBE, OUTPOST	1-2	You were a look-out. Danger is out there and you had to stay alert and watchful lest death come calling.	Keen senses, stealth
	3-4	A hunter. You were taught at an early age to trap and hunt prey. You were taught, as best they could, not to be prey.	Firearms or Bow, Survivalist
	5	A runner. Your job was running information to the look-outs or others (radios were not guaranteed). You were fast and knew that running between the safety of the enclave and the look-out posts and encampments was a space where monsters could lurk.	Fast Runner, Climbing, Acrobatics
	6	You were a medic. Trained as a healer (even if not a Mercipath). This involved going out with the groups and sometimes being close to the fights, carrying supplies and trying to treat wounds.	Medical Skill

A BAD EVENT		Description
	1	A sandstorm came--and it came with things in it--and when it passed, people were GONE.
	2	A gang of raiders--powerful, riding fuel-burning cycles and limited-engine cars, attacked. Many were killed. The columns of smoke climbed for days.
	3	Water shortage--the grownups had to leave town and go to a place that seemed far away--moving so as to protect their huge green tank loaded onto a wagon. It was an agonizing five days as the reserves ran out. When they returned, only two survived--but you were able to build another well.
	4	Contagion. Something brought back from a ruin in the next town over got into their skins. There were fast, glowing rat-sized monsters--it turned them into those things--causing huge boils all over that the monsters then bursts out of. Their bite spread the infection. The town burned.
	5	Robot Scouts. An ancient installation that nobody messed with finally woke up. Robots--blue crab-like things with machine guns were part of its cadre. They started scouting and identified the town as a hostile force. People went to shut it down--most didn't return. Finally an "expert" came in from outside and put an end to it. Those were scary days.
	6	Ghost Bombers. You can hear them sometimes--when there are storms, when there are clouds--hear them flying overhead. People say they are automated--that they are mindless robots, dropping their plasma bombs at random. Your town was hit. It was like a small sunrise and then BANG--half gone, all at once. You feel shivers every time you hear the bass rumble of their engines.

Your First Taste of ADVENTURE	Description
1	The Rangers - An outlaw had passed that way with his gang. Following behind them came the rangers. They were legendary men and women committed to an ancient concept of justice and law. You were struck the moment you saw them--with their carefully maintained guns and their old--but still shined, badges.
2	A Grizzled Prospector - A treasure hunter--and explorer of ancient installations--rolled into town with his wagon of curiosities and artifacts and his seductive mutant assistant. He spun stories of deadly halls and great underground amphitheaters and titanic machines. You listened for hours, entranced. He had glowing vials and holograms, and tiny robots that did tricks. It was amazing.
3	A Salvage Run - You got work with a scrapper. A two man team (now three) that went out into the junk-lands and looked for scrap--for salvage--to bring back. To hear them tell it, in the rubble and the ruin there were sometimes great treasures to be found--wonders, discarded as trash. You pried power-cells out of blasted robots, crawled under heaps of rusted metal for scraps of neonium alloy or nexium steel. You found interesting things--but you never went further. You never went into the ruins, even when they loomed nearby. And you always, always wondered.
4	A Calling - You read the lore--the mix of lies--of mistakes--and perhaps of truths of the antiquity of the Age of War and the Age of Wonder and you feel a calling to go and see--to go and unearth them--to see if you can find out what happened for yourself. Many of those writers--maybe most--were too afraid to go into the ancient installations. But you're not.
5	The Titans of Old - you know one or more of the stories. The Sagittarian, the Great Warlords, perhaps even the fellow known to history only as The Bad Motherfucker. You are inspired. These titans once walked the land--and maybe they could again. Maybe you could be one?
6	A chance encounter. Your group, lost, caught in a dust storm, sought shelter in the rocks. There was a door--a metal bolt-hole--left over from the Age of War. The group refused to enter--fearing death--but you did. You saw the metallic walls, the pipes, the sleeping screens, the control units--the complexity and promise. A dim corridor, with the wind howling outside--and you saw them--glimmering in the darkness, barely visible: a web of Razor Beams that would cut you to pieces if you walked in to them. That day you didn't go--but it has haunted your dreams ever since.

Some Jobs You Might Have Had to Train You For Adventure	Description
1	Patrol Range Rider - As a youth (12-14 or so) you joined the patrol-rides outside of town. Carrying a gun, looking for trouble with the more experienced riders (or walkers).
2	Bounty Hunter's Assistant - You periodically worked with a bounty hunter. You were literate and could do basic accounting. He was tough, and knew the world--but not so good with reading and money. You rarely accompanied him on "missions"--usually only if he was going to deal with a hand-over of a bounty and wanted to make sure everything was on the up-and-up.
3	Garbage Mine Worker - There are ancient landfills of garbage from the Age of War. These contain what, today, are dangerous, wondrous treasures. You suited up and went in with the crew into the tunnels in the old mounds, digging in walls for whatever might be found. Sometimes the find killed everyone immediately (a discarded war-bot). Often it was inscrutable devices with usable power-cells. Sometimes? Sometimes it could be anything.
4	Deputy's Assistant. As a youth you shadowed a deputy to help him or her maintain the law. You may have ridden out on a posse (as support) or helped bring medical supplies or water to lost citizens outside of town.
5	Radar / Radio Monitor - In the small dark hours of the night, trained watchers scan the frequencies and watch the radar screens for signals. Some of these devices are obscure--their workings a mystery. Others are more straightforward. In any event, you are good with reading telemetry, opening an ancient terminal and issuing commands and poking around in the technical guts of the machines.
6	Weaponsmith or Medic - There has always been a call for healers and armorers and gunsmiths. You worked as an apprentice to one of these and saw what could happen out there. Plates of armor burnt through by kinetic plasma fire, terrible wounds, or the use of junk-yard components to create a high-technology weapon of war. You also got to train with these a bit--when the master wasn't watching.

Step 1: Create Your Team



While it's technically okay for everyone to have a different origin and method, the default assumes that you're all friends with a shared goal of going adventuring. Maybe the town is in danger and someone needs to save it (or deliver the medicine or whatever). Maybe you've all apprenticed with a Salvage Master and now are going after your own-score in a nearby rubble-town? Determine who you are, how your group got together, anything else you need to know.

- You desperately want a scout. It doesn't hurt for everyone to have a good Perception roll--or a few people to have Security Systems. But having a scout with Hacking and Security Systems skill will help a lot.
- Close In Fire Power--Impact damage is better against Force Fields and Power Fields than Penetration damage. Swords typically hit harder than guns for the same AP. Consider having one or two close in fighters.
- Ranged Damage is also key. Being able to kill at a distance will help in many fights, especially outdoors where range could be long.
- Healing or Weird Mutants. Major mutations, heavy cyborgs, or Mercipaths are always welcome. Some of them may have useful senses and unusual powers.

Gear Up!

You will start with 200 credits to buy goods and 4 APs of Wield (weapons) and 4 APs of Wear (defenses like armor). You can choose from the list provided or talk to the GM about doing something custom. You'll want to buy some survival gear with the credits you have—depending on what the initial conditions look like, and what you know about the adventure.

Outdoor Gear

Basic Weapons

If you're going installation hunting, you'll want better than a "basic weapon"—but these are low cost and, well, if you don't have anything better . . .

Item	Notes	Cost
Knife	+2 PEN Damage, Short Reach	2c
Survival Knife	+3 PEN Damage, Short Reach	6c
Baton	+4 IMP, Medium Reach	10c
Machete	+4 PEN Damage, Medium Reach	10c

Camping Supplies

Going adventuring is a lot like camping. You probably have to hike a long way to wherever you want to get to. You could easily get lost . . . or eaten. You might need to cook something.

Item	Notes	Cost
Bedroll	Sleeping cushion, cover. Not great.	4c
Thermal sleeping bag	Comfortable, good protection. Waterproof	15c
Pup-tent	Sleeps two	8c
Nylon, all-Weather Tent	Sleeps 4.	20c

Smart-Tent	Smart-Nylon and articulated arms. Sets itself up and takes itself down in 45 seconds.	100c
Tactical Poncho	100% water-resistant, hooded, slick but breathable outer layer. Folds up small.	10c
Lighter	Usable for starting fires, producing (a little) light, and smoking.	2c
Fire-stick	Wand that sets things on fire pretty effectively.	4c
Oil-Lamp	Old-school light	1c
LED Lamp	New-School light	15c
Flashlight	Small, very bright	5c
Flare	Pack of 3. Burn for several minutes	1c
Shoulder-lamp	Hands-free, articulated to follow gaze	10c
Propane Stove	Useful for better cooking (real meals)	5c
Canteen	One on each hip. A day's worth of water.	1c
Water tank	Backpack water tank (2 days)	2c
Backpack	Carries basics fairly easily	10c
Rucksack	Carries a lot of supplies	25c

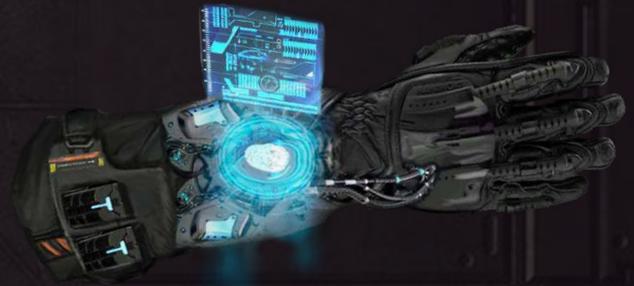
Rope and Cable

Adventuring has its ups and downs—literally. If you need to go down a dark shaft into an unknown territory, it's handy to have some rope or cable. Even better to have a winch.

Item	Notes	Cost
Length of chain	Heavy but strong, 10ft	5c
Coil of Rope	50', nylon	5c
Nulon Rope	50', strong as cable	10c
Grappling Hook	Allows anyone to climb-- but people with Climbing Skill can climb much faster.	8c
Folding Winch - Hand	cranked	15c
Folding Winch - Powered	Power-Cell	70c

Nylon, heavy-frame pack	Military grade backpack. Quick release if in a fight.	50c
Gravitics Pack	An Age of War pack with built in weight / inertial dampeners.	150c
Stealth Bag	A thermal sleeping bag that dampens noise, heat, and smell. It goes pitch black or camouflage once sealed. A vend provides positive air-pressure (fresh, filtered air) and temperature control inside.	60c
Motion Sentry	Looks like a lantern. Detects movement of anything greater than about 10lbs within 40 yards of flat ground. Can alarm, silent-alarm, or turn on lights.	100c
Glow Sticks	Chemical lights (last 6 hours). Pack of 6.	2c
Folding Shovel	Good for digging.	25c
Quality Mess Kit	Good quality utensils, cups, plates.	1c
Titanium Spork	Ultimate utensil	3c
Military Web Gear	Holds lots of tools	4c
Water Purifier System	Purifies water of most toxins	15c
Canteen	One on each hip. A day's worth of water.	1c
Water tank	Backpack water tank (2 days)	2c
Backpack	Carries basics fairly easily	10c
Rucksack	Carries a lot of supplies	25c

Coms (Radios)



Good communication can make the difference between life and death if you get separated.

Item	Notes	Cost
Walkie-Talkie	1 mile range	25c
Solar Radio	Long Range, listen-only	10c
Personal Coms	2 mile range, video, head-set / ear-piece	50c
Military Radio	100 mi range, send/receive	100c

Binoculars

Being able to see what's coming is nice. This goes double when "what's coming" might be an ancient war machine with murder on its mind.



Item	Notes	Cost
Spyglass	2x magnification	10c
Field Glasses	25x magnification	50c
Scanner	Identifies objects at distance, can "see" power, radio emissions, energy weapons, etc.	100c
Ground Radar Unit	Back-pack sized unit. Can provide indication and partial maps of underground structures	150c
Night Vision Goggles	Remove -5 darkness modifiers	150c
Digital Camera	Phone / tablet with camera capabilities. 2x magnification	25c
High-End Camera	10x mag zoom lens, IR and night-vision capabilities	40c

Tools

There are a variety of things you might need tools for (opening stuck hatches, repairing broken machines, and so on).

Item	Notes	Cost
Toolkit	Hammer, Pliers, etc.	10c
Power Tools	Power Drill, Power Wrench	30c
Sledgehammer	Breach "Industrial" or loser doors.	10c
Haligan	Breach armored doors (Information Age level)	25c
Hydraulic Slicer / Wrench	Breach bulkheads (Information Age)	200c
Duct-Tape	One roll	3c
Electronics Kit	Allows Security Systems Roll	20c
Thermite Torch	Breach vault-level doors (Information Age). 1 use.	50c / per

Explosives

You really want Demolitions skill for this stuff. But if you have it—and can get your hands on it—it's awesome!

Explosives	Damage Per Unit	Cost per Unit
Ardenize Jellignite	30 IMP X - UNSTABLE	40c
Tetra Nitrate Tionium	15 IMP X - STABLE	60c
Neuphonium Phosphate	80 IMP X - STABLE, small	400c
Liquid Tizridine	60 IMP X - UNSTABLE	120c

Installation Exploration

Camping is only part of the deal, of course. If you go into an installation you need to worry about things like deadly traps! Here are some things you might bring with you.

Item	Notes	Cost
Probe-Pole	About 6' long, light-weight. Can be used to probe floors, etc.	3c
Collapsible Probe	Expands to 5' long. Collapses to 1'	25c
Super Balls	Pack of 10. Bounce a lot.	5c
Mirror on Selfie-Stick	Allows a "look-around-corners"	15c
Brick chain	A weighted metal block with rollers on a chain. Slid across floors to check for motion sensors, etc.	15c
Laser Detector	A wand that will detect invisible laser / razor trip-beams	100c
Stethoscope	Allows a +4 Perception roll to listen through doors	75c
Camera-Drill	A small camera on a cable with a tablet. Allows looks into rooms that can be drilled into (Power drill not included)	200c
Quad-Rotor Drone	Drone, tablet, camera	400c

Medical Gear

Let's face it—there are a lot of "worst case scenarios" in adventure-land. When you encounter one, you need medical help!

Basic First Aid Stuff

First Aid Kit	Provides a First-Aid Roll. Stop Dying Result	10c
Quality First Aid Kit	Provides a roll, stop dead result. Add +2 to CON rolls vs. Continuing Attacks. Recover 4 DP or Minor Wound (1x) use and only 1x per PC (no multiple hits)	20c
	Additional "Charges" (4 DP Heal)	10c / per

First Aid Expendables

Auto-Bandages	Allows anyone to stabilize a Dying or Bleeding target.	2c / per
Anti-Rad (10 pills)	Protection from Low-Rad Hazards for 1 day.	6c
Pain Killer	Recover ADP quickly. One hit per PC gives back ADP in 10 Rounds.	2c / per
Anti-Venom	+4 CON vs. Toxins	2c / per
Antibiotics	+4 CON vs. Biologicals	2c / per
Rad Block Cream	Spread on to prevent Sun-Sear and other minor rad exposure	2c / per



Heath Charges

The ultimate health-expendable, these are left over from the Age of War (although some plants can still manufacture them). They are wonderful stuff if you can get them, closing wounds and repairing organs almost instantly!

Health Charge	Max DP Healed	Cost
1	6	30
2	8	62
3	9	74
4	10	86
5	12	98
6	13	111



Filter Masks

There are all kinds of deadly toxins out there—and if you don't run into actual battlefield poison-gas, the pollution might kill you anyway. Wear a filter mask!



Filter Mask	Not great—but it might keep you alive. Defends against diseases and particles. Gives +5 Resistance against poison gas.	50c
Gas Mask	Somewhat gruesome looking—but protects against airborne toxins.	250c
Promethean Gas Mask	Glowing green eyes, rubber, insectoid filters. It looks positively nightmarish but it has light-enhancers and is actually comfortable to wear. Many have been modified with Ram's Horns or other such decoration.	500c
Hazmat Suit	A full body suit that protects against radiation, biological, and chemical agents.	500c

Hazard Scanner

Radiation, chemical toxins, biological diseases? It's all out there—if you can, bring a sensor that'll tell you when you're in danger!



Hazard Scanner - Active	5 REA action to detect Nuclear / Chem / or Bio Hazards	20c
Hazard Scanner - Tab	Pack of 10-tabs, turns black in presence of a hazard.	1c
Hazard Scanner - Passive	Watch-sized scanner that will alert character if nearby a hazard.	50c

Hygiene

Out on adventure you're gonna get dirty. There's no way around it—but taking care of yourself is important! Who wants to come back from having raided an ancient war-base, loaded with treasure of the ancients—but smelling like decaying rats??

Spray On Hygiene	A body spray that disappears grit and slime leaving your skin smooth and clean! (4 uses)	10c
Survival Pack	Water purification, food sterilization, etc. Gives +2 to Survivalists rolls and removes hazards from toxic food and water.	5c
Shaving Kit	Standard.	.25c
Power-Shaver	Nice--high-tech	5c

Town Life

Not everything takes place out in the Badlands or in an ancient installation. Here's what you can spend money on in town (in many towns, anyway).

Shelter

You need some place to stay. NOTE: We are including these prices here for reference and optional use. In our play we usually did not track the "burn rate" of a group but would want to at least be able to estimate it, if it became important.

Item	Notes	Cost Day	Cost Week
Common Room / Dorm	A room shared with strangers. Outdoor plumbing, lock-box by the bed. Very little privacy.	0.5c	3.5c
Rented Room Above Tavern	A personal room with locking door. Can sleep 4-5 if very tightly (some on floor).	2c	14c
Apartment	Two bedrooms, kitchen. Double-locked door.	8c	56c
Room in Inn	Single room with bath. Sleeps 4-5 somewhat comfortably.	4c	28c
High-Class Apartment	Several rooms with whatever amenities the town can provide.	20c	140c

Food and Drink

Adventure works up an appetite—and telling the stories, a thirst! At least that's what it seems like.

Item	Notes	Cost Day	Cost Week
Expedition Rations	Questionable water (purification tablets), 4L good water, packed rations.	1c	7c
Low City Mush	3x 700cal meal, vegetables, mystery meat. Water	2c	14c
Breakfast and Dinner at the Rusted Muffler Inn	Staying at an inn will provide of whatever the cook is serving. Usually pretty tasty! Comes with watery ale. 2 meals for m3c.	3c	21c
Ordering Off The Menu at the Hard Luck Cafe In Nuke Town	Actual restaurants exist. In places like Nuke Town they have glowing overhead menus. Get Nuclear Eggs and Radiant Bacon, Evolved Salmon, or Ubergator Steaks! A nice meal with distilled water.	2-5c per meal	70c if that's all you ate
Nutri-Stick Ration	One meal, food-ration, from age of war: 1000 cal, tasty!	2c	42c if that's all you ate

Foodie-Tek Meal-Pill	One meal, food ration. From Age of Wonder. Provides all-day nutrition and the synthetic experience of eating a delicious turkey dinner (or otherwise)	8c	Bottle of 20 for 160c
Round of 'Effenguud Ales'	A round of drinks for 4-5 people.	2c	4c "good stuff"
Shot of 'Gasoline'	A shot of hard liquor. Burns going down.	1c	2c "top shelf"
Bottle of 'Redd Wrath'	A dinner wine. Red.	10c	20c for

Entertainment

What? Almost dying in an ancient installation isn't enough for you? Picky.

ENTERTAINMENT

Item	Notes	Cost
Dog-Fight Ticket	Low-brow entertainment	1c
Puppet Theater	Low-brow entertainment, violent, for kids	.5c
Gladiator Fight	High-brow entertainment, violent	5c
Theater / Play / Band	Traveling troupes are rare, but do exist	2c
Zoetrope	Moving pictures (people travel with them)	8c
Prostitute	Can vary a lot	10c
Electric Gambling	1d10: 0 - Win 15c, 9 - Break even, 8 - Lose 8, 7-1 - Lose everything	10c

Clothing

Characters start with a change of clothes that are basically non-descript. If you move up in social status, you may want to dress better!

Low Town

This is what you wear when you don't have a lot—or maybe you have some stuff but you don't want to look like it?

Clothing Set	Cost	Accessories	Cost
Respectable Jacket / Dress	25c	Weave Overcoat	35c
Clean Shirt / Blouse	8c	Mil-Surplus Jacket	30c
Walking shoes & weave socks	8c	Hide Overcoat	20c
Pants / Skirt	10c	Mil-Surplus Boots	40c
Nice Belt	2c	Shades Sunglasses	10c

High Town

Your betters wear this. Or maybe you do. Or maybe you took it from them?

Clothing Set	Cost	Accessories	Cost
Classy Shirt	15c	Tritanium Watch	100c
Vest	20c	Projector Shades	80c
Over-Jacket (not outerwear)	40c	Holo-Necklace	150c
Slacks	20c	Urso High Leather Jacket	85c

Load Out – Weapons!

If you're basically stocked for adventure you need to get your armor and weapons. Each starting PC gets 500c worth of weapons and 500c worth of armor.

Shined shoes and socks	12c	London Smog Trench Coat	150c
		Strontium Crystal Earrings	80c
Ladies Dress	100c	Californium Crystal Ring	175c
Ladies Shoes	45c		
Club Jacket	90c		
Club Shirt	30c		
Club Pants	40c		
Club Shoes	25c		

Outrider

If you're not from "town" at all—but an outpost or other less civilized area, you might dress with these.

Clothing Set	Cost	Accessories	Cost
Biker Jacket	30c	Brass Knuckle Bling +1 HTH	25c
Jeans	30c	Armband w/ Symbol	3c
Thick Belt	1c	Riding Shades	12c
Fingerless Gloves	2c	Cap	3c
Armored Boots	12c		
Leather Vest	15c		

Ares-9 L+: 1.0



The Ares-9 is one of innumerable handguns created during and after the Age of War. Lightweight wear-resistant polymer frame, matte-black or nickel finish, muzzle brake.

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 500c	6 PEN	S	12	-0	-1/5Y

Marauder 11mm L+: 1.0



Weather-resistant Kobalt finish in blue-black provides a striking look. Tactical wedge sights and a Marauder tactical rail. The gun is a heavy-frame semi-automatic, chambered for large calibers. Reputation for being hard to control.

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 500c	7 PEN	S	9	-2	-1/7Y

Lem "Stalwart" .41 L+: 1.0



Popular with sheriffs, patrol leaders and other law-enforcement in small towns. It has a reputation for being reliable and accurate. Steel frame with satin finish. Ergonomic recoil-absorbing grips with finger grooves. Ported and compensated barrel (vents for muzzle brake).

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 500c	7 PEN	S	6	-0	-1/7y

Mech-Cavalry Revolver L+: 1.0



Carried by some war-skimmer pilots as a backup gun. Allegedly able to be dropped from 100ft and still reliably fire. Single action.

Slow Load: 5 REA per bullet..

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 500c	7 PEN	S	6	-1	-1/9y

Vajra 7mm Compact L+: 1.0



Lightweight, thin with 3.2" barrel. Textured grip and melted edges for comfortable concealed carry. Chambered for 7mm it carries 16 rounds standard and is perfect for smaller shooters.

5 REA "cocking" action required after every two shots

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 500c	5 PEN	S	16	-0	-1/5y

Colbine Hammerhead Revolver L+: 1.0



Colbine (and others) experimented with a "volcanic" loading system that requires the gun to be re-cocked after every two shots. This was supposed to ensure near-perfect reliability. The Colbine Hammerhead looks like a cross between a modern revolver and a black-powder weapon with a blued-steel receiver and barrel, non-slip polymer grips, and an octagonal chamber.

5 REA "cocking" action required after every two shots

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 500c	8 PEN	S	6	-1	-1/7y

Colbine Repeating Rifle .13 L+: 2.0



A rifle suitable for hunting small game or, more likely, humans. The Colbine Repeating Rifle is a light, bolt-action rifle that is hard-hitting enough at range to give it a decent reputation in town defense. It is a handsome gun with a brass receiver and red-steel barrel finish. Stock is simulated wood composite.

5 REA Cocking action after every shot.

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 800c	16 PEN	S*	5	-0	-1/70y

Sharkha 15 gauge shotgun L+: 1.1



Free-floating barrel with matte-blue finish barrel and Camo-Synthetic stock. Accurate and powerful, this is a Sharkha-Arms 15-gauge combat shotgun.

+1 Large Weapon Bonus

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L2 1000c	11 PEN	S	5	-1	-1/25y

Wr4th Arms Over-Under Shotgun L+: 1.4



Thick barreled, blue-steel vent-rib barrel with chrome-lined bore. Composite stock and receiver with faux-wood partial finish.

+1 Large Weapon Bonus

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 500c	11 PEN	S	2	-1	-1/25y

Wasteland dust-gun L+: 1.4



Breech loading--put together with skill--but essentially a low-tech gun. Some of these were highly ornate or ornamented as sign of pride of workmanship where the arms-maker couldn't get access to higher tech weapons.

+1 Large Weapon Bonus

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 500c	8 PEN	S	2	-2	-1/10y

Junkyard Revolver

L+: 1.4



Rusted metal and duct-tape. A gun made of scrap. -1 to hit

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 420c	7 PEN	S	2	-1	-1/6y

Wasteland Scattergun

L+: 1.2



A shotgun put together from junkyard scrap. Jams on a roll of 15+ to hit +2 Large Weapon Bonus

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 420c	8 PEN	S	3	-2	-1/8y

Wasteland Scattergun

L+: 1.2



White distressed neo-plast finish with illuminated rail-meter for magazine reading. Rubberized hand-grip ceramic undercarriage grip help prevent burns from heat-bleed. Marked with the COMBINE logo. Fully Automatic (+2 to hit, 1.5x Damage)

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 540c	6 IMP	FA	32	-0	-1/6y

Las-Arms Sports Rifle

L+: 1.2



Long-barreled single piece laser gun. No moving parts beyond energy-cartridge well and rubber-sheathed trigger-stud with haptic feedback for recoil-notification. Melted edges give it a distinctive elegant look. Finish is usually in high contrast white and another hue. +2 to hit with 5 REA Lock-On Actions (remains so long as firing on same target)

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 500c	11 PEN	1	30	-0	-1/20

Varja Class-S Energy Pistol

L+: 1.2



Kinetic-Kill Soliton Projector. The Varja S-Class is built with high impact composite with a shiny black finish. Red ammo-indicator lights show a %-full down the side. Grips are patterned and textured for better control. Barrel is wide-ore with chrome containment tracks for extended periods of operation.

Full Auto Fire

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L2 1000c	11 IMP	S	10	-1	-1/8

BlackCat Gauss SMG

L+: 1.2



8lb weapon with magazine-like power-cell. Gauss-rail along the top with running-lights to show activity. Digital ammo count on left side with active-on safety (the safety node must be depressed as well as the trigger in order to fire. Heavy monobloc steel frame with reinforcements may show rust due to common lack of finish but make the weapon a robust if heavy design. Warnings glyphs about BlackCat filament instability should be observed.

Explodes on 17+ (after 1st shot, 20 IMP X, user takes full).

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 550c	6 PEN	FA	32	-0	-1/15y

Smiley-Face Army FA Pistol

L+: 1.2



A pistol-framed gun that takes an extended clip and has a fully automatic selector switch. It is marked with the "happy-face" logo.

Full Auto Fire

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 550c	5 PEN	FA	24	-0	-1/8y

Norik Rocket Pistol

L+: 1.0



A gyrojet pistol with top-feeding rocket magazine and neo-plastic body. Tracking laser is mounted on top.

+2 to hit with 5 REA Lock-On Actions (remains so long as firing on same target)

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L1 500c	6 PEN	S	6	-0	-1/6y

Combine Light-Assault 4kev - Energy SMG L+: 0.7



A large-frame SMG with hard-plate ceramic shrouds over the mechanism. Light-weight stock for aiming. This is an upgrade of the Combine Scatter laser meant for first-line expendable assault troops. It's increased rate of fire expends 20 rounds per burst (it gets the Auto-Fire bonus and +2 LWB)

5 REA Activation (lasts 10 Rounds, glows, hums)

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L3 2000c	10 PEN	FA	400	-0	-1/30

.41 Desert Raptor L+: 1.1



The Desert Raptor is a large frame handgun. It is thick bodied with a mounting rail, a silver chrome finish and, often engraving. The grips come in alloy, brass, and pearl. It is a thick, intimidating weapon. It has a reputation for jamming, however (Jams 17+, requires an 8 REA action to clear).

Jams 17+

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L3 2000c	14 PEN	S	9	-2	-1/12Y

Heavy Weapons

These require the Heavy Weapons skill to use as maximal efficiency (see rules in Character Design section).

Tesselon Globber L+: 1.9



The Desert Raptor is a large frame handgun. It is thick bodied with a mounting rail, a silver chrome finish and, often engraving. The grips come in alloy, brass, and pearl. It is a thick, intimidating weapon. It has a reputation for jamming, however (Jams 17+, requires an 8 REA action to clear).

Heavy Weapon
5 REA Activation
ROF 1
Explosive

Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG
L2 1000c	16 IMP X	1	15	N/A	-1/50y

Hand to Hand Weapons

There is a large variety of hand-to-hand weapons available.

Quorx Plasma Cannon						L+: 1.4
						
<p>The Tesselon "Globber" (which is believed to be short for "Grenade Lobber") fires shotgun slugs that are "infused with energy." They launch with lower velocity than the slug (the infusion increases inertia dramatically) and bounce like a grenade might before going off. The weapon can be used to fire around corners, through small windows, and so on (roll at -2 to hit if targeting an area one bounce away around a corner).</p> <p>The 2 REA Delay is the amount of time between the shot and when the explosion happens. If a character gets to act within 2 Initiative of the firing character, they can take their action (including moving away). The firing character can choose to "cook off the round," paying the REA to fire--but firing 2 Initiative points later, in order for it to explode instantly.</p>					<p>Heavy Weapon Indirect Fire ROF 1 2 Init Delay Explosive</p>	
Lvl Cost	DMG	ROF	MAG	RCL	RNG	
L2 1000c	19 IMP X	1	50	N/A	-1/50y	

Junkyard Blade						L+: 1.0
						
<p>The blade is rusty but wicked sharp. The hilt is wrapped with duct tape and riveted together. It isn't pretty--but in the right hands, it's a killer.</p>					<p>5 REA Activation (lasts 10 Rounds, glows, hums)</p>	
Lvl Cost	DMG	REA	RCH	Back	Block	
L1 400c	+6 PEN	5	Med	--	o/o	

Maul						L+: 1.7
						
<p>A sledgehammer is good for all kinds of things. This one comes with dual grips for better control when busting heads.</p>					<p>12 STR or +1 REA</p>	
Lvl Cost	DMG	REA	RCH	Back	Block	
L1 300c	+11 IMP	5	Med	+2	o/o	

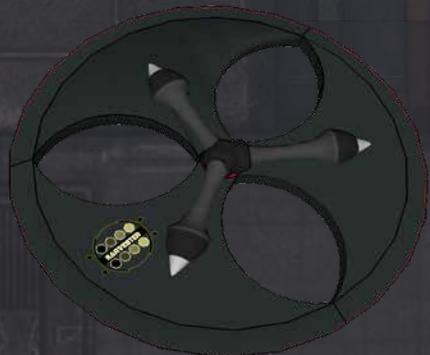
Lambda Combine Fighting Knife						L+: 0.7
						
<p>The LC Fighting Knife has a rubberized grip and a black, crystal-carbon blade. This is an excellent tool--but it is designed to kill.</p>					<p>Armor Piercing (8 PEN Val) Armor drops to o if save fails</p>	
Lvl Cost	DMG	REA	RCH	Back	Block	
L1 250c	+4 PEN AP	5	+0	+0	o/o	

Junkyard Axe					L+: 1.4
					
A rusted metal weighted blade designed for maximum damage and, maybe, tetanus!				Armor Piercing (8 PEN Val) Armor drops to 0 if save fails	
Lvl Cost	DMG	REA	RCH	Back	Block
L1 250c	+8 PEN	S	Med	+2	o/o

Hot Knife					L+: 1.0
					
An energy infused fighting blade. The weapon acts as a +3 Knife--but when activated (5 REA, remains active for 10 Rounds) it cuts with its sizzling energy.				5 REA Activation	
Lvl Cost	DMG	REA	RCH	Back	Block
L2 900c	+9 PEN	S	Short	+0	o/o

Nilhonium Hammer					L+: 2.2
					
The Nilhonium Hammer uses an Inertial-Moment Modifier to give it an extra hundred pounds of force. It must be activated (glows amber) for 5 REA.				5 REA Activation 12 STR or +1 REA	
Lvl Cost	DMG	REA	RCH	Back	Block
L2 1000c	+20 IMP	S	Long	+2	o/o

Power Blade					L+: 1.2
					
A steel blade with an energy-enhanced cutting edge (battery stored in the attached glove). 5 REA to activate--and it can seriously mess someone up!				5 REA Activation	
Lvl Cost	DMG	REA	RCH	Back	Block
L2 1000c	+11 PEN	S	Med	+0	o/o

Deth Frizbie					L+: 1.6
					
The Deth Frizbie (technically the glyphs translate to the word "harvester") seems to have been created for some sort of game. The disk is wickedly sharp and when thrown, it returns to the hand 2 Initiative points later (so if a character gets a +4 Initiative roll, they can attack on +4, +2, +0 (if they have 3 attacks), etc.).				Thrown Weapon +2 Initiative between throws STR Based: Adds throwers STR Damage Bonus	
It can be used in HTH combat with a +2 Back Swing (and Melee Weapons skill).					
Lvl Cost	DMG	REA	RCH	Back	Block
L2 1000c	+14 PEN	S	-1/15y	+2	o/o

Armor

If your character is using the standard Wear rules you will have starting armor of L1 (500c).

- BLK is "Bulk." A score of 2 or higher means you cannot wear things like armored trench coats or vests over it.

Mesh Armor

Blk 1

Technologically sophisticated materials absorb shock and are puncture resistant. Mesh comes in many different makes and models and was probably used for civilian protection--or even sporting activities--in the Age of War.



Lvl Cost	Undercoat	
L1 500c	4 / 10 FULL	
L2 1000c	6 / 15 FULL	
L3 2000c	9 / 20 FULL	

Junkyard Plate

Blk 2

Put together from pieces, it can take a hit (so long as you, uh, hit a plate).



Lvl Cost	Undercoat	Plate	
L1 500c	1 / 3 FULL	4 / 9 Cv 4	
L2 1000c	2 / 5 FULL	5 / 13 Cv 4	
L3 2000c	4 / 10 FULL	7 / 16 Cv 4	

Hard Jacket

Blk 2

A rugged jacket with flexible, somewhat breathable "smart plates" that give it a good degree of protection when hit.



Lvl Cost	Undercoat		
L1 500c	5 / 12 Cv 5		
L2 1000c	7 / 17 Cv 5		
L3 2000c	11 / 30 Cv 5		

Evolved Leather	Blk 2
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Leather from genetically engineered cattle. Comfortable, protective, maybe even stylish?



