

**DARWIN'S WORLD**  
POST-APOCALYPTIC ADVENTURES

Requires the use of the d20 Modern™ Roleplaying Game, published by Wizards of the Coast, Inc.



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# THE RUIN AT THE END OF THE WORLD

*Is this the exultant city that dwelt secure;  
That told herself, "There is no other than I!"  
How she has become a waste, a lair for wild beasts...  
— Zephaniah 2:15*

Welcome to *The Ruin at the End of the World*, a sourcebook on one of the most iconic locations of the Twisted Earth setting: the ruined city of Los Angeles. Better known as the "Necropolis," this sprawling ruin carpets an entire basin for miles in every direction, nestled against the furthest edge of the known world. Stories of this legendary place are common among the nomadic people of the desert; it is said to be a desolate ruin where nothing lives, where only the ashes of millions of Ancients—incinerated in the Fall—fill the streets. Some claim it is a place poisoned by that ancient war, and to tread there is to court certain death. Others, the few who have actually made the dangerous journey across the San Gabriel mountains to see for themselves, claim it is not in fact dead, but very much alive. This makes it no less dangerous, however, for almost universally these storytellers speak of monstrous creatures holding a terrible grip over the city, waging constant war against one another and killing all who trespass into their jealously-guarded domains.

*The Ruin at the End of the World* expands upon the Necropolis setting as briefly touched upon in the *Darwin's World 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition* rulebook (pages 206-216). This setting has a long history with *Darwin's World*, first as a play-by-email game run in the year 2000, and later serving as the archetypical "city of the dead" in the *Darwin's World 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition* rules, showcasing the fate that befell the great cities of the

world since the Fall. This book brings together the in-game history of Los Angeles with the setting overview presented in *Darwin's World 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition*. The result is a

detailed location which existing parties can visit and explore, or which can serve as the basis for entirely new campaigns which cast the PCs as survivors struggling to make their way in perhaps the Twisted Earth's most legendary place: the Necropolis.



## THE NECROPOLIS

*It is well known that the world is a great, endless desert, and sand the only thing which holds up all life and all creation. A great rolling sea, the deserts of*

*the twisted earth stretch on forever, from east to west, from the farthest north to the most distant south. Old rivers and great highways of concrete may have once crossed this ugly, godforsaken terrain in the time of the Ancients, but now it is all but a great dust bowl.*

*But legends sometimes contest that which is common knowledge, and the legend of the fabled Necropolis is no exception—in fact, it is a story known to nearly all who wander the wasteland, as far east as the wind-swept Far Desert, and north into the rugged, bleak territory of the Foundation and their stark mountain monastery-fortresses. Though their litany of somber chanting and pining for Ancient glories drowns out the violent winds between those*

*northern mountains, this tale is something they, especially, will never forget.*

*Somewhere to the south, over the San Gabriel peaks—themselves a dangerous barrier, teeming with hostile mutant life—the desolate dry heights give way to a place only a handful have ever seen, a dreamland to some and a horrible nightmare to others. It is said that over the mountains lies a lost city, a dead, lifeless megaplex stretching from horizon to horizon, its towering maze of mile-high 'scrapers covered in a layer of grayish dust, with shadows streaking across hundreds of streets for as far as the eye can see.*

*Those few who have seen it, have seen it from afar, from the great San Gabriel mountains. By day, the city is often silhouetted by the eastern sun in all its coppery glory; by night, the blue moon casts its haunting cerulean light over the miles and miles of untouchable landscape so far below in the Valley. Observers skirting the mountains say that the city is alive, that noise can sometimes be heard echoing miles within its twisted, glass and concrete heart—echoing hoots, the distant clang of metal, and screams. It is no wonder that outsiders from the wasteland have shunned this haunted place for generations, and let the San Gabriel mountains lie as a virgin barrier to the great ruins beyond.*

*But it is this place, the great Necropolis, that persists in legends and myths to this day. Stories quickly vanishing into the haze of memory tell of a city that stretches on for days in all directions, confined only by the great San Gabriels to the north, bleak desolate heights to the east, and the beginnings of the dark and ugly sea to the south and west. Here, it is said, the streets and even the buildings themselves, rising leagues into the sky, are coated in a layer of choking, powdery ash—ashes that stories say are the remains of millions of Ancients who once*



## WHAT THIS BOOK IS - AND WHAT IT ISN'T

While this book covers an entire city and offers a lot of game material on the monsters and other inhabitants living within it, this book is foremost a broad overview of a single, sprawling adventure location: the *Necropolis*. An effort has been made to detail the entire city in as useful a manner as possible, highlighting more than 200 separate encounter areas within, both above and below the city streets. Many of these encounter areas are linked to one or more of the strange factions that vie for control of the city; others are merely places where rogue dangers, isolated hold-outs, or lost treasures and curious finds can be found. As a GM, you will find the city map invaluable in keeping track of encounters and locations.

The level of detail provided for each encounter area varies; this book is not intended to be an adventure *per se*, but rather a sourcebook allowing parties to explore at their own pace, and allowing you as GM to tailor their adventures with a minimal number of pre-set guidelines to restrict you. This sourcebook isn't rigidly structured, forcing the PCs to go one way or another; rather it is open and flexible, sketched out in broad strokes. There is room for you to contribute your own imagination to the mix of encounters and resident creatures; in fact, inspiring your creativity—and thus making each visit to the Necropolis unique—is an integral part of the book's purpose.

*lived in the Necropolis, incinerated when the bombs turned the labyrinthine streets and lighted boulevards into a chaos of fire and brimstone.*

*Whatever the truth, the city is dark, lonely, and forbidding. It is seemingly limitless in size. Clusters of towering skyscrapers, burnt-out, blown-open, and skeletal in their ruined state, stretch in awe-inspiring rows, the dead husks of a lost civilization that sought to reach into the sky and conquer the gods. Beneath them, avenues and roads, some as wide as major riverbeds, lie blanketed in rubble; snaking caravans of abandoned cars from before the Fall; and, of course, all of it covered in that same, unsettling soot.*

- From *Darwin's World 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition*

The Necropolis setting first came to life as a play-by-email game run around the year 2000, in which each player took control of a community struggling to survive in the radiated ruins of Los Angeles. In

addition to giving life to what would become a “legendary location” of *Darwin's World*, this early game helped shape what would evolve into two of the major factions of the Twisted Earth. Precursors of the Foundation and the Cartel were among the groups controlled by players of the game, as were other factions that were ultimately considered too Necropolis-specific to include in the eventual release of the *Gazetteer of the Twisted Earth*. Special (and long overdue) thanks go to Alex Kashyrin, original player of the Foundation, whose “vision” for that iconic group also later came to define the *Revenants* sub-faction as described in *The Foundationists*; as well as Chris Covey, player of the Hive (and who coincidentally would go on to lay the groundwork for the *Dark Paladins* faction of the Foundation; he also wrote segments of the adventure *Against the Wastelords* and set the theme for the entire *Wastelords* campaign series, and came up with the idea behind the “Last God”), and Mlado Spasic, player of the

Purist Enclave, whose embellishments on my original designs for those xenophobic *purebloods* have been faithfully incorporated into this work (even down to individual NPC names). The other players of the city's factions also deserve thanks, not only for their contributions which made the game fun for all involved, but for setting the stage for what is presented in this book.

*The Ruin at the End of the World* presents the Necropolis as it would have looked at the end of the original Necropolis play-by-email game. It is a city that is slowly being conquered by several strong factions, including an “empire” of “beastmen,” a vast infestation of intelligent mutant bugs, a rising tide of androids newly created in a factory somewhere near the harbor, a colony of strange aquatic mutants, and a small but persevering community of re-awakened humans holding out in their corner of the city. As these powers rise, others dwindle and vanish; the ghouls are scattered but not entirely eradicated, the Foundationists are now gone (and the Cartel has likewise abandoned their colonization efforts), and the would-be “kingdom” of the raider prince Krue the Conqueror has been extinguished. And while these groups are gone, player characters have a chance to explore the evidence of each community's extinction, and discover just what happened to them in their ill-fated drive to conquer the Necropolis.

For those few who played in the original play-by-email game, you will notice many major changes. Hopefully you'll recognize that these changes are for the best. A lot has been tweaked and altered not only to fit within the rules of *Darwin's World 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition*, but also to make the setting more enjoyable from the perspective of a role-playing game (as opposed to a strategy game). Boundaries are slightly modified to reflect what this author assumes would be a natural evolution of the warring state of the city factions;

## SECRET NECROPOLIS

There is no magic in *Darwin's World*. Or is there? Throughout this book you may find tiny “Easter eggs” that seem to hint at a supernatural conspiracy that brought about the Fall, as well as the current state of the Necropolis. Certainly nefarious powers were behind events taking place right before the city’s destruction (in the form of the enigmatic super conglomerate known as the “Zoogenic Corporation”), but were they otherworldly? Was a prophecy really involved? Maybe yes, maybe no—depending on your particular style of play. *The Ruin at the End of the World* hints at a supernatural-themed alternative to the total nuclear war scenario that is considered the default of *Darwin's World*, but whether or not you choose to make this the basis of the Fall is up to you.

The following areas offering tantalizing teases of what *could* have been, if you think a supernatural-themed apocalypse is something your players would enjoy: *Chemical Plant* (#023), *Hive B* (#027), *Whittier Police Station* (#039), *Institute of Entomological Studies* (#042), *Cult Hideout* (#047), *Mission of St. Michael The Archangel* (#048), *The Harbor* (#052), *Marine Institute* (#067), *Great Park* (#070), *Cyrus' Crib* (#120), *Biodiversity Studies* (#123), *Chang's Imported Fruits* (#124), *The House of Satan* (#130), *Recording Studio* (#152), *Los Angeles Times* (#153), *Murder Scene* (#154), *Bernard Megaplex* (#160), and *Homeless Refuge* (#184).

in addition, some minor discrepancies that existed in the original game have been fixed to smooth out the setting’s “bumps.” All in all these changes are intended to make the Necropolis setting more of a challenge and adventure for small groups wandering the ruins in the shadow of the city’s major factions.

For those who only know the Necropolis from what has been written in *Darwin's World*, prepare for a change of pace. The Necropolis isn’t exactly like the world outside, the Twisted Earth so familiar to regular players of the role-playing game. The original play-by-email game was downright *fantastic* in its theme; consider for example a race of half-man, half-animal beastmen modeling their community after the Roman empire, whose prejudices against humans and humanoid mutants borders on the attitudes of the simians of *Planet of The Apes*. Or envision a race of mutated insectoids that easily manipulate the tools of the long-extinct

human race and breed gigantic beetles to serve as “living tanks” in their seemingly endless armies. It is a city where tectonic activity has created molten lava beds in whose hellish light *mutagons* wander about like dinosaurs on the prehistoric earth. The Necropolis is *intentionally* dramatic and fantastic; it is a light-hearted combination of science-fiction, post-apocalyptic, fantasy, and even the supernatural, in which the city is just a moldering backdrop for a parade of “pulp-ish” factions, communities, monsters, and a buried Satanic conspiracy that dates back to the Fall. The city itself is like the Twisted Earth’s version of *King Kong’s* Skull Island—a place where the impossible is possible, and where danger lurks around every corner.



## HOW THIS BOOK IS PRESENTED

For ease of use, this book is broken down into two main sections: the first presents the adventure locations in numeric order, and the second includes secondary rules that complement the setting, such as rules for new monsters and stat blocks for generic challenges encountered in the ruins.

The following outlines the basic features of *The Ruin at the End of the World*:

### INTRODUCTION

The first part of this book introduces the Necropolis setting and explains the context in which it was first developed. It also discusses some of the themes and concepts behind the sprawling city’s atmosphere. Here you will also find miscellaneous rules, including rules governing movement through the ruins, a system for randomly determining the contents of a given hex, notes on the city map, and a more detailed look at the three adventure hooks for the Necropolis originally summarized in the *Darwin's World 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition* rules.

### ADVENTURE LOCATIONS

The majority of *The Ruin at the End of the World* concerns the 200+ different adventure locations scattered throughout the city. This section details the various regions of the Necropolis, starting with *The Reaches*, and moving on to *Dead City*, the *Hive*, *Los Angeles Harbor*, *Pasadena*, the *Domain of the Flesh Eaters*, the *Domain of the Broken Ones*, the *Enclave of the Lost Children of Man*, *Downtown*, and the



# INTRODUCTION

## Sewers.

Most of the adventure locations described in this section are general overviews, giving the most important information but leaving the details up to the GM. However, a few areas have been fleshed out to varying degrees of detail (generally one location per city region) to give you something extra to go on, as well as to give life to the most important sites.

## FACTIONS OF THE NECROPOLIS

This section briefly summarizes the factions that currently exist in the Necropolis, or which have been driven out in recent years. A few of these factions are no longer present in the city, while others have risen to dominate their particular corner of the ruins like new-age “empires.” The communities described in this section include the *Androids*, *Broken Ones*, *Cartel*, *Foundationists*, *Ghouls*, *Hive*, *Purist Enclave*, *Raiders*, and *Serpent Gods*. Each entry gives a brief overview (more information can be found by reading the 200+ adventure locations), a summary of each faction’s general attitude, and where the faction’s forces are typically found.

## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Since a lot of a party’s time will be taken up traveling between encounter areas as they explore the ruins, each region of the Necropolis has its own random encounter table. However, the actual description of each random encounter is found in this section, separate from the main text, for ease of reference. This list is by no means exhaustive, and creative GMs should tailor, tweak and add to these lists to keep the random encounters of the Necropolis unexpected and challenging.

## RADIO MESSAGES

Briefly mentioned in the text of the adventure locations, this section gives further guidelines for using the strange phenomenon of the Hermit’s radio messages during play.

## GENERIC STAT BLOCKS

This section presents a large number of stat blocks for creatures and NPCs encountered in the Necropolis, from soldiers of the Broken Ones empire to xeno scouts of the Purist Enclave. *If a given creature referenced in an adventure location is not found in this section, a notation made in the text will show you where the creature can be found (in a different source).*

## NEW CREATURES

The *New Creatures* chapter of this book details 21 new monsters that are exclusive to *The Ruin at the End of the World*, with each entry including a description and full game statistics for using them in the game. In addition, a new *template* (“Ogrish”) is presented in this section.