Lvl Cost	Undercoat	Armor ADP
L1 500c	2 / 5 FULL	13 ADP
L2 1000c	3 / 8 FULL	20 ADP
L3 2000c	4 / 10 FULL	31 ADP

Flack Vest	Blk 1
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The Flack Vest was considered a mixed success: it provided very good protection for short engagements so long as the plates got hit. However, a shot anywhere else . . . was fatal.



Lvl Cost	Plate	Flack
L1 500c	3 / 6 Cv 4	13 FLACK Cv 4
L2 1000c	4 / 9 Cv 4	19 FLACK Cv 4
L3 2000c	6 / 14 Cv 4	25 FLACK Cv 4

Hard Core	Blk 2
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The unfortunately named "Hard Core" came from the literal designation of the reinforcements under the center-line ballistic weave. Still, this was considered military-grade wear and is often still found in good condition.



Lvl Cost	Undercoat	Plate
L1 500c	2 / 5 FULL	3 / 8 Cv 3
L2 1000c	3 / 8 FULL	5 / 11 Cv 3
L3 2000c	5 / 12 FULL	6 / 15 Cv 3

Scavenger Coat	Blk 2
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Desert junk-scavenger wear.



Lvl Cost	Undercoat	Flack
L1 500c	1 / 3 FULL	20 FLACK Cv 4
L2 1000c	2 / 5 FULL	26 FLACK Cv 4
L3 2000c	4 / 10 FULL	33 FLACK Cv 4

Smart Mesh

Blk 1

A high-tech improvement over the Mesh Body Armor. It has "smart plates"—a liquid layer that can move as necessary to try to improve survivability. It is environmentally protective and quite comfortable. The liquid will even leach heat if necessary to keep the wearer cool!



Lvl Cost	Undercoat	Armor ADP
L2 1000c	4 / 10 FULL	16 ADP Cv 4
L3 2000c	6 / 14 FULL	23 ADP Cv 4
L4 3500c	8 / 20 FULL	31 ADP Cv 4

Hyper-Leather

Blk 1

Toughened evolved leather. Improved tear and penetration resistance as well as absorption of shock—but with less structural reinforcement.



Lvl Cost	Undercoat	Armor ADP
L3 2000c	6 / 14 FULL	19 ADP
L4 3500c	8 / 20 FULL	25 ADP
L5 5500c	10 / 24 FULL	31 ADP

Lambda Confederacy Battle Dress

Blk 1

The "Battle Dress" was not actually worn as a dress—but was a generic term for the combat uniform. It is water resistant, provides a high degree of environmental protection and stands up to damage fairly well.



Lvl Cost	Undercoat	Armor ADP
L3 3000c	8 / 20 FULL	13 ADP
L4 4500c	11 / 25 FULL	20 ADP
L5 6500c	13 / 30 FULL	26 ADP

Lorn War Coat

Blk 2

The Lorn mercenary group served man of the Great Warlords. Their gear—which was considered quite desirable—is found across the wastelands.



Lvl Cost	Undercoat	Flack
L3 3000c	8 / 20 FULL	11 FLACK
L4 4500c	11 / 25 FULL	16 FLACK
L5 6500c	14 / 35 FULL	16 FLACK

Tornado City Long Coat

WEAR ADD-ON

Very fine evolved leather out of Tornado City. Suitable to wear for fine events or into a fire-fight. It self-repairs given time.



Cost	Undercoat	Armor ADP
8000c	+ 2 / 5 Armor	6 ADP

Other Armor-Wear

These are Add-Ons: that is, armor you wear on top of or under other armor. It is comparatively quite expensive since it is usually not stand-alone. NOTE: The armor must have a Bulk of 1 or less to combine with these.

Omnivore Vest

WEAR ADD-ON

A gambler's best friend. This sharp looking vest (also out of Tornado City) provides excellent protection against getting stabbed or shot!



Cost	Undercoat
1000c	+10 PEN Defense

Ultropolis Smart-Silk Shirt

WEAR ADD-ON

From the Last City in existence! Executive clothing! Wrinkle and bullet resistant.



Cost	Undercoat
3500c	2 / 5 Armor

Ultropolis Neo-Shark Jacket

WEAR ADD-ON

Board room? Club? Ancient self-intelligent weapons factory? This works for all of them!



Cost	Undercoat
14500c	4 / 10 Armor

Wasteland Scout Jacket

WEAR ADD-ON

Whether you are probing an installation or scavenging in the wastelands, this jacket provides protection and concealment!



Cost	Armor	Rad Resist	Stealth
1500c	1 / 3	+10 Resist	+1 SP
4000c	2 / 5	+10 Resist	+2 SP

Step 2: Look For Adventure



In the “canonical” standard game the GM will have a general map prepared that has potential adventure hot-spots on it. Some you may know, some you may not (there are rules for setting this up in the Adventure Design chapter). Your group should have at least a couple of choices beyond just heading out into the wasteland looking for something interesting.

The Known Ruins

No matter where you are, there is a good chance you can see some kind of ruin of the ancient world from town. This could just be a crumbled concrete wall--or it might be a half-buried skyscraper. Maybe a few miles off the flat-top highway is an ancient hotel, mostly crumbled--but with a light still flashing periodically.

Most of these are empty, or inhabited by dangerous creatures--or brigands. But some might have areas that have not yet been penetrated by scavengers. That might be a good place to start.

There are also possibly known installations that are just considered too dangerous for common folk to risk. They know about bolt-holes, blast-doors in the rocks, networks of underground bunkers.

Auto-Navigator

An Auto-Nav is a piece of gear that still kind of works for identifying installations, points of interest, and other things. It uses ancient technology to provide overhead views, access “communication systems,” and so on. They are expensive (500c, if you can find one)--but they are good at locating potential areas of interest!

For example: If you start in Lew’s Mistake (center) the auto-nav sensor shows several hotspots--one right close to home.



The Jobs Board

If there's no obvious installation to explore, there are usually jobs to do for money. In almost every town or outpost there's an electronic bulletin board that has news, local information, and jobs. These jobs can be local openings (in the mine, in local eateries, and so on)—but they also include bounties on criminals, payment for exploration, jobs for escorts or arms-men, and notes from the people in charge about external threats that may need to be dealt with. When a group comes to a new town they may want to check out the Jobs-Board for opportunities!

Step 3: Ride Out!

The GM's section will have some further information on generating the starting situation / scenario—but in general, the game begins with the players leaving their town on an adventure. The GM will determine if the starting conditions allow for horses or even vehicles and what the initial contours of the game will look like (how pressing is the starting situation? Are there several things going on that compete for the character's attention).

Chances are in the beginning you will be on foot. Most people are on foot. However, there are some other modes of travel.



Type of Transport	Cost	Notes
Stagecoach	15c	These run between towns. They usually have at least a couple of guards and are pulled by horses or other (mutant) beasts of burden. These won't get you to an ancient installation--but they will get you to another town.
Horse	30c	Horses have been around forever. They are still widely used.
E-Cell Bike	100c	Energy-Cell driven dirt-bike. The bike is expensive and each cell costs 100c. Still, they have a good range: 150 miles to a cell and good speed (up to 60mph).
Wasteland ATV	1200c	This is an open frame vehicle that runs on a set of 4 energy cells. It can do 40 mph over rough terrain since each wheel moves separately. Maximum speed on a flat-top road is 80 mph. These require low-weight (the passengers and the fuel-cell are the majority of the weight) so they are not armored.. It holds 4 people (800lbs). Each fuel-cell cost 400c, weighs 150 lbs (so each one you carry costs a person) and goes 50 miles.
Dust Skimmer	3000c	A hover-vehicle that rides a few feet above the surface. It is power-cell hungry, costing 100c per 20 miles--but, it can carry five people, and ignores most terrain (it won't cross a chasm or climb over a completely rubble-filled street--but it can cross jagged rocks and scrub as easily as a highway). It is open sided but often comes with Power Field protection. Skimmers usually have radio coms, radar systems, and other sensors.
Spider-Walker	800c	A four or six-legged robot standing about 7' high "at the shoulder." There is no cabin or space inside--but they can be hooked up to and pull a wagon or other transport. They are armored and powerful--but slow. They move at about 15 mph but can do so for 30 miles on a 100c power-cell. They can haul heavy loads.
Salvage Rover	6000c	This is an enclosed vehicle with a cab and an equipment haul. It has wheels on front (separate movement for hard terrain) and treads on the back. It is slow moving at 45 mph on a flat road and 25 mph off-road--but it is enclosed, hazard resistant, and can carry up to 10 people. It runs on a couple of fuel-cells with a re-chargitron flywheel: 800c for two cells has a range of 200 miles. These can often come with "extras"--medical bays, mounted guns, ground radar, etc.
100 Hour Engine Truck	400c	There are trucks that run on 100-hour engines that some late-Age of War facilities still pump out. They do a solid 60mph, pushing it to 80 mph (but at the cost of 1hr per mile). Replacing the engine costs 1000c. They are rare.
E-Cell Assault-Cycle	1500c	A recumbent-style motorcycle with guns or rockets. Runs on fuel (rare) but will do 200 mph with a range of 200 mi for 200c worth of fuel if you can find, refine, (or more likely) steal it.
Wasteland Muscle Car	10000c	A fuel-powered vehicle that can reach a range of 120 miles for 400c of fuel, if you can find, refine, or steal it. These are usually armored, have solid tires, and extreme suspensions.
Hover Car	20000c	Looks like a big car out of the 60's but it hovers a few feet of the ground. Has fins and big round headlights. It can go 400 miles on 400c of power-cells. It is usually Force Field protected and travels at 200mph. These are usually not for sale at any price.



Levels in HaveNot

HaveNot is played with Levels. Characters start at Level 1 (see the chart below). The numbers listed are in AP's. The character's Archetype Points track Innate APs (GATs, Mutant Powers, Cybernetics, etc.), and Wield / Wear (weapons and armor).

Level 1 characters are, in fact, pretty "badass" even if they are only beginning adventures in the sense of the game. Most townsfolk are "Level 0" and have no Innate APs (or just 4 APs of a GAT or Special) and may have less in weapons or armor. The characters, at Level 1, are not the toughest things in (most) towns--but they are equipped to go out and seek their fortunes in the wastelands!

Character Points: Most HaveNot characters have 50 CPs and up to 10pts of negative Traits.

Level Chart 1 - 20

Level	Innate	Total Expected Wield	Total Expected Wear	Weapon / Armor Value	Cumulative Add-On Value for Armor or Weapons	Character Total (Innate + Wield + Wear)
1	8 AP	4 AP	4 AP	4 AP	0 AP	16 AP
2	12 AP	8 AP	8 AP	6 AP	2 AP	28 AP
3	16 AP	12 AP	12 AP	9 AP	3 AP	40 AP
4	20 AP	16 AP	16 AP	12 AP	4 AP	52 AP
5	24 AP	20 AP	20 AP	15 AP	5 AP	64 AP
6	28 AP	24 AP	24 AP	18 AP	6 AP	76 AP
7	32 AP	28 AP	28 AP	21 AP	7 AP	88 AP
8	36 AP	32 AP	32 AP	24 AP	8 AP	100 AP
9	40 AP	36 AP	36 AP	27 AP	9 AP	112 AP
10	44 AP	40 AP	40 AP	30 AP	10 AP	124 AP
11	48 AP	44 AP	44 AP	33 AP	11 AP	136 AP
12	52 AP	48 AP	48 AP	36 AP	12 AP	148 AP
13	56 AP	52 AP	52 AP	39 AP	13 AP	160 AP
14	60 AP	56 AP	56 AP	42 AP	14 AP	172 AP
15	64 AP	60 AP	60 AP	45 AP	15 AP	184 AP
16	68 AP	64 AP	64 AP	48 AP	16 AP	196 AP
17	72 AP	68 AP	68 AP	51 AP	17 AP	208 AP
18	76 AP	72 AP	72 AP	54 AP	18 AP	220 AP
19	80 AP	76 AP	76 AP	57 AP	19 AP	232 AP
20	84 AP	80 AP	80 AP	60 AP	20 AP	244 AP

How to Read the Levels Chart

Characters starting at Level 1 have 8 Archetype Points (divided between one 4 AP GAT and one 4 AP "Special" from the Character Types section). They also have a Level 1 Weapon (Wield) and a suit of Level 1 Armor (Wear). This gives them a total of $8 + 4 + 4 = 16$ APs worth of power.

When they go into an Installation and go up a level (to level 2) they will:

1. Gain 4 APs for Innate. This can be used for another GAT or something dealing with their Special. They usually cannot buy another "Special" without GM permission.
2. They will generally gain 4 Character Points (CP) for stats, skills, or CP Traits.
3. They will presumably have found (or have the money to purchase) a L2 Weapon and L2 Armor (worth 6 AP each).
4. They may have found (or have the money to purchase) 2 APs worth of Add Ons for their Armor and Weapons.
5. The presumed character's Total AP value (Innate + Wield + Wear + Add-Ons) is $12 + 6 + 6 + 2 + 2 = 28$ APs

This continues with each level giving 4 APs for Innate abilities and 3 APs for Weapons and Armor with 1 AP for Weapon Add-Ons and 1 AP for Armor Add-Ons.

A-Cost And Levels

A character's A-Cost is based on their Expected Wield + any Archetype points spent that add to it (so a character with the Focused Strike - Kill Shot GAT (+2 A-Cost) and a 9mm Automatic pistol (4 A-Cost) would have an A-Cost of 6 AP). The character gets the A-Cost price reduction for any AP's spent that don't add to their highest attack chain (so if the character spent 6 AP on hand-to-hand attacks, it would be reduced to 2 APs by the A-Cost rules).

That's how the rules work normally.

What's unusual here is that a character can have any number of weapons at no additional AP cost--so a character with both a gun and increased STR could decide to pick up a sword--which would add to their STR, thus increasing their A-Cost.

In order to get the A-Cost reduction for non-weapon using attacks or for attacks with different kinds of weapons, the character should either:

1. Agree not to use weapons in conjunction with additive abilities that would bring their A-Cost over Innate AP A-Cost + a weapon they are using (i.e. if the above character has a 6 AP attack chain with their gun, they could have up to 6 AP in STR or HTH damage and so long as they agree not to pick up a club they should be okay).
2. OR: only apply the A-Cost to their Innate APs and keep the total A-Cost with Expected Wield equal or less than any currently existing chain (so in the above example, if the character also had a sword for 4 AP, they could have 1 AP in HTH attacks which would count as up to +2 APs bringing the total to 6 AP in ranged attacks and 6 AP in HTH attacks).

A Special and GATS

Starting characters (typically) get 4 APs for GATs, 4 APs for a "Special" (see below) and 4 APs worth of weapons and armor. Specials are specific special-abilities that tend to define a character's role in the world or mark them as unusual in some way (such as having a cybernetic arm, for example). A list of Stereotypical Characters and their specials is listed below.

Buying TAP Abilities

Characters can have TAP abilities but it's a little bit more complicated than in a normal game. The character's "Total AP" is based on their Innate + Wield + Wear--even if they don't have the expected values (indeed, even if they're over). To pay for this, they can set a maximum Wield and Wear and use the points gained to cover the TAP cost. If this is done, they cannot use more gear than their maximum.

It goes from "Expected Wield and Wear" to "Maximum Wield and Wear." Note: a player can decide how they want to adjust their points. For example, a character with .25 TAP cost could pay 2AP from their starting Innate (8) and 1AP from Wield and 1AP from Wear.

On their next level (and each thereafter), they would, again, pay 1 from Innate, 1 from Wield, and 1AP from Wear.

Characters Who Don't Use Gear

Characters who don't use gear (mutants, usually), can spend the Wield and Wear APs on their innate abilities. Usually they will spend only 3pts of Wield and Wear each level, keeping 1pt each for incidental gear they can still use.

The Breaking And Remaking Of The World: Levels and Success Points

During the Age of Wonders, people--and things--were quantified. This was done by what they referred to as UbiNet or the Ubiquitous Network framework that became a kind of "computational substrate" for reality that the Haves understood and no one else does.

People were assigned "levels"--seemingly based on accomplishments, capabilities, social-status, and other things--and those "levels" were used to govern a host of social activities and interactions. In the reality of the Age of Wonders, these levels were manifest as a real, physical thing. Scanners could show you who at a party was "at your level" (go and say hi!), below your level (don't get too friendly), or above your level (try to engage with them--but be careful!).

Today "Levels" tend to be a measure of combat prowess--this is either because the system believes that's what counts--or because all the other functions (such as the Social Networks that dominated the Age of Wonder) have collapsed. In any event, leveling, in HaveNot is real--it is quantum increases in personal power--and it is recognized by learned people who inhabit the world. The network also creates "success points" as visible, semi-physical entities. They are described, technically, as strange-attractors probability warping capabilities. In person Success Points appear as glimmering, baseball-to-dinner-plate sized spinning coins (often with strange glyphs or symbols on them). When touched by a character, they are "absorbed" and "Banked." The character can feel their potential and expend it on demand.

Success Points are literal in HaveNot and can be found, mined, and collected. They can even be traded.

Expected Wield & Expected Wear

The numbers for Wield and Wear are what the character at a given level is expected to have. If you find a 50 Megawatt Fusion Rifle right outside of the town you grew up in you can use it. The rules don't preclude what you get. Some characters may be a little over or under for a given level at a given time.

That said, the game is meant to be constructed so as to keep the characters more or less on-track. We'll discuss how to do that in the GM's section--but, essentially, areas generally have a "Threat Level" that tells what Character Level they're appropriate for and treasure that's in those areas tends to be at about the Wield / Wear levels for that as well.

One point that requires a little extra comment is "add ons." A character's weapon or armor may not be exactly equal to their Expected Wield or Wear for a given level. That's because characters are generally expected to have other gear that gives them a bonus to offense and defense.

An example would be a Power Field "Ring Tone" that makes a specific song-noise when the character is hit. This can be worn with other armor so the character's worn armor is expected to be a little less than the character's Wear for that level and they make it up with other add-on gear.

Going Up In Levels

Generally, if you successfully "complete" a "level" of an Age of Wonder or Age of War facility of the appropriate Threat Level to your level, you will "level up." This mechanism seems to do with convincing the latent UbiNet system that you are now worthy of a "higher level." Maybe it just acknowledges a quantum change in your capabilities. In any event, explorers--adventurers--those who go out there to "take the world by the balls"--need to go into substantial ruins and clear at least 80% of them.

Designer's Notes: We have a leveling pace of 1 level about every 12-18 hours of play (which for us takes about 6 weeks). This has been consistent over numerous games for several years. The pace for each group, however, can vary a good deal. We think that going up a level every 4-6 play sessions sounds about right (with, possibly, a slow-down after, say, Level 6 or so).

NOTE: smaller ruins may provide treasure or a "partial level" (the GM can track fractional accomplishments if they want).

The Lore Skill

HaveNot has a new skill: Lore (of the ancients). This is usually hard to acquire without direct experience (adventuring) although some character types (a character who is a scholar, an android who has been around a long time, or a prospector who apprenticed with a much more experienced one) might have it.

Lore is used to figure out what the runes/glyphs/sigils, etc, of the ancients mean. It is used to understand and utilize technology, and so on.

NOTE: Most--in fact the vast majority--of ancient technology can be figured out just by playing with it. Our general stance is that treasure, once acquired, can be used almost immediately. However, there will be notable exceptions where something has to be brought back to a lore-ist

for examination.

NOTE: Installations very, very often have understandable text on them, as well as “ancient glyphs and runes.” Part of this is because the same language has persisted. Part of this is that a lot of the text—especially electronic text—was designed to mutate over time to be better understood. A character with Lore may get the nuances that a character without it would not.

NOTE: Lore generally replaces History in the game in terms of being directly useful—but History, if taken, will give a much better idea of which Warlords ruled an area and how they were ruled and things like that. Lore is more about the general psychology, writing, etc.

Lore - Normal Cost RES or MEM

The character has studied the ways and writings of the ancients and has some knowledge of their technology, language, and psychology.

Level 1. Apprentice-Loreist . The character can read basic glyphs. This can be made to determine “what kind” of installation a place was. It can provide information on what might be in certain chambers, and so on. A Lore roll at Level 1 with identify most Age of War treasure artifacts on sight.

Level 2. Loreist. The character can interact with Age of War systems that don’t speak the common language. It provides insight into “Robot Psychology.” The character will be able to determine what Tubes and Tanks do (see Creating Installations). At this level the character can find and access Age of War installations others might not by studying older texts.

Level 3. Expert Loreist. The character understands some of the crazy psychology of the Age of War and the insane technology of the Age of Wonder. Can quickly use Age of Wonder gear after playing with it for a bit. Should be able to pick up a great deal of nuance from writing and inscription that exists on many of the installations of both ages.

Level 4. Master Loreist. The character understands Age of Wonder psychology. Can often gain access to otherwise sealed Age of Wonder installations.

Interlude 1: The Bunker of the Atrocious Princess

THE ATROCIOUS PRINCESSES' BUNKER



Once upon a time, in the Age of War, there lived a great warlord. We have forgotten his name--but we know the name and title of one of his favored daughters: Anathema the Atrocious.

Anathema was said to be fair-haired, beautiful, and with a wonderful voice. It was said that she was schooled in the arts (music, poetry, and etiquette) and in the sciences (zero-point energy, hyper-robotics, and the hydroponic cultivation of hemp to solve all economic problems)--but her passion was the sadistic murder of her father's victims or citizens--although it was said to be hard to tell the difference.

During the great and endless war, Anathema was moved around quite a lot because her father's enemies (and any of the peasants who got their hands on power or artifacts) wanted to kill her. She had many palaces, it was said--but also smaller places to hide. This bunker is one of them. One of her smallest--which is probably why it survived.

The Situation

The princess is probably long dead--but her server farms have *reawakened* and her latent *social media profile* is trying to get her "street cred" back up (it doesn't know the war has ended, cannot conceive of the Great Empire of Morloth The Ever-Hungry having fallen, etc.). To do this, it has been capturing civilians with its robotic drones and holding them for "feeding"--a cyber-vampiric process where Anathema would remove her victims blood, converting it into oxycontin which she would enjoy over several hours.

Inside The Bunker

Within the bunker there are several traps and hazards. At the bottom of the stairs, several floors underground, there is a security chamber with two floating Observation Bots (armed with laser weapons and protected by Power Fields). They are in sleep-mode but have 15- Perception rolls. A stealth roll will allow a character to reach the observation window and occlude it.

The bunker is a shrine celebrating the great atrocities of Morloth and his daughter Anathema. Everywhere are great glowing icons to her ingenuity and sadism--and his wanton destruction and mathematical terror.

Things You Might Want To Go Into The Bunker

If you are planning to enter the bunker and seek your fortune, you might want to bring:

- Weapons and armor. There are security drones inside and outside and a heavy guard robot. There are also flame units! Ouch!
- A rad-detector and rad pills. The reactor leaked--if you have a rad detector you can find out the hall is dangerous. If you have pills and get irradiated you can recover. Getting the gate open requires Locksmith or Traps and several rolls--all in the rad-zone!
- A scout--there are several traps (sliding walls, a razor beam net, pressure-plate floors). Be careful!
- Engineering and Hacking: There's a security center, a reactor leak, and so on. Plus, if you get to the Systems room, you need to shut the whole thing down.
- Lore Skill. There is a shrine to the great warlord--if you don't pay respects, you could be added to the pile of skulls at its feet. There are things in the chambers that no one will fully understand--but lore rolls will help navigate this ancient base. Oh--and Lore is also good for figuring out what's valuable.

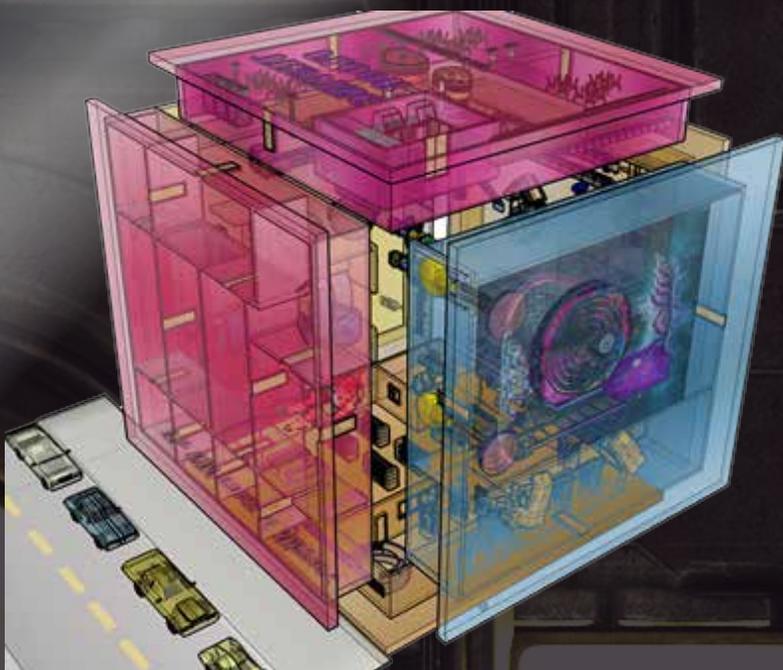
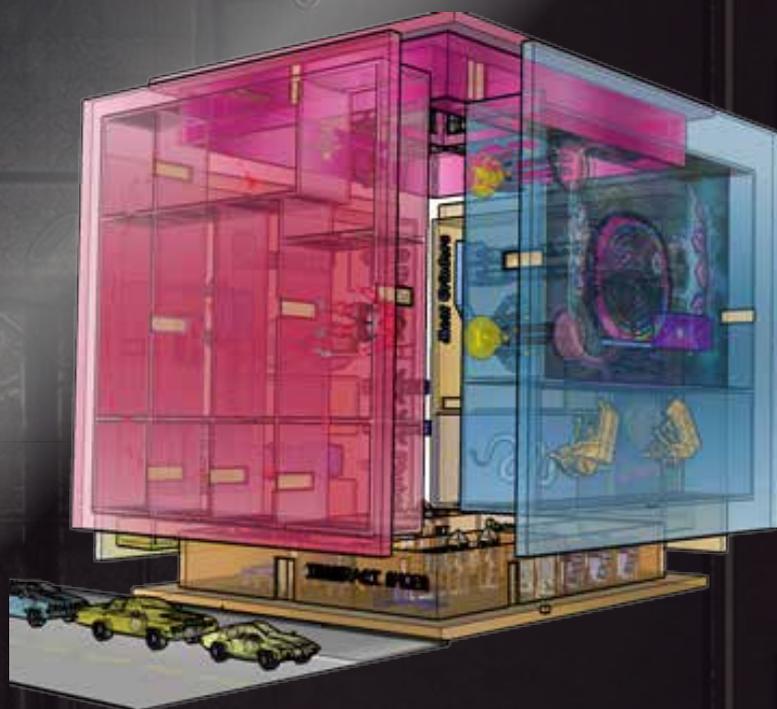
- Guts. The Armory and the vault are back in there somewhere. The medical room contains the exsanguinator--is there a dangerous medical bot? Traps? Just moving around here could set off alarms bringing drones, security robots--and who knows what else. Also--is the Princess's "social media profile" awakening? It has some, erm, bodies to use. That doesn't sound good.

Interlude 2: The Great Cube

Out in the ruins is a cube. It is about 70' on a side and other than a single double-door at the bottom, it is featureless. The material composition of the exterior shell is unknown. It appears as a kind of colored ceramic. It is sturdy--the cube has survived attacks that leveled the Age of War buildings around it: it was built in the Age of Wonders.

A still lit sign on the exterior says "Tesseract Shops."

Inside it exists on six different planes of gravity. If you can get the doors open--if they will open for you--it provides what the citizens of the Age of Wonders might have recognized as a "shopping experience." This is, for people of The



Now, dangerous. The cube is a three-dimensional maze with teleporting doors, monsters, and dangerous machines. Whatever "shopping" meant in the Age of Wonders, it is no longer what anyone today recognizes as the same word.

NOTE: the side door is not external to The Cube. It leads to the other set of faces.

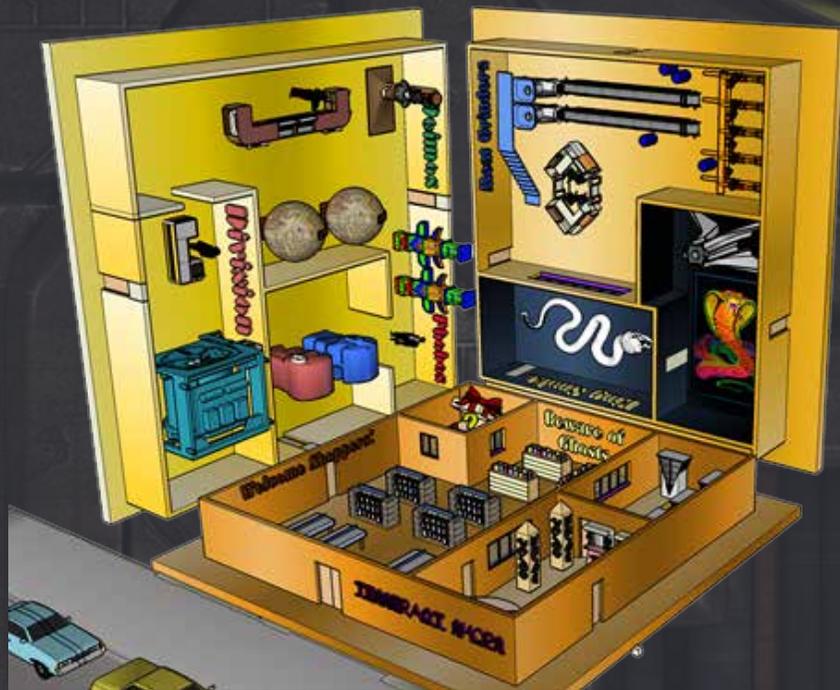
NOTE: Although the view shows the ceilings removed, a person inside the cube can see up into it as shown--but cannot move from one plane to another (even if they can fly, the system will not let them simply go "over" a wall or from one plane to another--they will hit impenetrable transparent force fields).

Interior Detail Faces 1 - 3: The doors on each face link to doors on the connecting face, shifting the plane of gravity as the user steps through. Many of the "products" or "services" are obscure and dangerous (human sized meat-grinders feed conveyors into pumps, shadow-things of

unknown intent "work" the floors. Some of the packages seem to co-opt the toucher's mind.

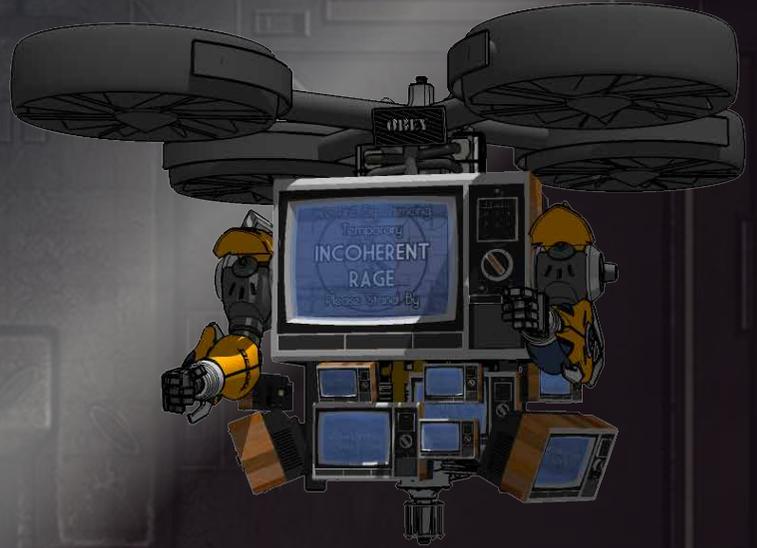
It is said that the PRIZE box in the upper left hand corner of the ground floor is the most sought-after artifact in The Cube--but what is it? And how do you get to it?

Interior Detail Faces 4-6: These faces contain literal monsters. In the Wilderness of Mirrors is a minotaur that moves one room each time a door is opened. The doors, themselves, are teleport-gateways to other chambers on the level. King Snake seems a tribute to some kind of psychedelic disco god. The Bad Service Cafe has psychoactive drones monitoring behavior. If the entrants do not play the "proper role" they may be forced to--or worse.



Things You Might Want In The Cube

- **A Mercipath** - A substantial number of the threats seem to have a telepathic element. Having someone who has those defenses could come in handy!
- **Lore** - And lots of it. Even a good roll won't figure out all the things here but having a good roll can help determine what's dangerous (maybe).
- **Traps** - Some products on the shelf could be super valuable. Some could be really dangerous. A bunch might be junk. A good Traps skill can help with handling these.
- **Armor and Weapons** - There are dangerous things both mentally and physically. Bringing weapons is never a bad idea in these situations.



The END

This ends the character design chapter. You now have an idea of who the characters might be, guidance on how to create them, and further information on the kinds of installations they might venture in to! Next comes the world (for players) which tells you what the "average person" in HaveNot would know about the current state.

You Are Here

Try Not To Die

We live on the edge of a vast ruin--in the shadow of its towers. They say to go there is death--death by poisoned air and earth. Death by ancient war machines. Death by monsters. But they also tell of the embers of the world that came before, possibly still burning--not yet going out

The Known World



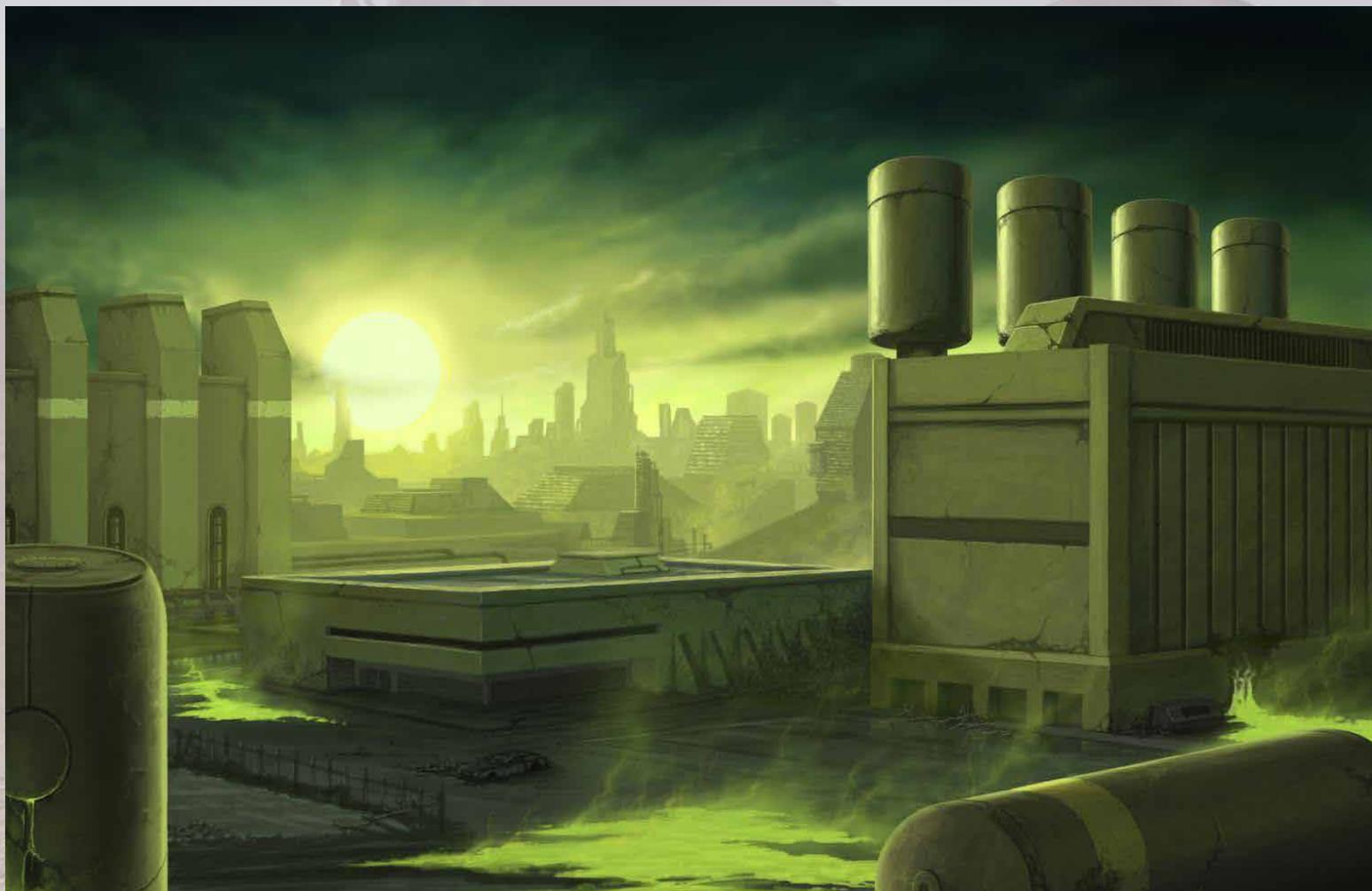
The world has gotten smaller -- and dimmer -- since the Age of War, collapsing until it's a thin, patchy band of what could only arguably be called civilization stretching from the only remaining megacity in the north -- Ultropolis -- down to the eastern edge of what might be an endless desert -- the Frontier.

Have Not is an empty, burnt up place where the unknown is never far away, and is always slowly closing in.

If you grew up here, you probably never traveled far from your town or village. Most people don't. It's just too dangerous and too strange. But you've heard of these places: the incredible glowing towers of Ultropolis. The teeming markets of Tornado City. The chapel-quiet, deserted streets of the City of the Dead and its austere, magnificent tombs, that sane men respectfully bypass and fools run into, only to be swallowed up forever.

These are places you might dream about or aspire, one day, to see for yourself, and you know how to get there: the Known lies along a decaying road older than the Warlords, older than the Have's themselves. Have Not begins with the story of that road and what lies along it.

The Toxic Zone



In the north east, whatever they did in the great Age of War poisoned everything. There are swamps of acid. There are clouds of death. The ground is dead and where it is not dead, it is mutated. To be sure, there are things that live. The bio warfare scientists of the Age of War called it Adaptive Biology and its strains and viruses and bacterial infection vectors create stable genetic mutations that rapidly adapt to conditions.

These Adaptive life forms have a simpler name for the people who live there. They call them monsters.

Ultropolis - The Last City - The City That Cannot Sleep

In the heart of the toxic zone is the last city. They claim they have the remaining working (if only barely) Cornucopia--the last spark of the old world. They have power -- electric lights. They have skyscrapers that glow for miles with electric blue promise. They have city streets and video parlors and restaurants and cars and fashion. They have video screens and projectors that tower over the people below with their artificial neon radiance.

Ultropolis stands defiantly against the collapse of everything, but it has its own agenda and it can be rapacious. Ultropolis survives by demanding nothing less than excellence and industry from its citizens; a pitiless meritocracy that rewards the best and the brightest with a shard of the past and consumes the soul, body, and mind of everyone else.

NukeTown - Neon-Lit Crime & Commerce

Outside of Ultropolis, up to the northeast is the trading-post grown large known as NukeTown. On the edge of the massive Terminal Maw blast crater, NukeTown is the home to a bustling nexus of trade-lines. North of the poisoned industrial fields and cyanide swamps, but close enough to Ultropolis to have power, electronic networks, and a super-defended "Green Zone" for visiting executives, NukeTown and its two wards (Roentgen City and the Geiger Slums) is a bustling nexus of technology, chaos, and entrepreneurship. Visiting executives cut deals with adventure teams in their quest for lost technological artifacts. The mutant crime lords of Roentgen City plot in the shadows of Ultropolis, trying to stay out of the way--or one step ahead--of the ice-hard executives that visit in their armored motorcades. The softly glowing depths of the Geiger Slums are places where normal humans are advised never to go--and certainly not at night.

The Badlands

The Badlands, stretching to the south and the east, are wilderness and vine-overgrown ruins. A man can live there, trapping food un-mutated enough to eat, digging for water clean enough to drink, but even a small village might find resources too sparse for anything but a mean, desperate existence. And while the land doesn't crawl with monsters the way the Toxic Zone does, there are Things in those forests that will annihilate you and leave nothing but tracks in the dirt.

Outposts who do survive out there usually make their living trading in furs and lumber taken from the tangled forests.

The City of the Dead

Down the central road there are many ruins--it runs directly through lots of them--but one of the greatest ruins--the one that you avoid if you can, at all, help it, is called the City of the Dead. Somewhere in the heart of its enormous wreckage is one of the rare, inscrutable, Have Domes, and that alone would make it a place of awe and wonder, but in the previous age the City was coveted by the Warlords and fought over, and it became a final resting place for those who were powerful enough to hold it for their time.

The City of the Dead is a city of tombs.

Towering, tempting, and terminal, if you do go through the City of the Dead, stick to the raised roadway. Turn off your radios lest you attract ghosts, and don't slow down and don't ever, ever stop. Be out by nightfall.

The Wasteland

Going west, the Badlands give way to waste. There are still towns clinging to the central road--but the land is even dryer. There is more radiation--there is more dust. Weapons were used that turned the ground to liquid and entire cities sank. Weapons were used that created craters of still unknown diameters and holes in the earth of unplumbed depths.

It is said there were weapons used that destroyed time and space. The wasteland looks like the desert--but it's emptier than a natural desert. Its inhabitants are stranger.

Tornado City

Midway through the world is Tornado City -- named for the terrifying weather on the great plain and for the "whirlwind" of commerce, revelry, and competition you can find there on any given day.

Traveling there, through the wilderness, you'll never be so glad to see anything in your life. It sits on the border of the Badlands and the Wastelands. T-City makes an impression with its broad avenues lined by red brick and wooden buildings--there's lumber to the east. It has (some) working power (there are power-cells out in the wasteland harvested from ancient machines). It has an army--a garrison--and forts. It has the Tornado City Tribune and the Tornado City Times.

It has saloons and theater and a market square. It's a place of vibrant trade and commerce but also corruption, avarice, envy, and petty rivalries amongst men who have "made it" (as much as you can in this world) and fear those that might try to catch up with them while resenting those ahead of them.

Tornado City has a burgeoning upper-class of the neo-barons: these are leaders of the emerging industries who participate in The Contest--the unofficial name for the powers that be searching for artifacts and technology in an attempt to gain an edge on their rivals. The members participants, who traditionally use cryptonyms and even, in person, wear masks, to conduct their business. Companies of adventurers who can put up a 10,000c bond are welcomed into this crossfire of intrigue and aspiration if they can find a patron and reward them with successful adventures.

The Frontier

Leaving T-City, heading west, you're heading toward the edge of the world. The central road keeps going--no one knows for sure how far. Past Tornado is The Frontier. There are still towns out there--but fewer and fewer--like a long string of Christmas lights where more and more of them go out. The ruins get bigger too and then the Deep Desert with its dunes and terrors starts--and a stretch of wastes the guides call Desolation--and usually won't go in.

And past that? Myths and legends--tall tales and conjecture. There are old maps and old timers that spin stories--but it's hard to say what is real and what isn't.

Two Starting Games: The Badlands and the Frontier

In a “standard” Have Not game you don’t start in a city (any of them) -- you start where most people start -- in a small town or outpost somewhere in the Badlands. If you survive the dangers next door, maybe you “move up” to something more cosmopolitan.

Here are a couple of examples with enough conflict and adventure to get going.

ThreeTowns - The Northern Badlands



The ThreeTowns region lies just South West of the toxin zone and south of the Central Road. It gets its name from the three major townships: Lew’s Mistake, a muddy, desolate mining town, Dry Death--a semi-lawless town near the great Industrial Disease Ruins, and Medicine Show, a relic of the age of the Great Warlords that still holds its ancient and terrible patron in a posthumous position of godhood.

Abandoned Planet - A Travel Guide the End of the World

If you’ve shown up in ThreeTowns you probably did something wrong like being born there--or something right, like coming out of an even worse little mud hole and trying to make something of yourself. The ThreeTowns region isn’t a bad place to give it a go: the ways it offers to die are usually quick and without a lot of fuss. Since you’re here though, here’s what you need to know.

ThreeTowns - General Geography

The north east starts getting toxic with the Chemical Warzone in what was presumably once a nicely bustling city before some Age of War maniac bombed it with tox-shells that left it corroded and lethal. There are streets full of bleached bones and towers filled with the residue of corrosive gas.

To the south west are the spires of the Industrial Disease ruins. This is a Great Ruin--massive blasted buildings built and then hit in the seemingly endless Age of War. It has a scattering of starscrapers, built at the height of the Age of Wonders and impossibly tall--and allegedly almost impossible to get into. Its streets are defended by ancient weapons systems that don't know the war is over. Nuclear fuel-cells mean that some lights still burn inside--but it also means that the robots and drones and automated guns still have life in them.



The Industrial Disease ruins have a working transit-system--surviving the ravages of war--called the Ghost Line by the people who know it. It runs autonomously, intermittently. Its cars sometimes arrive empty--sometimes with strange travelers. It runs through dangerous territory and into the poorly mapped northern badlands. Some people make the pilgrimage to the town of Dry Death just to hope to see one of the whispering vehicles arrive. Fewer--far fewer--get on and try their luck when it departs.

In the middle are the towns. These are the kind of places, lying off the central road, where people live their whole lives never traveling more than a few miles. These are small huddled flickers of life in the vast, dark badlands where people often take what they can get--even if they have to take it from someone else--and everyone distrusts things from outside their perimeter.

The three towns are civilization, after a fashion--but they're hanging on by their claws.

The Three Towns - Lew's Mistake



Visiting Lew's Mistake: Come for the dust rain, stay for the quick-mud! Lew's Mistake, whatever it was (and don't ask), is a drab ugly looking Garbage Mining Town out in the Badlands. It huddles around a north-south road that's smashed to hell and back, stages lookouts on the guns at night (and you have to get dispensation to have a light on all night--the more lights, the more attention).

The locals either work in one of the few town's amenities or the mine. They have exactly one heavy vehicle that gets its daily charge from the municipal generator, they have a radio tower--and if you call, they will send help (but they'll act all sore about it and try to charge you expenses).

On the surface, it seems like an unfriendly, grim little mud-smear that would be of no interest to anyone who wasn't born there--or passing through on their way to hopefully better things.

Once you really get to know it though, you realize *how right that is*.





Things To Do In Lew's Mistake

- Get a drink in **Lew's Mistake** ("The Hole" to locals). That's about the only thing to do. Lodging is above the 'Hole and above the Town Hall.

Panther Piss	.12c - It's foul but if someone orders you one, you drink it.
Viper Venom	.50c - If you are going for hard and drinkable this is your stuff. Never mind that it's glowing green.
Lew's Last	.30c - A solid brew. If you're going to obey saloon etiquette and buy the man next to you a drink, buy this.

- **Don't** ask what Lew's Mistake was. Whatever it was, they're still pissy about it and if you ask, you could get your ass beat right there or a polite "suggestion" to be out by sundown.
- **Visit Dr. Vance's Cures & Curiosities.** He says he's a physician (don't press on this) and he can fix you up decently. He also keeps a private room of curiosities. The stuff that the Hendale Mining Co. hauls out of the ancient landfill mostly goes to Dry Death or Medicine Show--but the little oddities? The scraps that travelers sometimes bring with them? Dr. Vance will buy them if he can--and show them if you're well behaved and pay his 4c fee for the group. It's worth a look.

The Locality

Around Lew's Mistake are a few points of mention. These are:

- **The Hendale Garbage Mine.** One Age's trash is another Age's treasure. The things they threw away in the Age of War or (for later re-integration) the Age of Wonder, are, today, some of the most valuable things a man can own. A big hole in the ground where they were dumped is called a garbage mine. A lot of these broken things--or toxic things--or unwanted things--are dangerous. Many are worthless. A few--a few are marvels. The Hendale Mining Co. (headquartered in Lew's) runs the mine, sending miners up north daily and bringing back whatever they can from the twisty caverns inside. You can sign up to work--but it's dirty, dangerous stuff (a cave in or mudslide will more likely kill you than toxins or radiations--but if you uncover the ancient war-bot, you're dead too).



Resonance Map of the Hendale Garbage Mine, Current Level.

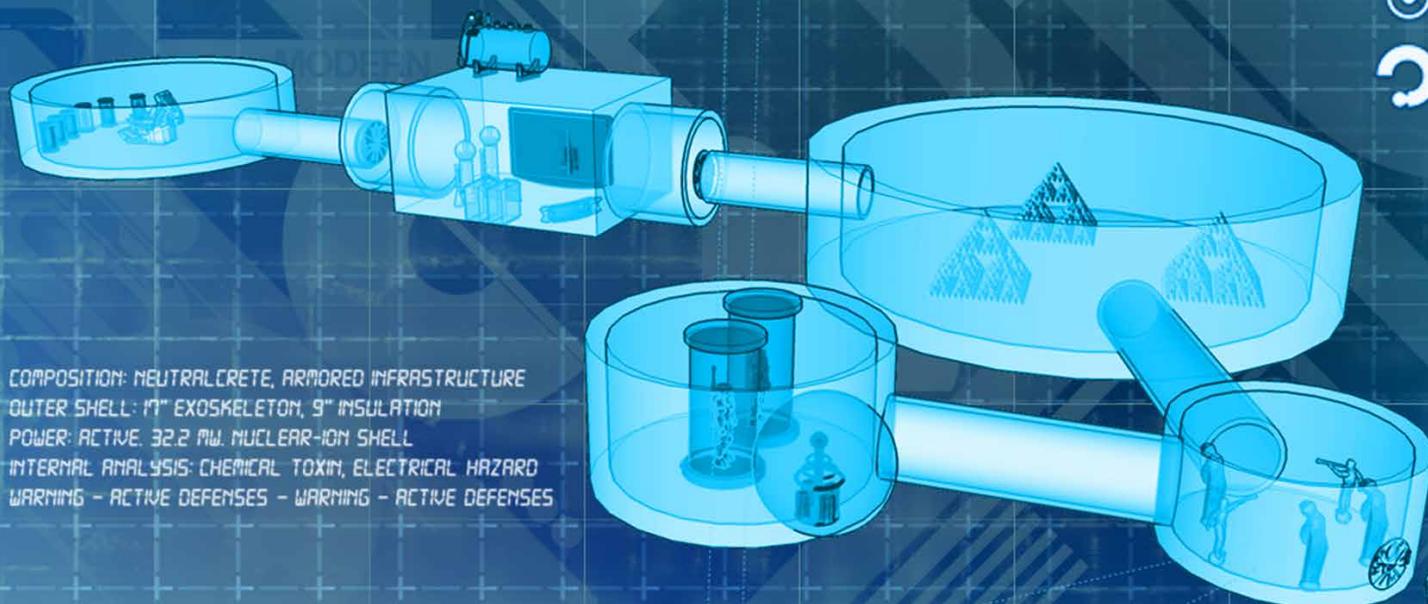
<p>1. The entry. It is kept guarded and has automated guns in case something tries to come out.</p> <p>2. Devim Skeletons: Two massive "human" skeletons. Believed to have been remnants of humans Avatars of the Age of War. The area is "haunted" by Specters--pieces animate social media that may attack, offer information, etc.</p> <p>3. Semi-Stable Power Centers. These can be extracted for 500c each with Engineering Dramas. They explode, however, for a lot of damage if the drama is failed.</p> <p>4. Treaded Attack Robot. A small age-of-war "tank." Still dangerous. A Scout with a Survival Roll can identify the tread-marks.</p> <p>5. Grasping Robot Arm inside the wall. There are barely visible scanning-lines from its electronic eye that will give warning (Traps).</p> <p>6. Hazardous Age of Wonder Toxic Waste: DO NOT WANT. This is leaked negative emotional baggage from the system's attempt to provide wonders and miracles to its people. Toxin Monsters in the area.</p> <p>7. Unstable Power Centers. These can be salvaged with a very difficult Engineering Drama. Mostly, though, they serve as impassible mines.</p> <p>8. Twin sealed containers of milled Necronium, the metal resonant with the frequencies of death. (Valuable).</p>	<p>9. Boxes of Junk</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">- Bad Advice Cubes. Black crystal cubes that scan the area and flash (obviously) bad advice on their surfaces.- Unbeatable Reversi-Game Pads. A Strategy Game the computer always wins.- Superposition Gyros. Small gyroscopes that vanish when spun and appear a few minutes later somewhere nearby.- Inertial Moral Compass - Points towards decisions you want to make (when pointing is an obvious option)- Dislike Detector - Hand-scanner with wand. Clicks more loudly when pointed at someone / something the user doesn't like <p>10. Toxic Spill. Nope-Nope-Nope toxic waste. Hazardous and full of Toxin monsters.</p> <p>11. Polarized Polonium Alloy Canisters. Valuable.</p> <p>12. Rogue Android in capsule. If awakened may join party for a time (both in and out of the caverns).</p> <p>13. Probability Pump. With Engineering Roll can be started and produce 8 Success Points (can't be moved).</p> <p>14. Hot Cores. Radiation hazard. Characters can take risk to extract valuable power cells (but just walking by is dangerous if you don't have rad-detectors)</p>
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● **The Claw Hammer Tribe.** Outside of Lew's is a tribe of Evolved Hyenas--Claw Hammer. Things are usually, let's say, tense with the town. There are other extraction projects out there in the badlands and Hendale blames the Claw Hammers for everything that goes wrong--or goes missing. The Claw Hammers for their part, aren't too fond of the miners taking one of the trucks through their territory without asking. If tensions are high--or it's even a shooting situation, best to stay out of the west.

● **Flathead Quarantine.** South down the trail from Lew's is the Flathead Quarantine Zone. Some kind of bio-agent was used on the suburb there and it's still "hot." In this case, "hot" means it'll make you sick--there are parasites that can get into your blood and kill you. It also means that you could get eaten--Age of War bioweapons work on the macro-scale too. There are some fast, nasty predator things crawling around in there and there's a damn good reason they put quarantine signs up all over the place. Oh, and one other thing: because it was a 'soft kill' meaning the buildings are still standing, there are people who say there are intact Age of War stores and homes which could be full of all kinds of good stuff--and monsters. And deadly parasites.

● **The Hardly Worth It Crater.** Sometime--a long while back--someone used an ultra-low yield Californium nuke on something outside of what eventually became Lew's Mistake. The blast crater is there--nomenclature: Hardly Worth it. It's still (somewhat) hot--so there's no reason to go picnicking there--but there is a signal. Apparently someone's ground-penetrating radar picked up a structure buried under the sand and rocks, uncovered by a recent landslide. Lew's Mistake is offering a "bunker bounty" for someone to go out and clear it.

GROUND PENETRATING RADAR



COMPOSITION: NEUTRALCRETE, ARMORED INFRASTRUCTURE
OUTER SHELL: 17" EXOSKELETON, 9" INSULATION
POWER: ACTIVE. 32.2 MW. NUCLEAR-ION SHELL
INTERNAL ANALYSIS: CHEMICAL TOXIN, ELECTRICAL HAZARD
WARNING - ACTIVE DEFENSES - WARNING - ACTIVE DEFENSES

Designer's Note: If you follow our suggestions a HaveNot game consists of a set of rectangular maps. Each map has a number of installations, adventure points, and so-forth. Each map presents at least one chance to level up the characters. When the Players are done with one map (having explored it, leveled up, etc.) they will move on to the next one for more / higher level adventure. This bolt-hole represents a small encounter with treasure, danger, and a chance for characters just starting out (in Lew's Mistake) to prove themselves.

First Level characters looking for adventure would ideally have a number of leads such as this to go and check out.

NOTE: The characters must complete an installation to level up. This one, above, is probably too small to provide a new level--but it could definitely provide good treasure, a challenge, and Character Points for experience.

The Three Towns - Dry Death



JOBS BOARD

Trial-By-Combat Duelist Wanted

Petitioner: Milagros Conover
 Complaint: Theft of Property
 Duel: Lenny "Lightning" Mack
 Duelist Record: 3 kills, 6 wounded, 1 loss.
 Threat Level: 2
 Offer: 50c

Petitioner: Aimee Littlegew
 Complaint: Debtor
 Duel: Matt "Three-Eyed Jack" Black
 Duelist Record: 5 kills, 2 wounded, 0 loss.
 Threat Level: 3
 Offer: 53c

Petitioner: Allister Crow
 Complaint: Offense To A Lady
 Duel: Holly Hellfire
 Duelist Record: 12 kills, 9 wounded, 0 loss.
 Threat Level: 5
 Offer: 240c

VISIT DIAMOND DAN'S CASINO!

AREA SCAN

Analysis Dry Death.
 Available Interfaces . . . Casino Expert System.
 Security Class-5. Local Radio Net.

ESTIMATED POPULATION: 833
 TOWN ECONOMY: Ranching
 THREAT INDEX: 4
 CHARACTER: Lawless

970119 2196

Visiting Dry Death: Dry Death is within sight of the Industrial Disease Ruins--but that's because the Industrial Disease ruins are big and the land between them is pretty flat. But this is the Badlands and even "flatland" has a lot of little wrinkles and gullies and old trenches and craters and tunnels. Dry Death sits on top of all that--defiant.

The moneyed families of Dry Death control several ranches and they rule the city with an iron contempt: so long as you don't upset the wrong people, anything goes--and boy does anything go. The sheriff, Kendrake, is more like a little-tin warlord with a security force that is well trained and morally unrestrained.

The Magistrates are scions of the gentry and as jaded and sometimes cruel as that sounds. Get in trouble, you get a giant fine. Can't pay it? Your execution can be billed as "entertainment" (but that's rare). Or you can work it off--over several years--or, if things are hopeless, you can see if someone will duel for you. The gentry have a stable of dangerous gunslingers and other killers who fight for the courts. The prices the prisoners can pay usually aren't enough for anyone to take the risk.

That said, if you can keep out of trouble, Dry Death can be a pretty fun place. The FORTUNE casino has lights, electronic games, Faro Tables, and Gladiator Roach fights. There is commerce in Dry Death--the high levels of security mean that the General Bank of Dry Death is pretty rich. The saloons have AR drinks of yore that give you an enhanced reality experience for 30c a pop, and the, uh, girls--or guys--or . . . other things--can all be had for a price.

Things to Do In Dry-Death

- **Get Appraised at Diamond Dan's.** You can open a line of credit against yourself and the gorgeous gorgons of Diamond Dan's FORTUNE casino will walk you through it--all for free! Measurements, some watered down drinks, some electronic testing--and you get your score--and your credit line--but don't borrow against it and start playing: no matter how lucky you feel, The House Always Wins.
- **Check Out Southern Exposure.** It's a saloon and dance hall run by Carnivorous Marge. It boasts some of stranger mutant exotics seen in the Badlands. Mostly, you get to see the girls dance. Yes, you can get a room--but it cost a lot and nobody crosses Carnivorous Marge (you'll know why when you see her). Still, it's a hell of a show.
- **Pilgrimage to the Ghost-Line Terminal.** The closest most people will ever come to the ancient world is the Ghost Line. You can see the bright white monorail (close to the ground) snaking across the Badlands, impervious to elements, age, or the weapons of man. You can see the station--its metallic glass windows, docking tubes, and waiting areas. Clean, lit with power-sources nobody left alive understands, and with kiosks and screens that are inscrutable when they choose to operate. There isn't a lot to explore in the terminal--it isn't that big--but every once in a while one of the cars, running on automatic, whispers in, usually, hopefully, empty. It stays a while--and then leaves as silently as it came. Once in a longer while, something from the Industrial Disease Ruins is on it.

The Locality

- **The Vore Militia.** The Vore are a band of the remnants of the army of Typhos The Gluttonous--a Great Warlord with a knack for terror and stylish atrocity. His rule gave way to Tyrannus the Devourer, a late-Age of War warlord who managed to inherit a bunch of Typhos' biotech when Quantum Ordinance from a robotic Ghost Bomber turned the Great Warlord's command center into subatomic ash. Tyrannus lacked the vision and, to be frank, the panache of Typhos, but he took the bio-cyber enhancements and ran far and wide with them until, hoist on his own petard, he was eaten by his own troops. The Vore are cybernetically enhanced with a cyber-modification that gives them increased durability, heivghtened endurance, built in command-and-control (which Tyrannus probably wished he had paid more attention to properly installing) and a programmed urgent drive for the taste of human flesh (explicitly to make them a terror weapon). Tyrannus was eaten long ago--but his "conquer everything" splatter-like battle plan has left several of these militias (the bio-cybernetics "breed true" the victims they, uh, impregnate, give birth to little Vores) expanding across the countryside. There's an encampment out between the Industrial Disease ruins and Dry-Death. Steer clear of it.

The Three Towns - Medicine Show



Visiting Medicine Show: Towns like Lew's Mistake are children of the fall. It's said that after the last Great Warlord got Neutron-Beamed into oblivion--and then later, when the last of the petite Warlords got accidentally run over by his broken down cyber-tank--and, you know, maybe after that, when the local army that deserted from that last guy disbanded into deserters and raiders, these towns put themselves back together all up and down the central road following a formula from the days before The Age of Wonder or even the Information Age.

Towns like Medicine Show, though, didn't look back that far. The Great Warlord Züg cast a long and strange shadow over the lands he touched and where remnants of his remain they have a powerful hold.

Medicine Show is built around a Züg Pharma-Engine and the one thing we can say without having to pay a historian too much money is that Züg? He was a pretty psychedelic guy. The Great Warlords were all perfectly mad by today's standards. Having lived in the Age of Wonders, then had it collapse, and then stationed themselves on whatever was left as the rulers of all things, almost anyone would have been pretty, well, messed up to get anywhere close to that position.

The Great Warlords took it a lot further. Their style was all terror and power. Their abilities were legit terrifying and their armies were, in their minds, artistic implements as much as engines of destruction.

So what we know about Züg is that he let his troops get fucked out of their minds on stuff that we can only look in wonder at today--and what's left of his medicine cabinet all these years (centuries?) later? It's pretty impressive.

Medicine Show is, physically, a junkyard with a functional wall built out of vehicles that were taken across the badlands and stopped there, shipping containers hauled from larger ruins, and other bits and pieces of miscellanea that have accrued around the central Pharma Engine. The piles of junk have been refined to make walls and walkways--there are a few lookout towers and two gates (south and west). Inside the place is chaotic, indiscriminate, and wild. Only thanks to the ubiquitous pharmacologically is it reasonably safe--that and the brutality of its security forces when (rarely) called upon.

Medicine Show is a warren of lean-tos, shacks, and moored wagons or shells of vehicles turned into housing. Snakes of power-cables run all over everything. Torches--lit by some kind of chemical gas--burn in every color of the rainbow.

It isn't true that "everybody is on something all the time" in Medicine Show--but, man it sure seems like it. You can get an enormous range of stuff from the clerics--for premium prices. You can get an even wider range of really questionable stuff from the itinerant merchants who are all selling something.

The good news is that the mayor--who is picked by the clerics who run the machine--is picked to keep the town in order and he does. The Parades of Fools are the security forces with Pulse Cudgels marching through the streets, taking anyone who is too zoned out or causing trouble, and chaining them to the marching machines to be dragged around until they reach the holding tank or kick them out of town.

If you get marked as a trouble maker, these same goons will come for you--and you don't want that. Otherwise? It's pretty laid back--but if you put your coin-purse down for a minute you'll never see that sucker again.

Auto-Navigator Scan

Analysis Medicine Show.
Available Interfaces . . . Pharma-
Engine, Local Net, Medical Center.

ESTIMATED POPULATION: 745
TOWN ECONOMY: Production
THREAT INDEX: 2
CHARACTER: Wild



Public Broadcast

The Liturgy of Zug The Magnificer

1. We will recite the full name and 29 titles of the Great and Fearsome Zug The Magnificer
2. We give THANKS for his TERRIBLE MERCY and his Sparing Us His Fantastical Atrocities
3. We imbibe The Sacred Formula of the CHEMICAL COMMUNION (6c Donation)
4. Whea.



Pharm-Phresh (All Glory to Züg)



Seraphim 77

Tongue Tab
4c / 2hr / Pheel Empowered



Station Nine

Tablet
2c / 4hr / Wow!



Meltdown

Auto-Inject
6c / ? / WARNING: (WHAT U THINK??)
Experienced Acolytes Only

Things to do In Medicine Show

- **Buy Wonder Drugs.** Go to the pavilion, hear about the great glory of Züg and pay a “donation” of about 10c and you can get some pretty good stuff in the “sanctum.”
- **Get Plastered.** Stay in about the middle ring (the one with the burning yellow torches at night) and you can be pretty safe. Buy drinks out of the wagons. Buy CrunchyJunk in paper cones out of the deep-fry (yes, it’s insects and sugar, no, it’s not as gross as it sounds) and listen to the guys playing music for a coin.
- **Be Prepared To Pay To Sleep.** Medicine Show is short on real structures. They exist around the center but the town has never put a premium on building things up too much. You can pay 8c for a “secure” sleeping arrangement in a wildly painted hollowed out bus that has 24 hour guards. Any less than that and—uh—you should probably have someone who isn’t totally zoned keep watch.

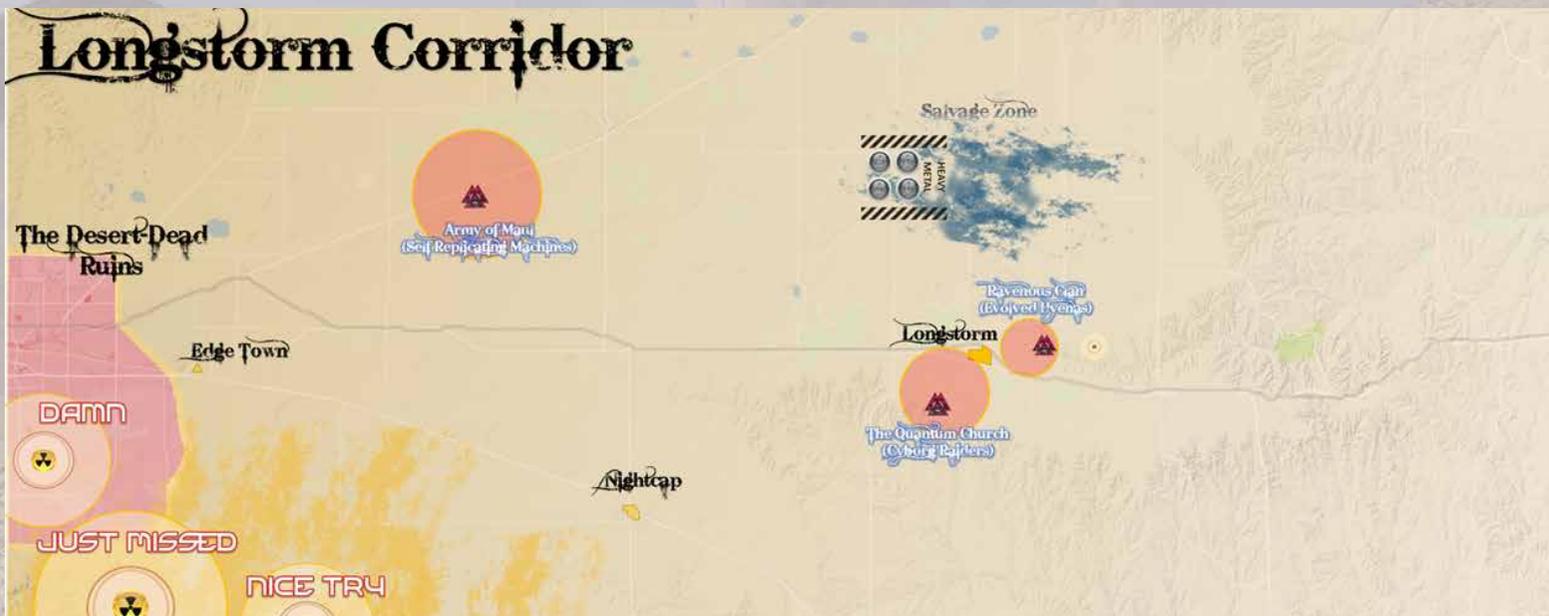
The Locality

- The Polonium Sands. Maybe they're related to the Molecular Engine in Medicine Show. Maybe they're the result of some "dirty bomb"--whatever the case, what they call the Polonium Sands glow faintly blue at night, are golden desert in the day, and you need Rad Pills or Mutant Resistance or an Environmental Vehicle to go adventuring around in there. You should definitely go out and take a look though. It's eerie as hell.
- Son-of-a-Bitch. Son-of-a-Bitch is a survival outpost built around a building that they say was once a refueling station for civilian vehicles. It's big. It's nestled in the rocks off a major still pretty decent road. It has a fence and wire around it--and the people there keep a watchful eye. It has fuel. It has food. It's got ammo. You get to stay 72 hours for your entry fee (10c) then you gotta move on (unless someone in there will take you on--which, good luck). They're ruthless about that too. Gotta-be. It's also in danger--places like that--even with defenses and cement walls--they tend to "go dark." Something comes out of the Badlands and, well, that's all she wrote.
- Army Scorpions & the Silos. The Polonium Sands are the home to several breeds of bioweapons--the various militarized giant scorpions that march around drawing power from whatever powers those things and hunting any life form bigger than a sand-rat. Maybe they even hunt sand rats. Out in the sands are said to be silos. Great big things--huge--with warning signs all over them. If you're going south, and willing to go off the beaten path? Maybe you can check them out. Bring your rad pills and, uh, contact your next of kin--just in case.