## SURVIVORS IN THE NECROPOLIS

This section offers guidelines for making characters *from* the Necropolis, instead of using characters who hail from beyond the city. In addition to suggestions for character creation (such as starting at a higher level than normal to allow new characters to survive in the deadly Necropolis setting), this chapter also presents a new system for determining starting equipment for characters who are more like “survivors” than “adventurers.”

## NEW TREASURE TABLES

Building on the tables originally presented in the *Darwin’s World* supplement *Scav’s Swag*, this book introduces a number of new tables for randomly determining other forms of post-apocalyptic treasure, such as civilian weapons, rare military weapons, the contents of vehicles, and miscellaneous finds taken from dead bodies.

## NEW ADVANCED CLASSES

*The Ruin at the End of the World* presents three new advanced classes: the *Ghost Raider*, the *Raging Claw*, and the *Xeno Scout*. All of these classes make an appearance somewhere among the various communities of the Necropolis, but these classes are also available to any character who meets their prerequisites, whether they hail from the Necropolis or not.

## BEASTMAN FEATS

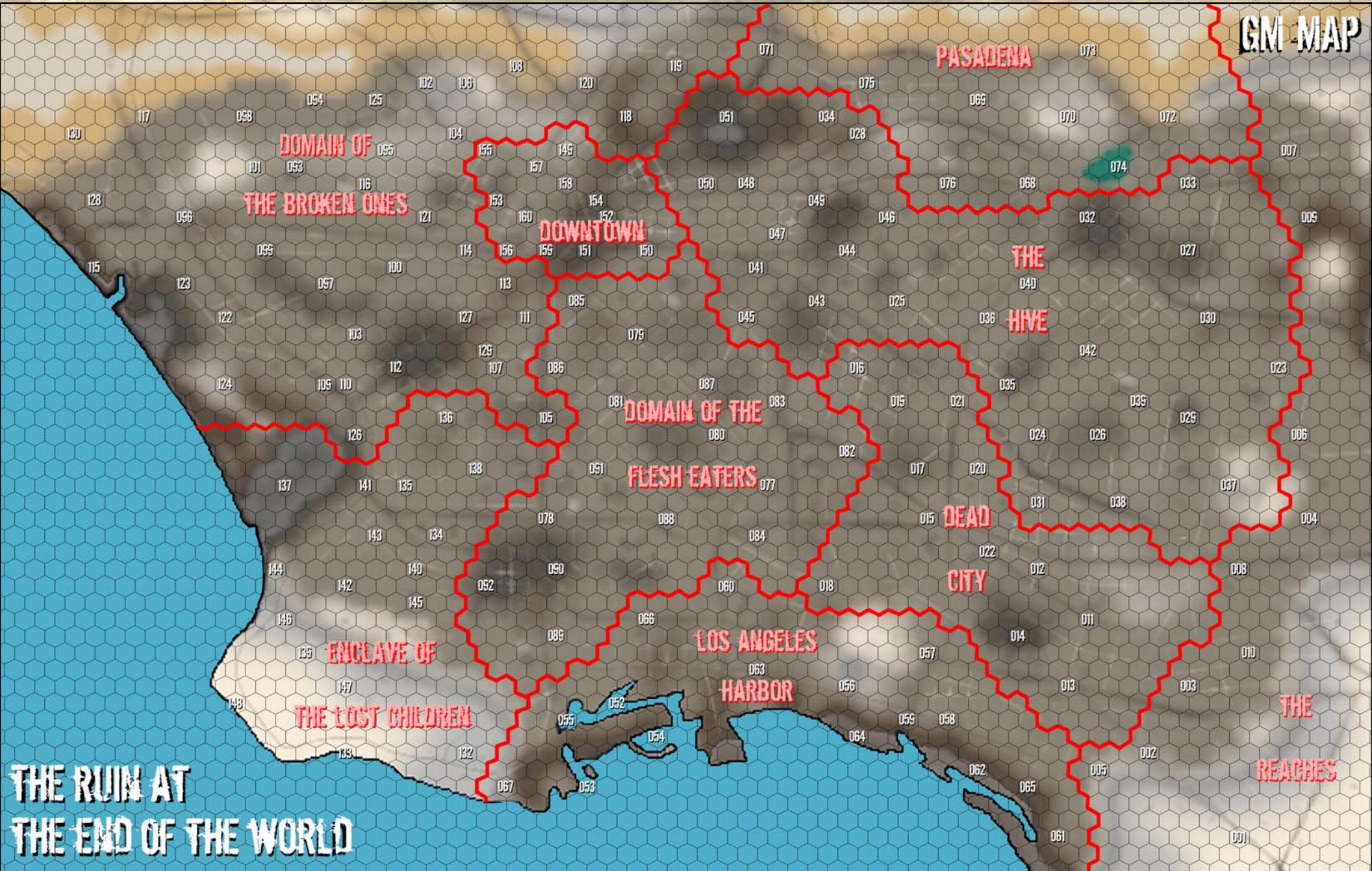
Since *The Ruin at the End of the World* makes good use of the *Beastmen* supplement (by Charles Rice), a number of new feats have been introduced in this book for use by beastman characters and NPCs.



## THE CITY MAP

*The Ruin at the End of the World* features a number of maps, including a large hex map showing the entire Necropolis. There are two versions of this map: one intended for the GM (which indicates the location of every adventure area detailed in the book using a three-digit number), and one intended for the players (which is essentially featureless except for the hexes).







# INTRODUCTION

This city map is intended to serve as a tool for both the GM and the players. The player version of the map will allow players to keep track of their progress and explorations in the city, and make notes on what sites they've encountered, heard about from other inhabitants, or even escaped from. The GM version of the map will help you keep track of the party's movements in the city, as well as reference specific locations should the PCs stumble upon them as they go.

## TRAVEL ON THE CITY MAP

Traveling across the city map is not as easy as it might look. Though on average a human walks at a rate of about 3-4 miles per hour, the city's road network isn't what it used to be. Vast regions of rough and uneven rubble, roadways torn up and eroded away, natural sinkholes, highways congested with the rusted wrecks of thousands of vehicles—all of these make progress difficult.

In game terms, the party can move a number of hexes per day equal to a random roll (the random element simulates the varying possibility of finding intact streets, shortcuts through the ruins, etc.). At the start of a given day, the players should not know the result of the roll; only by actually traveling will they realize if progress has been good or bad. *The only exception is if the party deliberately backtracks; in this case the players may dispense with rolling and may instead travel the distance they traveled the previous day, so long as it returns them to the point they were at the day before.*

In addition, travel speed varies depending on which region of the Necropolis the PCs are in. Some areas are relatively desolate, while others (like Downtown) are still highly built-up, making travel slower.

| Region                       | Progress/Day  |
|------------------------------|---------------|
| Reaches                      | 2d6+10 hexes  |
| Dead City                    | 1d10+10 hexes |
| Hive                         | 1d10+10 hexes |
| Pasadena                     | 1d10+6 hexes  |
| Los Angeles Harbor           | 1d10+4 hexes  |
| Domain of the Flesh Eaters   | 1d6+4 hexes   |
| Domain of the Broken Ones    | 1d10+4 hexes  |
| Enclave of the Lost Children | 1d10+4 hexes  |
| Downtown                     | 1d4+4 hexes   |
| Sewers                       | 1d10+4 hexes  |

If the characters' movements take them into another region, use your discretion in determining how far they can travel at their current speed. If for example the party moves from *Dead City* into the *Reaches* their progress might quicken, but if they move from the *Domain of the Flesh Eaters* into *Downtown* they will likely be slowed down.

## VEHICLES

The movement rates shown above may vary if the PCs manage to acquire a vehicle. If moving by *boat*, for instance, they will find no obstructions to their movement (except perhaps for encounters with aquatic creatures). In such a case the movement rate should be 40 hexes per day. If by helicopter, then barring any interference from the ground (such as city inhabitants firing at them as they fly overhead), the PCs could easily cover the whole map in one day.

More likely, however, the PCs will want to move by ground vehicle—a car, truck, hummer, or even tank. In such a case the movement rate would seem to logically increase, but keep in mind that the L.A.

## ABBREVIATIONS

A number of advanced classes, feats, mutations, and articles of equipment mentioned in this book won't be found in the basic *Darwin's World 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition* rulebook. Instead they can be found in a variety of *Darwin's World* supplements and sourcebooks, or other *RPGObjects* products. To help you find where the rules for these are located, the following key has been provided:

|      |   |
|------|---|
| AMT  | Another Man's Treasure                                      |
| BST  | Beastmen  |
| B&G  | Blood & Guts  |
| B&L  | The Broken & the Lost                                       |
| F/MG | The Foundationists/Metal Gods                               |
| LP   | The Lost Paradise   |
| MRh  | Metropolis Rho/Urban Decay                                  |
| R&U  | Rare & Unusual Weapons After the Fall (Modern Dispatch #14) |
| REW  | The Ruin at the End of the World (new to this book)         |
| SS   | Scav's Swag   |
| SW   | Sandwalkers   |
| WF   | Wasteland Fury  |

roads aren't what they used to be. In fact, ground movement with a vehicle might be slower than by foot (as the vehicle is forced to go slow over difficult terrain, gets stuck in the rubble for hours and must be pushed/pulled free once tools can be located, etc.).

For general purposes, consider a ground vehicle to move at the speed indicated on the table above, but roll the variable number of hexes *twice* and

# INTRODUCTION

take the *highest* roll (for example, when moving Downtown the speed will be the highest roll of 2 d4s, plus 4 hexes per day). However, for every 3d6 hexes traveled (cumulative, day by day) the vehicle-mounted party will be certain to hit an obstruction (such as a street too congested with wrecks to drive down, a dead end created by fallen buildings, etc.) which stops all movement for the rest of that day.

*These guidelines should work well in most cases, but if a situation arises where these rules seem unreasonable (or unrealistic), by all means improvise and determine a daily speed more fitting to the circumstances.*

## "EMPTY" HEXES

Because of obvious space limitations, not every hex on the city map is detailed in this book. While *The Ruin at the End of the World* details just over 200 separate hexes for PCs to explore, there are times when you as GM will have to determine what lies in a given hex that *isn't* detailed in the text. Though for the most part you can describe these hexes as "devastated ruins" and be confident that your players will want to move on, sometimes the situation will require more information than that.

If the PCs are traveling through an undetailed hex and the situation requires you to make a decision on what buildings/sites are present, roll on the following table to determine just where, exactly, they find themselves. You can use the table below for a lot of things; here are some examples:

- If the PCs make camp for the night, use the table to determine the best spot they can find in the time before nightfall;
- If the PCs decide to set up camp in a given hex to avoid being caught out in a sandstorm, roll on this table to determine the most ideal place

they can find in which to weather the storm;

- If the PCs stumble on a random encounter in an empty hex, roll to determine the specific environs in which the encounter takes place;
- If the PCs are successfully followed into the ruins by forces from a Necropolis community, roll to determine where the PCs are caught when their enemies catch up to them;
- If the PCs are wounded and decide to lay low for a while, roll to determine the safest place they can find to rest for a few nights.

Assume that whatever you roll is the most interesting/secure/ideal/etc. place the PCs can find in that hex; there may be other buildings in the hex, but whatever you roll is where the PCs happen to be when the PCs choose to stop.

You may want to make a small map/sketch of the site in the event of combat, and tailor minor "finds" to fit the nature of the location. It is assumed that most areas will be so badly damaged and/or stripped clean that nothing too valuable is likely to be found by the PCs if they explore within; however, at your discretion any random site could also be the potential seed for an adventure location of your own devising. In this case feel free to populate the hex with creatures/dangers of your own creation, as well as treasure suitable to the location (and its inhabitants, if any).

| D100  | Setting                |
|-------|------------------------|
| 01    | Sewage Treatment Plant |
| 02    | City Dump              |
| 03    | Rail Yard              |
| 04-05 | Warehouse              |
| 06-07 | Junkyard*              |
| 08    | Auto Scrapyard*        |
| 09    | Homeless Camp          |
| 10    | Crackhouse             |

|       |                              |
|-------|------------------------------|
| 11    | Stripjoint/Peepshow          |
| 12    | Adult Movie Store            |
| 13    | Transformer Station          |
| 14    | Bridge w/ Control House      |
| 15    | Bus Depot                    |
| 16    | Truck Stop                   |
| 17-18 | Industrial Park              |
| 19    | City Jail/Detention Center*  |
| 20    | Small Airport                |
| 21    | Rooftop Heliport             |
| 22    | Slaughterhouse               |
| 23-24 | Factory/Assembly Line*       |
| 25    | Foundry                      |
| 26-27 | Highway Overpass             |
| 28    | City Park                    |
| 29    | Impound Lot*                 |
| 30    | Bottling Factory             |
| 31    | Computer Factory             |
| 32-33 | Bar                          |
| 34    | Video Arcade                 |
| 35    | Fish Market                  |
| 36    | Antique Store                |
| 37    | Bookstore                    |
| 38    | Nightclub                    |
| 39    | Motel                        |
| 40-41 | Fast Food Restaurant         |
| 42    | Open-Air Market              |
| 43    | Water Tower                  |
| 44    | Repair Shop                  |
| 45-46 | Convenience Store            |
| 47-48 | Home Improvement Superstore  |
| 49    | Skater Park                  |
| 50-51 | Sprawling Parking Lot        |
| 52-53 | Gas Station                  |
| 54    | Playground                   |
| 55-56 | Apartment Building           |
| 57-58 | Abandoned Post-Fall Campsite |
| 59-60 | Barren Ruins                 |
| 61-62 | Private Home*                |
| 63-64 | High School                  |
| 65-66 | Elementary School            |
| 67-68 | Church                       |



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|       |                         |
|-------|-------------------------|
| 69-70 | Strip Mall              |
| 71    | Post Office             |
| 72    | Trailer Park            |
| 73-74 | Parking Garage          |
| 75    | Athletic Field          |
| 76-77 | Office Building         |
| 78    | Sporting Goods Store    |
| 79    | Department Store        |
| 80-81 | Grocery Store           |
| 82    | Ethnic Restaurant       |
| 83-84 | Movie Theatre           |
| 85    | Community Library       |
| 86    | Fire Station            |
| 87    | Upscale Boutique*       |
| 88    | Auto Showroom*          |
| 89    | Robot Dealership*       |
| 90    | Museum*                 |
| 91    | Courthouse              |
| 92-93 | Bank*                   |
| 94    | Highrise Hotel*         |
| 95    | Cosmetic Surgery Clinic |
| 96    | Commercial Laboratory*  |
| 97    | Convention Center       |
| 98-99 | Huge Mall*              |
| 00    | Mansion*                |

\* Locations marked with an asterisk (\*) may still have security measures in place (at the GM's discretion), so PCs hoping to explore the site may have to contend with potential dangers such as alarms (alerting any creatures nearby or living within), automatic locking doors, or even robot sentries, depending on the specific location.