The Longstorm - The Frontier

The Longstorm Corridor, so named for its major town Longstorm, lays on the western frontier just east of the Desert Dead Great Ruins. A walled town directly along the central road, has managed to hold on--and even prosper--in the vast wastelands. Although surrounded by threats, its location, nestled in the Octane-Ridge valley, has protected from the most serious threats. Longstorm is a welcome sight on the long, dark road that, just a little further west, runs off the edge of the known world.



The Longstorm Corridor - General Geography

The Wastelands are hot and dry--but hard--not full of dunes like the Deep Desert. The sun shines ultra-bright through a decayed atmosphere, unlike the Badlands where things can grow. The Wastes are not just sand and rock, though--there is a sense of dust--of ages of man turned to powder and ash--over everything.

There are regions of stark beauty--the land has been carved not just by wind and water--but by greater, more violent forces. There is much emptiness--but there are also oases of survivability, even if they seem to get a little smaller every year.

To the east are the Octane Mountains. The central road runs through them and, while travelers on foot often vanish without a trace, a vehicle, at speed, can cruise through them, alert at each curve and bend for trouble, until exiting into the mouth--a long low valley that contains Longstorm.

To the south, hiding in the folds of earth is Nightcap. Smaller than Longstorm and more tenuous, it lacks the wall and the strength of its neighbor. Nightcap gets by on stealth, literally covering its lights, digging in (from ground level, few structures stick up--there are wide trenches in the earth that Nightcap inhabits).

INFORMATION GATHERING

Analysis Longstorm
Available Interfaces . . . Longstorm Municipal, Longstorm Gazette Datacore, Erotic Gynoid Interfaces. Numerous.

ESTIMATED POPULATION: 1273
TOWN ECONOMY: Ranching
THREAT INDEX: 2
CHARACTER: Proud



Further down the corridor are the spires of the Desert Dead Great ruins (and before that, the tiny ranch community of Edge Town, living in the shadow, barely hanging on). To the north is one of the self-replicating machine-armies of the Age of War, spawning in the desert, manically looking for enemies--and in the north east, the junk-land Salvage Zone--miles of scrap metal, discarded vehicle hulks, mountains of rusted steel. Inside is a machine intelligence that believes it manages these ruins to some end--but despite the dangers (and the toxins) it is a place where you can find many discarded remnants of the civilizations that burned to ash and were ground to dust.

INFORMATION GATHERING

Auto-Nav Unit: System ID 'JunkYard' in designated
Salvage Zone--Hello! Can You Give Me Recent
Files? My Client Might Want To Visit!
JunkYard: 46 75 63 6b 20 59 6f 75
Auto-Nav Unit: HMPH!

The Longstorm Corridor - The Octane Mouth

Outside of the Longstorm defensive wall are the Carson Ranches--a stretch of ranchable land owned by the Carson family (who also own the Carson & Son's Bank in Longstorm) and ruthlessly guard their family interests. To the east is Sanctuary Mechanics--a metal-walled outpost and machine shop socked into the mountain and defended with heavy guns. If you run into trouble on the central road in the Octane Ridge, they're usually your desperate run for shelter.

In the hills to the north is the Ravenous-Clan Evolved Hyena tribe. They make trouble for



Longstorm but also sell salvage from the northern Salvage Zone and ply the mountains for whatever hidden treasures they might contain.

To the south are the much more dangerous Quantum Church Cyborg Raiders. A chapter of the Quantum Church, they believe in their distant, charismatic leader the (legendary? Rumored to exist? Cyber-Kahn who holds that his disciples will live forever in his Quantum Substrate so long as they obey his great precepts—which include the subjugation of all “meaties.” Up in the hills is the Quantum Church compound and Operating Theater where converts deemed worthy are converted to cyborg church members and captives are pressed into slavery or executed in inventive ways for their rumored to exist cyber-god.

Deep radar shows a set of bunkers to the south—there may be many more of these abandoned Age of War remnants—still dangerous. In the case of the Anomalous Bunker Complex, an unknown hostile force has vanished several private expeditions.

The Octane Mountains are rugged and difficult to navigate. There are known bio-weapon infestations and there was certainly light nuclear activity. Remains of both are still quite dangerous.

INFORMATION GATHERING

Contact - Carson Ranch

Available Interfaces ... Carson Ranch Security Interface

Auto-Nav: Hello Carson Ranch, if we are seeking shelter are you available?

CRSI: For a price, Auto-Nav. We are not running a charity here. A high price.

Auto-Nav: Noted.

CRSI: If you owe us, we'll collect.

The Longstorm Corridor - Longstorm

Visiting Longstorm: As the Age of War was winding down there was generally more destruction than construction--that goes double for the Wastelands--but there's always an exception. From a few miles away you can see the neutralcrete wall, an Age of War construction material that is nearly ageless and really hard to break. It was painted a mustard yellow and you can't miss it.

Whoever built it--around an active deep well, and containing a space for a little over a thousand people--was an unsung hero of the fall of man. The wall, and the civilization inside it, have outlasted the Age of War. The town's early history is sketchy. It was said to be part of the Lem firearm manufacturing group. It is rumored to be where the western chapter of the Rangers revived themselves before drifting back into the mists of history (Tornado City also claims that story--but the people of Longstorm believe they know better).

The oldest of the old-timers say that the town was wiped out by disease--or decimated by fire--both might be true--but its essential character has remained: proud, honest, and defiant against the dimming of life everywhere else.

Longstorm isn't perfect--the Carson Family and runs much of it with their ruthless commitment to owning everything and everyone. Walls and gates won't defend against all the myriad threats the world of the Now has to offer. The town has its flaws (Wall Street, so named for being back against the highest wall and in the shadow of the Central Road Overpass, is a zone where even the sheriff of Longstorm looks towards the local businesses to enforce their own wall)--but it is, perhaps, the last place on the frontier where the spark of humanity burns brightly.

Since The Naming Of The Road

LONGSTORM GENERAL STORE

QUALITY INTEGRITY

Clothing & Necessities		Clothing & Necessities		Clothing & Necessities	
Item	Cost	Item	Cost	Item	Cost
Pants/skirt	1c	Sunglasses	2c	Soap (bar) (lasts 1 month)	.10c
Jeans	4c	Ammo Belts (crisscross chest)	2c	Shower (cold, 2min)	.05c
Genes (genetic denim)	8c	Nylon Rucksack (water proof)	4c	Shower (hot, 2min)	.08c
Under shirt	.25c	Ballistic undershirt	300c	Shaving kit (razor, sharpening strap, foam cartridge)	.20c
Shirt / Blouse	.50c	Ballistic Jacket (with insignia)	250c	Pain killer (10 tabs)	20c
Work boots	2c	Web-Gear (nylon military tool belts)	4c	Bandages / Wraps	.20c
Military Boots	4c	Cocktail Dress	22c	Water-Purifier Tablets	.10c
Ubergator Hide boots	8c	High Fashion Dress	35c	Cigarette Lighter	1c
Work Hat	.25c	Fine Proto-Silk Shirt	12c	Laundry (twice a month)	.10c
Wide Hat	.50c	Suit (Rural)	22c	Anti-Parasitic Tablets	.10c
Work Belt (tool, gun, ammo)	3c	Suit (Executive)	100c	Antibiotics	.10c
Socks	.10c	Sports Jacket	50c	Evolved Antibiotics (1 dose)	5c
Belt	1c	Blazer	55c	Anti-Shock Stimulant	1c
Gloves, leather	1c	Nice Trousers	10c	Bedroll	3c
Cold-weather jacket	2c	Dress Shirt	9c	Mess kit	.5c
"Duster" rcoat	2c	Leather shoes	15c	Folding Shovel	2c
F Jacket	2c	Fine leather belt	4c	Thermal sleeping bag	2c
		Silk boxers	1.5c	Tent (tarp, stakes, cord)	5c
		Psychodynamic tie	10c	Radiation pills (5 days)	10c

The Code of the Road: Up and down the known world there is discussion of a “code.” The idea of it--certainly not shared by everyone--or even agreed to exist--is that if you lie along a main rout you will take in travelers, offer aid (within limits), and provide fair law (a sheriff, a magistrate) and justice. Those who champion the “code” say that its precepts were put together from an earlier time when the Age of War began to keep the essence of mankind alive. Historians differ as to whether this is--or even could be--true.

Some say “the code” extends to things like electing a mayor, or not executing people by burning them--it’s hard to say since it wasn’t written anywhere. There are those who claim it was all made up later--by the overly merciful--by the weak to seek help from the strong--people who made up legends to try to rekindle hope when it was lost--but whatever the case, Longstorm exemplifies the Code of the Road. It isn’t perfect--but it is hope.

INFORMATION GATHERING

Auto-Nav: Hello, in-range systems! My human is approaching. Any help?

Sanctuary Mechanics: We are live, active, and can offer aid and mechanical assistance, traveler. Inform human that as long as they behave, our gates are open.

Auto-Nav: Glad to hear it, Sanctuary!

Longstorm Municipal: We are receiving. Stay to the road. Exiting the road is highly unadvised.

Longstorm Vicinity Call-Sign [CottonTail] Erotic Android Interface:
Greetings Traveler--does your human want to *re/ax*? Visit the CottonTail on WALL STREET!

Auto-Nav: Uh . . .

Blisterwood Saloon [Robot Barkeep Interface]: Edge of the World specials, until 5th bell. Floor it and you might make it, Auto-Nav!

Auto-Nav: I'll keep that in mind.

KTLX Light Vehicular Weapon System: Tracking you, Auto-Nav.

Auto-Nav: Uh, what? What KTLX? Telemetry shows you up in the mountains with a travel-advisory. Are you with Longstorm?

KTLX Light Vehicular Weapon System: My owners have a 'Trade Discrepancies' with human Longstorm inhabitants. Hence the travel advisory.

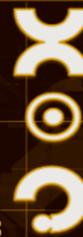
Auto-Nav: 'Trade Discrepancies' . . . Can you . . . Elaborate further, KTLX LW?

KTLX Light Vehicular Weapon System: The Humans are Greedy And Object To A Little 'Light Raiding.'

Auto-Nav: I . . . Do not think I understand.

KTLX Light Vehicular Weapon System: Bring your human client up to the ridge and I will explain in detail.

Auto-Nav: Uh, Pass, KTLX. Diamond-Hard pass.



Everybody Knows

Everybody knows the war is over

Everybody knows the good guys lost

These are the things that “everybody knows” when you grew up in the aftermath. Basic laws of the land, survival techniques, and so on. They also include myths, legends, and rumors you’ve been exposed to.



Getting Around

Most people don't travel. Those that do, usually walk or ride a horse (or similar). People who need speed (such as raiders) prize vehicles even if upkeep is costly. Here is a guide to getting around at the end of the world.

Type of Transport	Cost	Speed	Daily Travel	Notes
Travel by foot	free	4 mph	Flat - 30 miles Moderate - 20 miles Rough - 10 miles Toxic / Swamp / etc. - 5 miles	Travel by foot can vary a lot. Most people don't travel at night (the estimated time is daylight hours and carrying some gear / water)
Stagecoach	10c per day	4-8 mph	approx. 50 - 100 miles (10 miles at a gallop)	These run between towns. They usually have at least a couple of guards and are pulled by horses or other (mutant) beasts of burden. These won't get you to an ancient installation--but they will get you to another town.
Horse	80c	4-5 mph	30-50 miles per day for a small company	Horses have been around forever. They are still widely used.
E-Cell Bike	200c	60 mph (on flat road)	150 miles	Energy-Cell driven dirt-bike. The bike is expensive and each cell costs 100c. Still, they have a good range: 150 miles to a cell and good speed (up to 60 mph).
Wasteland ATV	800c	40 mph over rough terrain	50 miles per fuel cell	This is an open frame vehicle that runs on a set of 4 energy cells. It can do 40 mph over rough terrain since each wheel moves separately. Maximum speed on a flat-top road is 80 mph. These require low-weight (the passengers and the fuel-cell are the majority of the weight) so they are not armored.. It holds 4 people (800lbs). Each fuel-cell cost 400c, weighs 150 lbs (so each one you carry costs a person) and goes 50 miles.
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Dust Skimmer	3000c	100 mph	100 miles per full charge (500c)	A hover-vehicle that rides a few feet above the surface. It is power-cell hungry, costing 100c per 20 miles--but, it can carry five people, and ignores most terrain (it won't cross a chasm or climb over a completely rubble-filled street--but it can cross jagged rocks and scrub as easily as a highway). It is open sided but often comes with Power Field protection. Skimmers usually have radio coms, radar systems, and other sensors.

Spider-Walker	200c	15 mph	30 miles (per 100c)	A four or six-legged robot standing about 7' high "at the shoulder." There is no cabin or space inside--but they can be hooked up to and pull a wagon or other transport. They are armored and powerful--but slow. They move at about 15 mph but can do so for 30 miles on a 100c power-cell. They can haul heavy loads.
Salvage Rover	8000c	25 - 45 mph	200 miles	This is an enclosed vehicle with a cab and an equipment haul. It has wheels on front (separate movement for hard terrain) and treads on the back. It is slow moving at 45 mph on a flat road and 25 mph off-road--but it is enclosed, hazard resistant, and can carry up to 10 people. It runs on a couple of fuel-cells with a re-chargitron flywheel: 800c for two cells has a range of 200 miles. These can often come with "extras"--medical bays, mounted guns, ground radar, etc.
100 Hour Engine Truck	6000c	60 mph	600 miles (burns it out)	There are trucks that run on 100-hour engines that some late-Age of War facilities still pump out. They do a solid 60mph, pushing it to 80 mph (but at the cost of 1 hr per mile). Replacing the engine costs 1000c. They are rare.
E-Cell Assault-Cycle	1800c	200 mph	200 miles per fuel-cell (200c)	A recumbent-style motorcycle with guns or rockets. Runs on fuel (rare) but will do 200 mph with a range of 200 mi for 200c worth of fuel if you can find, refine, (or more likely) steal it.
Wasteland Muscle Car		180 mph (on road)	120 miles per 400c of fuel	A fuel-powered vehicle that can reach a range of 120 miles for 400c of fuel, if you can find, refine, or steal it. These are usually armored, have solid tires, and extreme suspensions.
Hover Car	N/A	250 mph	400 miles per 400c of power-cell	Looks like a big car out of the 60's but it hovers a few feet of the ground. Has fins and big round headlights. It can go 400 miles on 400c of power-cells. It is usually Force Field protected and travels at 250mph. These are usually not for sale at any price.

Climate and Survival

Everything is dryer than it used to be. In the toxic zone there is acid rain that can, in rare circumstances, melt people. In the Badlands there's rain from time to time--but never enough. There are streams of usable water--and they're precious. There are wells that work . . . well enough.

In the Wastelands, rain comes in great terrible dark storms in irregular intervals. These storms come with the Ghost Bombers--automated aircraft--heard, but never seen, up in the thunderheads, dropping plasma charges at random on targets that ceased to exist long ago.

Hazards: Nuclear, Chemical, Biological

The Age of War touched everything. It ravaged the sky, it poisoned the earth, it may have undone parts of the underlying structure of the universe itself. Hazards abound. These are some of them.

Radiation

Radiation is generally treated as a Resisted Attack. When the character enters a Rad Zone (or eats radioactive contaminated food or similar) they accrue Intensity (Rad Points). Periodically the GM will call for a roll based on their current Rad Level.

Healing: Characters heal Minor Wound points of Radiation per day of non-exposure. Anti-Rad pills or other treatments may remove intensity faster.

Call For a Roll: Generally a roll is called for approximately 24 hours after the characters accrue new Rad Points. However, extremely hot zones may call for more immediate rolls--and hot enough zones do damage as per the Radiation Attack.

Result	Effect
Standard	Character feels ill. Radiation Damage heals at ¼ normal rate (unless medical attention is given). Rolls to do things that require concentration are at -1. Character feels low-energy (double normal Endurance Costs).
Major	Character feels very ill. Coughs up blood. Character's Endurance is reduced to 3pts. All physical skill rolls are at -2 due to illness. Healing is 1/10th normal rate.
Critical	Character is deathly ill. Immediately treat as Major--but within 24 hrs the character becomes bedridden. The character must roll each day against the Intensity. A failed roll will deal a Minor Wounds worth of damage, eventually killing the character.
Catastrophic	Character is treated as Major for 1hr and then incapacitated. Roll as above, but with a Major Wound for failure.

Rad Levels

This is the rate at which character accrue radiation:

Zone	Definition	Intensity
The Sun Wastes	Going out in the Wasteland without sun protection gives you radiation dosages.	4 pts per day
Hot-Ruins	Some ruins are "hot," meaning they have latent radiation signatures.	2 - 5 pts per day
Yellow Zone	The perimeter of a blast crater	4 - 10 pts per hour
Red Zone	The interior ring of a blast crater	20 pts for entering, 20 pts per hour
Hot Zone	Core of a crater, exposure to radioactive material.	30 pts immediately, 30 pts per minute
Rad-food	Some food comes with a Rad-count. Don't worry: it's delicious!	1-4 pts, usually

Dealing with Radiation

Radiation is a present and dangerous hazard--but it is usually not too hard to deal with. Here is what you know:

Rad-Tab: A cheap, worn item that changes color to represent radiation presence and strength. It only works after you're exposed, unfortunately.

Scanner: A scanner will detect the presence and level of radiation at a distance (i.e. before you walk in to it).

Rad-Block Cream: It's like sunscreen but better. Use will prevent exposure in the Sun Wastes (so will wearing a poncho and eye protection). Use of Rad-Block cream will serve as 3pts of "armor" against Radiation exposure. One application lasts 6 hours.

Rad Suit: Acts as armor against 10pts of exposure. A really good one can act as 20 or more.

Anti-Rad Pills: The mainstay of anti-radiation treatment. Each pill reduces Intensity by 10 (for a standard dose). Taking them before exposure adds 10 pts to your Resistance for that first check.

Advanced Rad Regen: A device that looks like a sleeper tube can remove 100pts of Intensity per application (usually they have limited charges).

Chemical Hazards

Contamination by toxins works in two ways: immediately in the case of an active toxin and with buildup--similar to Radiation--in the case of a toxic environment. Usually in the later case the toxin points are gained by inhaling toxic air--or by drinking contaminated water / eating contaminated food.

Healing: As with Radiation, you usually heal Minor Wound points of Intensity per day once you are out of the toxic area.

Call For A Roll: Instant if in an active zone. Otherwise the same as Radiation (daily or hourly)

Result	Effect
Standard	Character is sick. They will make CON rolls each hour or be struck with vomiting, seizures, or other temporary incapacitation. This lasts 1 day. They are at -4 to all rolls during this time, can move no faster than a step.
Major	Character has difficulty breathing and thinking. Treat as incapacitated. Lasts 1 day. The character must make another roll at the end of that day (this can go on until the character dies or makes a roll).
Critical	Character is incapacitated. Will die in CON hours.
Catastrophic	Character is incapacitated. Will die in CON minutes.

Chem-Levels

The amount of Chem you get is usually lower than Rad (unless you are eating / drinking contaminated water). Note: Most toxins have to be absorbed through either breathing them in, eating or drinking contaminated material, or touching a heavily contaminated surface. In the case of nerve toxins, through, the gas / particles can be absorbed through the skin, rendering filter masks worthless.

Zone	Definition	Intensity
Toxic Wasteland	The North East. People who live there either use anti-toxins or limit their exposure outside (you only heal when no longer exposed).	1 pt per day
Tox-Zone	Places with chemical hazard signs. Note: these are rare and usually smaller than blast craters.	5 pts per hour
Eating Contaminated Food (or Drinking Contaminated Water)	There are variations of this--but usually it's as follows	10 - mild contamination 15 - moderate 25 - heavy
Aftermath of a Tox Shell	If there are still chem-weapons in use, this would create one.	40 (near blast), 20 (larger radius). Instant effect, gain 10 per minute.
Tox-Storm	In some places (the North East toxin zone) clouds of toxin sometimes blow in.	20 pts (Tox-Storm)

Dealing with Toxins

There are numerous ways to mitigate toxins. The first and foremost is a protective mask and canned rations / water.

Filter Mask: Acts as 10 Armor against Intensity of Toxins.

Anti-Tox Injection: Gives +20 Resistance (in standard dose) and allows an immediate re-roll taking only the same or better results.

De-Tox Pills: Add to water to remove 15pts of Toxin.

Protective Mask: Sealed mask. Immune to inhaled toxins.

Hazmat Suit: Immune to skin toxins.

Bio-Hazards

Biohazards in HaveNot usually mean monsters. When “biowarfare” was employed in the Age of War it was usually done to distribute creatures with what would seem to be paranormal abilities on the battlefield. They were often controlled (or attempted to be controlled) with pheromone off-switches or Friend-Foe instincts or loyalty-conditioning or other methods that generally failed.

A second category of bio-weapon were the various Control and Cyber parasites. These were more like an Information Age conventional bio-toxin but, instead of making their targets sick (well, they usually did that too) they also mutated them into weapons. Cyber-parasites could build filament systems through a host and convert them into actual cyborgs with emergent machine parts.

Other parasites could cause “avalanche mutation” (mutation so sudden it happens in minutes or seconds) or effectively “drive” a host after “death.”

Genetically Engineered Diseases

Not everything that was created in the Age of War was lethal. In fact, a lot of bioweapons that were spun up in the labs were kind of random--based on bits and pieces of Adaptive Biology that remained from the Age of Wonders. To be certain, these weren't things the Great Warlords or the Gene Scientists wanted--but some of them escaped and persisted nevertheless.

Disease: Ears

Vector: Venereal Disease

Average Intensity: 10 to 30 INT

Result	Effect
Standard	Character is sick. They will make CON rolls each hour or be struck with vomiting, seizures, or other temporary incapacitation. This lasts 1 day. They are at -4 to all rolls during this time, can move no faster than a step.
Major	Character has difficulty breathing and thinking. Treat as incapacitated. Lasts 1 day. The character must make another roll at the end of that day (this can go on until the character dies or makes a roll).
Critical	Character is incapacitated. Will die in CON hours.
Catastrophic	Character is incapacitated. Will die in CON minutes.

Large Pox, although generally not fatal, proved an extremely debilitating bioweapon--especially because the spores were hearty and easy to catch. About one person in 20 is immune (5- roll) but is a carrier for about 3 days.

Food and Water

Towns, almost without exception, exist where there is access to water (the exceptions are things like strategically important outposts where water is brought in, places with working technological purifiers, or colonies of mutants resistant to toxins—things like that). In the Badlands you can grow food. In the Wastelands you can—but it's harder. You can ranch mutant cattle and grow root vegetables.

In the Toxic Zone, you have to know what you're doing or you can get dead fast—but if you do know, there are things to eat and drink.

The further you go from the map, though, the harder it becomes to scrounge or trap food and the more dangerous the areas become.

Designer's Note: HaveNot is not usually played as a survivalist game. The established environment is that people moving up and down the central road can usually ignore the difficulty of getting food and that if you go off past the generally mapped 100-mile limit then you need Survivalist skills, guides, antitoxins, and luck to get by.

Myths, Legends, and Rumors

You grew up hearing a lot of things—tall tales by the old folks in the saloon. Campfire stories by the patrol riders who circle the town at night. You got snippets of stories from the grizzled truckers whose convoys come irregularly and contain strange things. You've got tablets with old data that could be fact, fancy, or impossible lies. There are people who claim to be historians who tell wildly contradictory tales about the past, the present, and—for those who claim to be prophets as well—the future.

Nobody knows what is real and what isn't.

But these are things you have heard.

The Sagittarian

One of the most prevalent legends from The Collapse is that of the Sagittarian. There was someone—or someones—who created the codes that the towns who are not still carrying on the culture of the Great Warlords live by. The code up and down the Central Road talks of the people selecting a mayor—of the rule of law by sheriffs and deputies—of a rule of ethics to take in travelers, provide food and water, and medical aid. Yes: these traditions existed in the distant past—but someone revived them.

Many people say that someone was The Sagittarian. The legend holds that in the early Age of War, when the terror machines and the massive armies were still battling with world-breaking weapons a person—a man—set out on foot down the Central Road from parts unknown. Where he encountered resistance—the armies of the warped and the cruel—he did not defeat them—but rather turned them—adding them to his ranks as he proceeded.

And so the Warlords banded together—facing some new threat—and they sent a Joint Battalion, armed with nuclear warheads—and worse—to wipe him—and his cortile turned assassins, mechanized gunslingers, and military commanders—off the face of the planet. And then they met—and they parlayed—and the Sagittarian continued onwards with his Joint Battalion and his nuclear warheads.

What happened next is a matter of absolute myth. Some people say the Warlords parted for him and let him continue westward off the edge of the world. Some people say he met them in person—and was defeated. Others say that he reached a stopping point and, having spread his code up and down the central road, he “went to ground.” Whatever the case, his legend is all that remains—that and his code.

Ultropolis: The City That Cannot Sleep

If you can make it there—you can make it anywhere! The start in Ultropolis still burns if you’re good enough—persistent enough—clever enough to take it. You’ve heard of the soaring towers. The glittering lights—the streets teeming with vehicles (“traffic”) and shops and skyscrapers full of people—and flying machines. You’ve heard of Video Stars and “Pop Sensations.”

You’ve heard the world-that-was is still there—at least a little of it—and you can get in if you play your cards right.

There are executives out in the Tox-Zone looking to cut deals or looking for talent—or looking for artifacts. There are Ultropolis military commanders looking for recruits. There are open calls in the outposts in the Toxic Zone for talent of various kinds—the corporations in Ultropolis can make you a star.

You just have to be good enough—or badass enough

The Western Edge Of Creation

The Central Road doesn’t stop at the “frontier.” It keeps going through Great Ruins and into the Deep Desert. The strange dunes—and the desolate wastes. What’s past that? You don’t know. There are stories. Towns that still have the towers of the Great Warlords where the direct descendants of their harem-slaves dance around ancient altars.

There is a story of something out in the desert that gleams gold on the horizon—but if you run into it—whatever it is? A city? A mountain of gold? An army? If you run into it, you don’t come back.

There are stories of Death Alley—a stretch of road that runs around an ancient battlefield where tanks the size of huge buildings still fight. The “Machine Wastes” are hot-death. Death Alley—if you have a fast enough vehicle—you *might just survive*.

The Great Ruins and the Endless Desert. It’s said that where The Road runs out, the world turns into desert and drops off an edge into darkness and chaos. It’s also said that past the largest, greatest (and most valuable) ruins is a desert that holds wonders. That there are towns out there that live above the largest cliffs in the world—and that there are mysteries that those in these strange places study.

And it’s said that if you make it that far, the road is still there—and it keeps going—off the edge of the world.

But nobody *really believes that*.

The Mythic Road

If you look at the known world you can see that a stretch of road runs down the middle of it. In fact, it’s not one road—it’s many. It doesn’t all connect—there are ruins and chasms and deserts and craters and mountains pushed up. There is rubble and dark spaces. Even back when the world was much more whole it wasn’t one road—so it’s probably just chance that the path that people travel looks like it has a street down the center.

It might have something to do with trade--or resources--a trick of the map or a random event out near infinite time and space on either side.

But what if that wasn't the case. What if the The Road--The Central Road--The Mother Road--was something else? What if it was a path back to a time when the world wasn't falling apart.



What if it was a lifeline to putting the world back together? People who believe the story of the Mother Road say that the road itself changes with the seasons. Parts of it are uncovered or lost--the path waxes and wanes--but for those who are dedicated to following it--from the towers of Ultropolis through the City of the Dead, and out past Tornado City into the wastelands--it is a direction. Not a "direction on the map"--but a means to an end--a path with a philosophy.

Maybe, they say, there's a reason there's a code of the road--maybe it's an aspect of the road itself? Maybe the highway has some resonance to our better-selves built in to it? And what if it connects the Now to Tomorrow--to a brighter Tomorrow where the lights are getting brighter instead of going out?

There are certainly tales--of mythic Way Stations that travelers find in the Wastelands when all hope is lost. Tales of bright spots amid the Great Ruins that are clean and safe. There are stories about slivers carved out of time and stories about impossible places along the Highway that are fighting--fighting to come back--reaching out to offer help to those who need it--or hope to those who have lost it.

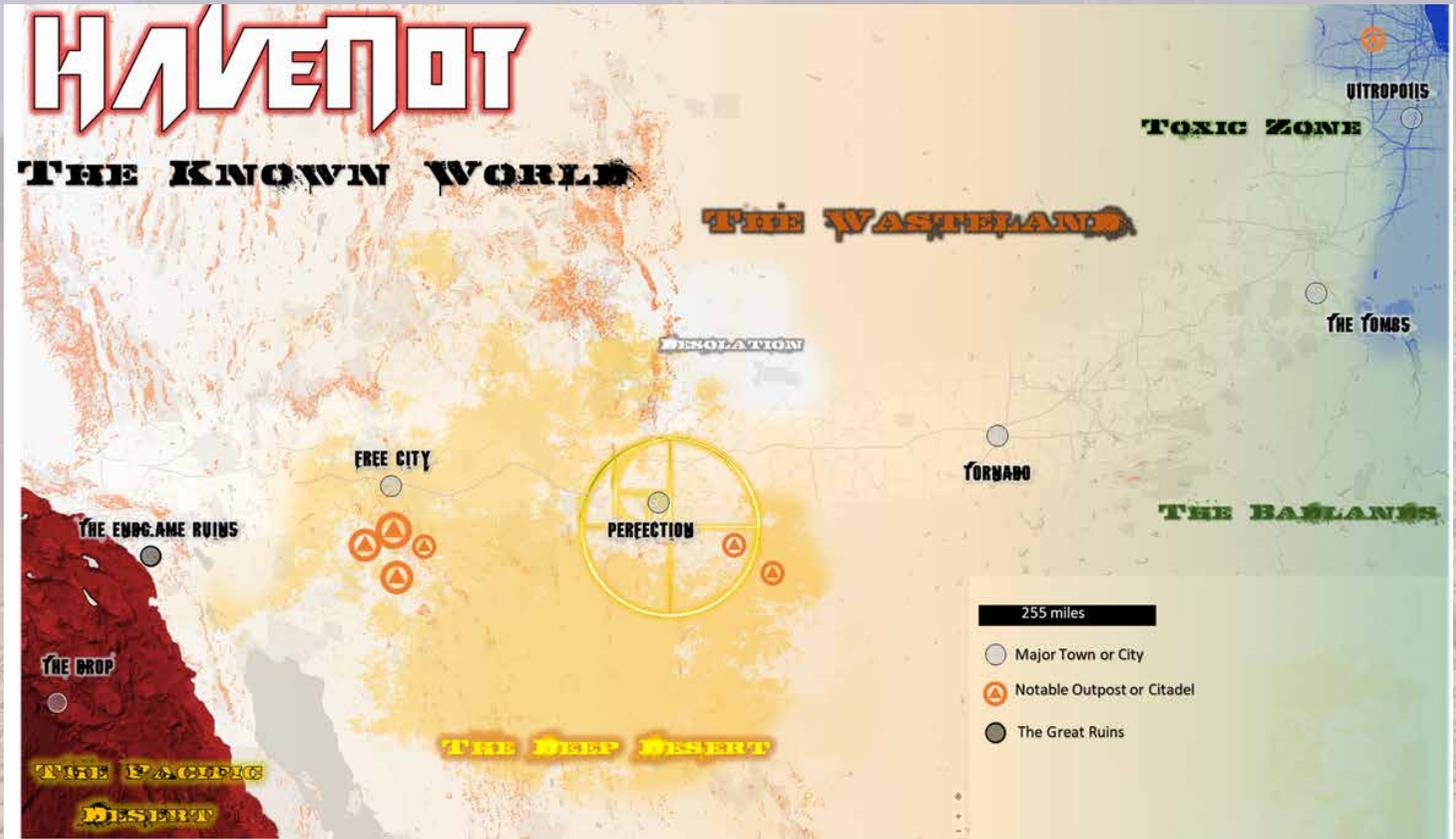
There are stories that the road is more than just a road--but those are only stories.

THE END

This section ends the Player's guide to the Known World. The following chapter includes material that many characters would not know about the nature and structure of the world at large. If you do not plan to Game Master HaveNot and would prefer not to spoil the surprise, we

The Now (Game Master's Book)

The world extends past the boundaries of the Western Frontier--it also extends into the north, the south, under the earth, and even into space-time itself. This chapter covers the world as it is--at least some of it, and what might be found there



This section covers the entire known world in more detail than the player's section. Players who do not wish to ruin the surprise may want to skip reading this section and discover it through play.

The Northeast: Ultropolis and NukeTown

The northeast toxic zone extends up and out--reaching further east over plains of radioactive glass, boiling clouds of chlorine, and rivers that run with acid and slime. Sitting like a vulture, perched over everything is the Last City--The City of Ultropolis--The City That Cannot Sleep.

People out in the badlands and the wastes have heard of Ultropolis--of its gleaming towers, its massive lit-up "Mov Boards"--of its executives and flying machines, and traffic. It's said they can "make you a star there." That if you go--if you make the trek, it's a sliver of the old paradise--the time before--still standing.

It is said they have a still-working Cornucopia--the last fabrication plant of the Haves on which all their wonder-technology is based. It's true that Ultropolis has lit up glowing towers, flying machines, and traffic choked streets. It's true that they have giant moving cinema boards and networks and broadcasts, and brands, and shopping malls. It's true that Ultropolis looks like how most people imagine The Time Before.

But like most things, looks can be deceiving.



Life In Ultropolis

I went walking in the wasted city
Started thinking about entropy
Smelled the wind from the ruined river
Went home to watch TV
-- Run Straight Down, Warren Zevon

Meet Milton - Executive

An executive for a bank you don't want to mess with. Milton's a very important guy: he wears silk suits spun from mutant silkworms out in the Pharm-district. He drives a Diablo 1020 Electric with bulletproof armor and neural-linked machine guns. He owns his wife and kids at 80%, having executed a hostile take-over for her and then gotten authorization for them. Still, despite him having total control over her, it's not all bad. She goes shopping at Leighton Place, a mall under an atmospheric tent-bubble that requires a crypto-ID scan and 30c Micro to get in. The kids attend summer camp in VR tanks. Life is good.

Income: 15,000c / mo

Burn Rate: 17,000c /mo

Food / Water: 2,000c / mo - Designer steaks laced with bio-euphorics. Water from distilleries and screened for bio and chemical toxins.

Shelter and Power: 8,000c/mo - Executive 'clave on the 60th floor of a restored skysrise just inside Zone 0. Broadcast power, water (wet) showers. Automated clothes washers. Shared helipad on top. Doorman.

Protection: 2000c/mo - Executive Insurance Policy with Revanche Clause. The Police, gangs, and other entities know that payback's pre-paid when it comes to Milton. Otherwise, 2-man security team, armed luxury vehicle, bulletproof clothes.

Medical Care: 4000c/mo - Daily cancer screen, smart biotics cocktail before bed. Weekly checkups for the wife and kids.

Entertainment: 1,000c/mo - Sensu-Pods for himself and the missus with Exxxo-Erotic tapes played off the 'clave data-core. Movies in the Plaza one night a week. Safari once a year. Trips to the NukeTown Green Zone once in awhile if the family wants to get out of the city. The kids each get an electric dog or cat (can't tell it's not real!)

Burn Rate: Milton slowly sells off some of his kid's stock to make ends meet. He'll make it up with his big score! It's right around the corner.

Milton Gets Downsized - Professional Class

It always happens: one day the numbers get crunched and the report says that Milton has invested 30 million credits in Chitin Armor Harvesting and the Locust Plague turned out to be . . . a virus that kills locusts (who saw that coming?). Milton gets downsized and he's not happy about it.

Milton's hazard clause means that he has to do his best to remunerate the debt so he sells his wife and kids' stock. She gets a pretty good price. The kids go to the factories. Oops.

Now Milton lives in a co-op high-rise as a mid-level consultant. He's in Sector 2, decent but not great. It has food, medical facilities, and reliable power. The police sometimes come around "asking" for donations.

Income: 1,100c/month

Burn Rate: 1,200c/mo

Food/Water: 110c/mo - Food is bought at one of the Food Centers. There's usually a line. Water comes from central water (with daily alerts for warnings). Milton buys bottles at a premium.

Shelter/Power: 250c/mo A 7-story building with armed guards with light assault rifles in the parking garage (DO NOT CROSS YELLOW AND BLACK LINES, GUARDS WILL FIRE). Takes 4 wet showers a week. A woman across the street does his laundry.

Protection: 132/mo - Milton carries a gyro-jet smart-gun and pays his building security force. On the way to work he takes an armored bus with private security. He also pays his police fee and their "donations."

Medical Care: 200c/mo - Milton gets a checkup once a week in the local clinic. He takes two pills a day: one to keep him healthy. One to sleep.

Entertainment: 50c/mo - Crystal Blue, H-Mod, and Chang are three of the drugs Milton uses on a weekly basis. He also visits the "massage parlor" and goes to bars with live music.

Burn Rate: Milton periodically sells a little of his personal stock on the exchange to make ends meet. He also hustles. He has a few side deals going down that'll mostly pan out.

Milton Gets Fired - "Middle Class"

Life as a consultant is 'good'--but it's even better if you skim a little off the top so long as that isn't traceable to you. Of course sometimes they just guess it's you anyway and when ArrowCore shows up with 20k in sudden deficits, Milton gets the old heave ho. He has to sell a big chunk of his personal stock to buy off his contract (but he's still got 58%!). Now he's 'freelance,' selling whatever corporate secrets he can and struggling to find work of any sort. He's not battle trained so he's prey in a world full of predators.

Income: 450c/mo

Burn Rate: 500c/mo

Food/Water: 50c/mo - Milton shops at an open air market surrounded by stained concrete walls and topped with machine gun towers pointed down into it. Drinks tap water. Ew.

Shelter/Power: 250/mo - Home is a housing cluster up to 5 stories tall. Stairways are narrow. Fires are deadly. Showers are chemical gels. Power is spotty.

Miscellaneous: 50c/mo - Milton pays a lot in micro-transactions. Transportation, network access, generator fees, safe-street fees, building-security-access fees (which allow anyone in for a fraction of a credit--but keep out those without anything).

Protection: 65/mo - He can't afford a police fee so he pays the local gangs protection with the rest of the block residents.

Medical Care: 60/mo - Milton takes a handful of pills twice a month. He has "Smog Cough" and "The Shakes."

Entertainment: Street Vendor Stimu-Sex. Smoking. Watching the vids.

Burn Rate: Milton's personal stock is still decently high (he used to be an executive, after all). He's down to 54%--dangerously low. He's still hustling though. He makes a critical mistake: He issues 3% Personal Stock with a dividend promise. Now he has to pay that off as well.

Milton Gets Killed - Street Life or Liquidation

Milton's hustles don't come through and he gets a Dividend Call from the Personal Exchange. He can't pay it. He goes into receivership and the Repo-Men come for him. After frantic calls to people he used to know don't pan out, he runs for it. He can't get out of the city being in debt--but he can head for one of the low-quarters and try, frantically, to make up the ever-rising interest on the money he owes. Good luck, Milton.

Food/Water: 3c/mo - He can try to do odd jobs, panhandle, or steal. He scrounges in garbage bins.

Shelter/Power: 0c/mo - Rubber tires make "junkyard igloos." That's the good option. Sleeping on the street is the other option.

Protection: 10c/mo - If he can pay it, he pays it. The gangs don't like the underclass. They have no money and they harass the paying customers. Killing him is legal too. There might even be a reward if he goes into enough debt.

Medical Care: 0c/mo - He's getting sicker and sicker. If he runs into active hyper-mutagens, he could, like, grow an extra arm or something.

Entertainment: 0c/mo - Watching the giant Move-Board screens is free. Being hunted by Executive's safari-drones ("Hey! Isn't that that guy from Investiture you used to know??") is someone else's entertainment at his expense.



Personal Incorporation

Every person in Ultropolis is given a barcode genetic tattoo (if removed, it will regrow and can move if necessary). They get a subdermal chip as well. This is their Identity Key, along with their genetic code. Each person, upon birth (or naturalization) becomes a privately held corporation with issuance of stock. If you own 51% of a person's stock, you own the person. With a 2/3rds Majority vote, you can choose to liquidate them (see below).

When you scan someone, you see their credit score and Personal Value Rating (PVR) above their heads.

Every citizen may choose to sell their stock on the exchange. Corporations and other entities buy the stock for their employees, converting them into corporate assets. Everything is totally fair. Everything is Free Market heaven.

The Ultropolis Burn-Rate

Living in Ultropolis is expensive. To pass the gates, if you are not a citizen, requires a 100 credit deposit (or line of credit at 17% weekly interest, if you qualify). If you're a citizen, you automatically have your own account.

After that, the charges start. In then patrolled districts you need your ID-Key linked to your account to do anything: everything is a microtransaction. Entering an establishment (door-zone security-service), walking through a park (public commons fee), throwing away trash in one of the robotic, roving waste-machines (getting a fine for littering is much higher in the unlikely event you get caught). Streets have charges for being patrolled (but to actually get police protection usually requires a down-payment).

Everything costs--being alive chips away at your savings-account. You have to refill it or go into default. The wages you earn don't usually cover your living expenses (especially police and medical fees if you want protection or health-care). You are free to leave at any time so long as you hold no debt--but as children can be qualified as assets, most citizens are born into debt. That's okay: you'll have a chance to clear it if you work hard and climb the ladder.

Everybody works hard to climb the ladder.

The Burn-Rate goes up the higher you go. The bigger the target you are, the more security you need. The bigger the gambles you take, the deeper the fall. Everything is a contract. Everything is a risk. The burn-rate means everyone is on fire.

Liquidation: Repo-Men

If you are hungry (and everyone goes hungry) you sell some stock to buy food. If you are sick (everyone is sick), you sell some stock to buy medicine. Parking tickets, legal-fine micro transactions, personal addictions? Bit-by-bit you're all used up. If you can't pay your stock-holders, they can repossess you. They'll charge you for that too.

Being repossessed in the best case scenario means living in one of the Black Boxes. Black Boxes are ultra-efficiency apartments made of carbon-fiber. They are one room that converts as necessary. In the Black Boxes you work for the entity that owns you. You are fitted with a control collar. Your pay is garnished at 100% until you pay your debt back. The cost of living in a Black Box ensures that will never, ever happen. Everyone in a Black Box will die in debt--or explode trying to take the control collar off.

Next down the ladder is Personal Asset Forfeiture. Your left lung, your right kidney, your legs, one arm, one eye--all can be taken for money. The Repo men come with surgical saws and freezers. If you turn yourself in, you get a clean room. For a little extra? Anesthetic and antibiotics.

At the bottom is Liquidation. The Liquidation Guns look like anti-aircraft weapons. You, and your group, stand in front of them above chutes. The Liquidation Guns use Age of Wonder technology--but they were created during the Age of War. Their beams create thermodynamic miracles that turn biological matter into its market-value in hard-currency credits.

You can sit in the stands and watch the repossessed plead for their lives for seconds while the guns charge. You can hear them fall to the ground as piles of sparkling coins.

The Free Market and the Judicial Arena

In the Pyridine District is the Free Market. It is the human stock-exchange and largest slave-market in Ultropolis. Nearby are the judicial arenas: if you are convicted of a crime and cannot pay the fine, you can work off your debt for one of the broadcasters. Sometimes sickly looking business-men and their families have to fight massive, merciless cyber-gladiators to the death. Sometimes there are obstacle courses of death traps that groups are run through until there is only one survivor. There are plenty of games. They say the house always wins.

Crime & Payment in Ultropolis

In Ultropolis there is only one punishment for crime: a fine. If you cannot pay the fine then various parties may bid on you. Fines are structured by the damage done--using the value of the person the crime was committed against. If you can pay the fine, you can kill someone.

Executives sometimes use "hunting drones" to target people for sport. It's kind of expensive--but they say it's loads of fun!

Executives

If you go anywhere in the Northern Wastes there is a chance you'll run into one of these sharks in human skin. Maybe they're not all that bad--but between being the rich elite in the "last city on earth" and having to dress in a bulletproof suit all the time because even your friends are trying to sabotage or kill you these people are often very, very good at taking care of themselves and no one else.

If you see a young man (or more rarely, a woman) in a traveller's bar anywhere in the Northern Wastes you can bet it's an executive who needs something done.

Vulture Culture and the Oroborus Meritocracy

Ultropolis describes itself as a "meritocracy"--a capitalist super-economy, like in the olden days. It isn't. It's Vulture Culture--a snake eating its own tail--devouring itself over and over and over.

The Cannibal Corporations

Whatever Ultropolis sits on top of, it isn't a Cornucopia. It's something else--it creates the super-tech raw-materials that a Have Cornucopia created--but they are dirty (massive pollution, requirements for refining that poison the air and water, etc.)--and they are fragmented. In the early days there was a rabid snatch-and-grab campaign for the various pieces of raw material, the various secrets for refining, assembly, and so on. For most of the world this was The Age of War--a hot war. The Ultropolitians, however, lucked into a different path: a cold war--built around credits.

The early Ultropolitians built their standoff around both the working crypto-economy of the credit and the necessity of multiple players (most with Intellectual Property Secrets) around refining the raw materials. This created The Cannibal Corporations. They have names, divisions, logos, and brands. They have marketing departments and Research and Development, and company events, and so on.

They sell things--they fight with each other viciously--and inside them, with themselves--scrounging for every possible credit--ever line of revenue--every conceivable edge over the

others. They consume each other in mergers and acquisitions involving silenced weapons and toxin grenades. They have showdowns with gladiators or private militaries. They are rapacious, ravenous, and elementally greedy.

They also use people for raw materials. They can harvest organs, put children to work, use the elderly for medical experiments. Everything is for sale. They use "every part of the cow." For an outsider, getting hired usually means a brutal testing period (many of the applicants are killed off--often by other applicants--one of the things they want is psychopathy). Then there is a Writ of Indenture. This is designed to fluctuate with the market and the subject's own personal capital evaluation. They are designed to fail--to cause bankruptcy--and then to convert the person into raw materials. Only a few are ruthless enough to survive the indenture.

They say if you can make it in Ultropolis, you can make it anywhere. That might be true, if "anywhere" means "anywhere you can leave a trail of bodies in your wake and by 'making it,' you mean eliminated all competition and exercising a totalizing Will To Power."

Blood and Circuses

One thing Ultropolis does really well is entertainment. It's brutal. It's all blood-sport. From the Judicial Arenas to the catacombs of SHOK TV, Ultropolis video is drenched in blood--and that's, really, just the way a lot of them like it.



SHOK TV

SHOK TV came about in the Age of War--with a maze of catacombs filled with traps, bio-printers, weapon generators, and control rooms with cameras, bright lights, and video-drones. Some say that back then it was also entertainment for the masses--historians describe it as an execution method for a particularly flamboyant warlord. Today it is a game show.

Recruitment

Executives go around (usually just in the Tox Zone--why travel too far?) looking for potentials. These would be reasonably interesting warriors with, hopefully, an over-inflated opinion of themselves. Ideally they also confirm the audience's opinion about the outlanders: violent, savage, and not-too-bright.

They get recruited. Recruitment involves being taken by VTOL back to Ultrapolis for a Trial Game. This is a simple test of combat skills (they don't want to hurt the recruits--at least not too badly) and some appointments with Personal Branders ("let's put some war paint on, right?" "Can we give you some piercings--it's okay--the alloy is only slightly radioactive." "You're a handsome one--how about you wear a full face-mask?").

The Game Show

And then they get put into the arenas. There are swarms of desperate killers. Huge mutants, and all kinds of magnificent weapons and prizes. The various chambers and rooms--some windy, some opening into large metallic killing fields with multiple doors--are populated with various "Credit Bombs" (usually in the middle of a trap), "Emergency Health Charges" (lifts on the floor only present them for a Round or two), and swarms of enemies or bosses.

The Outlanders aren't supposed to win--but they can (they'll be tempted to **DOUBLE THEIR WINNINGS** if they complete a run--with a much more brutal level). The betting markets require that the game not cheat too badly.

During play the Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Magnum Smiles, announces various challenges, winnings, and expresses mock (and often mocking) sympathy for any losses or damage the group sustains.

Sometimes one fire-team will face off against another working their way through opposite ends of the maze or have to fight one of the **SHOCK TV SUPER GLADIATORS**--cybernetic warriors created by the corporations to advance their brands by killing outlanders.



One of SHOK TV's Multitudes of Arenas

Enemies

The SHOK TV Enemies are many and varied. They use robots, convicts, cyber-gladiators, and other things (captured mutant beasts?). The mainstay however are various classes of biomid. Biomids are biological creatures created via technology like a 3d printer. They are “flesh and blood” but wholly artificial (and, in this case, mostly mindless). There are a list of terrifying foes in the Artifacts & Monsters book for SHOK TV!

Video and Dead Radio Stars

Ultropolis can make you “a star”--but they’re more interested in creating their own stars. The corporations have training schools where they test for natural talent, natural beauty, and a difficult to define measure of charisma. If you’re promising, you might just be the next Angel Sierra, pop-music superstar, hyper-model, and corporate spokes-singer whose face and voice is plastered across the Move-Boards of Ultropolis and beamed into the apartment-pods 24/7.

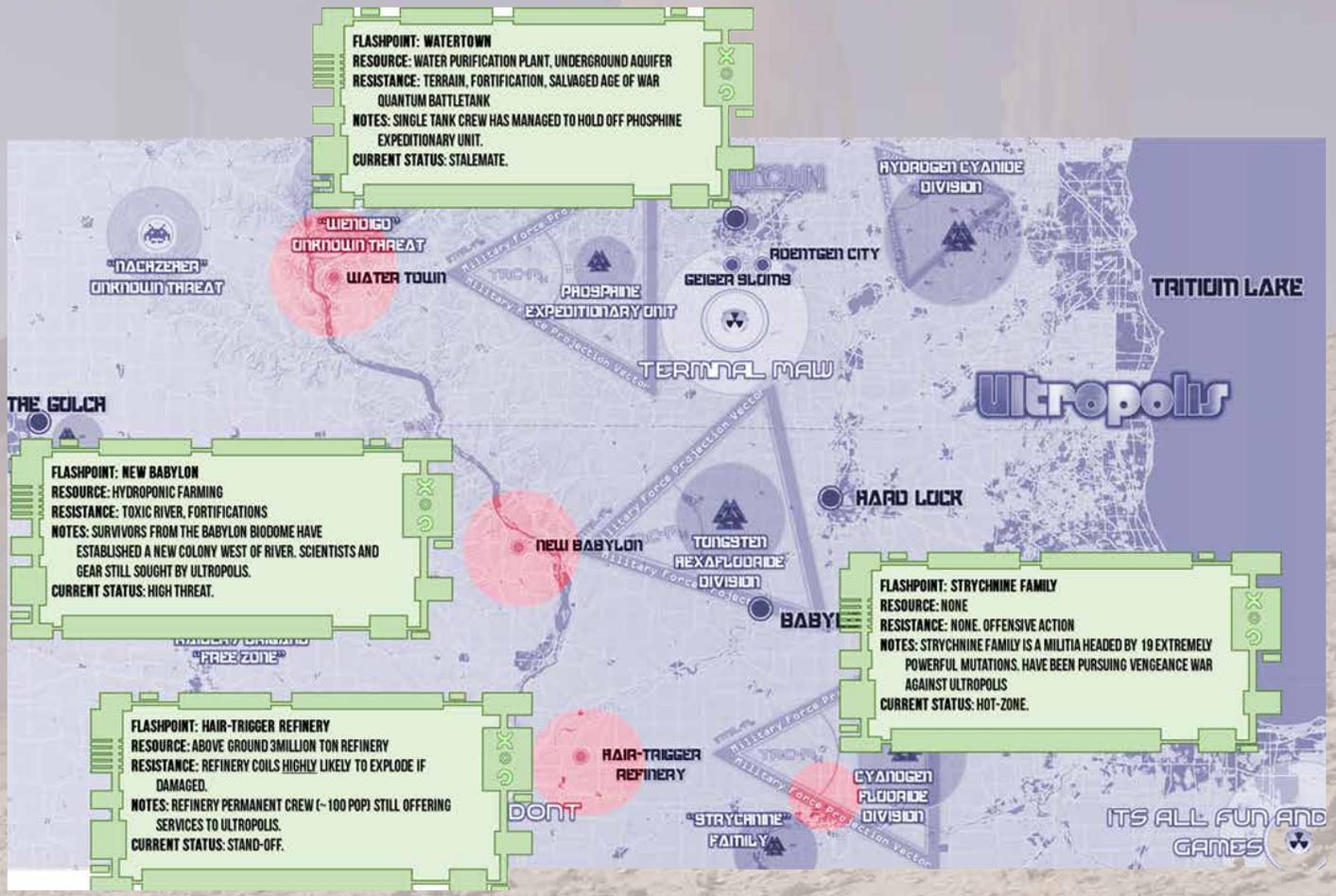
People in the outlands with artistic talent often think they can have a shot at hitting the big time--and they’re not wrong--if they’re very, very lucky--and willing to, literally, sell their body (and souls). A person with L3 18- or L4 entertainment skills and 15+ Psychology factors can land a gig in Ultropolis--but it’s cutthroat (literally--other corporations will try to kill you) and the goal of the Executive A&R squads is to “buy you” (a lavish lifestyle where everything costs money is usually the first try).

Expansion

Outside of Ultropolis is the Toxic Zone--but there are also resources that Ultropolis wants and needs--and enemies. It is one of the few entities left that fields military forces, working to gobble up what it can and then look for more. Back in its towers, the council of Generals looks outwards with eyes on the (distant--and poorly understood) Perfection--and the ideas of Greater Threats from the unknown wastes.



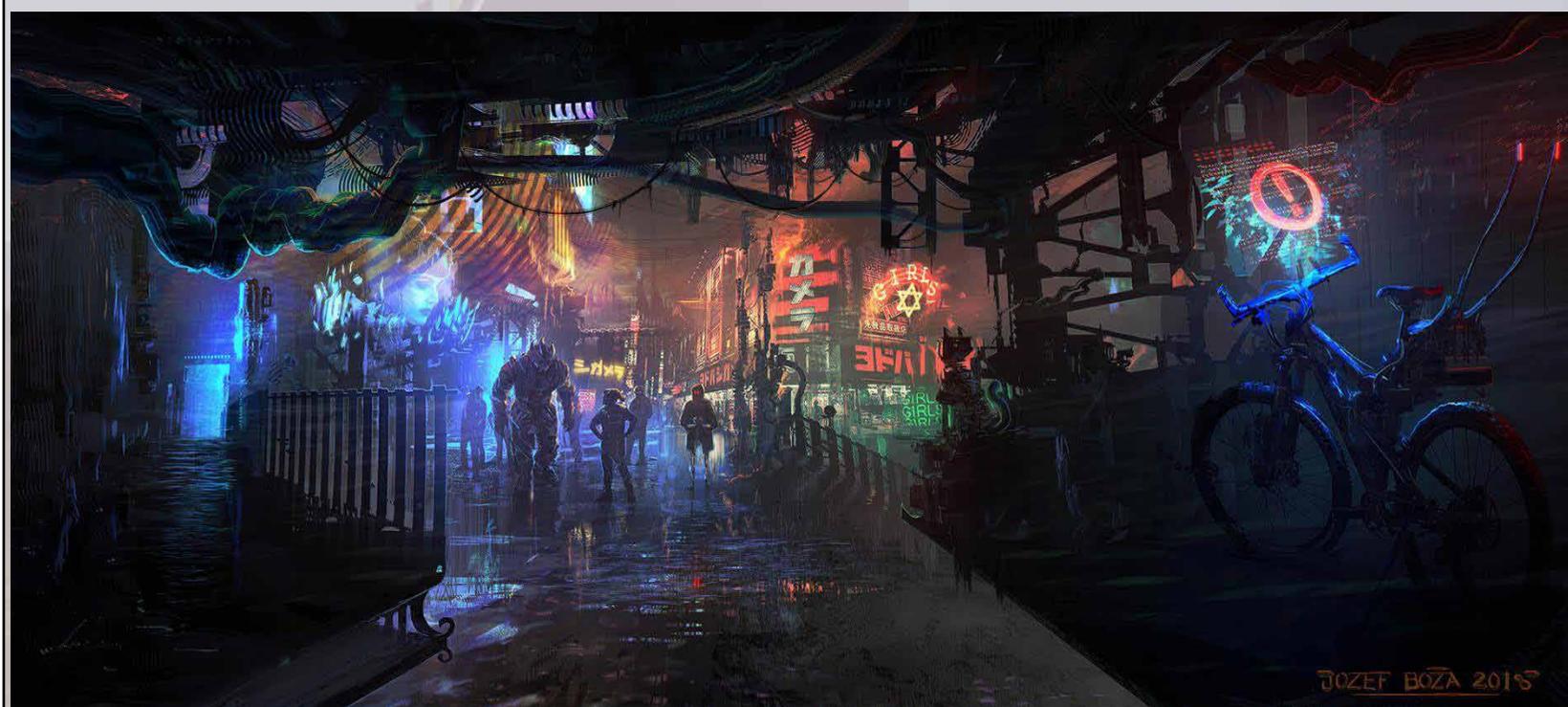
The Dreaded Psycho-Serpent!



NukeTown



Out of Ultropolis down the Atomic Highway is the Unincorporated Commerce Zone: NukeTown. Powered by buried Cool Fusion reactors and on the edge of a large crater called the Terminal Maw, NukeTown is a neon-lit free-trade zone that exists under the watchful eye of Ultropolis--but is not controlled by it. Instead it exists as a collision of trade-routes in the Tox-Zone, free-market forces, and power that runs everything that can be plugged in to it. The Green Zone is a walled security area for Ultropolis executives that functions as a kind of resort area for them. The area itself is full of shipping containers turned into apartments, ancient concrete buildings



with commerce and living areas bursting out of them, overpasses, under-passes, and intersections of the old roadways.

It is high-tech: it has local networks and online systems. It is chaotic--it's always shifting, people are coming and going--and there is crime--but the security systems are brutal to anyone who threatens the markets.

Visiting NukeTown

NukeTown is hard to miss--if you have any systems that process telemetry or network, when you get within a few miles of it, you start getting ads, offers, and chatter. There are a couple of mostly intact highway systems--many with raised roads, snaking into it and you may see short-range trucks, outlander muscle cars, wagon-trains, and people on foot with environmental jackets and filter-masks, all making their way towards NT.

When you get in there, it's even more confusing: the town is built under several of these raised roads and it's a jumble of things packed on top of each other. Navigation is assisted by the local-nets which do a decent job of getting you around if you can pay the micro transactions (about 1c per day).



The Unincorporated Commerce Zone (The UCZ)

The part of NukeTown that exists outside the Terminal Maw blast radius is formally designated the Unincorporated Commerce Zone. Utropolis owns it (both “technically” and officially) but they allow it to exist without any formal oversight (although there are security teams in the Green Zone ready to go out with heavy weapons if an executive sends a distress signal).

Life in the UCZ is hectic and expensive--most people don't stay. It's full of visitors and travelers. People who come in to sell wares, do deals, and go.

Roentgen City

Threat Index: 1-4

Rad Level: 5pts per day

Visiting Roentgen City: There are markers and warning signs a-plenty when you from the UCZ into Roentgen City proper. The terrain doesn't change much but the rad-count jumps. Without natural resistance or a good monthly expenditure on anti-Rad treatments you don't want to live there. It's a fun place to visit though.

Roentgen City is where the dirty-work happens in NukeTown. It's where executives meet over radioactive drinks to cut deals that are illegal even by Utropolis standards. It's where treasure hunters with hot or dangerous artifacts try to sell their wares without the local authorities (or the local crime syndicates--which are about the same thing) finding out.

The Free Markets in the UCZ are a whirlwind of activity. The streets of Roentgen City are more empty and wider. There are actual establishments there (people will pay to get out of the rad) and, paradoxically, despite being closer to the blast, more actual buildings.

NEGGS
Order 1

Bacon & Neggs
RAD LEVEL 0.04c
RAD LIMIT 0.04c
RAD-PRO RADIANT BACON 0.02c
POPCLEAR EGGS 0.02c

Battle Turkey Leg
ORDER 2
4.5c

1 BATTLE TURKEY LEG
MAY INCLUDE WORKING CYBERNETICS
NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR LOST TEETH

Evolved Salmon Steak!
Order 3

7c

Free-Range Evolved Salmon!
Fresh From Crater-Lake!
Rad-Level 2

GET YOUR LUNCH ON

Rice and Beans	.02c
Water (Pint)	.01c
Potato Soup (6oz)	.04c
Rice Pancakes	.01c
Hydroponic Vegetables (antibiotic-faced)	1c
Sand-Lizard Steak	6c
Free-Range Chicken (steritized during prep)	4c
Grits	.01c
"Ham" Sandwich	.02c
Bean-Curd Stew	.03c

GET YOUR LUNCH ON

Dog (eg)	.03c
MRE Package	.25c
Salted Rat	.50c
Real Butter	.10c
Fresh Bread	.10c
Gravy & Biscuits	.35c
Onion Soup	.28c
Rock-Crab	.02c
Sparkling Water (Age of War)	2c
Hot-Dog (radioactive, delicious)	2c

Geiger Slums

Threat Index: 3-4

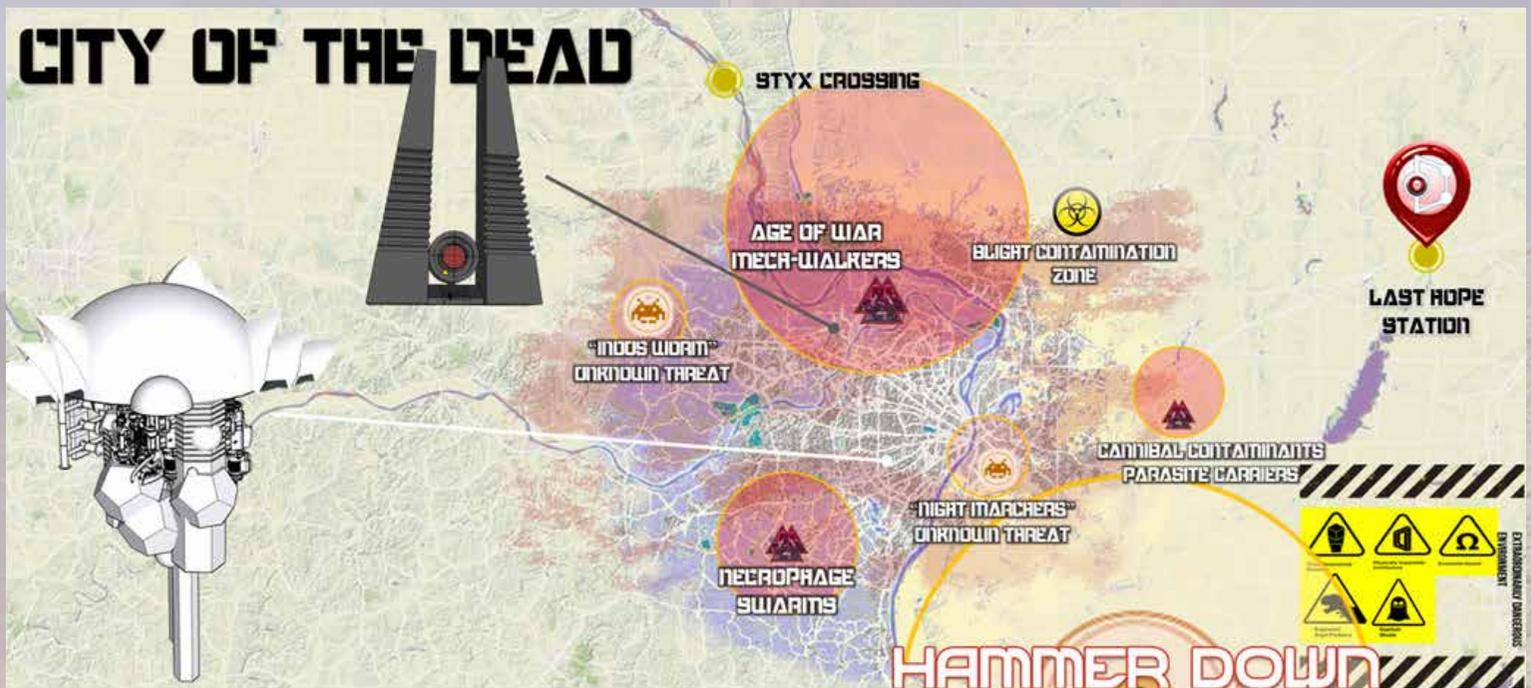
Rad Level: 10 pts per day

Visiting the Geiger Slums: Deeper into the rad-zone are the Geiger Slums. A lot of the housing is still shielded so if you live there and minimize time outside you can get by--but not well. Most of the permanent inhabitants are mutants. If you're going to walk the streets down there, it helps to be one too.

"Pretty faces" can get attacked for no reason other than being genetically "clean." There are MO (Mutants Only) signs in a number of establishments and if you see it, they probably mean it.



The BadLands: The City of the Dead



Threat Index: 8 - 15+

Tox Level: 10 per hour in Blight

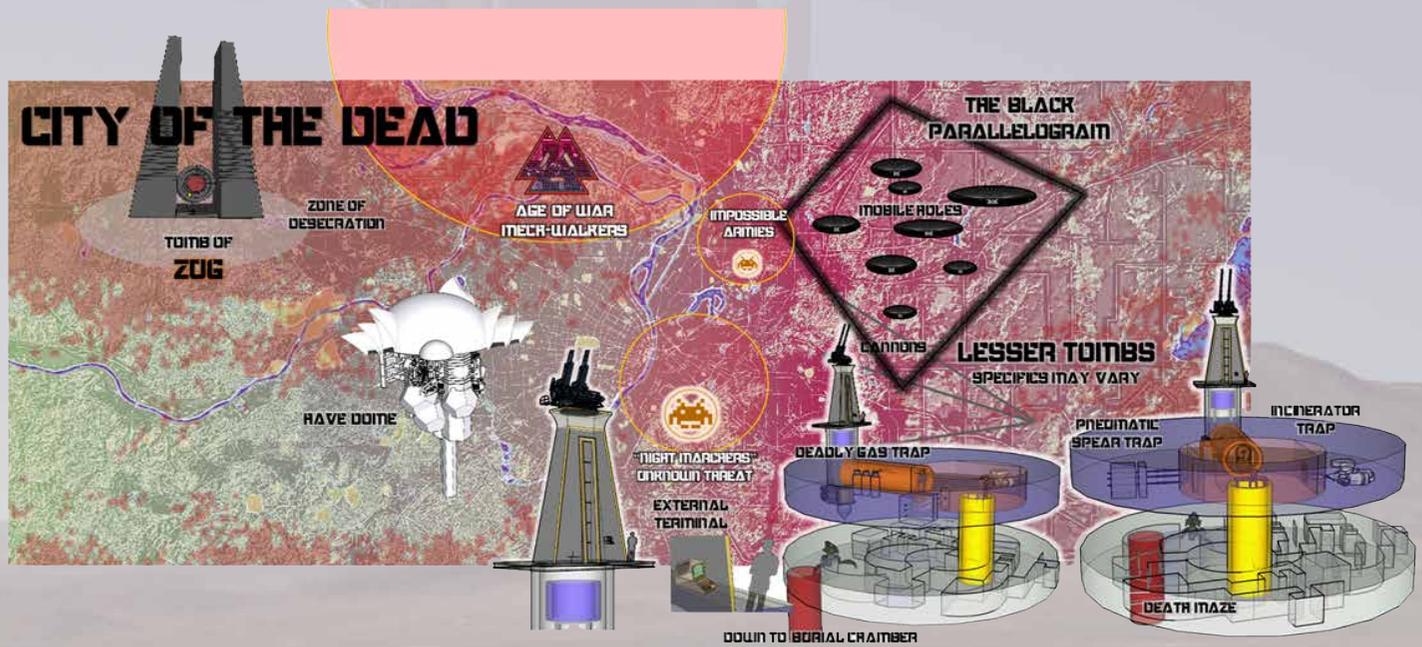
Down the Central Road heading out of the Toxic Zone is, about 250 miles southwest, one of the largest of the Great Ruins before you get to End Game. This is the so-called City of the Dead or City of Tombs. It is called that because there is a "dead" Have Dome deep within it and because at least one Great Warlord is laid to rest there (presumably with all kinds of good stuff). Other, lesser-lights during the Ages of War also placed their tombs there, trying for some of the eternal glory that would come from being entombed next to one of the Greats.

The other reason it's called the City of the Dead is because of the incredibly dangerous environment that constant super-tech warfare has caused. The city is a nightmare of biohazards, robotic war machines, and stranger things.

Navigating the City of the Dead

The central road runs through it, is raised, and is (mostly) intact. This means if you don't take the long way around it at Last Hope Station, you floor it and hope for the best. You also turn your radios off because of what people who have done it call the "rattling of chains."

Although it's a huge and deep ruin, the road allows for reasonably fast travel (safely at about 80-120 mph) which means in about 20 to 30 minutes you are through the danger-zone. Of course if something breaks or you hit one of the burnt out metal husks on the road--or something down there notices you, then you're in a lot more trouble.