In some instances the PCs may not like their environs and will want to move on. If the PCs are hoping to set camp and don't like the results of the roll, for example, you can allow them another roll (or two)—but keep track of time. You can use subtle pressure, such as a hastily-approaching dusk, to get them to settle with what they've got. Alternatively, you could

call for Fortitude saves to avoid fatigued if they keep looking for another place. Don't let the PCs exhaust the table by rolling over and over until they find a place they like; sometimes they'll just have to make do with what's in the area.

## BALANCE

One of the key issues in d20 role-playing is balance, an aspect of design that can often make or break an adventure. When it came to writing *The Ruin at the End of the World* a decision had to be made: whether to scale the adventure for a particular range of character levels or remain true to the material accumulated from the play-by-email game. In the end, staying true won out.

As a result you will find that the adventure locations in *The Ruin at the End of the World* run from low-level challenges to those better suited for entire parties of epic level. Since the Necropolis is an open setting, rather than a story-based adventure that requires the PCs visit every site to solve a mystery or defeat a particular enemy, this works well. The PCs will hopefully learn through trial and error to be stealthy, and to explore carefully, instead of barging onto every location they stumble across. Many dangers can (and should) be portrayed as too difficult or too dangerous for the party—at least until they gain more experience (and better gear). The city is supposed to be a deadly place, where legends of quick death are indeed quite true.

But don't use the chaotic maze of varying Encounter Levels as an excuse to kill the party off; as with all adventures, you as GM must be ready to ad lib and adapt the material herein to avoid catastrophe as the game progresses. Trying to create an environment of "danger around every corner" is different from letting the PCs wander onto a "landmine encounter" that kills them all. Ultimately,

don't forget that everyone at the table is here to have fun—not to get their characters killed off by an encounter they had no chance against.



## ADVENTURE HOOKS

The *Darwin's World 2nd Edition* rulebook sheds some light on the Necropolis setting and offers three generic hooks for using the fabled city in your campaign. Since this book is just a neutral portrayal of the city, its inhabitants, and possible adventure locations, a lot of the background on *why* the characters are involved in the Necropolis is left up to you. However, here are some suggestions that may help in concocting an overarching plotline.

### ADVENTURE HOOK #1

What was listed as an "adventure hook" (described on page 216 of *Darwin's World 2nd Edition*) could be a whole campaign in its own right, suitable for characters of virtually any level—and with prospects of advancement not only in terms of experience, but also in the eyes of the PCs' particular faction.

In this long-term adventure idea, the PCs are sent along with a contingent of colonists to try and start a new settlement among the ruins of the Necropolis. Sure, others have tried and failed, but not every Twisted Earth faction has learned the hard truth that it may just be better to leave well enough alone in the Necropolis....

The plot of this campaign involves not only crossing the mountains (either the San Gabriels or Santa Anas), but also finding a place among the ruins to build a stronghold for the fledgling colony. In the early stages of the campaign, the PCs will engage in various missions and adventures such as scouting

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ahead of the pioneers, dealing with monsters living among the mountain trails, and finding fresh water sources for the colonists as they make their perilous journey. Rockslides, avalanches, and dust storms will threaten the colonists as well; the PCs must to guard them and make sure everyone makes it through alive.

Once they reach the city, the dangers only increase. If the PCs have made a name for themselves already, they may be asked their opinion on a good site for the community, and invited to help plan its defenses. This gives players a chance to help design the community's compound, choose their own quarters, put thought into its defenses, and bring to life other often-overlooked details of community building. Once its layout is established, construction will begin. Like settlers in the pioneer Wild West, the colonists are of course on edge, afraid of every strange sound coming from the ruins, and desperate for heroes to turn to and follow.

At this stage the PCs will be enlisted to scout the ruins, deal with rogue dangers (such as wandering monsters that threaten the construction of the colony's compound), and find possible sources of food and water. They'll also have to deal with local denizens discovered living nearby, so that settlers can begin small-scale agriculture among the ruins. Slowly the PCs will develop a sense of camaraderie with the colony, and develop friendships/relationships with the civilians who rely on them for protection. There is much opportunity for role-playing throughout this campaign arc, so play it up! This will also be the ideal time to begin introducing the other faceless inhabitants of the city, even if only subtly at first (momentary sightings of Ratmen scurrying through the night, the distant buzz of giant insects that remain eerily unseen, etc.), to build tension and hint at the wonders and horrors waiting just beyond the colony's walls....

From here you can take the campaign in a number of directions. Individual colonists might go missing, and the PCs are asked to go out and find them (they may have been eaten by a monster living nearby, or simply got lost in the ruins), giving the PCs a chance to explore more of the colony's surroundings. Or perhaps strange sightings of "creatures" cause enough concern that the colony's leaders charge the PCs with investigating—possibly leading to encounters with one or more of the city's established factions. The results could either be friendly (i.e. leading to a meeting with the Ratmen, or discovering the holdouts living in Den or Sanctuary), or terrifying (stumbling onto the Androids, triggering their armies into action again).

Perhaps instead the colony suddenly faces a calamity: an unexpected blight has claimed the colony's food reserves, or a fungus has tainted the water brought with them over the mountains, or a strange new disease is popping up among the colonists themselves. The PCs are called in to help, which means going out into the ruins in search of a way to solve the problem. The PCs will be outfitted with whatever the colony can muster and sent off to face the ruins alone... with the colony's fate hanging in the balance.

Eventually, once the colony manages to come together, it will come into contact with one of the bigger factions. Once they realize what they're up against, the colonists will face a crisis of determination. If they've done well, made allies, or made significant gains (including finding caches of weapons, recruiting native tribes to join the colony and bolster its ranks, etc.), the colonists might decide to stay and fight despite the odds against them. When the existing groups of the city, such as the Hive or Broken Ones, realize that a new faction is rising in their midst, they'll turn to face this new threat and

challenge it in open battle. In this city, more than anywhere else on the Twisted Earth, a community's right to exist is based solely on their ability to fight for their lives. Facing a grave new danger, the PCs will have to rise up as leaders of the colony and wage war for their very survival. The climactic conclusion of such a campaign couldn't be more epic!

## ADVENTURE HOOK #2

*Adventure Hook #2* doesn't have the long-term implications of *Adventure Hook #1*, but with the right effort and planning it could certainly give it a run for its money in terms of adventure. In this story seed, the PCs are hired/enticed to go to the Necropolis to track down a previous expedition that recently vanished; the lost expedition could be a group of colonists, an intrepid explorer and his entourage, a scientific team looking for lost technology, a merchant and his followers seeking to make contact with native inhabitants, or even a group of pilgrims/prospectors seeking some fabled site within the ruins (such as the *Lost Corium Mine* or the *Palace of the Ancient Kings*). The PCs might be motivated by offers of monetary reward or perhaps loyalty (perhaps the expedition was composed of people belonging to the same factions as the PCs, or perhaps loved ones of the PCs were a part of it). In any case this should seem a daunting task—cross over the radiated mountains and venture to a city only mentioned in legend, to find a lost band of explorers in a ruined metropolis that stretches as far as the eye can see.

For this adventure seed, the party will need to be experienced and self-sufficient, as their journey will be long and arduous. The PCs must be up to the challenge of crossing the mountains and then holding their own in a city that at all times seems hell-bent on the destruction of trespassers. Strange creatures are everywhere, and powerful adversaries live in



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entrenched cells throughout the ruins, always wary of rivals. The PCs, comprising just one small band, seem insignificant in comparison.

But it is their small numbers that will keep the PCs safe... for now. Moving “under the radar,” so to speak, the PCs should be able to find where the expedition went and where it vanished without attracting too much notice from the city’s major factions. Eventually finding the site where the expedition last made camp, the PCs find signs of an attack and a struggle—and tracks leading off into the ruins. From here it becomes a hunt that will lead the PCs on a wild goose chase across the city. Following the trail, the PCs enter the territory of the Hive, and meet the monstrous denizens thriving there. Fighting their way through the infested ruins they must penetrate deep into a Hive bughill, using stealth to slip past countless masses of monstrous insectoids. Finding many bodies in the bowels of the bughill, they fear the worst—but manage to find one or two expedition members still alive in a cavern deep under the earth. The survivors have been driven mad by the horrors to which they’ve been subjected, but the PCs learn from them that others in the expedition escaped when their Hive captors came under attack by “bestial mutants” (the Broken Ones). Though not all of the captives were freed by the attackers, some did, and there is still hope that they can be found alive.

With this knowledge, the PCs strike out across ghoulish territory tracking down the Broken Ones raiding force that took the Hive’s captives with them. Eventually they must enter the Domain of the Broken Ones and do epic battle against the terrible dinosaur-like mutagons living there. Even worse, they must infiltrate the *City of the Broken Ones*, only to find that most of the captives are to be fed to the animals in that degenerate city’s great arena!

Hatching an escape, or leading a direct raid,

the PCs gather what they believe is the last of the expedition, only to learn that one or two important members (the expedition’s leader, or perhaps a loved one of their own) were spared the arena, only to be taken to be sacrificed to the mysterious Serpent Gods. Escaping the *City of the Broken Ones*, the PCs must venture to the *Temple to the Serpent Gods*, and from there, venture into the forbidden region known as “Downtown” to find the last members of the expedition!

### ADVENTURE HOOK #3

The third adventure hook suggested in the *Darwin’s World 2<sup>nd</sup> Edition* rulebook offers a new campaign idea altogether, in which the players play characters who are natives of the city. Survival is the theme of the entire campaign, living each day one step ahead of certain death. The Necropolis is the perfect setting for such a feral fight for survival; the *Survivors in the Necropolis* section of this book offers more in-depth ideas for bringing this idea to life.



### GETTING INTO THE CITY

Unless you’re playing with the option put forth in the *Survivors in the Necropolis* section (in this book), you’ll have to figure out how the PCs came to the Necropolis. There are potentially three separate ways of reaching the city proper, as explained below.

### SAN GABRIEL MOUNTAINS

Though not explicitly detailed in this book, the San Gabriels (and the Santa Monica mountains directly to the west) have typically been portrayed as the

primary barrier separating the rest of the Twisted Earth from the Necropolis proper.

In the Twisted Earth setting, the San Gabriel mountains are a foreboding mountain range guarding the northern approaches to the city, separating the Necropolis from what was once known as the Mojave Desert. These are the tallest mountains in the region, and even during the time of the Ancients suffered from a poor road network and miles of unbroken wilderness. Long after the Fall, the old roadways have been completely lost to time—buried in sandstorms, hidden beneath the rubble of countless yearly avalanches, etc. As a result the mountains are generally considered impassable by larger parties from the wasteland, though routes can sometimes be found by persistent and daring explorers during certain times of the year.

PCs making their way to the Necropolis through the San Gabriels will end up either in *Pasadena* or along the northern frontier of the *Domain of the Broken Ones*. But they face the toughest trek of all, over treacherous mountains and through miles and miles of barren peaks and forests as dry and dead as ages-old kindling. Those beasts that cling to a miserable existence high in these mountains are true monsters, radiated “things” that have crawled out of the Necropolis to live on the fringes of that place. Sample denizens of the San Gabriels might include packs of *rad wolves* and *ravening hounds*, and (emerging from caves only at night) small bands of *screamers* and *night terrors*.

### SANTA ANA MOUNTAINS

The Santa Ana mountains border the vast ruins of the Necropolis on their east side, presenting a formidable obstacle to those who would venture there. Unlike the San Gabriels, which are known for the creatures that infest them (and prey on

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would-be mountaineers), the Santa Anas are mostly desolate. Though there is little life to be found in these mountains, stories abound of radiated *hotspots* (fallout from the Fall, when winds over Los Angeles carried radiation to the east) that make the range deadly to those who would travel among the peaks. These hotspots do still exist, but a party properly equipped (as the Cartel were; see elsewhere in this book for details) might be able to cross the mountain range with little difficulty to reach the Necropolis beyond.

Any group passing over the Santa Ana mountains will enter the city via the *Reaches*.

### SAN FERNANDO

The ruins of old San Fernando snake their way into the Necropolis from the north. This ruined city is not detailed in this book due to space limitations, and in fact the exact nature of the city is left up to you. In general, however, assume San Fernando is not just abandoned and desolate, but dangerous as well. Considering that groups have chosen to traverse the San Gabriels and Santa Anas instead of using San Fernando's road network to reach the city, there is certain to be *some* threat there to convince travelers to go around. Some possibilities might include deadly radiation, an unusually large population of native *ghouls*, widespread rumors of a strange new disease, or hordes of *plague zombies*.

If the PCs enter the Necropolis from this direction, they will begin play in the northeastern part of the *Domain of the Broken Ones* (near the border with *Pasadena*).





## THE REACHES

“The Reaches” comprise the easternmost edge of the Necropolis proper, a region of old burned-out buildings and entire neighborhoods gutted by the fires that swept the city during the nuclear apocalypse. For generations this was the only part of the city that outsiders visited, and then only rarely; merchant caravans forced over the mountains by raider attacks, or wandering clans taking shelter in the outer ruins to weather a particularly deadly sandstorm. Though visits were infrequent, enough skirted through this outer region over the years that its general emptiness and lifelessness came to give the entire Necropolis the reputation of a “dead city.” Of course, this simply wasn’t the case.

For ages these old city blocks stood empty and abandoned, giving comfort only to the rare visitor that came every twenty or thirty years. But in recent times, with the rise of the city’s new and warring factions, the Reaches have again begun to see visitation by living creatures—not from outside the city, but by desperate animals fleeing the onslaught of the ever-expanding Hive.

In game terms, “the Reaches” is a general term for the area of the city along the easternmost edge of the map—one of the most desolate regions, where encounters are few and far between. Most such encounters, of course, are with animals, but more interesting encounters are possible as well (see below).

The Reaches are more than empty, however. Almost fifteen years ago, the Cartel (a merchant clan from the lands beyond the city) visited this area and used the desolate neighborhoods as their base

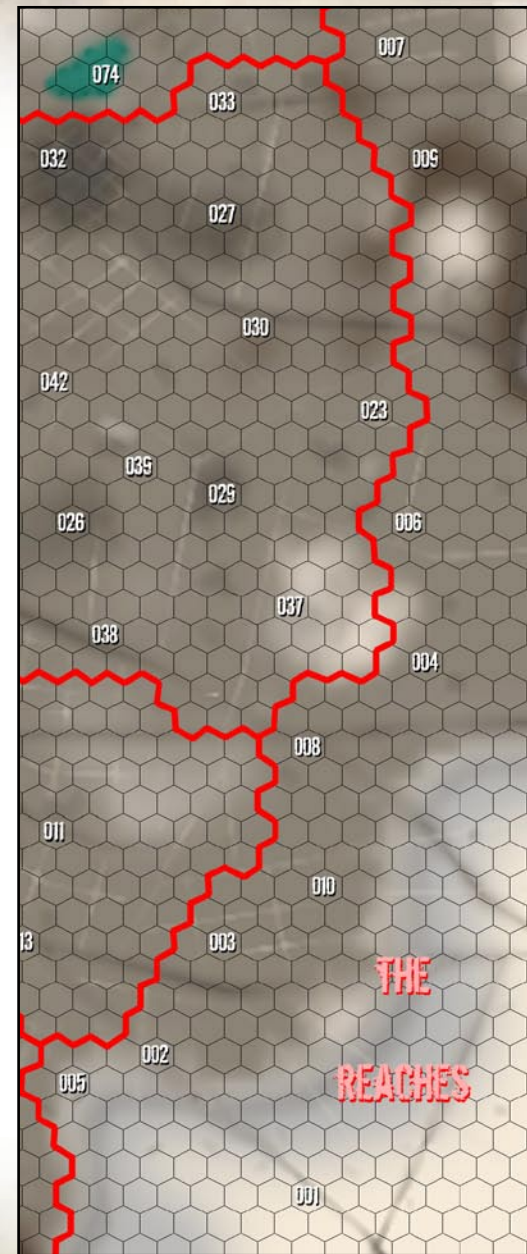
of operations. Constructing a small fort, they began to establish a fragile colony here, lulled by the false sense of isolation created by the Reaches’ seeming abandonment. In time the Cartel’s colony of far-flung farms and homesteads would be shattered by the rise of the Androids faction, which swept through the southern part of the Reaches and drove the Cartel completely from the Necropolis. The Androids have returned to the Los Angeles Harbor area and are no longer present in the Reaches, but the devastation they wrought is still quite evident.

The Reaches are most likely to be the first neighborhoods encountered by player characters who arrive at the city for the first time (although if you’re playing with the “Survivors in the Necropolis” campaign option, the PCs could start anywhere in the city). Beyond the Reaches lie the mountains, and beyond those dry peaks lie the wastelands of the Twisted Earth, home to its many groups and their endless feuds. Crossing over the San Gabriels (or the Santa Anas), the party is greeted by this desolate region, and from here they begin their adventures in the Necropolis...

## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

The Reaches comprise a large area running from the foothills of the Santa Ana Mountains in the south to the menacing wilderness of the San Gabriels in the north. In between lie the old cities of San Dimas, Placentia, Orange, and Costa Mesa—all abandoned and gutted from the fires that raged across the city during the Final War. Yet while a sense of isolation is part-and-parcel of life (and travel) in the Reaches, random encounters do occur on occasion.

Each time the PCs pass through a map hex that isn’t detailed in the text, there is a chance of a random encounter. In this part of the city the chance is 1 in





## THE REACHES

12. Roll on the table below to determine the nature of a random encounter. Individual encounters are detailed in a separate chapter, *Random Encounters*.

| D20   | Random Encounter   |
|-------|--------------------|
| 1     | Quake!             |
| 2-3   | Hand-From-Heaven   |
| 4-5   | Little Thief       |
| 6-7   | Lone Mutt          |
| 8-10  | Herd Animals       |
| 11-13 | Starving Animals   |
| 14-15 | Ruin Pickers       |
| 16-17 | Corium Prospectors |
| 18-19 | Wild Men           |
| 20    | Weird Weather      |

### 001. CARTEL OUTPOST (EL 4)

*This area marks the western edge of dry, dead forest country that leads up into the hills flanking the reaches of the infamous Necropolis. The ground here is well-beaten, and a small fortified compound dominating a rocky hill, its awkwardly-leaning towers barely clearing the tops of the naked trees of the forest.*

This location is where the primary stronghold of the Cartel was constructed during their disastrous attempt to colonize the Necropolis. This considerable fort was built not just as a place to which citizens could flee in times of danger (though it certainly was formidable), but also as a trading post. Even more importantly, it was intended to store the vast number of artifacts and resources the Cartel hoped to scavenge from the city and weasel out of the hands of its inhabitants (who they thought would be “easy marks”).

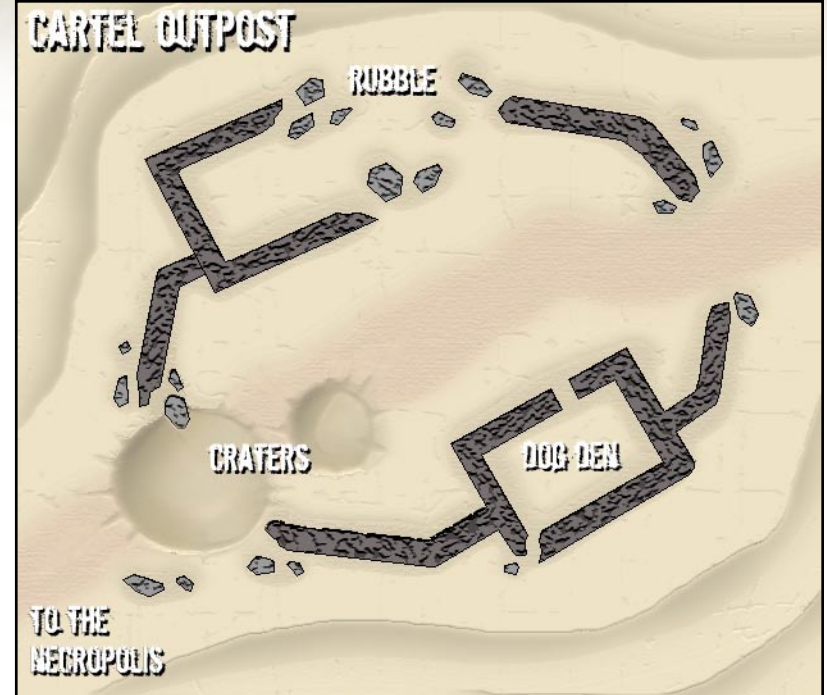
The Cartel’s planners hoped regular caravans from the desert would be able to ascend the far side of the mountains and traverse the thick dry forests to reach this fortified outpost, opening a lucrative trade lifeline

between the colonists and the Cartel’s normal stomping grounds far to the east. A road was even being constructed to make the navigation of large diesel-fed trucks possible, but ultimately the ambitious efforts of the Cartel were dashed when their scouts accidentally released the Android army that would eventually destroy their colony and permanently drive the Cartel from the area.

**GM’s Note:** The old compound was badly damaged when the Cartel’s soldiers fought a courageous delaying action here, allowing the colonists to escape through the forest and over the mountains. The Androids mustered a considerable force, however, and eventually overcame the fort’s defenses and slaughtered the defenders. Those that didn’t die in the stubborn last-ditch defense were marched off to the Androids’ “confinement center” (see Area #056), where they either died of starvation or still live in captivity. A few others escaped, eventually settling in the small community of *Sanctuary* (see Area #011).

The compound itself is badly damaged, but the PCs could conceivably use it as a base in their initial explorations of the city. However, a pack of wild dogs currently inhabits the ruins, and facing lean times, these animals will attack to defend their den.

**Medium-size Dogs (11):** HP 13 (*d20 Modern*).



### 002. LOST MERCHANT CARAVAN (EL 0)

*The wind blows steadily over a scene of carnage up ahead. The remains of several wagons sit abandoned in the rubble, some with broken wheels and others turned on their side. Skeletal remains can be seen here and there amid the wreckage—probably wagon drivers who were cut down trying to flee the scene of an ambush.*



## SMOKE IN THE NIGHT

A minor consideration that might come into play is the sighting of smoke from the camps (or strongholds) of ruin denizens, allowing player characters to find their way in a sea of rubble and labyrinth of streets. Usually visible at dawn or at dusk (when the inhabitants are cooking breakfast and dinner respectively), these thin wisps act as “beacons” for travelers (intentionally or not).

There is always a chance that the party, moving through the ruins at dawn or dusk, spots signs of a camp or settlement in their current hex, or even up to one full hex away. The DC for this Spot check can vary; signs of a large community or camp might have a low DC of 15, while a mere party of creatures sitting around a small fire might only be spotted with a DC of 20 or more. Obviously this only applies in situations where a campfire might realistically be found—locations such as *Den*, *Sanctuary*, or *Savage Village*. At night the PCs might even see the bonfires of ghouls—and knowing no better, they might mistakenly be drawn there!

During the Android assault on the Cartel colony, every Cartel colonist who refused to surrender immediately to the Androids was considered a “looter” and potential “partisan,” and suffered the consequences. This site marks the scene of an Android atrocity, where a formation of their soldiers attacked and wiped out a small caravan of colonists bringing supplies to the outlying homesteaders deeper in the ruins.

In the attack the Androids destroyed the caravan, put the supplies they were carrying to the torch, and marched any survivors off to the *Confinement Center* (at Area #056). They have not returned, leaving this place as mute evidence of their unquestioning purpose—to “pacify” the city and enforce martial law.

**GM’s Note:** The Androids weren’t completely thorough in their destruction of the caravan. If the PCs spend an hour searching the remains of the wagon, they find (with a successful Search check at DC 18) 1d2 *Trade Goods* and 2d4 *Consumables*. In addition to these random finds they also uncover 1d3 juju potions (each healing 1d4+2 hit points).

## 003. ABANDONED HOMESTEAD (EL 0)

*The husk of an old primitive farm sits here at the center of small, dry, and barren cropfield.*

One of several small farms built by the ambitious settlers of the long-abandoned Cartel colony, this homestead’s inhabitants fled when initial reports of the Android attack on their people reached them. Taking their livestock and belongings with them, they left the structure completely empty.

The Androids came in their inevitable sweep, but finding no resistance moved on. The site has since been forgotten.

**GM’s Note:** The PCs might find this old settlement useful as a base of operations due to its isolation and remoteness. The building is relatively intact and would provide ideal shelter during a sandstorm as well.

## 004. FREE RANGE (EL 5)

*This area may have once been a sprawling park, but now it is merely a flatland covered with*

*sporadic growths of tall grass. As you approach, you see a sizeable herd of mutated cattle grazing in the clearing.*

The mutated cattle are actually *angoose*, herd animals once kept by the Cartel colonists for meat and milk. When the colony was destroyed, many of these animals escaped and now live free among the ruins.

The herd of **14 angoose** merely watches the PCs if they keep their distance, but will fire their quills if approached. If the PCs shoot at them, they will stampede.

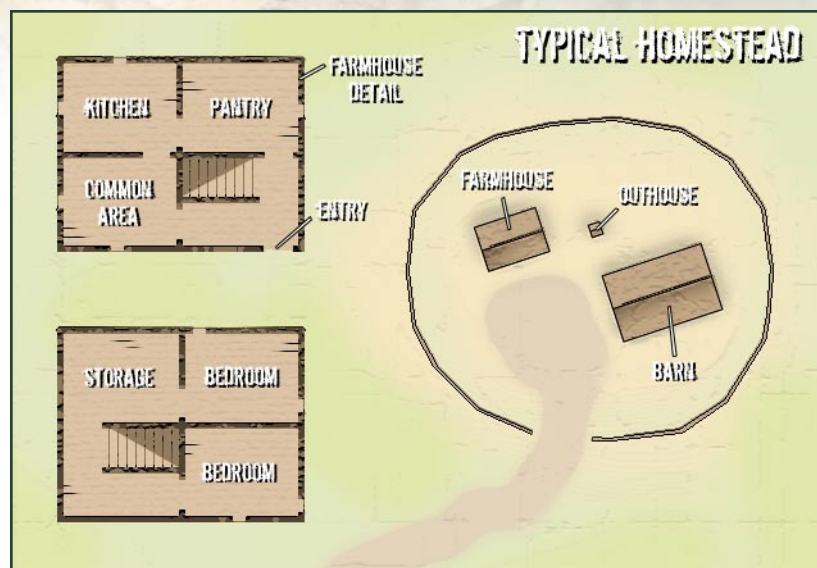
**Angoose (14):** HP 37 (page 133, *Terrors of the Lost Paradise*).

## 005. RUINED HOMESTEAD (EL 6)

*The crumbling, blackened ruin of a small farm sits here amidst the rubble. Watching for a moment you spy a trio of metallic-skinned humanoid walking cautiously through the wreckage, weapons at the ready.*

This place was formerly a small farm set up by Cartel colonists during their failed attempt to settle the city and make peaceful contact with its inhabitants. When the Androids at Area #059 were accidentally re-awakened, they fanned out into the ruins to pursue the Cartel forces and destroy their “hideouts.” This farm was just one of several attacked and burned to the ground by the relentless Android onslaught.

Though this place has long been abandoned, the Androids periodically return to make sure more “looters” and “rioters” haven’t gone back to using it as a “refuge.” If the Android patrol spots the party, they immediately demand the PCs’ surrender (speaking in Ancient, however; the PCs may not



understand them). If the PCs do not immediately comply, or if they make any false or threatening moves, the androids open fire.

**Security Androids (3):** HP 24.

**Development:** If the PCs understand the Androids and foolishly choose to surrender, they will be disarmed, tied up, taken into custody, and eventually marched off to the *Confinement Center* (Area #059) to meet whatever fate awaits them there.