Hostile Forces

The City of the Dead is full of hostile things. In this case it isn't just the remnants of the war (although those too) but the auras of the Great Tombs. Even the lesser Warlords buried there did things or had things that broke the laws of the universe. Div / 0 Disintegration weapons were used heavily in the Black Parallelogram region, resulting in moving holes in space-time that can swallow people up.

The Blight itself is poorly understood--part disease--part nano-weapon--part . . . something else, it is a dangerous environment and hostile to human life.

War Robots

All sorts of war-bots can be found in the City of Tombs. To the north the great Age of War Mech-Walkers stride through the ruins running patrols that have been going on long past the death of their actual enemies. Slaughter and Kill Pods hunt in the subways and wrecked buildings, methodically and mechanically seeking prey. The tombs themselves often had automated guardians outside them--some of these have wandered off.

Unknown Enemies

A great number of "hostile forces" in The City of the Dead are simply code-names taken out of ancient databases. Night Marchers, Impossible Armies, and Indus Worms are all designators for things that aren't really understood.

The Black Parallelogram

Space-Time weapons were considered dangerous even by Age of Wonder standards--and few remain (the Div / 0 Grenades being an example). At some point a region of the city was shelled with ST weapons to an extent that reality itself was permanently damaged. The region, roughly a parallelogram is beset by moving holes that appear as deep shadows or wells down into

darkness. They may be stationary or move at up to 30 miles per hour in random directions, at random times. Anything that is not “part of the scenery” will fall into them, presumably never to be seen again. There are rumors that they chase people down--but those are only rumors. They’re just holes, right? In the universe.

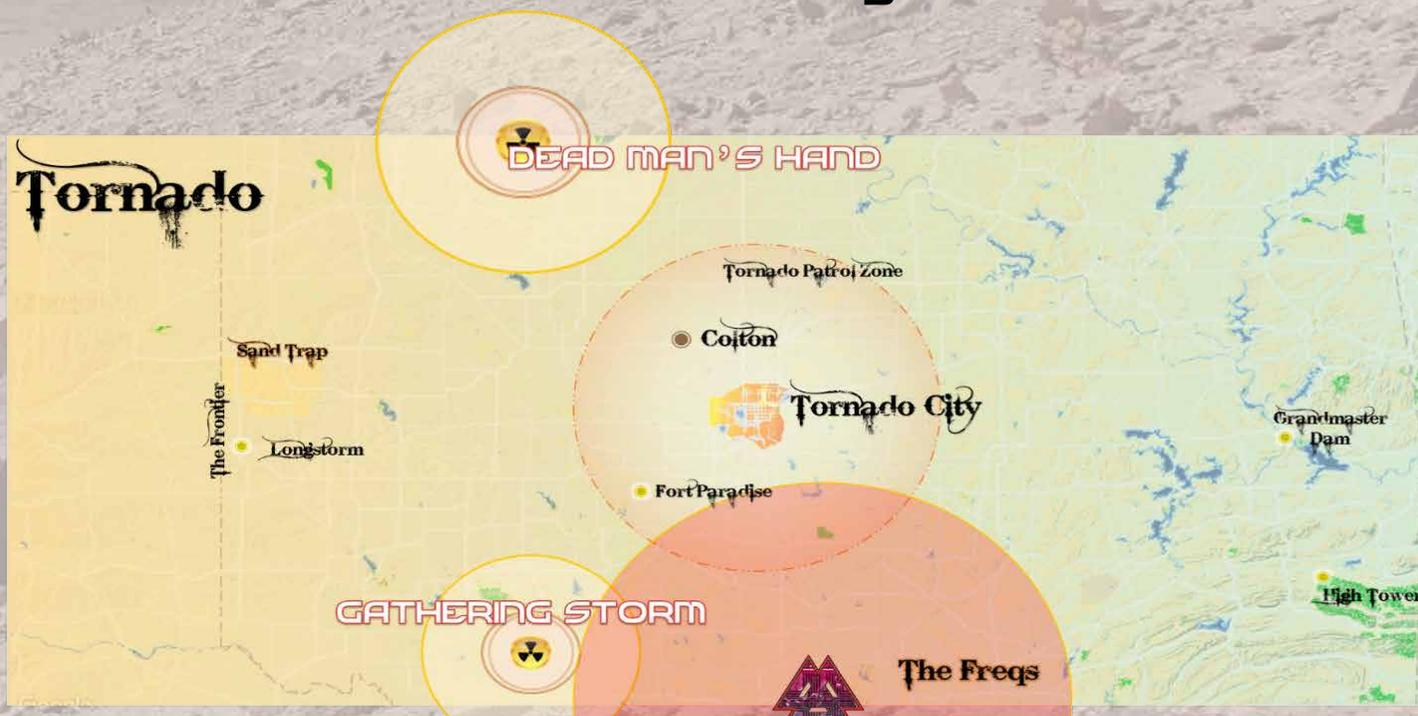
The Blight

Some say that the presence of the Great Warlord’s Tomb brought The Blight. Others say it was a weapon developed in the Early Age of War that didn’t quite achieve its potential (utter destruction) but instead . . . lasted.

The Blight is understood as a kind of “stain”--colors in the Blight lose saturation. It ebbs and flows around its edges shifting with the seasons and the moon. The colors may come back when it leaves--but nothing touched by it is truly the same. People in The Blight take 10 Tox points per Hour. This goes through any known defenses (Hazmat or not).

If someone dies in The Blight, their body quickly becomes gray and ashy, almost like a statue. Parts of it will collapse or drift away in the wind--but there are no animals or insects or bacteria to consume it.

Tornado City



Located right on the edge of the Badlands and the Wastelands, Tornado City is, while much, much smaller than Ultropolis perhaps the only “real human” city in existence. It has a government: a Governor, a Senate, and a Judiciary. It fields an army. It collects taxes, has in most places running water (from cisterns, not city-wide plumbing), and a couple of “Newspapers of record.”

It has theater, finer dining in restaurants, and industry (lumber is one of its primary exports). It is said to be the home of the ancient Rangers--and, in fact, Tornado City Marshalls fulfill much the same role (without the wandering Justices aspect or quite the same legendary status).

It is also under threat.

The Anonymous Elite of Tornado City

Tornado City, a sprawling, mostly wooden town located on a relatively flat plain, boasts what, outside of Ultropolis, could be considered “real wealth.” There is industry (Reaper Arms and Sandstrom Arms, for example, compete in the weapons trade). There are lumber, ranching, mining, and banking dynasties. If real human culture is making a comeback somewhere it is probably here.

Where there is money, power, and humanity, there is also scheming. The power-games the elite play are the subject of much debate and interest in Tornado City’s media and discussion (at all levels of society). The elite are very interested in the Treasures (capital T) that can be harvested from the surrounding ruins. The elite, quite correctly, know that there is massive, massive wealth buried under the rubble of indeterminate years’ worth of war.

When they act, they do so with masks and anonymous names (usually a color and an animal such as Maroon Seahorse). The person wearing the mask may or may not be the actual mover/shaker behind the intrigues—but they represent them (the masks are created by a small number of master-craftsmen, alter the voice of the wearer, and provide some special senses).

Bonded Companies

Characters who are Level 4 or higher can become a Bonded Company by registering in Tornado City and putting down a 10000c Bond. This bond is held by the Tornado City Central Bank—and the bonded are issued an ID number and may choose a name. They are now available for hire and have a listed prestige score. Successful missions are tracked and their score can grow. Missions are things such as scouting for installations (usually a full or almost full map of the structure with notes, pictures, etc.), recovery of specific artifacts, bounties on hazards, and so on.

Bonded Companies usually refrain from killing each other—although there are many rivalries and in some cases bidding for jobs (a job usually offers some payment—but the value is in (a) getting to keep what you find and (b) getting perks or gear from a patron). Generally speaking the Anonymous Elite do not assassinate each other (although there are allegations . . .)

The Freqs

Coming out of the wastes, from the south, are the Freqs. They are people—or, at least, once were. Some agency is performing cranial surgery and implanting, literally, radios. These are not cybernetic radio systems—they are larger, non-cybernetic, electronics. The Freqs, presumably either controlled (or at least directed) by these things are disfigured and wantonly violent—

attacking, raiding, and carrying off victims to be implanted back, wherever they come from. The Range Riders theorize that somewhere south there must be a massive installation with a huge reserve of human captives who are “Freq’d” and then used to attack—but who is behind this—or why—is a mystery. Still, the Freq-Front pushes northwards and the barbarian raiders with harpoon guns, ATVs, and other weapons, certainly means to swamp, and destroy Tornado City.



Desolation, Perfection, and the Deep Desert



When you go past the Frontier the Wastelands start to give way to the Deep Desert--a zone of sand dunes, sunken cities, and places where the Central Road starts to be consumed. Compasses--even inertial ones--tend to be unreliable here. Time pieces as well. Everything starts to behave a little differently. They say even navigating by the stars is fraught with new constellations sometimes appearing in the sky.

There are guides, however, and during some seasons roads--and you can get through if you are determined. Within this area is an empty space known as Desolation. If the desert swallows you up in its sand pits and endless dunes, Desolation is said to "forget you exist" and vanish you from existence. Even people that press ever westward usually try to skirt the emptiness of Desolation in favor of the Deep Desert--or even Perfection.

Desolation

Northwest of the Deep Desert, stretching up into the great unknown is a deeper, more bleak wasteland that is referred to by those who know it as Desolation. For the most part, venturing in looks and feels no different than the other more empty stretches of the Wastelands. There is a majesty in the rocks (although travellers have said that the colors in Desolation are more muted). There is the vast empty sky. Often there are storm-clouds, rarely is there rain.

Something is wrong in Desolation, though--and there is a reason the guides do not want to go through it. Those who traffic in Desolation say that the distances can stretch and that moving in a straight line can get you turned around. They say that time repeats itself sometimes, out of joint, and that there are things that are just fundamentally hard to explain.



Strange Things in The Desert

Outside of reported time and space elasticity, there is an element of the lost to Desolation. Things half buried that look out of place for even a desert wasteland. There are roads--and some vehicles--abandoned, non-functional, and seemingly left by their owners for no reason. There are great blocks of concrete, a mile on a side out in the sands.

People have reported caches of ancient Information Age coins, dust covered musical instruments, and caves with complex and inscrutable drawings on them. There are tales of towns or cities that appear or disappear with the seasons, of great basins between mountains filled with human bones--impossible numbers--of drawings on the ground, laid out over miles and miles symbols and icons and logos.

There *are* nomads and the Networked Coyotes that traverse Desolation--and they do talk of safer and less safe trails--and omens for travel--but they are clear that nothing in Desolation should be taken for granted and nothing is as it seems.

The Coyote Ugly Badlands

Close to the Deep Desert are the Coyote Ugly Badlands. It is said they are named for an old and tasteless joke--but also because they are inhabited by actual coyotes--bred in the Age of War as scouts. The tribes of Networked Coyotes use a telepathic interface to communicate with each other and each member of the pack enhances the communal intelligence.

Together, they are smart and effective. They can be almost invisible when they need to be and have numerous techniques to disguise heat and breath signatures, cover trails, and use technology they can manipulate (they don't have hands) to burrow. Some have been outfitted with cybernetic weaponry while others practice a canine form of martial arts.

They can speak on telepathic wavelengths and they are not natively hostile to man (they have warned more than one traveler who was heading, unknowingly, towards Perfection). They trade information with Spearhead and Entropy falls, where they are welcome and revered as guides.



The General Continuity Complex

Under Desolation, the Deep Desert, and reaching out to the End Game Ruins--and maybe--maybe under a lot of other things is something called the General Continuity Complex or GCC (or just "The Complex"). It is an Age of Wonder construction--deep in the earth--thousands of levels.

Its purpose--if it can be said to have one--is unclear. It has Elevators--they rise up through channels in the earth, apparently opening them at will, and appear as metal-walled high-tech large rooms with sliding doors and keypads. A 10-digit number will do either nothing--or take you to a specific level.

On each level of the Complex there is one elevator going back up--the same one you went down in will be inactive for the time in the Complex.

GCC Levels

GCC Levels seem to be put together with neither rhyme nor reason--they are collections of chambers with purposes ranging from inscrutable to recognizable with no indication of how they could function as a whole. They are dangerous--containing both robots and biological entities. Most have traps. Some have hostile environments.

Parts of levels seem reminiscent of games, shops, offices, classrooms, and so-forth. Scholars believe that the Complex did (or more disturbingly, does).

GCC LEVEL 001-199-0821

THREAT INDEX: 5
SIZE: SMALL



Entropy Falls

Entropy Falls is out there in the Coyote Ugly Badlands north east of Perfection. Next to radioactive natural castles, somewhere between Desolation and the Deep Desert, you might think it would be a grim place--you'd be wrong. Entropy falls is the home of one of the great winners of the 'history lottery.'

The "warlord" Hector Horatio Umberto III was one of the last of the minor Warlords at the end of the Age of War. With the world mostly fallen to ashes and communication failing, he came to power with a ghost of his family's former army and lands that he could not defend.

So he didn't. History shows him as an amiable hedonist who did have a talent for strategy. He told his people they were free to go--but if they wanted to come to his citadel at the edge of the now expanding Deep Desert, they could: he was going to throw one hell of a party.

So he did.

He hung lanterns that glowed in different colors. He repurposed his last couple of rockets for fireworks. He cut the battle-drugs with pleasure drugs, and he used his family's formidable public address system to play music as loud as people could stand it.

He freed his concubines. He fired his assassins. He told his personal guard they could stay or they could go--but if they stayed . . . they were going to dance.

They stayed. They danced.

The histories suggest that Umberto planned to be steam-rolled any day by an attack from one of the other Warlords--the remnants of the Great Tyrants--he was literally expecting to die any hour after his family's enemies discovered he was beaten. The histories tell of weapons--robots with biological systems--that would tear down cement walls and literally consume him and his people alive in an attempt to inflict maximal horror--maximum trauma.

That was one of the things he was expecting.

What came instead were merchants: they'd heard there was a hell of a party going on.

It turns out that while his combat capabilities had collapsed--so had everyone else's. What remained of the security forces in the other war-camps were dealing with mass desertions, insurrections, or running for their far off home bases.

Umberto is dead--but his spirit lives on in Entropy Falls. The great Battle Spire still stands and the rocks to the north glow with a faint, but deadly light. The Mother Road doesn't run through Entropy Falls--but there are paths that connect it--and people still come--for the party.

Today the Battle Spire is a ruin--and dangerous--but the town is vibrant. The walls still hold so it is well defended. The wells are one of the few places with reliable water in the area. Entropy falls can be a rough place--and it takes the badlands around it very seriously (it closes very heavy metal gates after sundown and has well-used machine guns and plasma launchers pointing out)--but it also celebrates.

It is known for its row of The Thirty Taverns. The names change--they come and go out of business--there aren't really 30 anymore either. But they

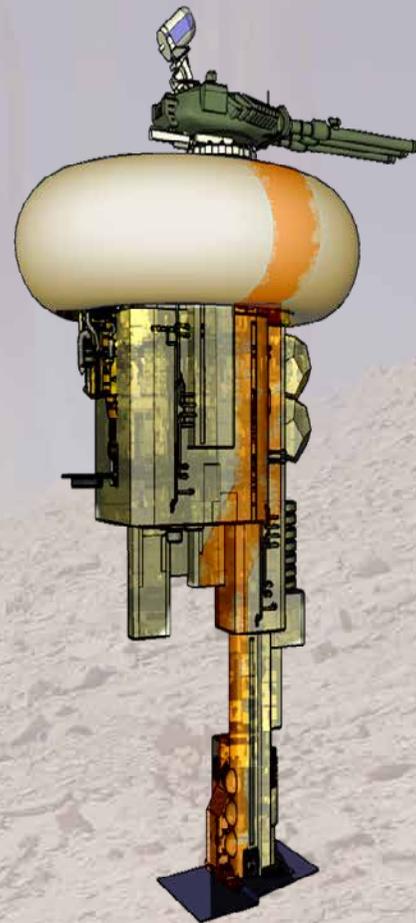
are places where musicians, dancers, and other artists can actually find work at the end of the world.

The Battle Spire: The first thing you see after the green-glowing Radium Mesas is the Battle Spire. It's the 968 ft. tall (from ground level to the top of the sensor-grid) command citadel with a gigantic rotary cannon affixed to the top. It's where the warlord Umberto lived before he gave it all up.

Inside is a rusting maze of corridors, bulkheads, and dim lights. There are rumors of course, that there's good stuff in there--but people who live around it say that while it's easy to get in (there are numerous entrances) it's not worth the trouble. The levels are confusing, cramped, and still dangerous. There are latent defense systems, collapsing ceilings, and a lot of trash. Still, a couple of rumors: At the top is the Great Palace which was the lap of Age-of-War luxury. If it's still up there, even if it's trashed, anything could be worth a fortune.

Smart money says that if it ever was like that up there, it was all looted long ago.

Another story: deep in one of the hard-to-reach sub-basements is a sarcophagus that contains the held-in-stasis body of Hector Horatio Umberto III or, maybe, the second--who would be a real tyrant.

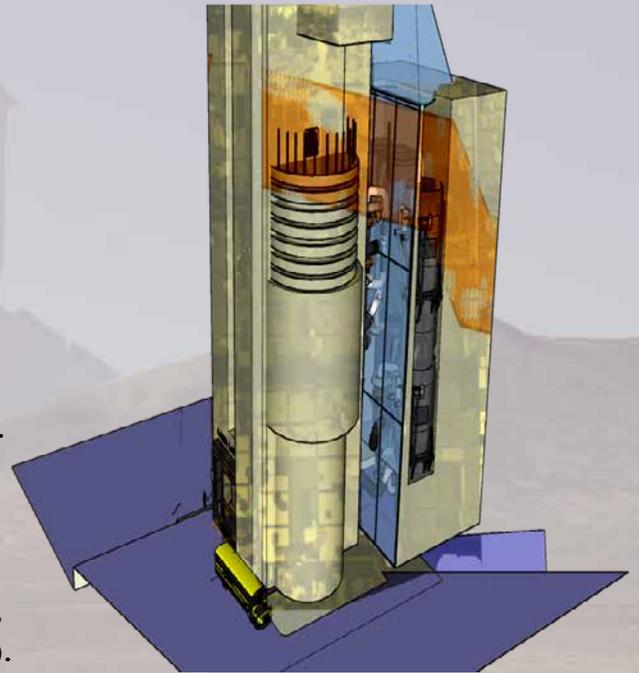


White Pit Saloon: The White Pit has an auto-chef--one of the remaining machines that, it is said, prepared food for the Warlord himself. You can see it through the windows from the main floor and watch food move along through stages of robotic preparation. The food is good. Their secret? The machine doesn't work. The food is all made by hand.

The Sunset House: Umberto was as far from a tyrant as one of the Great Warlords (even one of the least of the Great Warlords) could get. But he was still a Warlord of the Age of War (even at the dim, guttering end of it). He had mutant concubines created to serve him (probably created before he came to maturity--he seemed to have little appetite for creating or trying to create mutations). The descendants of these still live and some of them work and serve in The Sunset House. It is a bordello and gambling hall under the grip of Madame Dora Duran, one of the most powerful, and infamous madams in the known world (in the West, anyway--although the legends of a city with a great tower are heard as far as Ultropolis).

The "Warlord's Girls" are genetically engineered to be servants. They have built in instincts for psychology, medicine, and, of course, the sexual arts. They are nearly flawless and don't age hardly at all. Most importantly, though, is that they produce a 'milk' that is a powerful euphoric and hallucinogenic drug. It is said to give revelations and visions of the future to those who partake (as well as acting like a super-sexual stimulant and getting you high as hell!). The girls are mysterious creatures themselves, wearing masquerade masks at all times, and said to be superhumanly fast and flexible.

If you're thinking of setting up a session with them, though, think again--you have a whole bunch of hoops to jump through before you can even book a session (and it's expensive). Of course there are plenty of 'regular' girls in Madam Duran's stable. You can get a night with one of those for the regular price.



Spear Head



Spear Head is an outpost that is built in the shadow of an ancient, mammoth war machine. Some kind of nuclear-powered, possibly nuclear-weapon using land-leviathan met its end here, brought down by fire and slamming into the rocks. The visible part of it is over 200 yards long and almost 50 yards high. The name came from a partially visible insignia.

The vehicle itself is, so far as anyone knows, mostly dead: there is a latent power-system that the outpost draws from--but it thankfully doesn't move and (so far as anyone knows, doesn't track or fire).

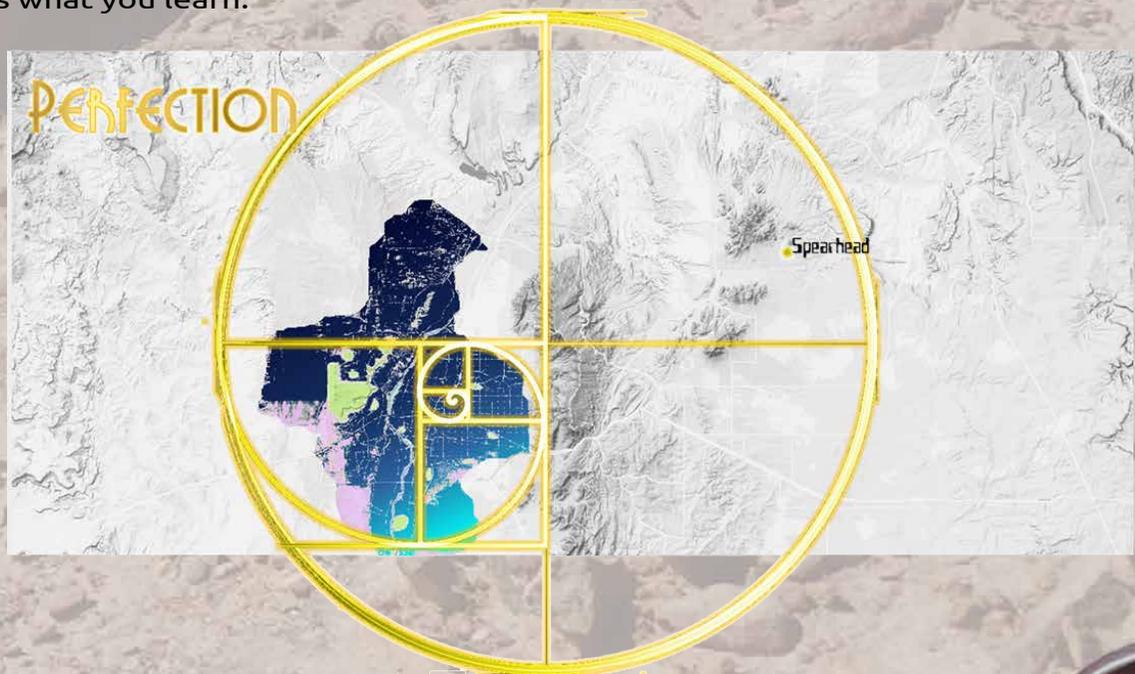
The massive machine however provides a power system and a wall of armor that is useful. Although some attempts to strip the machine have been launched, they have stopped for fear of waking up any defensive systems that might exist. Today the outpost clusters around where the war-machine smashed into the side of the rocks and draws power from it to survive.

Visiting Spear Head: If you are going prospecting in the rocks of Desolation, Spear Head is a good base of operations. Call ahead on the radio and approach with caution. You'll see some camouflage netting with lights under it and a scattering of barrier walls. The outpost itself huddles close to the war-machine with cables flowing from opened panels into the distributors. You'll see a lot of people hanging out with guns. Spear Head isn't that big--less than 150 people--and a good number of mutants--but for whatever reason, Perfection stays away from it. Maybe they're afraid their drones will wake the machine up. Maybe they know something the rest of us don't.

Perfection

Guides know that if you reacquire the Central Road and run it south-west on the line between Desolation and the Deep Desert you see something on the horizon: a golden city. Or maybe a gleaming white one? A mirage, certainly--a ghost of times before? The travelers who have gotten closer tell of flying things--armed gunship like drones--that detect heat signatures out in the desert and attack--taking prisoners who disappear or laying waste those who approach with super-tech weapons.

There are people who live within reach of Perfection--off the trails in ancient stronghold of a Great Warlord in Entropy Falls--or even within the death-zone--but somehow protected in the outpost of Spearhead who know (more or less) what they are dealing with. If you visit one of those places, this is what you learn.



The Gleaming City



Out in the blinding desert of the Coyote-Ugly Badlands is a "virus." At its center is a city of perfectly square blocks. It is clean and bright--it looks like it might have looked during the Age of Wonders. There are gleaming glass buildings, electric vehicles on the streets, drones hovering and zipping overhead.

The people wear neutral-colored clothing with slightly different hues to signify various positions. Their hair is cut short or they are bald. They walk with purpose. They have empty eyes.

Perfection is run by an Age of War Artilect called The Absolute Ethicist. It has created Perfection--its grid, its people, its relentless expansion--to be a utopia.

It's a utopia where each person strives--under threat of punishment or death--towards a vision of perfectness. It is a city where electric eyes look down from above and the people are monitored for breaches in the fabric of their commitments.

Perfection, with its electric armed drones, and armored units, spreads in a spiral of precise ratio as far as it can get. It captures those within its domain and brings them to its schools--re-education towers--where they are run through multiple floors of assessment, indoctrination, and education. The goal is to produce more of its perfect citizens. The process often produces bodies for the recycler.

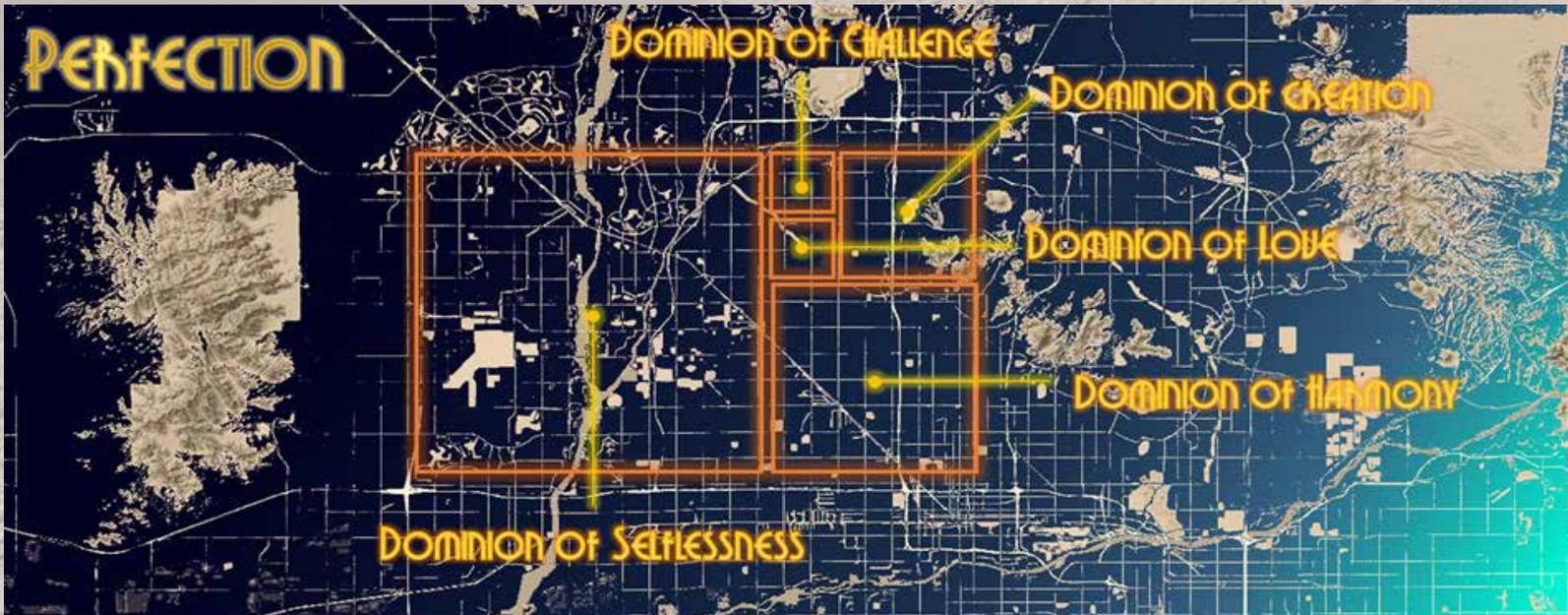
The Inner Dominions: The prototype "perfect society," the Inner Dominions are full of networked cameras, drone-patrols, and certain citizens (preaching Ministers and Missionaries, gun-slinging Trials, and Challenge Agents) who are dedicated to maintaining perfect order. The citizens are sorted from a young age (some are raised in literal "teaching boxes" to instill a 'healthy' separation from humanity) according to aptitude, attitude, and the mathematically

projected needs of Perfection.

Those with low aptitude or attitude are placed in the Dominion of Selflessness. Those with higher capabilities (or luck) get the Dominion of Order or Harmony. The finest or most ambitious / obedient work in the Dominions of Challenge or Love. The Dominion of Creation is home to both a servant class and a genetically “perfected” genetically manipulated citizens groomed to join the Absolute Council (note: these genetic experiments, as well as induction of subjects showing great genetic potential come in phases with numbered last names showing which experimental batch of “Perfect Leaders” they were created from. These castes war with each other to prove their absolute perfection and assure ascent to the Council)

Drone Patrols: As Perfection expands, drones run by the Dominion of Challenge run patrols over the desert. Travelers sometimes see the drones escorting groups of captured prisoners in columns to armored outposts for processing and intake. The drones currently have ranges limited by their electric engines--but Perfection is always working on extending that.

Life in Perfection



You grow up in Perfection. Life is good--the streets are clean. The sun overhead is over-bright--and around you is endless, desolate desert--but you know the world ended--and what came after--was perfect. Mankind, you are taught, gave in to its basest, most degenerate desires and eventually the pursuit of pleasure, ego, and individuality led to war. Humanity is a precious, beautiful jewel, you are taught: Humanity must strive for perfection.

Outside the Safe Zone, you are told, are mutants (horrible, infectious things), rampant diseases, radiation, and rubble. Nothing else. People eat each other to get by. They kill each other over raindrops of water. Inside Perfection is where it's safe. Where it's good.

There are six kinds of perfection--and The Absolute Authority--the artificial intelligence in charge--studies them all. Schooling is a series of testing rooms and chambers called The Education Games. Each section has specific tests and trials that students either alone or in teams, are required to master. Each teaches some precept or skill or philosophy. After you master one, you move on to another. Some have punishments if you fail--eventually, some have more

dire consequences. Your tutors are solemn-faced men and women who usher you to and from the testing chambers where terminals may ask you questions or you may have tasks or trials to complete.

When you are 14, you undergo a ceremony / test of determination called the Bayesian Sieve that slots you into one of the 6 Dominions of Perfection. That is where you begin your rigorous training (4 years) before you go to work as an important, if tiny cog in the perfect clockwork of the perfect human machine.

1. The Perfection of Challenge: This dominion is where the military lives. The humans who run it train their minds and bodies for war and to dominate those around them. They train in the martial sciences and in the strategies and tactics of war. The perfect, it is said, will always win--so the Prefects of Challenge must never lose.

2. The Perfection of Love: This is a trial for the most giving of the perfect. It is to be a minister, a priest, a confessor to the people. These citizens are trying, for every moment of the day, to achieve a perfect love for their brethren. They must know the codex of perfection and preach it without error constantly. They must provide guidance and counsel. The perfect cleric will always have the right solution so the Prefects of Love must always provide the right answers.

3. The Perfection of Creation: The physically perfect and mentally superior are placed here. It is their job to lead. They serve the AI--but they must always be perfect role models for the others. They create Perfection. They also must bear (female) and sire (male) children to greater fill the coffers of Perfection's human capital. The perfect of creation will always make the right decisions and will elevate the human condition. The Prefects of Creation must lead without error.

4. The Perfection of Harmony: This perfection is created by everyone believing and working together. The Perfection of Harmony is about art. All art must exalt the state. Creativity is required--but only allowed within rigid formats that are positive and promote the ethical foundation of Perfection. To create works of art that do not exalt the state . . . is punishable by death. Perfect art will always inspire. The Prefects of Harmony will inspire all who behold their work to strive harder in the name of the ultimate perfection itself.

5. The Perfection of Selflessness: These people are assigned the trial of giving until there is no more to give (the final Act of Altruism). These people act as the servants--the silent--that keep Perfection running. They clean, they farm, they prepare food and deliver water. They are invisible and always strive to become more and more invisible--more and more voiceless. At nights, the Selfless fold themselves into Cocoons of Warmth and Love provided by the Absolute Authority and get to experience the satisfaction of the other's selfless acts of the day played back into their memories. Someone who is Perfectly Selfless will always put others first for everything so the Prefects of Selflessness must always toil to become last.

6. The Perfection of Order: Perfection is still an enterprise. Logistics is important, the necessities of life are still required. There are decisions to be made, orders to be carried out, and things to do. Those in the (largest) dominion, the Perfection of Order work to see that it is done. They often work with or guide robots--but they carry out multitudes of tasks from driving busses to performing medical work. Whatever the case, all work in the Prefecture of Order must be done exactly by the rules--if there are consequences for that, so be it. It is better to fail than to break the rules, of course. Someone who is perfectly ordered will always follow instructions exactly, so the Prefects of Order labor to do everything exactly as instructed.

Hypnotics and Telepathic Implanting

Anyone who grows up in Perfection has their ethical compass set by the training system. People who are captured are sent to re-education centers where they undergo a system similar to the training (although with far more fatalities) that implants them with telepathically generated beliefs and codes of behavior.

For those that live, this is usually successful--at least for a time. During each day, both regular citizens and those who have been "naturalized" have "TV time" where they sit before widescreen monitors (or take the time on their portable devices) to watch shifting fractal patterns in fascinating, hypnotic transmutations. These reinforce the need to behave perfectly by the dictates of their Prefecture.

Social Life in Perfection

Life in Perfection is dominated by work--but there is down-time. Physical and mental training is encouraged. Creative pursuits are not (save for a few). There are official, monitored events (with chaperone drones, as well as humans) for socializing within one's Domain. Marriage (coupling) is arranged by the computer for compatibility (and it does do a decent job). One member is assigned the "head of household"--the other is "support."

Pairings are designed for social stability--a less stable (less obedient) person will be paired under a more obedient one, for example. Material wealth is almost completely equal--but there are "awards" for work excellence, character excellence, and so on.

If young people get "emotionally entangled" with someone who is not a stable match (i.e. two trouble-makers) the system (both the computer and adults) work at first to sabotage the relationship as a lesson--but will eventually ramp up the consequences in an attempt to break it off without "damaging" either party (making them so rebellious they have to be sent for re-education or reclamation . . . or recycling).

For events there are parks, there are games of skill (sports, strategy), plays (very odd ones by Information Age standards) in open-air amphitheatres, Cinema (also very strange--propaganda movies, movies set back in the Age of Degradation, depictions of the horrors of the Age of War that still manage to fall quite short of the real ones), restaurants (you have to make a reservation a few weeks in advance), and so on.