## 006. FARM (EL 2)

*Up ahead is an unexpected sight: a small ramshackle farmhouse sits in a small clearing in the rubble, surrounded by a small field, which in turn is encircled by a low wall made from stone scavenged from the ruins.*

This small farm is the residence of a stubborn old man who spends most of the day toiling in the sparse

fields outside the farmhouse. A former colonist who bought into the Cartel's drive to re-settle the city, he left the miserable wasteland for a better life here. So far he has been modestly successful, carving from the inhospitable ruins a small, sustainable farm that lies far from the nearest inhabited settlement.

**Significant NPCs:** Bardek, the old man, came to the Necropolis with his daughter following a family tragedy. Just days after being married, the young woman's husband (a Cartel soldier) was killed fighting raiders in the wasteland. This tragic loss was the last

straw for Bardek, convincing him to give trying to live in the deserts to the east and. Taking his daughter with him, he decided to try his hand at being a colonist.

Bardek has always been a stubborn man. When other colonists tried to convince him and his daughter to join their homesteads for communal security, he refused, arguing that they could do better on their own. Scoffed at, and warned that they wouldn't last long alone, Bardek and his mute daughter nonetheless went about their work.

One day a breathless rider arrived at the farm, warning of an army of androids sweeping the colony, and urging the old man and his daughter to flee. Though Bardek thought long and hard about his daughter's fate, he chose to stay—and she chose to remain with him. Bardek's daughter died several years ago, her death brought about by a band of

Ghost Raiders who slipped into their farm after Bardek had left to go foraging. Leaving her with child—and a shattered mind—the vile raiders were never heard from again, but the damage had been done. Bardek returned and did what he could, but his faithful daughter eventually slipped from him. Before she died she left him with a granddaughter, whom he has raised as lovingly as he can for the past five years.

Bardek is a wiry and fit old man, but age has inevitably drained him. He is a tough old codger who no longer trusts outsiders, and absolutely reviles raiders. Loyal to the Cartel (despite the fact that they fled the city, leaving a few colonists behind), he refuses to leave; his life is here, after all, and he entertains illusions that perhaps the Cartel will one day return. Still, he worries about his five year-old granddaughter, Ymy, and secretly hopes to find someone to take care of her before he passes on.

**Bardek (Mutant Post-Apocalyptic Hero 3):** CR 3; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6; HP 20; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +2 class); BAB +2; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6+1, rifle butt), or +2 ranged (2d8, black powder rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, bludgeoning vulnerability; AL Ymy; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +3; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 12, Dex 11, Con 14, Int 9, Wis 15, Cha 11.

**Occupation:** Herdsman (Handle Animal, Survival).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Interior Moisture Reservoir, Skeletal Deterioration.

**Skills:** Handle Animal +2, Hide +2, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +1, Listen +4, Move Silently +2, Navigate +3, Profession +4, Repair +1,



Spot +4, Survival +7, Treat Injury +4.

**Feats:** Filthy, Great Fortitude, Guide, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero):** Necropoli Lore, Survival Sense.

**Possessions:** Black powder rifle, 10 rounds of shot, rag clothes, waterskin, juku kit, compass, 1d2 days of trail rations.

**Ymy (Mutant Post-Apocalyptic Hero 1):** CR 1; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d8; HP 5; Mas 10; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 11, touch 11, flatfooted 11 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +1 class); BAB +0; Grap -2; Atk -2 melee (1d3-2 nonlethal, unarmed), or +0 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, bludgeoning vulnerability; AL Bardek; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +1; AP 0; Rep -3; Str 7, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 7, Wis 13, Cha 12.

**Occupation:** Herdsman (Handle Animal, Survival).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Interior Moisture Reservoir, Skeletal Deterioration.

**Skills:** Handle Animal +3, Hide +2, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +0, Move Silently +2, Profession +3, Survival +4.

**Feats:** Filthy, Low Profile, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero):** Necropoli Lore.

**Possessions:** Rag clothes, doll.

Bardek knows of the community at *Sanctuary*; scouts from that small settlement discovered his farm a few months ago and offered him and his granddaughter

a place there—but he doesn't want to go. Not only can't he bring himself to leave his farm, he has a strong dislike for that community's leader, Calico (based on what he's heard Calico say about the Cartel).

**Bardek:** HP 20.

**Ymy:** HP 5.

**Treasure:** Bardek's possessions are quite humble, but he still has some *potassium iodide tablets* that were issued to all colonists by the Cartel when they first crossed the Santa Ana mountains. He might be willing to trade these for food, water, or other survival items. He has six tablets total.

**Development:** If the PCs prove they have peaceful intentions, Bardek might be willing to let them use his farm as a temporary base at which to heal up between forays into the ruins, and may even be willing to supply them with food and water for a few days.

## 007. CAMP OF THE SHADOW PEOPLE (EL 7)

*Ahead you see a small camp set up amid the rubble. Tents made from the stitched hides of leathery desert beasts are clustered around two or three cooking fires.*

This small camp, set up close to the outskirts of the city, is occupied by a tribe of *Shadow People*, renegades from the deserts beyond the Necropolis.

Shadow People are fully described in *Darwin's World 2nd Edition: Terrors of the Twisted Earth*. Dedicated desert dwellers, these mysterious nomads would never willingly venture into a city of the Ancients (let alone the infamous Necropolis), preferring instead to cleave to the deep deserts where the scorpion and coyote are their friends. Alas, the

small tribe was lured here for a very desperate reason: their leader, a powerful mentalist, was recently inflicted with a potent *poison*, and having exhausted the tribe's own stock of natural remedies, the chief's son Akhar led the tribe here in the hope of uncovering Ancient medicines among the ruins.

Aware of the dangers living in the ruins of the Necropolis (and terrified of them), the tribe is doing its best to remain completely unseen and unnoticed during their brief stay. They have only encountered a few stray beasts so far, but they have spotted *bug flyers* from Area #027 more than once. Thankfully they weren't seen, but Akhar isn't taking any chances.

**Significant NPCs:** Currently Akhar has limited his people's scouting to the nearby ruins (one or two hexes in each direction). Each patrol consists of only two or three men; Akhar initially sent just one at a time, but when two of his fellow tribesmen went missing, he grew more cautious.

Akhar and the Shadow People are desperate to find a cure for the poison afflicting the chief, who is now delirious. Normally it is almost unheard of for Shadow People to make peaceful contact with strangers (let alone to ask for help), but Akhar has very few options left.

If the PCs are discovered by Akhar's scouts, he may order the PCs captured and brought back to the camp to be searched. If they have medicines that can help, Akhar will take these before confiscating the party's weapons and throwing them back out into the ruins. (He won't kill them, as is normally the custom for those who have seen the insides of a Shadow People camp, as he grudgingly believes he owes them for saving his father's life.)

If the PCs don't have medicine on them, Akhar will give them a chance to heal his father through the use of any medical skills they might possess (or claim to possess). Of course they'll probably be killed if their

efforts don't make a noticeable difference within a few days, but it may buy the party enough time to figure out a plan of escape!

**Akhar (Shadow Person Dedicated Hero 3/ Survivalist 6):** CR 12; Medium-size Humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 3d6+3 plus 6d10+6; HP 70; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 17, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +5 class); BAB +10; Grap +10; Atk +10 melee (2d4, falchion), or +12 ranged (2d8, black powder rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ neural telepathy; AL Shadow People; SV Fort +7, Ref +9, Will +7; AP 6; Rep +3; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 10.

**Mutations and Defects:** Neural Mutation - Telepathy x2.

**Skills:** Bluff +3, Climb +6, Diplomacy +3, Gather Information +3, Hide +5, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +3, Listen +10, Move Silently +3, Navigate +12, Ride +6, Sense Motive +8, Spot +10, Survival +13.

**Feats:** Alertness, Archaic Weapon Proficiency, Far Shot, Flight Trigger, Guide, Mental Communication, Mind Stun, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Primitive Technology, Stargazer [B&L], Track.

**Talents (Dedicated Hero):** Empathy, Intuition.

**Talents (Survivalist):** Called Shot +1d6, Way of the Land, Hunter, Called Shot +2d6.

**Possessions:** Black powder rifle, 10 rounds of shot, leather armor, falchion, compass, two jujitsu potions (1d4+2).

Akhar's clan consists of himself and **12 Shadow People** (use the stats for the *Shadow Person psionic* in *Darwin's World 2nd Edition: Terrors of the Twisted Earth*). His father is considered a non-combatant in his current condition. At any given time, 4-6 of their number are out scouting the nearby ruins (in two-man patrols), while the rest remain at camp. All of these

are on watch, wary of every sound heard and every movement spotted out of the corner of their eyes...

**Akhar:** HP 70.

**Shadow People Psionics (12):** HP 27.

**Treasure:** In addition to their personal equipment, the Shadow People have brought three weeks' worth of water for their entire party and half that in food, as well as three *fever potions* [B&L]. They also keep 1d2 *Useful Stuff* in their camp, and possess one **desert horse** apiece, as well as a single domesticated **gront** used to haul the tribe's tents (when packed up).

## 008. DEN (EL VARIES)

*Nestled in the ruins of the industrial quarter of this area is a surprising sight—a small fortified village. The place looks like an old frontier stockade. Smoke from campfires fills the air, and the familiar sounds of everyday life in the wasteland—drunken debauchery, loud bartering and auctioneering—can be heard from beyond.*

Den is one of the first real camps of outside settlers to spring up in the outer reaches of the Necropolis since the abandonment of the Cartel and Foundation colonies years ago. Though it is obviously a rough-and-tumble place, the presence of walls, towers, and the odd guard or two spotted on the tops of teetering catwalks suggests it could be a potential safe haven here in the Necropolis.

Den is a degenerate outpost whose inhabitants, one and all, were drawn to the city by their own obsessive *treasure-fever*. Legends abound throughout the West of ruin-pickers finding lost motherlodes of technology and valuables in the abandoned cities of the region, and the Necropolis—for all its sinister reputation—is by far the largest untouched city of them all. It is thus something of a surprise that there

aren't more camps like Den at the furthest fringes of this great and mystifying ruin.

Den was originally established by a large band of corium prospectors who came to the Necropolis seeking a legendary motherlode of corium from the city's lost reactor station. Following rumors their people have fostered for generations, the prospectors have set up Den as their staging point for their ventures into the ruins. Over the past year they haven't found anything substantial, but their presence has attracted others who believe there is safety in numbers. As such, the town has grown considerably since its first buildings were erected by the prospectors. Today Den is home to more than just drunken and rowdy corium miners (though to be sure they outnumber everyone else), but also a large population of degenerate scavengers, diseased mutants, and even a few unscrupulous traders daring to make the journey there just in case the prospectors hit on the 'lode they're looking for.

**GM's Note:** Though it is a place where thieving corium miners, charlatan merchants, and murderous scavengers congregate, Den is one of only a few real "safe havens" within the ruins of the Necropolis—it's a place player characters can rest, heal up, train, and trade for new items. Structurally it may seem to be a fragile and insecure bubble, but Den is far enough from most other denizens of the ruins that it is probably safer than it looks.

In addition to being a refuge between forays into the ruins, Den is also the ideal place to trade artifacts for supplies. However, the availability of items in the shops of Den varies day by day, depending on the successes or failures of the very scavengers that patronize them (and whose efforts alone keep the town afloat). Since everything bought or sold here was at one time found in the surrounding ruins by scavengers and tech looters, everything in Den is used, damaged, and



## A NOTE ON TRADE

It is important to remember that in communities outside of Den, the *corium piece* has little or no value. The Broken Ones and Purists, for example, have no need for corium, and would certainly only trade with strangers (i.e. PCs) through a barter process—if they’ll trade at all. Even the inhabitants of Sanctuary, once part of the Cartel, no longer see corium as valuable, and instead will trade only for items they need.

patched up before being sold again. PCs looking for brand-new gear aren’t likely to find it here, but every now and then the scavs manage to bring something to the marketplace that is rare or unique. One never knows.

Food, water, and possibly mundane mounts can be bought in Den on a regular basis, but weapons, armor, artifacts, and even ammunition are hard to come by. In addition, though its permanent population is limited to the native corium prospectors and their families, enough transients fill the streets of Den at all times that finding provisions or rooms in one of the village’s “boarding houses” always requires a Knowledge (Streetwise) check at DC 18. Even if an item or lodging can be secured, the prices will certainly be inflated to help make each merchant’s stay in this squalid ‘burg worthwhile!

**Significant NPCs:** Den is “ruled” by an enormously fat woman known affectionately by her fellow corium prospectors as “Honey.” A big woman entering middle age, she exhibits a beefy toughness and brash manner of leadership that is uncharacteristic of most women on the Twisted Earth.

Though outsiders have come to contribute much to the community’s success, Honey runs the camp like a mean-spirited stepmother, favoring her “real children” (the prospectors in camp) over scavs and other visitors from outside. She is a bully and a brute, and though she’s a woman she is fearless and, more importantly, immensely strong. She has

been known to lead a gang of roustabouts to beat up vagrants who don’t pay their bills at the town’s boarding houses, or to collect “fines” owed by outsiders for crimes committed within Den’s walls. Since many of the laws in Den are spontaneously created by Honey on a whim, outsiders would be wise to try and remain unseen whenever she and her group of personal thugs pass by on the street.

**Honey (Mutant Tough Hero 6/Strong Hero 3/Charismatic Hero 1):** CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 6d10+12 plus 3d8+6 plus 1d6+2 plus 9; HP 80; Mas 14; Init +5; Spd 30 ft; Defense 22, touch 16, flatfooted 21 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +5 class, +6 natural); BAB +7; Grap +10; Atk +13 melee (1d8+6, brass knuckles), or +8 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, massively obese; AL Den; SV Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +3; AP 5; Rep +4; Str 17, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 12.

**Occupation:** Corium Prospector (Gather Information, Search).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Current Events]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Protective Dermal Development x2, Massive Obesity x2 [SW].

**Skills:** Bluff +4, Climb +5, Gather Information +6, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (Business) +0, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Knowledge (Streetwise) +1, Knowledge (Tactics) +1, Profession +3, Search +1.

**Feats:** Brawl, Improved Brawl, Improved Initiative, Intimidating Strength\*, Knockout Punch, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Unbreakable\* [B&L], Weapon Focus (unarmed).

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Robust, Damage Reduction 1/—, Damage Reduction 2/—.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Coordinate.

**Possessions:** Brass knuckles, corium lantern, 1d12 corium pieces.

Den consists of a tightly-packed cluster of decrepit huts, buildings, and makeshift tents crowding out the entirety of its inner yard; a pathetic ramshackle wall around the whole town gives its inhabitants the illusion of a secure defense. The population consists of **60 corium prospectors**, **12 ruin pickers**, **10 scavs**, **4 merchants**, and **8 mutants** (who are closer to simpering *wild men* and *terminals* than actual character types). The prospectors ostensibly rule the town under their leader, Honey, but at any given time only 40 or so are present in Den; the other 30 are in well-ordered work parties scrounging the nearby ruins. The ruin pickers and scavs are entirely independent characters; one day they may all be present, the next they may all be gone, but when in Den they typically stay to the drinking holes and the town’s seedy drug den (when they’re not trying to sell their goods to the town merchants). The merchants are always present, always doing business, at all hours of the day. Finally, the mutants who manage to live in Den are kept as whipping boys for bullying prospector thugs, as village idiots, or in rare cases, as menial servants and laborers for one of the merchants.

**Honey:** HP 80.

**Corium Prospectors (60):** HP 26.

**Ruin Pickers (12):** HP 20.

**Scavs (10):** HP 52.

**Merchants (4):** HP 23.

**Mutants (8):** HP 7.

## 009. CAMP OF THE DESTINED (EL 6)

Though they stick to no one place each night, this hex has been taken over by a pair of *Destined*, mysterious tribal humanoid whose entire culture was destroyed by the Shadow People of the deep desert (the race of “Destined” is detailed in *The Broken & The Lost: New Terrors*). Driven to the verge of extinction, their tribes annihilated in an all-out war of racial hatred, the Destined were scattered to the far corners of the Twisted Earth.

The two Destined temporarily dwelling here are a male and female of the species. Though to outsiders they might seem like man and wife, in reality the two only recently stumbled upon one another. Initially wary, the shock of finding another member of their increasingly rare race (and here of all places!) forced both to lower their weapons and forge a temporary alliance.

**Significant NPCs:** Rel and Kora (male and female respectively) are the two Destined hunters who now find themselves here, in the desolate ruins of the Necropolis. Both Rel and Kora were drawn here on a similar mission, though for different reasons. Never having met each other before, both were lured to the ruins of the “great city beyond the desert” by their racial hatred of the Shadow People.

Rel has long been a survivor, living in the desert as a hunter and tracker, evading the death that awaits most such loners. Only upon reaching his twentieth year did he learn the fate of his people, whispered

from the dying lips of the man who trained him. Though he had never known any other of the Destined, Rel took up arms and swore to kill every last Shadow Person in the world. His travels led him to the west, and eventually onto the trail of the small tribe that now resides just a mile or so away at Area #007.

Kora, like Rel, came here hunting the tribe at Area #007. Raped by one of the Shadow People warriors from that tribe and left for dead, she managed to defy the odds and survive. She swore to kill the Shadow People for what they did to her. Eventually she caught up to the tribe and, slipping into their camp under the cover of darkness, slit her wrist and dropped her own blood into the wine of the Shadow People chief. Her poisonous blood brought on the slow and agonizing illness that now afflicts him.

But Kora wasn’t content with poisoning the chief. She has followed the tribe knowing they will come here to try and find a cure for the poison. She was surprised to find another Destined here, also following the same quarry, and that remarkable coincidence has caused her to re-think her suicidal plan. Enamored by Rel, she no longer wants to die. But Rel seems convinced they will succeed, and so she stays, ready to avenge not just herself, but their entire race.

**Rel (Destined [B&L] Post-Apocalyptic Hero 3/Survivalist 5):** CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 5d10+10; HP 58; Mas 15; Init +3; Spd 30 ft; Defense 18, touch 16, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +5 class, +2 equipment); BAB +7; Grap +10; Atk +10 melee (1d6+3, two-bladed sword), or +8 ranged (1d6+3, boomerang [B&L]); Full Atk +8/+8/+3 melee (1d6+3, two-bladed sword), or +8/+3 ranged (1d6+3, boomerang [B&L]); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ paralyzing gaze, poisonous blood; AL

Kora; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +3; AP 4; Rep +1; Str 16, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 6.

**Skills:** Climb +5, Hide +8, Jump +5, Listen +9, Move Silently +8, Navigate +12, Search +7, Sense Motive +3, Spot +9, Survival +11, Treat Injury +3.

**Feats:** Armor Proficiency (light), Endurance, Exotic Melee Weapon Proficiency (two-bladed sword), Exotic Weapon Proficiency (boomerang), Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Track, Two-Weapon Fighting.

**Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero):** Wasteland Lore, Survival Sense.

**Talents (Survivalist):** Called Shot +1d6, Way of the Land, Hunter, Called Shot +2d6.

**Possessions:** Two-bladed sword, boomerang [B&L], leather armor, two juju potions (1d4+2), juju kit, waterskin, 1d2 weeks of trail rations.

**Kora (Destined [B&L] Fast Hero 3/Survivalist 5):** CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 5d10+10; HP 58; Mas 14; Init +3; Spd 40 ft; Defense 20, touch 20, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +7 class); BAB +7; Grap +9; Atk +9 melee (1d6+2, two-bladed sword), or +10 ranged (1d6, compound bow); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ paralyzing gaze, poisonous blood; AL Rel; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +3; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 15, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 6.

**Skills:** Climb +4, Hide +14, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +1, Listen +6, Move Silently +12, Navigate +7, Spot +6, Survival +11, Treat Injury +3, Tumble +9.

**Feats:** Dead Aim, Endurance, Exotic Melee Weapon Proficiency, Far Shot, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Track, Two-Weapon Fighting.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed, Improved Increased Speed.

**Talents (Survivalist):** Called Shot +1d6, Way of



the Land, Hunter, Called Shot +2d6.

**Possessions:** Compound bow, 10 arrows, two-bladed sword, one juju potion (1d4+2), juju kit, compass, waterskin, 1d2 weeks of trail rations.

Rel and Kora are hiding out for the time being, observing the Shadow People camp by night. They've already killed a number of the Shadow People (solitary scouts sent out to scrounge for medicine), and now the Shadow People seem reluctant to come out at all. The Destined pair is patient, however, and will wait as long as it takes for the Shadow People to let their guard down.

**Rel:** HP 58.

**Kora:** HP 58.

**Development:** If the PCs stumble upon Rel and Kora, the pair assumes the party to be potential enemies. They will try to avoid the party, but if pursued they will make a game of the chase, leading the PCs into the ruins and trying to split them up. Once the PCs have made a nuisance of themselves, Rel and Kora will try to kill them to preserve the secrecy of their hideout.

**Treasure:** In addition to their personal items, Rel and Kora have stockpiled 1d3+1 *Simple Foods*.

## 010. VILLAGE OF THE RAT PEOPLE (ELVARIES)

*You have seen many strange sights in your day, but here lies one of the weirdest—and most haunting. Up ahead, the city is broken by a great complex of deeply overgrown thickets. From the thickets rise the tops of great metal structures, towers, and the eerie skeletal remains of other odd buildings that defy immediate identification. Though quiet, the place is somehow frightening... statues of strange half-man, half-beast creatures,*

*perhaps deities once worshipped by the Ancients, can be seen peering out from behind the curtain of ivy that covers everything. One such statue is a large rat-headed man, another a strange-looking canine beast erect on two legs, and another a duck wearing some kind of military uniform. Dozens of these statues, and numerous abandoned buildings, lie strewn about in silent testament to the strange nature of the Ancients.*

Though the survivors of the Fall will likely never understand its original purpose, this place was in fact one of the largest (and certainly most famous) amusement parks in America. Considering the madness and lawlessness exhibited at other locations throughout the Necropolis, one can only imagine what chaos ran rampant here during the Fall, when word of an impending invasion of the West Coast spread through the city. Indeed, if one looks hard enough, one can find the broken skeletons of countless children scattered all about the grounds (trampled in the panic)—though thankfully the vegetation does a mercifully good job of hiding most of these tragic remains from sight.

Though it looks abandoned, this sprawling complex is in fact inhabited. To the newcomer, the ruins look empty and lifeless from the outside, so overgrown by weeds and ivy that it hardly looks worthwhile to hack one's way through to explore the interior. Rust covers everything; the wind (and periodic sandstorms) have stripped the paint from the old rides and rollercoasters. Many statues of cartoon figures lie broken, eerily missing eyes and limbs, some stripped down to their metal framework. Of course the secret inhabitants prefer it this way; they leave the overgrown exterior as it is and concentrate their activities towards the heart of the place, well out of sight.

The amusement park grounds are home to a small "village" of *beastmen*, creatures that were once slaves of the Broken Ones empire. Servants of the *mole* genotypes (see the *Catacombs* entry at Area #093), one of their great elders long ago found an old city map among the sewers as they were digging. The map—actually a brochure for the amusement park—gave directions to the lost park and showed many faded pictures of happy people, families, and plentiful food. The ratmen thought this was an ancient religious text providing directions to some "paradise" far across the city. To the ratmen, who had never known any place other the City of the Beastmen, reaching this "paradise" would be a monumental task... but inspired by the "mouse-god" that featured prominently in the "text," they set about making their exodus a reality.

Escaping from the tyranny of the Broken Ones, the entire race of *rat* genotypes (save for a few who balked and stayed behind) fled into the ruins of the Necropolis, never to return. The journey was hard, but no harder than they expected. Vile mutants, screamers, ghouls, and other creatures preyed on the fleeing peasants, until at least half their number had been killed off. But eventually they made their way here, and located the lost park among the ruins.

The ratmen have lived here for a little over a decade, and though they did not find the "paradise" they were looking for, they did find freedom. They have come to believe that their exodus was just part of a greater journey that will one day lead them to the place they seek. The ratmen continue to worship the "mouse-god," and use the old park not only as their village, but as a temple that they have dedicated to the "mouse-god's" worship, and to the contemplation of the Ancients.

When the Cartel came to the Necropolis they found unlikely allies among the ratmen. Though

their initial meeting was violent, both groups soon recognized the value of an ally in the city, and peaceable terms were negotiated. A tentative trade agreement was confirmed. Just when an alliance was sealed, the Cartel uncovered the ruins of the *Android Base Complex* (Area #059) and revived the sleeping danger within.

In just weeks, the Androids had destroyed the Cartel. The ratmen sent warriors to aid their allies, but they were crushed as well in what few battles they participated in. Though the ratmen wanted to continue the fight against the monstrous Androids, the Cartel's leaders called for a full retreat, leaving their ratmen allies to fend for themselves.

Since that time the ratmen have lived in fear of the Androids. The Androids, for their part, seem to have stopped their drive, and are concentrating their efforts elsewhere. The ratmen are only slightly relieved, for they do not understand the Androids or what their aims might be. The ratmen continue to live in their village, perpetually afraid of the Androids' return.

**GM's Note:** If the PCs plan to explore the park, they will have to bring machetes or another means of hacking through the vegetation. After some effort, however, they will come across a wooden wall which runs around the entire park. This wall is obviously relatively new, and is quite sturdy.

However, the PCs are watched as they approach the wall. A group of **2-4 ratmen** is observing them from hiding, and if the PCs do not leave, they raise the alarm. Once the alarm is raised, the entire village mobilizes to defend the community; the entire gathering will eventually emerge from deep within the heavily-vegetated grounds, brandishing clubs, cleavers, and javelins of their own, chanting in unison the name of their beloved deity: "*Emmisee, kayeewhy, emmo-you-ese!*"

**Ratmen (42):** HP 11.

**Development:** The ratmen are really only malicious towards intruders (and Androids), so if the PCs attempt to parley or surrender, their lives will be spared. Once it is established that the party means them no harm, the ratmen will invite the party into their "village," where they will freely explain their situation, their role as former allies of the Cartel (painting a tragic but truthful image of their "abandoned" by their human allies), and what they know of the city—including what their scouts have seen of the Androids (they can describe Areas #057 and #061, and will even mention sightings of "*huuumans*" being kept as slaves by the Androids).

The ratmen also know of *Sanctuary* (Area #011), as they have had dealings with the inhabitants of that small community in the past. They describe Sanctuary's leader, "Calico," as a trustworthy man, and if the PCs ask, they provide directions to that place. If the PCs are particularly diplomatic and friendly, the ratmen may even offer the PCs their village as a temporary shelter, along with small portions of food and water in return for minor trade goods. If an exceptional relationship is formed, the ratmen may even provide the PCs with **1-2 ratmen** as guides who will take them to any of the locations mentioned above.





## DEAD CITY

One of the more upscale parts of old Los Angeles, the region now known as “Dead City” (formerly Anaheim, which technically stretches into the neighboring Reaches) was just another example of the city’s frivolous focus on the entertainment of the Ancients. Though in the gulf of years separating the past from the present the city has collapsed in places and taken on a dusty, grayish color, once upon a time Dead City’s skyline was alight with the signs of its many diverse attractions. The fantasy getaway of Disneyland and numerous sports arenas dotted the old city, though today these have withered into crumbling reminders of the hedonism of the past.

In recent times, a great band of Raiders came to this city from the deserts beyond the Necropolis, fearing the many enemies they had made during their successful career as bandits and thieves. Their leader, Krue the Conqueror, dreamt of creating a raider empire among the ruins. He hoped to uncover old artifacts amidst the rubble that would help him create an unstoppable army which could conquer the city and make it the capital of a new raider kingdom to rival the strongest factions of the Twisted Earth.

Krue’s ambitions were to be his undoing. Though the raiders managed to carve a niche of their own, and even settled parts of Anaheim’s eerily empty streets, they soon realized that they shared this deceptive emptiness with others. Small bands of *ghouls* harassed the raider frontier from the west, and though the raiders dismissed them as a minor nuisance at first, these ghouls were merely scouting parties sent from the great ghoule enclave that thrived just out of sight beyond the raiders’ borders.