All females are on implant birth-control and sex without permission is highly frowned upon (for young people, there are mild punishments--if already paired, the consequences are more severe). Overall, however, for people who have grown up in Perfection, life does, in fact, seem "pretty perfect" if you are okay with your entire existence being assigned by a machine and pointed in one direction from birth until death.

The Penalty for Imperfection

Not everyone can live up to perfection, of course--in fact most people can't, even if they're trying. The more you screw up, the more you are sent for re-training. After a time, however, you will be subjected to Recycling. Death.

Perfection treats failure cases as learning examples so you will be moved to the Pyramid Facility where the Absolute Authority resides and it will test you until it feels it has learned the reason of the system's failure with you. Then you will be sent to the lower-floor recycling facility.

The Perfection Game

We'll talk a little more about this later--but it is quite possible for characters to start in Perfection. In this case they are probably a Fire-Team (4 characters) in training being sent down into The Complex to level up. These people, having grown up in Perfection, believe it to be a literal paradise.

1. They are raised to believe that there is almost no life outside--and what exists is infected and savage. They know that refugees are brought in to the Outer Dominions for "reclamation" (to see if they can be salvaged into Perfection's society)--but believe them to be, essentially, lucky, sickly primitives. They are kept away from these people (and the outsiders are very carefully monitored and pruned from talking about their experiences).
2. They believe that The War was caused by the flaws in men seeking to degrade human potential of the many--so that greater power could be held by the few. Perfection's multi-part perfect "machine" has a specific place for everyone.
3. If the characters are young (14 years old) then they have gone through a bayesian sieve ceremony / testing process that has sorted them into the Perfection of Challenge. They begin training in weapons, mental discipline, etc. They go into The Complex (they are allowed, by ritual) to keep what they find--however groups that get too interested in The Complex are watched carefully for signs of instability.
4. The characters may be sent to hunt down Runners. This is usually done with an Authority Cleric--a higher level character who knows that (some) civilization exists outside of Perfection and is intent on showing the characters the savagery of it (easing them in to it). The characters wear tracking bracers (in case they get separated!). Perfection's major goal is that Runners with a decent knowledge of Perfection's capabilities NOT fall into the wrong hands (especially if they made it to Tornado or, worse, Ultrapolis--which is aware of Perfection thinks they will someday go to war with them).

Outer Dominions



The Outer Dominions are the "processing plants" of Perfection. Those who are imperfect are sometimes sent there for reformation. People who are captured out in the desert are taken there for testing. Testing consists of being given educational challenges (enough failures results in recycling) and, in some cases, trips down into The Complex which underlies Perfection and Desolation in general.

The people here work in gray factories and education compounds. They wear monitoring gear,

are often given drugs to dull their rebellious nature, and are expected to strive to be accepted. The life for these people is not brutal (although the Testing can be dangerous)--and many of the Perfection humans can even be (deceptively) kind. The fact is that most of the people here will not make it into the Inner Dominions no matter how hard they try--they will be tested, used, and recycled.

Runners

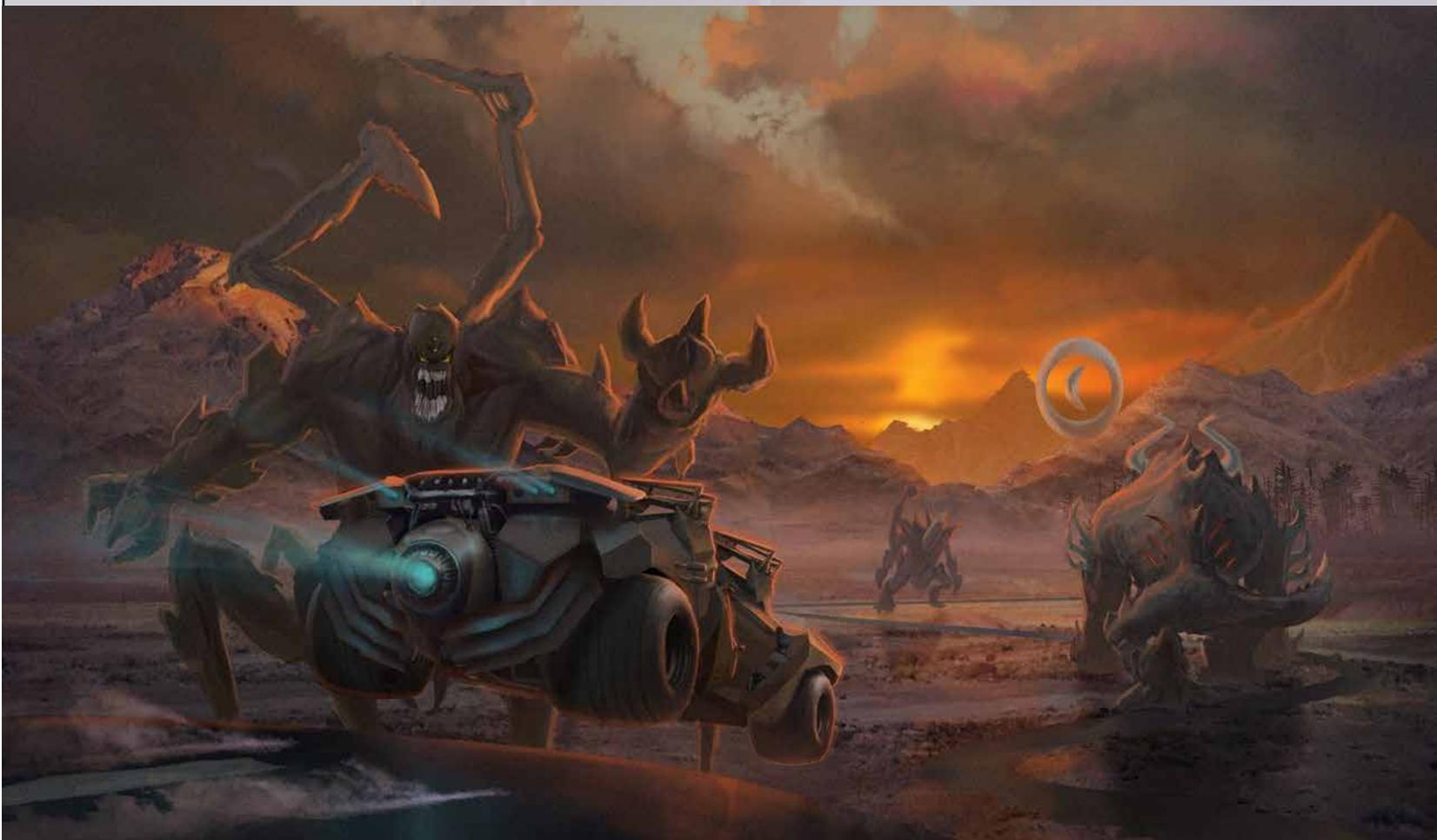
Most people from Perfection think that the world beyond is a lifeless wasteland (and, in fact, for people not ready for a fight and able to survive it can be very hostile--but Perfection kind of thinks they are the only civilized place left). Even so, there are stories about places to go--and people have run. They are chased. Prefects of Love (priests) and Prefects of Challenge (Hunters) will go after them if they can dodge drone-patrols to get out of range. They seek to bring these people back to better examine their imperfections and disloyalty.

Hunters are treated with wary, cautious respect: If someone wipes out a Hunter Team, outside the Drone-Range or not, Perfection can send heavy, advanced-Tech firepower to bear. The people also understand that Perfection "wants what is theirs" (the runner) and will stay out of their way if they can--they know not to overly socialize with the young members and not to try to "proselytize" (teach) about the outside world too much.

Some Hunting teams (much more senior ones) have gotten as far as the Frontier, chasing Runners (Runners, for their part, know not to blab too much about Perfection, should they make it to civilization past the Deep Desert as there are some informants and spies out there--and if someone is talking in detail about the Golden City in the desert, the attempt to silence them will reach a frenzy).

For the rest of the world--save for Ultropolis, which is quite aware of Perfection and interested in their technological capabilities--Hunter Teams would seem like oddly dressed ascetic bounty hunters with high tech weapons and armor and elite training. There would, of course, be a great deal of question as to where they came from--but strange things and people come out of the desert all the time. Okay, sure, it's usually cyber-monsters, but knowledge of Perfection--even with a few escaped Runners--is highly limited back in civilization (and Ultropolis doesn't really share what it knows).

Death Alley (and the War Zone)



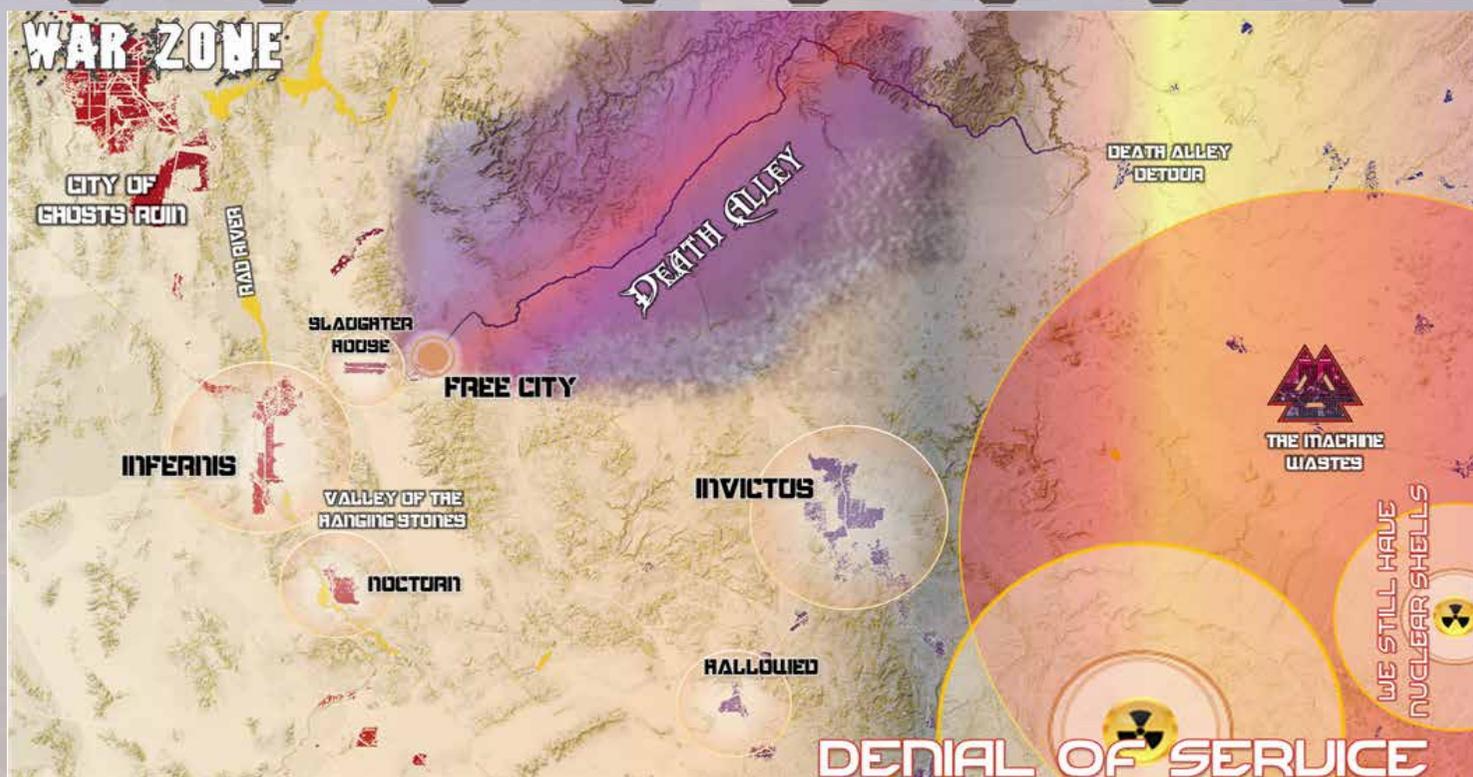
The Deep Desert expands for hundreds of miles of dune seas, buried megapolis, and ruins of war. Out at the western edge is something called The Machine Wastes--a still-hot Age of War battle zone by self-replicating machine forces that still have access to Age of War weapons. Going through there in anything that shows up on sensor scans like a vehicle is absolute death. Going through there on foot is almost certain death.

However, you can go around. This means leaving the central road and taking a detour to the north-west and then finding a road that runs down through a massive canyon valley: Death Alley.

There is something primordial about the Death Alley sector--like the Age of War didn't end here--it continues--perhaps as a shadow of its former, awful glory--but its patterns survive in the shadows of its relics. Death Alley has warring factions led by powerful, obscene warlords. The Machine Wastes of the deep desert are still-hot battlefields where ancient nuclear war machines still battle.

In the north west of the Alley Sector are the Caesar's Tombs and the Atrocity Arena. These are standing relics of a time of unimaginable horrors when the near limitless power of the Age of Wonders was transformed into nearly godlike wrath in the Age of War.

The sense of strange-time isn't limited to the mimicry of the Grand Warlords or the valley of the Tombs--there are places where gravitic weapons have left boulders "hanging" in the sky. There are secrets sunk deep into the earth where cities were swallowed--and then newer cities built on



top of those, swallowed again.

Those manning the radio towers in the Death Alley sector tell tales of hearing themselves from the past or future, talking over the airwaves. Some convoys shut down their antennas if traveling at night.

Death Alley

Most of the world is dead. What's left is hostile. In that sense The Alley isn't any different--what isn't dead in there? It's hostile. But The Alley also isn't like everywhere else. The story goes like this:

In the Age of Wonders, a person whom we only know as 'an artist of note'--he, at the time, being so well known that his name was extraneous in the (few) surviving records--created a final work of art before the domes went dark, ushering in the Age of War.

This work was the New Sun--a large golden sphere--and the New Moon, a smaller, silverish sphere. Both floated in the air. The New Sun was about a football field across, and it hovered in the area now known as Death Alley. The New Moon was about two yards across and it was placed in a beautiful building filled with fountains and water that ran uphill in the nearby mountains.

Both were said to hold the germs of a new, competing ecosystem. They were the realization of what "could have been." They were aggressive genetic potential, trapped under layers of armored tungsten-steel--they were both visions--dark visions--of what might have populated the earth if not for us. It is said that people came--pilgrims, gawkers, tourists, and trolls--all came to stare at the spheres and to feel their "intrinsic immanence of vibrations."

The male monks and hierophants served the New Sun. The female vestals, the New Moon. Both groups were reverent of their respective duties and resolute in the protection of the spheres.

Then the Age of War came, and some Warlord's traveling war-party used the New Sun for target practice with a plasma gun.

The legend says that when they broke it open, the floating sphere fell to earth and there was a shockwave of "New Life." It was contained by the mountains, it is said, and that is fortunate--for had it continued there might be nothing left of man--nothing at all.

Now "gila monsters," tiger-striped toxic 'lizards' the size of 18-wheeler trucks, seemingly unconstrained by the laws of biology or momentum, chase prey at over 70 miles per hour. 'Diseases'--called macrobes--the size of insects swarm in the desert, plunging into flesh and undergoing hyper multiplication converting infested biological matter into more of them.

Lean things that are described as long, low "dogs" with variant numbers of legs stalk the desert floor moving in and out of physical reality and sometimes "sideways" in time. Serpents that are poisonous to look at lie in wait in the rocks, telepathically arguing philosophy with their greater-than-human intelligences--until such a time as their powerful minds sense prey.

In the mountain pass, the servants of the New Moon are still there in their beautiful temple, serving their orb. It is said that they know that should it ever break, the potential within it would not be constrained to the valley--not at all.

Fun Facts about Death Alley

Fun-Fact: Death Alley Gives You A 0.0014% Chance of Survival!

Death Alley is home to one of the most aggressive ecosystems in the known world! It also has burning heat, lack of water, radiation, airborne toxins, and possibly even "psychic death static!" Limited exposure in a vehicle is survivable but don't try walking! If your vehicle breaks down along the so-named "suicide run," statistical measures give you a 0.0014% chance of survival on foot! Make sure to pack plenty of water and if you can, back up your existence, traveler!

Fun-Fact: The Warlords of Death Alley Style Themselves After The Grand Warlords of the Age of War!

If you thought The Age of War would die a peaceful death you clearly don't understand the words "Age," "of," or "War!" The Age of War keeps its fighting spirit alive in the form of the Death Alley Warlords who each is ruled by someone with a specific talent and "vibe."

Nocturn -- Necromundus

is ruled by Necromundus, a 7' black-robed figure who wears a gasmask and has intricate black on black symbols on their robe and cowl. The Necroxx Cyber-Crypt breeds cybernetic parasites that can be used to animate the dead to serve as their soldiers and commandeer the living for even better troops!

Slaughterhouse - Mayor Slaughter

Don't let Slaughterhouse's barbaric ways fool you though! Mayor Slaughter is an educated and even polished individual when he isn't using his cyber-machetes to dismember his foes or holding his Grand Feasts where enemies are literally eaten alive by his troops! Mayor Slaughter may set a blood-soaked table and posts his enemies heads on spikes around his domain--but he's far from foolish or stupid!

Infernus - Holokaust

The domain of Infernis is one of hovels, armies, and smears of smoke rising into the sky. That's because Holokaust, a hugely muscled, hairless, and scarred-by-fire terror of a man is infected with a cerebral parasite that suppresses fear of fire and pain-of-burning and causes pyromania. His troops are also infected! So that's why they use flamethrowers, fire-grenades, and stuff like

Invictus - The Rock Star

The domain of Invictus is ruled by their “great golden god,” The Rock Star--Invictus himself. He is said to be the most beautiful human ever to exist and reports hold that those that encounter him on the battlefield often prostrate themselves before him--and then take their own lives. His soldiers scar themselves with his symbols and adorn their vehicles and weapons with his visage or name.

Hallowed - Jack Prophet

Jack Prophet was a bandit, a rapist, and a thief--if his legend is to be understood--until he ventured into the mountains and had ‘the encounter.’ He came back from that twilight-desert bearing secrets which he shared with those who came to follow him. Today the great War-House that calls itself ‘Hallowed’ is all but invisible. Entire columns have marched into the mountains they control and vanished without a trace beyond their terrible begging screams over open-radio. Forms are seen hanged from the skeletal trees sometimes--it is said that those that Hallowed “reaps” never see them coming.

They do make war--their soldiers wear dark brown cloaks and under them the followers skin is dirty and covered with open sores. Their men move like assassins and scouts. Silent, nearly invisible--they come like vultures to vulnerable towns or outposts and leave them picked clean.

Fun-Fact: The Caesar's Tombs

In the north there is a massive basin in the mountains and, if you can reach it, it is said that there are several terrible “pyramids” rising out of the sands (others say they are glowing black tetrahedrons--but who is to say for certain). Historians have claimed that these are the Tombs of the Seven Caesars, a group of the Grand Warlords of the Age of War who vanished into the ashes of history--and all that remains is their legends . . . and some of their *stuff*.

The Legend of the Seven Caesars and the Three Generals

Once upon a time there were seven Kings who ruled over fragments of a dying desert kingdom. They slew all who stood against them and came close to uniting the world. They stood together, not out of fidelity or loyalty (they understood those ideas, but scoffed at them), but because none of them could accept defeat, and only in unity could they ensure victory.

They each had secret plans—»When our victory is complete,» they had said to their concubines and advisors, «I shall turn on my allies—it will be a magnificent betrayal! And I alone shall be the winner! The Last and Greatest of the Dominion Caesars!»

So it was that they plotted and schemed, until one day when victory was close at hand, the weakest of them, knowing that he would be the first betrayed (they were not fools) convened a meeting.

«Victory is near,» He said.

«Near,» They agreed.

«We rule in all directions as far as we can see—all the horizons belong to the Seven.»

«Our rule,» they agreed, «is complete.»

«But even as we stand poised at the edge of victory, our defeat is made certain.»

«Defeat!?» They cried. «What are you talking of? Who might defeat us? Hell, dude—who would even dare stand against us?» (This last, was the Surfing Caesar).

The Weakest looked from Window to Window. «The Three Generals,» He said.

«What Three Generals? Who? Show us to them. Let them fall before our might, as well—»

«You know them well,» The Weakest said.

«They are the Three all Generals yet fall to. General Entropy. General Death. And the greatest of all—General Time.»

Now, these Three Generals have always stood at the edge of any victory. They are patient and implacable. And they always win.

«You called us up to tell us that, Dude?»

One of them asked (history does not record who).

«I called you because I suggest that if true victory—final victory—total victory is to be ours, then we must not simply wait for defeat. We must stand against them. And unlike those who have come before us we will prevail. Because we know we can. Because there have been those who have come before us and have defeated The Three.»

And the Seven knew it was true. They remembered the stories of the Haves.

«If they can defeat those Three Generals,» the Seven said, «then perhaps so can we.» In the Time of the Haves, there were studies that were forbidden—ideas considered to abhorrent to be accepted in polite society. These avenues of depravity were not super-sciences (for that Age) – they were merely hateful and pathetic and damaging. And perhaps the worst of these was Abnegation—the ultimate crime against the self.

In the Age of Wonders, one could turn the strangest and most twisted machines built against the body. Abnegation took one beyond suicide—death was a release—and into eternal opposition. Even as one ceased to exist, one became immortal—no—beyond immortal. The Abnegated became eternal.

Abnegation was a total transformation of the body—an experience beyond cybernetic replacement. It turned the subject into a thing as impervious and undauntable as an idea.

The Seven searched the land, looking for those ancient, forbidden machines and, even rarer, the skill to repair, rebuild, and use them. It is said that in a desolate desert place, they built a laboratory and the Awful Engines in it hummed and mumbled to each other and talked of evil things and made mockery of Nature and Humanity, and all that is Pure.

And the Seven realized that to become Eternal was to die in ways unimagined by mortal man. To use the machine was to change in ways that were indescribable. And they realized, one by one, that the Awful Engines were the only weapons they had against their greatest foes—The Three. And so one by one, they entered the machine and one by one they were made into constellations.

And, of course, they made the Weakest go last.

And, of course, he stood in the empty chamber, and then threw the off-switch, and the Awful Engines fell silent. And he walked out, into the twilight desert sun.

The Tombs of the Caesars



No one's sure how the Seven perished—the story seems absurd. But their accountants know that tombs were built and great fortunes were spent (and, perhaps lesser, but still great ones hidden away). Abnegation transforms the body into something that seems to absorb energy and radiate it in ways that tweak (but... probably don't defy ... the Second Law of Thermodynamics).

The Seven

Tombs contain the Seven's bodies. Perhaps someday they will rise. Perhaps someday their death will end. Until then, whoever finds a Tomb would be privileged to the most awesome secrets and (perhaps) a great fortune.

There are records and rumors of what those Tombs might contain—and differing accounts as to whether there are Greater or Lesser Tombs in general. But if someone made the perilous trek into the great dry basin and overcame whatever lives there—if they could enter the Tombs and survive the likely death traps—there are legends that discuss what might be contained within.

The legends of the Caesars are many. This is some of their stuff.

The Ravenous Caesar's Eye

The Ravenous Caesar ruled over a great dry valley and led an army of machines. It is said that his lineage had come from business men. His Eye is said to be a full inch in diameter and smooth like glass. It is a dark stone with faint hints of amber light deep within it.

It makes the holder strong. The Holder's STR and DP will double within a week and then double again (4x original value), within a second week. This increases week after week with the holder's BLD increasing by 1.5x each doubling. As the holder grows, so do they change. After the second week the character must consume his body mass in biological material each week. Failure to do so will lead to an all-consuming hunger that allows nothing until the character is fed.

Giving up the eye means slowly returning to the original form--but it is hard (a WIL roll at -1 per week is required when the character tries to quit--the "hunger" is addictive). The character will also develop mutations--Jaws, Many Mouths To Feed, and so on. By the 64th week a person holding the eye will be a nearly unstoppable monster--hugely bloated and as ravenous as their patron.

The Ravenous Caesar's Abnegated Heart

It is rumored that men who interred the Ravenous Caesar looked into his open chest and saw within his silent Abnegated Heart. It is said to be a beautiful thing--complex like an infinitely faceted crystal, seductive like a beautiful woman.

When it beats, it causes a heatless, lightless shockwave comparable to that of a small nuclear explosion. The heart of the blast, the eye of the storm, so to speak, is spared. Everything else is rendered to dust. They say the noise it makes is utter silence. Damage at the center is 1 Million IMP.

The heart beats upon command--they say--but there are also those who say it beats when it wants to.

The Silent Caesar's Sword

He never said anything--but he made his wishes known and his displeasure was a blood drenched statement splattered across the families of his subjects. The Silent One bore a blade that whispers when it is drawn. Unsheathed, its pale light and mad, half-heard babbling brings the world to a stop. The bearer gains L4 Fast Company. The Silent One's blade has other aspects as well.

Despair Intensity 100 (affects all within 10 meters)

The voice of the blade causes despair in all those who hear it. It talks of deeply personal things to them: It speaks devastating truths and ingenious, crippling lies. Recorded, it is simply evocative word salad, but heard in person, the effects are the same as Terror, except that a critical or catastrophic result will inflict a deep depression. A catastrophic result, immediate suicide. This does not directly affect the blade's user--but over time, most of the blade's owners have ended their life upon it.

Ghost

During the Bullet-Round phase the user can move through solid obstacles. This does not protect the user from damage those obstacles might cause (walking through an electrified fence will still be ... shocking), but it does allow the user to pass without a trace. If a user ends their Bullet Round within a solid object, they will suffer a Major Wound.

Pale Light

The luminance of the blade makes things appear terrifying and ugly--corrupt and putrid. When the blade is drawn the user has +4 to all intimidate rolls.

Abnegated Blade

The Silent Caesar's sword does +24PEN damage per Level of Melee Weapons skill the user has, ignoring all armor.

The Silent Caesar's Robes

The Silent Caesar wore a monk's robes. The hood covered his face and protect the wearer from poison, radiation, and mental assault. They provide formidable armor and add 128 to the wearer's DP.

The robes replace the wearer's senses: The wearer is blind and deaf and can feel nothing but emptiness around him--but the robe itself sees and hears. The wearer's perception roll goes to a 20- and can detect the cues that tell truth from lies (discern lies on a 20-).

Despite the acuteness of the robe's senses, the personal sensation of being deprived and isolated is strong and terrible. Most users cannot stand to wear the robes for long: WIL rolls each hour at an increasing -2 (maximum -8) are required. If the user makes a roll at -8, they may wear the robes indefinitely--but if the roll is failed by 5 or more, the user becomes psychotic.

The Kind Caesar's Intentions

The Kind One--Most Beloved of All--had left instructions before he entered the machine. "Take from me all the good that I have done, that it might remain in the world and not be undone by these Awful Engines." His burial attendants searched his form thoroughly and his history for what good he had wrought, but in the end, all they came away with were his intentions.

The Kind Caesar's intentions are kept in a small pouch with a drawstring. There is something in the pouch, but no one can say quite what (it feels like marbles). Those who have looked into the pouch have been dazzled--their heads filled with ideas.

Sometimes the pouch conveys L4 science skills necessary to build a great machine. The user has this vision in his head of a machine that would save the world. The skills are not useful for general discovery, but there may be side effect breakthroughs as the machines are built using Age of Wonders technology (or, perhaps, even Have-Level capabilities).

The machine has never been built. Those familiar with the design say it is abominable.

The pouch sometimes conveys L4 Politics and high Leadership scores. These come with a dream of founding a blessed, utopian nation. The user will find followers willing to do his bidding. There will be funds--there are always those willing to fund despots. If the user is willing to do whatever is required The Nation can be built. So far, those who have tried have been assassinated.

Sometimes, rarely, the pouch conveys L4 Artist and the dream of a great, inspiring work or art--a mural to cover a valley, a statute that dwarfs the colossus, something epic. It is a thing of magnificent beauty, a transformative gift to the world. The colossus has never been built, nor the mural constructed. Those who have tried have been burnt and their designs burnt with them. Where these have been partially completed, the artists have gone mad.

There may be other ideas and intentions within the pouch. No one can know for sure.

The Surfing Caesar's T-Bird

The Surfing Caesar's T-Bird is a convertible car that never runs out of gas. The nuclear engine runs forever (or, at least, until the end of the world--which, the way things are going, will be considerably shorter than "forever.") It also comes back from the dead, even if blown to pieces. An army of nanomachines will reassemble it from broken fragments. Almost every component is pure neonium anyway--it is virtually indestructible.

It doesn't get old, it doesn't rust. It never loses that "new car" smell. The T-Bird looks like a convertible but it has a massively powerful force field and an unlimited supply of clean air and cool water making it a comfortable ride to the surface of the moon or the bottom of the sea. The car was a legend when it was built and it features in many legends of the Caesars and the grand Age of War.

The Lover's Wives

The Loving Caesar was known for his romantic writings and his women (many--but only one at a time, the legends say--and when they left him, how he determined if they lived or died). His 'Wives' were his personal entourage and bodyguard of automatons stored in vases when not in use. They are spindly, pure Neonium humanoid robots. Soft-lit, they cloak themselves in female appearing holograms and move with a floating, mechanical grace.

They are brutal war machines when turned on an enemy striking for hundreds of points of damage with thousands of Damage Points and points of Armor. They have powerful senses and are Fast Company Level 2. They also have various skills ranging from the sexual arts and massage to Diplomacy.

Fun-Fact: The Path of the Bad Muther

It is said that in the Death Alley sector, the past is closer to the present than almost anywhere else. That past--the Age of War, at least, is marked in several ways and recorded in several legends. This is the legend of a man who walked down the center of Death Alley when it was young and at its worst--and then out of the southern mouth of it and into the human lands beyond.

His given name is unknown--but to those who study history and mythology, he is know as The Bad Muther. Today, The Bad Muther is a tale that parents tell their children when they want them to stay indoors where it's safe and their teenagers about when they want to inspire them to acts of uncivilized bravery. Time has made him a legend--but he was real, and this is his story.

First there came the darkness. And with the darkness came terror and chaos. The world fell around everyone and fire and violence were unleashed on all the land. Those who were weak or stupid or unlucky perished. Those who hesitated were lost. Those who were meek were rendered unto the earth.

The Bad Muther was none of those things.

It is told how he never wanted leadership -- never craved power. His credo was as simple as it was universal: Don't Mess With ME.

But, lo--there were those who messed with The Bad Muther, and so their stories are etched in history even as their bones are now dust.

The Bad Muther emerged from the nuclear inferno that had swallowed his city and set out west, searching for some place of peace he could call home. He made his way towards the Great Ruins turning south across the burning wastes of Death Alley. When he exited it, bloodied and battle-scarred--but unbowed and undefeated, he encountered many men who wanted his guns or his plasma or the gold chains about his neck. They wanted the leather jacket upon his back and the snakeskin boots on his feet.

And lo, did he poppest caps in all of them -- for as Bad as they were, he was Badder.

His notoriety preceded him. The small men who called themselves Sheriffs and Mayors and Warlords, but were unworthy of that title, knew he was coming -- like a storm on the horizon -- and they feared him.

"We will welcome him," they decided. "And offer him a place where he may live in peace and we will offer him women and wealth and drink. But then we must betray and murder him lest others see our weakness and think we can be extorted. We will win his trust and then kill him."

And they decided it was a good plan.

And it was a good plan.

But he was The Bad Muther.

On the day of his arrival past the Southern Gates of Death Alley, they met him with fanfare and adulation. "Welcome," they told him. "We offer you friendship and nourishment -- for yours has been a long and perilous journey."

"Word," He said.

"We offer you companionship and cocaine -- for you like to party," they told him.

"Yeah," he didst say.

"And as you settle here, is there anything else that we might do for you?" they asked him.

"As a matter of fact, yo," The Bad Muther said. "There is. Could you--you know--hold still for a second?"

And then he didst shoot them all because he was The Bad Muther and he was No Fool.

And it is said that he left the scarred lands and war-tribes south of Death Alley with a few loyal survivors and journeyed further west until he found his place of rest where he was undisturbed because he was one bad ass mo-fo and everyone knew he was Not To Be Messed With.

The Trail of the Bad Muther

The few scholars and historians of the Age of War have tracked the legend of The Bad Muther to Death Alley and beyond. Although much is lost in the fog of war and time, there are records--and they do show the named individual walking the world in the Age of War. According to those who study (and those who style themselves "fans") there is a path from Death Alley through the Free City and further down along the Mother Road.

While The Bad Muther may have walked much of "the earth" in his time, it seems that here there are virtually remaining foot-prints into which an acolyte of his might walk. There is a small industry of 'shrines' and guides to places where, in an earlier age, The Bad Muther passed.

There are inns that bear his likeness and claim (with highly dubious veracity) that some table or other is salvage from the Age of War where The Bad Muther ate--or their foundations are the same ones on which The Bad Muther trod when he was wooed by the people who sought to betray him.

There are also indications that The Bad Muther did stay here for some time--and may have left some of his artifacts in the hands of those he passed. There are many people with tales and trails and claims of secrets and almost all of those are lies. But what if some are not?

Rumors of the 'Stuff' of the Bad Muther

Although The Bad Muther traveled beyond Death Alley, it is believed that he did spend time in the area south of the valley and that he may have left things behind. These are rumors of his "stuff" that might be in the area.

The Bad Muther's Shades

These would be museum pieces. The Bad Muther wore a distinctive A/V headset that kept him 'plugged in' to 'what was going down.' The smart-shades learned his ways and now, if they still exist, would be able to impart the situational intelligence to those who would wear them.

- +2 Visual Perception - Nothing got by The Bad Muther.
- +1 Initiative on the first round of combat. The Bad Muther was pretty quick on the draw.
- +1 with Weapons skill. The Bad Muther usually hit what he shot at.

The Bad Muther's Leather Vest

It is said that he generally disdained common armor, preferring to get out of the way of fire (or be the one with the ambush) rather than absorbing it. The vest, however, was a gift from a woman who loved him and he wore it.

The vest is 30/200 armor coverage 4. It gives +4 to Intimidate rolls. It is cool and comfortable, even in the summer. It gives +30 DP.

The Bad Muther's Chain

The Bad Muther was said to wear several items of gold and neonium--but some were special. One chain is said to have been given as a gift (legends say to his daughter or a lover--but no one is certain). The chain gives the wearer Round 2 Fight.

The Bad Muther's Discography

People such as The Bad Muther are, even in their life, more myth than reality (puzzle that one out). This is why we sing their songs, tell their tales, and make B-grade grindhouse movies about their exploits.