Over time, ghoule incursions became a serious problem; ghoule hunters would often creep into raider camps and steal civilians and slaves to devour, leaving the raiders desperately short of labor. But when the raiders turned their attention to the north, they came under an even greater threat. During a great sandstorm, scouts sent out to expand the northern frontier stumbled onto a small Hive bughill. These scouts foolishly opened fire on the startled bugs, killing them before returning to the ruins and setting camp. That night, more Hive bugs emerged from the depths of the bughill (using the underground highways connecting each of the Hive's strongholds) and took the camping raiders by surprise. The bugs injected the horrified raiders with a paralytic poison that induced delirium, then impregnated each transgressor with a larva that, in a matter of days, would erupt from the host's body as a newborn member of the Hive.

The raiders awoke the next day and returned home with only vague recollections of what had happened. Within a few days, they fell inexplicably ill and died; the mutant larvae were released, slaughtering over a dozen raiders in their northern camp.

On hearing reports of the slaughter, Kruele mobilized his men and struck north, intent on crushing this nightmarish new threat to his dream. Taking with him hundreds of his most loyal and savage followers, he led his vehicle-mounted warriors on a destructive campaign that would ultimately end in his people's complete and total destruction.

Though they fought bravely and brilliantly, the Hive's ability to rapidly generate new spawn quickly overwhelmed the raiders. Kruele's forces were eventually beaten back to their stronghold at the heart of Anaheim, where they waited to make their last stand. Surrounded by scuttling hordes of mutant bugs, swarm bugs, and giant tank beetles, Kruele

realized only too late that his dream of conquering the Necropolis had been a fool's errand.

In the end, Kruele's raider kingdom was erased by the marching armies of the Hive, who sallied forth from their bughills to destroy every last raider encampment. Kruele himself was slain in his much-vaunted Anaheim stockade. After taking many prisoners away to meet their fates as incubators, the Hive abandoned this region once more to the silence of time.

Today the ruins are still largely empty, though in recent years small bands of *ghouls*, having escaped the fall of their once-great enclave to the west, have been spotted in the area. These ghouls are scattered and disorganized; they live a nomadic existence, wandering the various neighborhoods and never staying in one place too long. The destruction wrought by the Hive in its war against Kruele's raider empire is still evident in the burned-out camps and the ruins of the old *Raider Stockade* (Area #015), and as such even the predatory ghouls are quick to move on and leave this desolate region behind.

In addition, a few small bands of *Ghost Raiders* — former bandits who survived despite the destruction of Kruele's empire — share this nebulous no-man's land with the ghouls. Living each day just one step ahead of death, surviving as both hunter and hunted, these desperate men pose a potential danger to travelers foolish enough to pass through Dead City.

## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

To the new arrival, Dead City seems to be just that: dead. Empty skyscrapers rise on either side of abandoned streets, and only silence greets the ear of the patient listener. With the destruction of the Raiders, most of Dead City has once again returned to its natural state, a place where only animals

pick through the ruins of the past. But creatures do dwell out there in the ruins, stealthy predators who've learned to stay quiet for fear of attracting the insectoid menace of the Hive.

Each time the PCs pass through a map hex that isn't detailed in the text, there is a chance of a random encounter. In this part of the city the chance is 1 in 10. Roll on the table below to determine the nature of a random encounter. Individual encounters are detailed in a separate chapter, *Random Encounters*.

| D20   | Random Encounter        |
|-------|-------------------------|
| 1     | Quake!                  |
| 2-3   | Ghouls                  |
| 4-5   | Killer Scav             |
| 6-7   | Lone Mutt               |
| 8-9   | Flying Bugs Attack!     |
| 10    | Corpses                 |
| 11    | Random Noises (Surface) |
| 12-13 | Settlers                |
| 14-15 | Ruin Pickers            |
| 16-17 | Friendly Scav           |
| 18-19 | Wild Men                |
| 20    | Weird Weather           |

## 011. SANCTUARY (EL VARIES)

*Up ahead you see a curious sight, perched atop an elevated section of highway overpass that has been isolated from the rest of the highway by clean breaks in the road. Someone has constructed a small town atop the concrete structure, almost forty feet above your head. Though it seems secure enough already by virtue of its elevation, the town is ringed by a ramshackle wall, and the tops of small huts and buildings can be seen poking up from beyond. Guards in thin wooden towers shout a garbled warning; apparently you've been seen.*





Like the small village of Den (see Area #015), Sanctuary is one of the first settlements of outsiders to dare the hazards of the Necropolis in an attempt at survival and profit. Unlike Den, Sanctuary is not populated by corium prospectors, but rather by industrious *settlers* who hope to turn the ruins into a new home.

When the PCs arrive, the watchmen in the village's towers alert the guards, who clamber acrobatically down ropes dangled from above to drop all around the party, effectively surrounding them. The guards, both male and female, demand that the PCs holster

or put away their weapons (though they can keep them); if the PCs agree, they are cautioned against violence, then allowed entry into the village. This is accomplished by either climbing straight up (before the guards reel the ropes back in), or by waiting for laborers in the town above to lower an elevator cage. Once this is done, the PCs are taken up off the city streets and into the haven of Sanctuary.

Once inside Sanctuary's walls, the PCs find it to be a somewhat crowded and xenophobic place, but one that still recognizes that trade is a vital part of survival. The PCs are regarded as a curiosity,

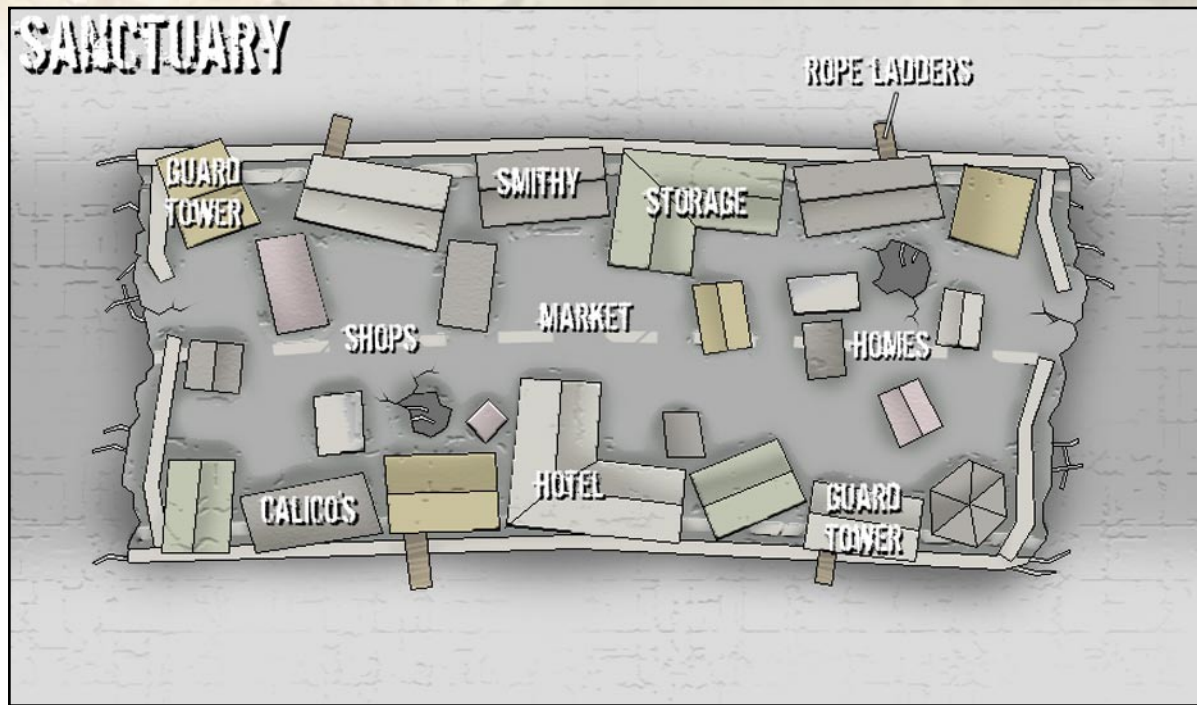
but unless they break the local prohibitions against violence and theft, they are given a chance to trade, exchange information, and secure temporary lodgings for a night or two.

**Significant NPCs:** Sanctuary is run by Calico, a former mercenary hired by the Cartel who, like many other settlers who followed that mercantile faction into the city, was abandoned when the Cartel fled the Necropolis after their failed colonization attempt in 2263. Though they had done reasonably well settling the eastern fringes of the Necropolis, the advance of the Androids (see Area #059) destroyed virtually everything they had built and ended their bid for control of the city.

Calico and a few fellow settlers were unable to keep up with the Cartel convoys heading out, and eventually he and the others just gave up trying to go home, cursing the Cartel for their cowardice and instead choosing to stay and die. Remarkably, they didn't; the robots just seemed to "move on," leaving them to wonder why — and buying them time to rebuild. It has been a slow process, but Calico has almost single-handedly built Sanctuary into a formidable settlement where like-minded folk can come for safety. He is a guarded and cautious individual, a strategist who knows the darker side of human nature better than most, but he is also hungry for news of the outside world and especially of the Necropolis.

Though Calico despises the formal clans of the desert (namely the Clean and Cartel), he doesn't hate individuals. Thus, unless the PCs are part of a recognized trade house *and* act superior because of their "station," they'll probably be alright here. The settlers don't have much to trade (a few murmur that Den is a much better place for trading, but Calico, if present, will warn the PCs that said town is a real "den of thieves"), but they can offer some minimal





medical care, a meal, a place to sleep, and shelter from the dangers that lurk in the night.

**Calico (Strong Hero 3/Mercenary 2 [AMT]/Guardian 1):** CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 2d10+4 plus 1d10+2; HP 42; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 18, touch 16, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class, +2 equipment); BAB +6; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6+3, combat knife), or +9 ranged (2d6+2, Calico Liberty 50); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Sanctuary; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +1; AP 4; Rep +0; Str 13, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 9.

**Occupation:** Merchant (Gather Information).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Diplomacy).

**Mutations and Defects:** Regenerative Capability.  
**Skills:** Climb +5, Diplomacy +3, Gather Information +3, Intimidate +3, Jump +4, Knowledge (Current Events) +3, Knowledge (Tactics) +5, Profession +3, Sense Motive +8.

**Feats:** Armor Proficiency (light), Leadership, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Remove Defect, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (Calico Liberty 50).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Mercenary [AMT]):** Weapon Specialization, Connections (5%).

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2.

**Possessions:** Calico Liberty 50, two boxes of 9mm ammo (100), combat knife, leather armor, two negation grenades, two doses of stimshot A, compass, 2d12 corium pieces.

Sanctuary sits atop an isolated section of elevated highway overpass, and is heavily fortified. One prime motivation for the relatively heavy fortification is the fact that a large portion of Sanctuary's population is *female*; it houses a total of **78 settlers** (44 men and 34 women), along with 12 children (non-combatants). At any given time, 8-12 males and 6-10 females are out in well-organized work parties, traveling to and from secret gardens hidden in the nearby area (these consist of small gardens and farms set up in the shells of roofless buildings, on top of abandoned skyscrapers, and in other hidden spots; the inhabitants of Sanctuary use them to grow food). The remainder of the settlers are in Sanctuary, evenly divided among watchmen, guards, and others performing mundane domestic duties.

**Calico:** HP 42.

**Settlers (78):** HP 6.

## 012. DISEASED BEASTS (EL 6)

*The intersection ahead bakes under the sun, which hangs high overhead. The buzz of flies echoes through the maze of streets and alleys. As you approach, a hideous giant rat teeters forward from the shadows of a hole in a nearby building, baring its ugly yellow teeth in a diseased snarl. Its entire body is covered with weeping sores, and its hair has fallen off in patches. As the animal moves slowly towards you, several more of the sickly beasts emerge from the building behind it, growling together...*



These animals, a total of **5 rat dogs**, recently ventured too near the *Diseased Crater* at Area #014 and became infected with the virus still lingering at that ancient site. Having grown sick from the exposure, the animals are sapped of strength and have come here to cool off in the shade. Mad from fever, the animals move to attack the PCs as soon as they are spotted.

**Rat Dogs (5):** HP 9\*.

**GM's Note:** The rat dogs are infected with *septicemic plague* and thus have reduced attribute scores, as reflected in the stat block below. Note that each time one of these creatures injures a character with its bite, that character must make a Fortitude save (DC 16) to avoid becoming infected!

**Rat Dog (Diseased):** CR 1; Medium-size Mutated Animal; HD 2d8\*; HP 9; Mas 9\*; Init +2; Spd 40 ft; Defense 13, touch 12, flat-footed 11 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +1 natural); BAB +1; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d6+2, bite); Full Atk +2 melee (1d6+2, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ flea cloud, keen sight, scent; AL none or owner; SV Fort +2\*, Ref +5, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 13\*, Dex 15, Con 9\*, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 6.

**Skills:** Listen +5, Spot +5, Survival +1 (+3 when tracking by scent), Swim +4.

**Feats:** None.

### 013. DISEASED RUIN-PICKERS (EL 7)

*A man calls out to you, raising his arms in the air. A weak smile shows on his face, and a small campfire smolders nearby.*

A small family of **4 ruin pickers** has set camp here indefinitely. Though normally motivated to keep moving (to avoid being in any one place more than once), the ruin pickers are currently staying put because each of them has recently become *ill*.

**GM's Note:** The desperate ruin pickers (husband, wife, grown son and teenage daughter) all became sick after consuming the carcass of a rat dog they killed several days ago in the ruins. Unbeknownst to them, the animal was from the pack at Area #012, a group of animals that wandered too near the *Diseased Crater* at Area #014. Now the ruin pickers have all contracted the *septicemic plague*, and are likely to die as a result.

Though the ruin pickers are afraid for their lives, they try their best not to show it. They know any outward signs of illness will likely drive strangers off (if not invite an immediate shot through the head by a paranoid scav). Desperate for water (to cool the fever) and medicine (to help alleviate the “unknown illness”), they’re not above trying tricks to get what they need.

When the PCs arrive, the father does most of the talking, trying to play it cool in order to trade for supplies. A Sense Motive check vs. his Bluff will determine something’s not right, however. In addition, any character making a Treat Injury or Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences] check (DC 13 or 18 respectively) will recognize the signs of the plague.

**Ruin Pickers (4):** 20 HP.

**Development:** The ruin pickers are desperate to save their own lives. If they have to, they’ll attack the PCs to get what they want. The only things the PCs can do to avoid bloodshed is give them medicine, treat their injuries, or prove that they don’t have anything that can help them. Otherwise the ruin pickers inevitably try to overtake the PCs and kill them for what’s in their packs!