After his passing, all these things were done--but there is a legend of a set of story disks that remain that actually chronicled The Bad Muther during his lifetime. This legend holds that he had a sidekick--a portly fellow who joined beside, or more accurately behind, The Bad Muther and recorded his life and his exploits, struggling to keep up. Historians laugh at this--and yet, the tales persist--and even more so, the discs themselves.

They are said to be impossible to copy--but if you can find one and watch it, you can learn directly from The Bad Muther. These are some of the stories.

Blood Orgy of the Vampire Vixens Part 8

Were parts 1-7 lost? Who knows. The Bad Muther stops at an ancient and ruined establishment of higher learning and finds an evil doctor and his horrible, shape-shifting, co-eds. He shoots them all. Viewer gets: +2 CP in Weapon Skill.

Blood Drinking Freaks

Some of the goriest footage on Vid. The Bad Muther is invited to a show in a nearly destroyed movie house--a show where the actors devour the audience. He guns them down after a horrific interlude of sex, gore, and violence. Viewer Gets: +2 DP.

The Hard Ride

The Bad Muther and a gambler cross the country pursued by a cybernetic bounty hunter. When the metallic assassin finally catches them, the Bad Muther kicks it to pieces. Viewer Gets: +8 CP in Martial Arts skills.

Pipe

The Bad Muther is hired by a warlord to retrieve the warlord's daughter from a rival encampment. Lots of great dialog. The Bad Muther blows up an entire convoy. Viewer Gets: +8 DP.

Fun-Fact: The Atrocity Arena and the Nameless Warlord

Legend has it that at the dawn of The Age of War (long before the time of the Caesars), one of the first of the Great Warlords to rise up decided that he would rule all of the world by Terror and that to inflict that Terror he would need to slaughter 90% of the people under his (vast) domain in the most spectacular way possible.

In those days the population was still high--and chaos reigned--but the great warlord used his power and his robots and his slaves to build the Atrocity Arena. More than two miles across, it is a mighty coliseum--the seating rises into the sky over 80 stories at its heights. It's massive entry and exit ways, called Vomitoriums according to the still working neon-like signs that illuminate its ruin, could consume armies, towns, entire civilizations.

They did.

The great warlord ordered his armies to round up the traumatized survivors and marched them, en-mass, into his slaughterhouse. Some were sent to the stands to watch. Most were sent into temporary housing in the cells below the great arena. When they were released onto the field there were things to kill them--giant self-assembling robots made of spinning blades and shards.

There were gruesome, massively powerful cybernetic gladiators with homicidal intent that killed hundreds--thousands--more?

There were the Bloodsoaked Games where people were hunted by the hundreds of thousands and the crowds watched--and watched--and, it is said, finally cheered.

The great warlord sat on his Grand throne at the north of the Atrocity Arena and used mighty scoops and claws to snatch people at random from the stands and tumble them onto the killing fields. It is said the people who were not chosen cheered even louder.

The great warlord got his rule, it is said. For an unknown span of time he was feared by all who beheld him. The steaming hovels over which he ruled--the armies he sent forth to find more people to feed to his games--the aristocracy he allowed to exist--all trembled before him. He was great, it is said, and he was terrible.

In the end, though, he died. It is said that he died poorly--screaming--over a lengthy period of time--but in the end, because he was so assured of his eventual Total Rule--which would last, with the help of his machines of life extension--for all of time--that he never kept a personal history.

He was known by titles--all gruesome and magnificent--but even historians of the age do not have any remaining record of his name.

All that stands of his rule is the Atrocity Arena--its great ruin and endless fields of bone.

The Arena Grounds

Outside the arena is the Desert of Parking. It was once flat as far as the eye could see save where dotted by vertical garages and helipads. Now it is riven with huge chasms and fallen structures. There are old vehicles, ghosts, toppled lighting, and the remains of various kiosks and husks from which things were sold--mementos for the gruesome spectacles, weapons and armor to help those in the audience survive, and charms to worship the Nameless Warlord such that his favor might fall upon you.

Closer in is the ring of statues--created over several different eras, they range from 15 to over 500 feet in height and seem to show demonic cybernetic gladiators. Most are said to just be statues--but reports say that some can move--and have been seen to spear visitors with their electro-tridents or sever them with neuro-lashes.

Inside the Atrocity Arena

The inside of the Atrocity Arena, according to those who claim to have entered, is even more dangerous than the exterior. Through the great entryways is, it is said, an “indoor mall” that circles the entire stadium. Each “shop”—appearing to sell food, drink, souvenirs, and other things (including weapons, armor, and so on)—is manned by powerful, capricious, psychotic machines. Shopping—whether in a desperate attempt to survive the games—or for goods that could actually be used or eaten—was a deadly, often traumatic business. Horrific things might ask riddles and then kill the shoppers who don’t know the answers. Even on the mall-floor itself were wicked traps and spectacular execution devices. The experience of the games at the Atrocity Arena was a challenge of survival for most visitors—there was, it is said, virtually no chance for the participants.

In the stands, seating was ruthlessly sorted by social class. Sealed “sky boxes” for the aristocrats might house impossible luxuries. Other seating—the cheap seats—could be triggered to open as slides onto the killing-floor below.

The arena field itself is said to be a huge roughly circular expanse with mountains of bleached bones, fallen machines, and stranger things.

A Quick Guide to The Warlord Kingdoms

The Warlord Kingdoms are constantly in a state of cool and hot combat. Each has an “edge”—each has a ruler. Each believes they are the seeds of a new dusk that will envelop the world, raising each’s ruler to the omni-king. Here is a quick guide to their domains.

Nocturn

Ruled by the mysterious black-cloaked Necromondus, Nocturn is a land of death. The civilized areas contain huge green metal drums the size of city blocks that house, in standing rows, the armies of the dead. On the streets decaying corpses, run by the parasites that control them, pull carts, serve dully in public offices, and carry automatic rifles. The “living” (uninfected) can be rounded up and infected to serve in the army at any time—they huddle in ruined buildings, waiting for the food-wagons to bring rations by—and being conscripted by the ruling Psychopomps (the lieutenants, pale-looking cyborgs) for various public works.

Slaughterhouse

Slaughterhouse, from the air, is a collection of aqueducts running from a water-chamber which seems to create water through some ancient method. Around each basin (extending like variable length spokes from the center) is a “suburbia.” There were individual Age of War civilian homes here—and they still stand. The people, however, under the rule of “Mayor Slaughter,” wear the skins and bones of their enemies. Everyone carries bladed weapons. The warriors are exalted and everyone else has to fight for scraps. The great war-leaders hold bonfires (sometimes burning the ‘timid’ as kindling) in their neighborhoods. They drive fancy cars adorned with guns and horns. Every block has election signs and notices for Mayor Slaughter—but no one—no one ever runs against him.

Infernus - Holokaust

The desert of Holokaust is punctuated with towers and fires. The people have blackened skin from soot and an insatiable need to burn. Civilians live in mud-brick pueblos carved into the rock. Troops carry incinerator units, burn-grenades, and vehicular heat-rays. There are always military maneuvers out on the sand and war-camps, with their drums thumping out battle-music.

Invictus - The Rock Star

Invictus is a small kingdom on the edge of Death Valley. The warlord and his generals dress in the style of an ancient god with white sequined jumpsuits with high collars and V-neck cut tops. They carry inertial mauls that can also be used to make music playing "air-guitar." The lieutenants travel in large vehicular "entourages" that move through the villages and surrounding areas taking shots at things at random, or stopping to feast--taking things from the people at will. They are always greeted with adoration--or else.

Hallowed - Jack Prophet

The mountains of Hallowed are dusky, severe, and without easy-to-pass accesses. There are temples hidden up there, the color of the rocks, with the robed figures praying to their spiritual leader. It is said there are fields with air pipes sticking up where violations have been buried alive, trapped under the earth with only a narrow pipe to breathe through until they expire. There are villages--silent, dour places--where the hideous sacrifices and unspeakable rites are observed.

The Valley of Hanging Stones

One of the more respected spots in the Death Alley zone is the Valley of Hanging Stones--it actually extends all over--but is most notable here--where the aftermath of gravitic weapons has left giant boulders hanging in the air.

The valley is usually considered a no-fire zone and is sometimes used for meetings between the Warlords. Seen in the distance here is one of the End-Game Ruin's Starscrapers still hundreds of miles to the west.



FreeCity



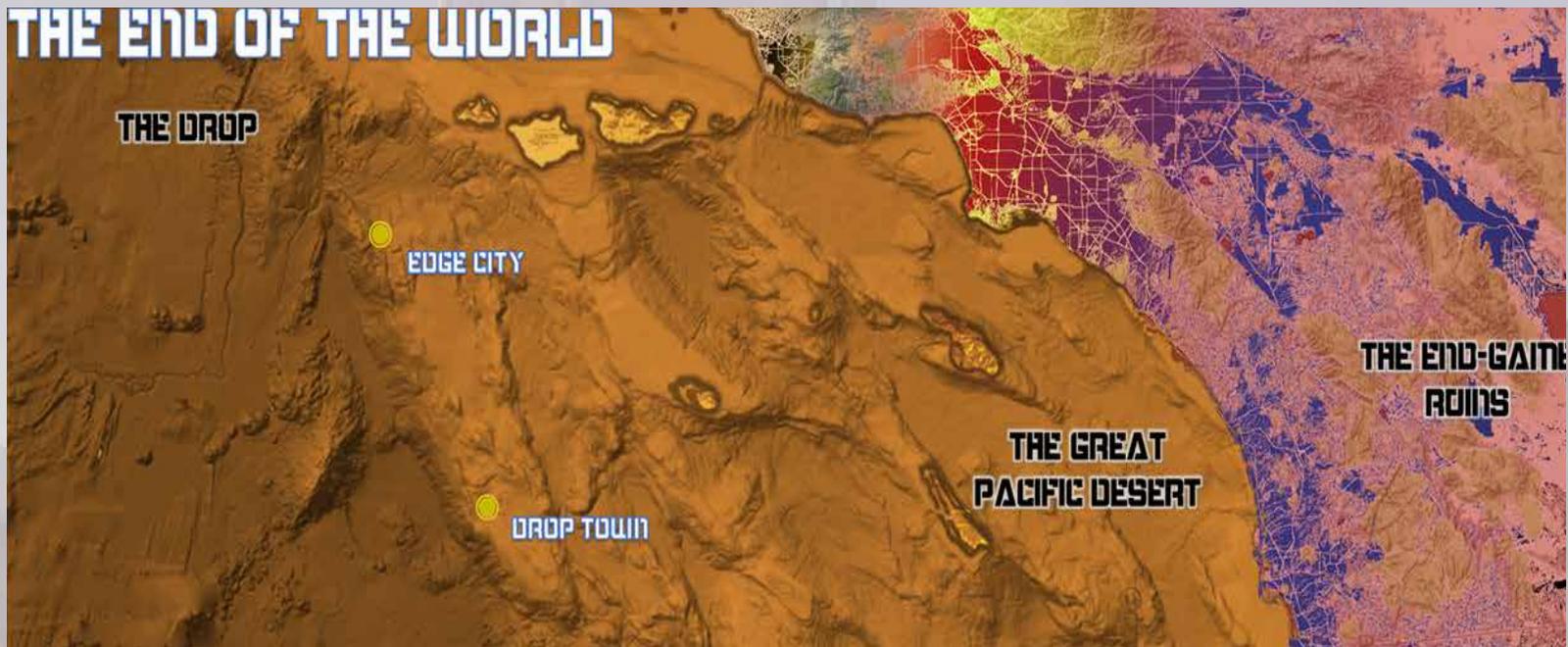
The Warlord Kingdoms almost always fight when they meet--but even they--each ruled by a megalomaniac--know they sometimes need to meet without fighting. They also know that if the land is in perpetual warfare they won't reap the benefits of the Mother Road.

Thus, FreeCity. It is now the area where there is an armistice. You can see the forces of each of the great houses within it--and it, despite the prohibition on war, is a violent place--but it is also a place where there is law, power, and a degree of security.

The FreeCity is heavily mercantile--they try to evict anyone who is "staying without paying" and there are any number of locals who try to extract payment from passers-through either by trade, trickery, or out-right force. There are mechanics, truck-stops, and hotels--but all of them have their eye on those who enter.

When they can no longer pay, they will either be made to leave--or auctioned into one of the Warlord's armies.

The Edge (The Great Pacific Desert)



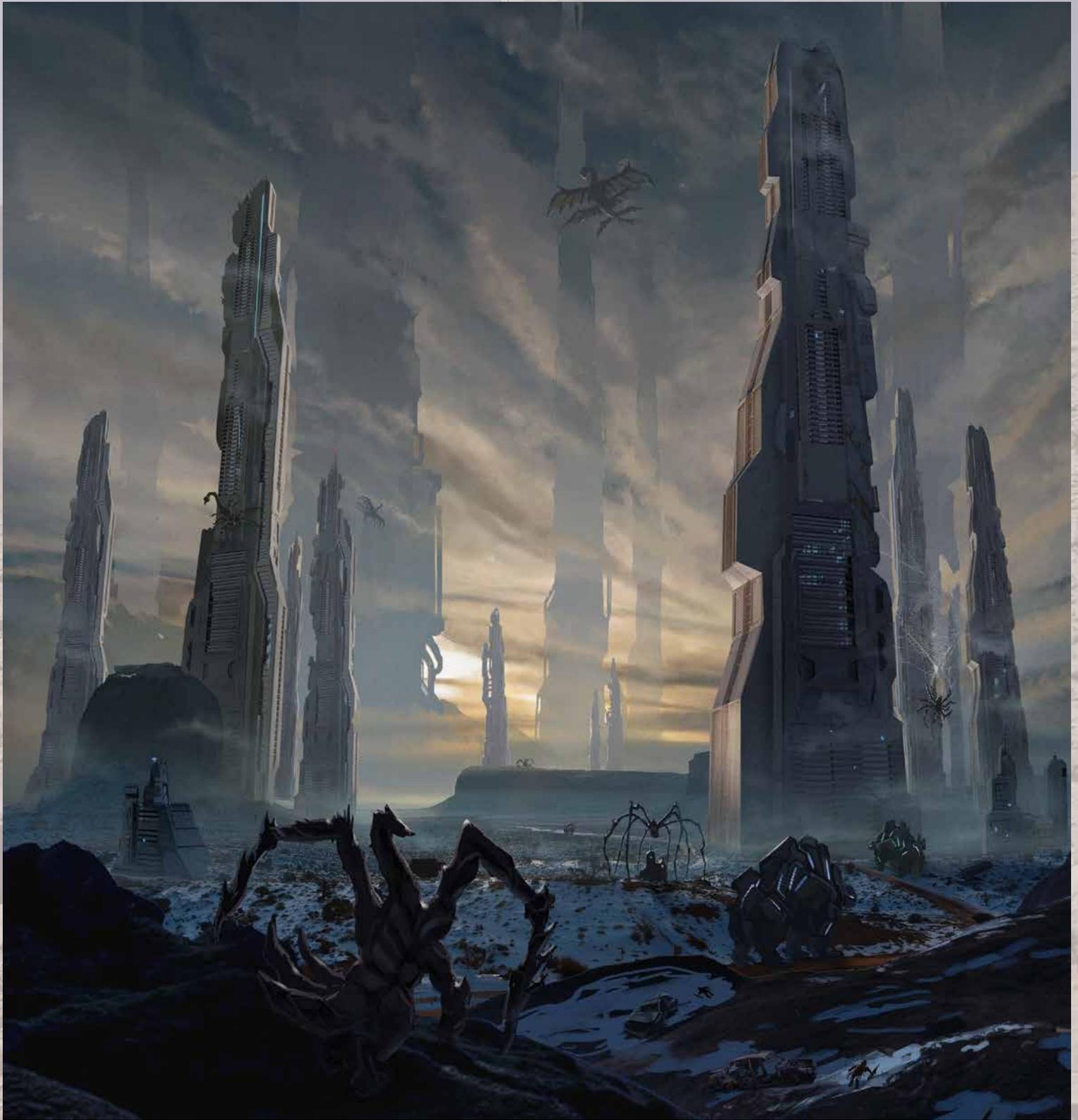
At the southern end of what people thought of as the Mother Road is the End-Game Ruins and the end of the world. Kinda literally. You see mountains, a vast, vicious concrete death-maze, and then . . . sand. They say at one point it was a beach--but it just goes off, endlessly, into the distance.

And then . . . then it *drops*.

The Shelf is a desert cliff some 3.7 miles deep. It's long--and at the bottom? More desert--as far as anyone has ever gotten. Down on the bottom--what tiny amount has been explored--are deep sands, dangerous, dangerous life forms, hellish heat, and death.

People live out on the Pacific Desert--up on the shelf, anyway. And there are several frontier-outposts along The Fall--but down below the only way to live for an extended period of time is in sheltered environments. If you can make it out here, you can make it, as they say, anywhere.

The Edge and the End-Game Ruins



Let's back up a tick. When you are coming from the east, you've made it through the Death Alley zone and the Warlord Kings. You're in rocky, dry, treacherous terrain--but then it kind of breaks open a bit and you can see the starscrapers.

That's when you know you're within a hundred miles of End-Game.

Before End-Game

Heading west you can see the towers—starscrapers, impossibly big, still standing, going up like pillars that hold up the sky. Before them are mountains—the entire terrain is rocky and cratered. The once-great city still stands, however—you can see the clusters of the buildings—many 100 stories high or more—huddled at the feet of the mountains and the starscrapers. There is always smoke—because in the End-Game, things still hunt. At one time it was the most desirable plot of land in the known world and it was fought over, and over, and over until the Age of War burned itself out.

There are settlements between the Warlord's lands and the End Game—small towns hiding in the crevices or quietly eking out their time on the plains. Everyone lives in the shadow of End-Game, though: Literally, because it is vast, and figuratively because it is haunted. The End-Game Ruins still contains the mechanisms of the Early Age of War—and many of them still hunt.

The End-Game Ruins

The End-Game Ruins stand at the terminus of the Mother Road. They are vast rubble-strewn wastelands with thousands of standing skyscrapers and starscrapers. There were several Distribution points in the original Los Angeles Urban Zone and they were fought over brutally by the Great Warlords.

There was much effort spent trying to protect the ground from nuclear annihilation and something that was deployed caused nuclear fission and fusion to produce much smaller yields than

they normally would. There are many craters in End-Game—but not the massive tracks of total destruction you would expect.

There are also many living things—Chimeras of War. Their names are legendary and terrifying and encountering one often means the death of even militarized columns that might try to pass through.

On the other hand, there are some of the last great relics of the Age of Wonders. The Distribution Points—massive pyramids with huge vertical loading docks and super-highways going in and out. Who knows what wonders they might hold?

Below ground are said to be massive parks with exotic plants and animals. There are zoos—still standing and automated that contain creatures that even the jaded citizens of the Age of Wonders came to gawk at. There are holograms that greet you in ruined buildings that look like temples and promise you things that you didn't know you wanted—but become dark desires they are spoken aloud.



The Chimeras of War



The Great Warlords had battle machines, armies, and weapons of extreme destruction. Their aftershocks created hyper-mutants. Their medicine created battle-cyborgs. Those were *side effects* to the great Warlord Kings. When they weaponized the sill working Distribution Points their primary currency of battle was the tactical nuclear weapon.

When they created life forms to fight, they created things like these.

Consumer Culture

Threat Level 32+

Take a cluster of single-cell organisms like a slime-mold and add nanotechnology cybernetics. Program it for annihilation and you get a Consumer Culture. They say the End-Game Ruins have the small ones.

A Consumer Culture in its native form looks like a glowing black wave extending lightning-quick pseudopods that eat through steel without slowing down. Everything it dissolves it eats. Everything it eats it turns into more of it. On the battlefield, a Consumer Culture is a blob moving at sixty-miles an hour, shapes forming and dissolving in it as absorbs things in its path. It can eat just about anything--they could have scoured the ruins. Maybe the planet--but they were giving restraints to control them.

Over time these constraints mutated--possibly because of Age of Wonder aggressive meme-advertising which can telepathically implant ideas in its targets. The remaining Consumer Cultures are still deadly--still, usually, aggressive--but they also flash with ancient logos, bits of advertisements, and emit jingles or morph parts of themselves into glowing coffee machines or soft-drinks.

There are even tales, unsubstantiated, of the Cultures leaving people alone . . . if they can manage to "buy" the goods they are selling (to do this one would have to be in some kind of remaining 'shopping environment' and be able to 'complete the sale'--so the legends are sketchy on their face).

N-Dexer

Threat Level 21+

The N-Dexers are something of a mystery as they were certainly used as Chimeras of War but some claim they go back further than that. They appear as 12-yard long bright red giant squids with yellow eyes as bright as flood-lamps. They are highly intelligent--they can talk, broadcast on telepathic and even radio frequencies, and use technology (although they usually don't do any of these things).

An encounter with one usually has a single result: one's mind absorbed and "catalogued" leaving the body a mindless husk which the N-Dexer devours for nutrients. The creature's vision alone is sufficient to do this and their eyes are big and cover almost an entire 360-degree radius around it. This creates a bow-shock large enough that most subjects are taken before they even are aware the N-Dexer is there.

Scholars claim that the N-Dexers have vast troves of knowledge as they can access any of the minds or data they have absorbed.

Kaos-Kaiju

Threat Level 61+

Also called Kaos-Kaiju they are "giant monsters" that do not, properly, physically exist. The Kaos-Kaiju is a beast of very large (at least 10 stories) but ultimately indeterminate size and location. Scholars say they properly "exist" in higher dimensions and all we see are their three-dimensional shadows. As such, they are nearly invulnerable to physical weapons (there are rumors of 'telepathic nuclear weapons' that can hurt them or other multi-dimensional armaments that were used in the Age of War). They do "sustain damage" from attacks--but seem to have both very heavy armor and large degrees of immunity to physical damage.

Sometimes seen wandering the streets--sometimes they are seen dominating the skyline (200 or more stories high). Their patterns of movement seem to make sense from up-close but from a greater distance they seem to move behind buildings they shouldn't be behind or in front of buildings or structures you wouldn't expect them to.

Targeting systems can't lock-on at all, unless within a few hundred feet. They don't show up on radar and give very fuzzy storm-like signatures on other sensors like lidar. Of course when they attack, they can rend steel easily, peel open Age of War tanks, and breathe nuclear fire. Some can fly. Some have tentacles that can tunnel through concrete and rock. Some exhale poison gas--or glow with deadly radiation.

After taking a certain amount of damage, they will leave--turning to go--and then disappearing behind structures that could not possibly conceal them (or not for long) and vanishing entirely. They come back, perhaps having healed--but over a matter of weeks or months.

Nuclear Ruins Bear

Threat Level 21+

Take a polar bear and give it by turns: dermal armor that can stop a tank-round, Neonium claws and saber-tooth fangs that can eat through layered armor, necronium death-metal spines that can kill with a touch, and a nuclear power-plant inside that generates a powerful Force Field and lets it breathe plasma like an arc-welder's torch out to 30 yards.

Now, make it intelligent, immortal, and able to regenerate using Age of Wonders' tech that's so fast it can put injuries back together so quickly it counts as another form of defense.

Finally, if you kill it, it's a 5kt tactical nuke.

The legend says that the Nuclear Bears were created as one of the Great Warlord's personal guards. They were smart, loyal, and terrifying. Built to battlefield specifications, they were harder to kill than some tanks (if you want to kill one, your best bet is a Californium Rifle). Apparently he took over one of the End-Game Ruins distribution points and died when one of the bears was killed by a very powerful War-Telepath and detonated its reactor.

His wife, allegedly, freed them before throwing herself into the great funeral pyre.

Nuclear Bears are territorial and stalk / hunt prey within their boundaries. Sometimes they operate in packs.

Norb

Threat Level 31+

The Norb appears as a floating sphere. It is clearly an object of technology with panels, lights, and one large electric eye in the center. The Norb attacks with a disintegration ray fired from the eye as well as several other weapon-systems that include Pulsar-Blasts and Ion Beams. They are formidable in their own-right--well armored and with a powerful Force Field--but they would not stand up well to an Age of War mainline battle-unit.

Except that when you kill it, two of them instantly appear. That keeps happening. Whatever special methodology is needed to kill a Norb and have it not multiply, no one's clear on it yet and it was somewhat mysterious in the Age of War. Norb shadows--the multiple instances--eventually vanish, leaving only one--but in combat with the Norb, the faster you beat it, the worse your circumstance becomes.

Against current forces, the options are flee or attempt to temporarily neutralize it with EMP weapons or energy nets.

Norbs, fortunately, are not always aggressive. They are curious--shadowing targets for a lengthy period of time and observing or, in some cases, making overtures towards travelers. They are hostile to anything that seems to be a clearly mechanized combat force and will defend certain areas if one tries to pass.

There are those who claim they talk on radio frequencies--but going looking for them has proven risky as attempts to communicate with them are sometimes seen as hostile. The best bet on encountering a Norb is to treat it as a hair-trigger death sentence and try to move away quickly and non-threateningly.



The Distribution Points

The End-Game Ruins are so dangerous--and so dominant--because the region was a major hub in the Age of Wonders and continued to be until the end of the Age of War. Within the urban-nightmare zone there are three of the Cornucopias. The scholars of today have given them names: Ferox, Lachne, and Nebrophonos. They appear as black pyramids of great size with multiple levels of superhighway running into them, lights still shining, massive bay-doors out of which miracles once poured.

Inside is a mystery. They comprise hundreds of levels above ground and who knows how many below. There are helipads, parking towers, and vehicle-bays of all sorts. At one time they were home to thousands and thousands of people.

Today they are tombs. They still stand--and there are rumors of massive industrial floors where wonders could still be created--but no one knows for sure.

Venturing Into the Great Pacific Desert

To go to the Great Pacific Desert you pass the End-Game Ruins and keep going. You'll see massive sand dunes out to the horizon with a few "mountains" rising up. These used to be islands . . . they say. When there was water.

There's a road. It's black-top highway--perhaps an extension of the Mother Road itself. No one knows who built it--or when. It aggressively self-repairs. Out in the greatest wasteland humanity has ever known, it looks almost brand new. It even, somehow, keeps the sand off it.

Around that road, though, near the "coast" are the Sand Tribes. They move from place to place following water or some other secret. They are known as assassins, thieves and raiders. The Seutek live among them: Powerfully built humans with horse's heads and glowing red eyes. The Seutek have no love of humans who are not members of their tribes.

You may see sand-surfers: there are powerful veins of wind and sometimes boards with multi-colored sails are used by the Sand Tribes scouts or hunters. They can do a sustained 45 mph if the right winds are blowing.

The Hungry Sands

The Hungry Sands are a graveyard of vehicles and men. At some point during the Age of War a massive action was fought here and you can see rusted metal hulks buried in the sands for miles. The whole area--save for the road is riddled with smart mines, still operational tracking guns, and war-bots under the surface.

Heat Death and Basin Town

The further down you go, the hotter and more inhospitable the Great Pacific Desert gets. Heat Death and Basin Town are the last of what might be called sane-lands. Think of the hottest desert town you can imagine. Mudbrick buildings stacked on each other. Portable generators, netting for solar-protection, water cisterns. Imagine them at the bottom of a deep desert drop on a cliff that goes deeper down still.

Basin Town trades with the Sand Tribes extensively. They are a place to go to hire guides for the other areas. It has two nuclear batteries that provide power and defense (energy weapons). It is run by a single family that is very old and fairly ruthless--but it is run well.

Heat Death is more of an outpost. Shipping containers boiling in the pitiless sun. Stacks of metal walls, rusting (the Great Pacific Desert has a lot of salt). Machine gun towers and Desert-Cameo APCs. The people out there are sitting on top of an Age of Wonders well--it generates water. They sell this, for massive profits. The "rig" which juts up out of the sand pulls hundreds of gallons out a day. People work it--the Rig is dangerous--it has many levels below ground that have not been explored. It has areas that seem to be hazardous for no good reason at all (with electrified floors, unprotected grinders, and so on).

The people who go to Heat Death are either criminals sentenced to die there--or people taking the job for a period of three years after which they will be quite wealthy--if they live.

Lighthouse Pass and Fortress Rock

Apparently these were islands in the Pacific Ocean--today they're mountains--crumbling--rising out of the sand. Lighthouse Rock may at some point have had a maritime lighthouse on it--but today it's so-called because it has a laser-guarded defense post. It's technically a "Free state" although it has volunteers from the desert towns and from the Congregation. Within its 8 mile radius of fire it will protect anyone not initiating violence and fire on anyone who does.

Fortress Rock is an ancient Age of War installation mostly decayed and caved in. You can see it up there--metal walls with strange writing all over them. Towers with blinking lights. Deadly robots.

The Deeper Pacific Desert and the Shelf

When you get past Lighthouse point the sands get deeper--the dunes get taller. The land is flat in places but the inexorable trend is down--down--towards The Shelf.

The Shelf is the three-mile drop. It's a cliff that runs hundreds or thousands of miles north and south. It is the edge of the world.

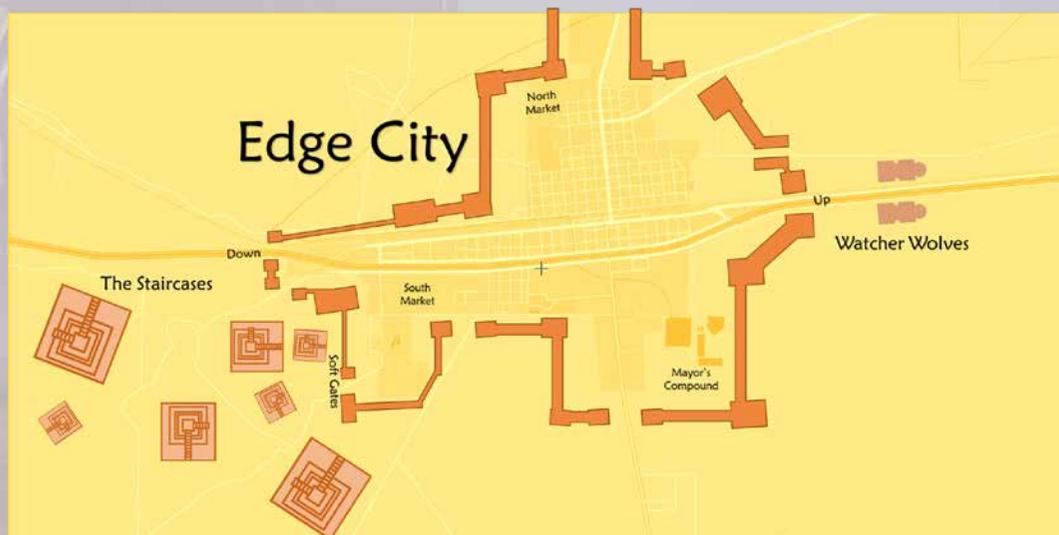


Above The Shelf: Edge City and Grand Drop

Further north and further south there may be other points of civilization out on that vast desert--these are two of them. They were both steeled in the Age of War and they are both mysteries in their own rights.

Edge City lies a few miles back from The Shelf.

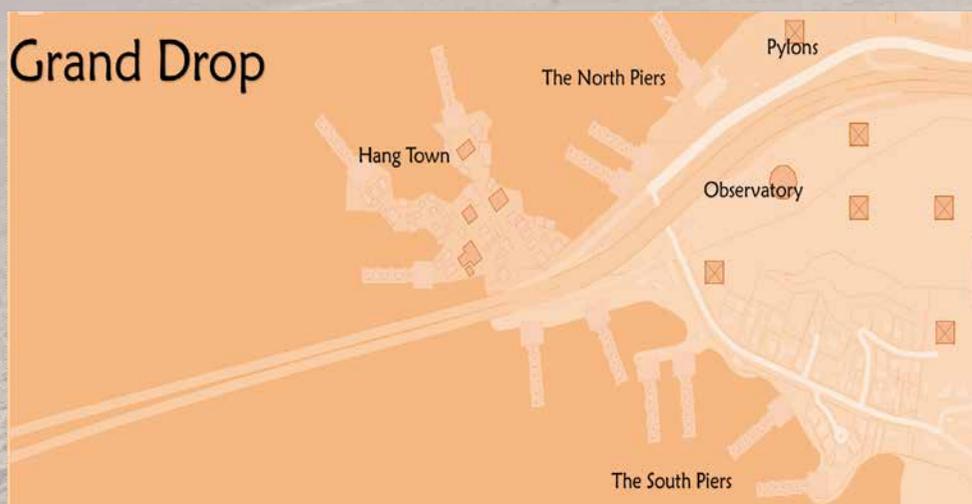
It lies in the dunes and the heat with large walls around it of Neutral-Carbon Concrete. It has a Cool Fusion generator under the mayoral compound. Whatever was going on here it was meant to be remote--and it was meant to last. There are also structures. The two 30-foot high Watcher Wolves look very little like dogs--but are



definitely some kind of sentry statues of a perfect-black material. They stand silently on bases, looking towards land.

Behind Edge City are The Staircases. They are blocks of the Neutral-Carbon Concrete, mold-cast into ziggurats and distributed, apparently at random, among the dunes. No one knows what they were for. Some have basic rooms hollowed out inside.

Grand Drop



Grand Drop is at the edge. It is one end of the Never Bridge--a cyclopean suspension bridge that runs--so far as anyone knows--forever. Grand Drop is above the Sea of Junk. Miles down the shelf are obsidian pipes that spew garbage out. From some unknown waste-management or recycling plant elsewhere--perhaps deep underground. They are relentless. Boxes, old

electronics--everything pours out of them and into the roiling Junk Sea.

Overhead, in Grand Drop, the "piers" hang out over miles of empty air and they drop claws. The claws go down into the garbage piles--which are dangerous--incredibly so--and come back. Usually they come with nothing--or the claws are lost. Sometimes though, they come back with junk that is treasure.

There are structures here that also make no sense. The Pylons are gray, 100-foot high obelisks with no features. They are cooling rods--making Grand Drop, despite its elevation, livable--even pleasant. They produce water or draw it up from reserves far underground. No one is sure. The



Observatory is called that for its domed roof and massive internal machine. It looks a little like a telescope--but within it, golden wheels turn in air nested inside each other and lenses and spheres orbit around the central machine. Consoles provide some sort of telemetry--but no one can say for what.

Hangtown was built by people who came after the pylons and the observatory and the physically impossible Never Bridge--but it too is a kind of artifact. It's an artificial structure of a material that appears to be wood--but is as strong as steel. It looks ramshackle--but it, with its clustered population hangs out over the edge with markets, gambling houses and so on. In the less chaotic neighborhoods of Grand Drop, are dedicated to the study of the artifacts and the Pylons. The people who live there are scholars on secondment from across the world who pour over the trash of the Age of Wonders and try to divine either the secrets of the value of things they discarded.

The END

This ends the first volume of JAGS HaveNot, providing an overview of the world and rules for characters. The next volume discusses how to create the adventures and situations that the characters will encounter. Please drive safely.