**Treasure:** The ruin pickers have 1d6 light rods, 1d2 *Simple Foods*, and 1d3+1 *Trade Goods* hidden in their camp, all of which can be found with a successful Search check at DC 13.

### 014. DISEASED CRATER (EL 8)

*The concrete earth in this intersection is pitted by a singularly enormous crater, the impact of which destroyed every glass window in the buildings facing the intersection. The remnants of an old, broken missile sit in the crater, where it seems the warhead failed to detonate.*

*An old police car sits idly nearby, collecting rust. Dozens of human skeletons ring the crater, still wearing the tattered remnants of ancient clothing.*

The crater in this hex — the source of the illness affecting the ruin pickers at Area #013 and the sick animals at Area #012 — was created by a biological missile warhead that struck the city during the first phases of the apocalypse. Only a few bystanders were killed by the weapon’s actual impact, and when reports of “something hitting the ground” filtered over the radio, a police car was rushed to the scene to check it out.

When it became clear a missile had hit, a large number of civilians gathered to steal a glimpse, many of them children. Though the police tried to keep the bystanders back, they were too late, as the invisible toxins inside the warhead had already been released. Most of the two dozen men, women, and children died in spasmic fits in just a few minutes, while the fleeing survivors, gagging on their own melting faces, carried the disease out of the area, spreading it out of control.

**GM's Note:** Though the intersection is now empty and quiet, the disease carried by the warhead is still pervasive here. Any handling of skeletons, their possessions, the two vehicles, or even the ground soil will expose party members to the invisible germs. The disease has mutated over the years, and is somewhat less potent than it originally was. Still,

## LOOTING POLICE CARS

Scavs (and other adventurers) quickly learn that the remains of old police cruisers are often sitting “treasure troves,” just waiting to be opened. Easily distinguished from other rusting vehicles (because of their telltale black and white paint scheme), these vehicles are renowned for having useful equipment inside, as well as weapons.

Whenever the PCs encounter a police car, there is a 50% chance that it has useful equipment inside. If this is the case, roll *twice* on the following table to determine the combined contents of the vehicle.

| D20   | Contents  |
|-------|---|
| 1-2   | Spike strip   |
| 3-4   | Car opening kit   |
| 5-6   | Battery-flood flashlight                                  |
| 7-8   | Professional walkie-talkie (with power cell)              |
| 9-10  | First aid kit   |
| 11-12 | Lock release gun  |
| 13-14 | Mossberg shotgun plus 1d100 rounds of 12-gauge ammunition |
| 15-16 | Net gun [F/MG]  |
| 17-18 | Gas mask plus 1d2+1 tear gas grenades                     |
| 19-20 | Stage IIIC identity card                                  |

Note that a given police car will usually be locked up, so the PCs may need to break in to get at its contents. This typically requires a Disable Device check at DC 20; note that a police cruiser’s trunk doesn’t pop open from inside.

it is potentially lethal; use the statistics for *septicemic plague* (see *Darwin’s World 2nd Edition: Campaign Guide*).

**Treasure:** A search of the bodies here uncovers 2d3 *Junk* (re-roll anything that seems inappropriate to the situation). The contents of the police car can be determined using the table presented under the *Looting Police Cars* sidebar.

## 015. RAIDER STOCKADE (EL VARIES)

*This adventure location was originally featured in Modern Dispatch #3 (Necropolis Diaries).*

One of the most dominant manmade features of the abandoned cityscape of Anaheim is the ashen, crumbling *stockade*. The stockade, which looks vaguely reminiscent of an old-style slave fortress from the colonial period, stands out because it rests in the middle of a large expanse of land cleared all around it. This land, where the raiders’ slave subjects were once forced to grow modest crops, has all but deteriorated into a choking dustbowl.

The raider stockade was made from scavenged brick and stonework, brought from throughout the locale by slaves and erected with the blood and sweat of the same. The fragile framework is covered in whitish clay drawn from the sewer tunnels that crisscross the area (before these were eventually collapsed; the raiders discovered ghouls in the neighboring area to the east and took measures to prevent further subterranean attacks). The clay still burns with a soft glow when the sun catches it. But the stain from smoke and fire and other signs of some devastating attack reveal that even the fort’s tall ramparts did little to save it in the end.

**GM’s Note:** Parties that approach the stockade risk being seen by its current inhabitants (see below), for they must cross nearly 100 yards of flattened terrain to get to the foot of the walls. Allow the ghoul sentries in the *Raider Village (Area B)* and in the *Tower (Area H)* a Spot check at DC 15 to notice the

party coming. If they are spotted, the ghouls quietly alert the whole pack and wait in ambush for their new prey.

### A. DEVASTATED CROPLAND (EL 0)

*From your vantage point in the low, broken buildings surrounding the compound, you see a broad flat area apparently cleared for crops long in the past. Whoever once tended the fields surrounding the compound must have perished (or deserted) long ago, for now only dust and rubble can be seen between your hiding spot and the stockade ruins some hundred yards distant.*

The cleared terrain consists of shallow dry soil, once unsteady cropland and now utterly barren. Wind erosion has eradicated the efforts of countless slaves. A Search check (DC 15) by anyone in this area uncovers the broken remains of human/humanoid skeletons here and there, marking the spots where dead defenders were dragged to be eaten by their Hive attackers. Anything of use was scavenged long ago.

### B. RAIDER VILLAGE (EL 1)

*The only sound to meet your ears is that of your own collective feet crunching on barren soil, kicking up dust as you go. Here, the great gates of the embattled stockade lie broken open by some tremendous force — and beyond lies a hidden village filled with skeletons and rubble like a graveyard of horrors. As you pass beneath the cool shadow of the towering walls overhead, you see an open area large enough to keep almost a thousand people safe from attack — but littering the grounds, standing like ebony monuments to destruction, are the fire-blackened shells of cars, trucks, and entire buildings.*





*Once a small town fit neatly behind these walls, but some tremendous battle here left the entire settlement utterly destroyed.*

*All is quiet. All is still.*

As if the sight of the decaying stockade wasn't creepy enough, entry into the central courtyard beyond the imposing walls is even more eerie. Under the shadow of the tall, crumbling walls can be seen the refuge of the long-dead raiders: a huge, barren, rubble-strewn "town" lies dead, its narrow streets littered with the burned-put husks of cars, motorcycles, and even a truck or two. All appear to have been destroyed in some catastrophic battle, and

skeletons can be seen in driver seats, on roofs, and all over the place. It is a scene of startling carnage and eerie desolation.

This place is the scene of an eleventh-hour chaos — it is where the raiders made their last stand when the Hive finally came to eradicate them for trespassing into the Hive lands to the north. Fortified behind their walls, the raiders thought themselves safe, but the overwhelming power of the enemy was too great even for their ruthless soldiers. The front gates were brought down by a huge mutant specimen of the Hive, and the courtyard was compromised.

The raiders fought a quick, desperate, and ultimately futile battle here. All of their remaining vehicles were used in the defense. From the walls, they focused their attacks inwards to shower the invaders with weapons fire. They fought among the streets, hiding in their shelters. The effort cost the Hive a great number of their own, yet in the end the raiders were slaughtered to the last man, and the town all but burned down.

**GM's Note:** For most of the day, only a single ghoul will be found lurking in town among the ruined trucks, buildings, and other debris. This ghoul keeps an eye out on the approaches to the compound, as well as the streets of the walled town, and

immediately goes to alert his fellows if living beings are seen or heard. Unless the intruders are a force from the Hive, the ghouls will prepare an ambush in which to garner new food reserves for the coming weeks, either here among the streets or in the tunnels below (see *Area C*).

**Ghoul (1):** HP 12.

### C. BUNKERS/TUNNELS (EL 6)

A number of low, squat, concrete bunkers and pillboxes sit at the base of the great walls, and even inside the courtyard itself. Each of these is poorly constructed but nonetheless effective for their purpose: to provide cover for their occupants while giving an overlapping view of the approaches to the raider fort.

Getting into a bunker is almost impossible from the outside, since they are only pierced with narrow firing slits (and each slit has an iron hatch that can swing over to cover it completely, though many of these have fallen off or rusted away). Attacking someone within the bunker would be quite difficult, as the bunker affords *nine-tenths* cover.

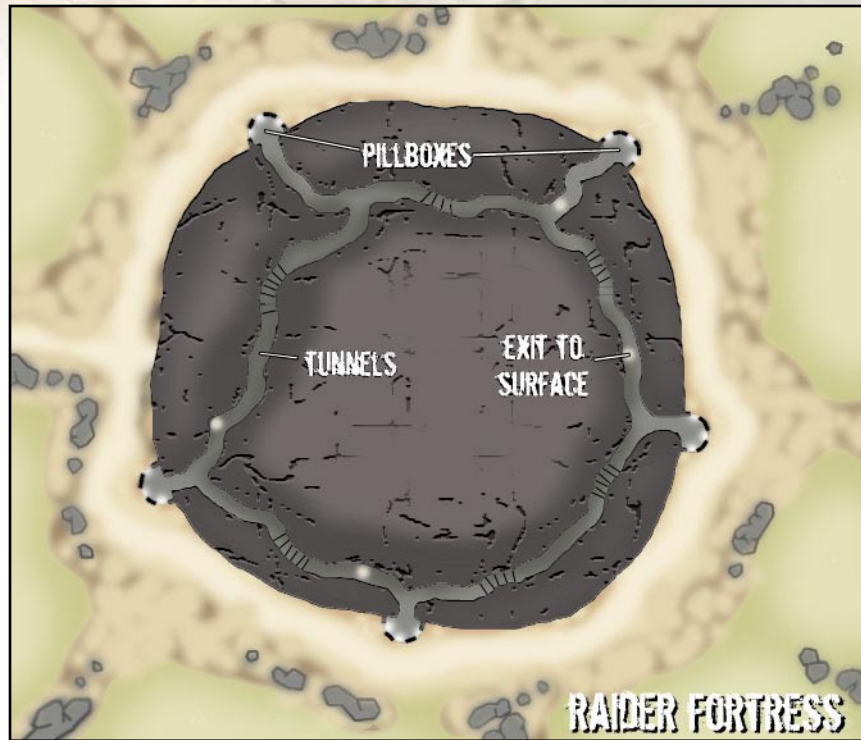
A series of tunnels dug beneath each bunker connects the pillboxes to the interior of the compound (see map). Each tunnel is barely five feet high and two feet wide, permitting only single-file movement in absolute darkness. Turning around in a tunnel is difficult because they are so narrow, and requires a move action to accomplish.

The ghouls of the compound sometimes retreat to these tunnels during the day to avoid the painful effects of the sunlight. If the party comes by day, the enemy may well be encountered here.

**Ghouls (6):** HP 18, 15, 15, 12, and 10.

**Treasure:** The bunkers are each empty, except perhaps for the shattered remains of some poor unfortunate or two who fought to the end within.





There is a 10% chance that any bunker contains a skeleton still armed with a *black powder rifle* (but only one in the entire complex). One or two of the underground tunnels may also still contain a crate or two of gunpowder for the defenders' muskets (another 50% chance of 10-100 shots of powder; only two such surviving caches at most). The ghouls have not taken these, for they lack the intelligence to use them!

#### D. WALLS (EL 0)

*Old walls, cracked and crumbling, stand over the entire stockade. From their summit can be seen the entire region surrounding this*

*lost stronghold — the deserted cropland below, and the beginnings of the ruined city beyond.*

The walls of the stockade are accessed via broad stairs on each of its walls, wide enough for four men abreast to ascend at a time. The walls have suffered from attack, fire, and decay, however, and in many places have crumbled or collapsed so badly as to prevent movement along the ramparts.

From their summit, one can see anywhere in the compound's field of vision.

#### E. RUINED STRONGHOLD (EL 0)

*Central to the village, built on a low rise, stand the remains of*

*what must have once been a stronghold, a last line of defense for those who lived and died here. A large squat bunker, destroyed by fire and crushing force, surveys the deserted village around it in silence.*

This was an additional bunker stocked with supplies and arms for the raiders to retreat to should their walls be compromised. The battle for the raider compound didn't last long enough for a pitched battle here, but the bandit prince (Kruel) attempted to flee here in hopes of escaping certain death. He died outside without ever reaching safety.

In the end, even the bunker's strong stone walls were no match for the fireballs produced by the massive Hive beetles.

Characters searching the charred ruins find little more than the remains of an old stronghold. Fire seems to have ignited a cache of gunpowder stored here, causing the bunker to literally explode. Anyone or anything that had been within disintegrated completely in the blast. Nothing remains.

#### F. COMMUNITY GARAGES (EL 0)

*Here the cool shadow of the overhead wall masks a large building erected long ago. Three huge bays pierce the building's front, revealing only darkness within. The wreckage of vehicles lies scattered all about.*

This huge building was built by the raiders for the maintenance of their fleet of vehicles, which they brought with them from beyond the mountains or otherwise scavenged from the ruins of the Necropolis. As the raiders boasted a number of mechs with some appreciable skill among their ranks, this was no doubt the centerpiece of their power.

This place, as elsewhere, is a ruin. What used to be a huge workshop capable of supporting and repairing a dozen vehicles at once is now merely a dusty cavern. Skeletons in badly rotted leather armor lie strewn about; the rusted hulks of two or three armored-up autos sit idly in the shadows. Cobwebs hang over nearly everything. Old banks of tool chests, tables, and work areas are destroyed, thoroughly plundered by some unknown force long before the party's arrival.

**Treasure:** A Search (DC 15) of the entire garage, taking 1d3 hours, allows some scavenging of what little remains. There are enough tools remaining scattered throughout the rubble (apparently



## THE GHOULS

The ghouls living in the ruins of the old raider stockade are survivors of the ghoul enclave that once infested the city ruins to the east, but was shattered by the onslaught of the great Hive. Though the once-mighty ghoul “empire” was crushed and forced underground, many fled their people’s ruin to live out a dangerous, savage existence on the fringes of Hive territory.

The **8 ghouls** living here are a band of escapees that have clung to a pack organization purely for survival. If they cannot secure food in this locale they will eventually move on, ever eastwards, towards the hills, searching for prey while evading Hive patrols.

If and when the PCs are discovered in “their” stockade, the ghouls attempt to gather their numbers before ambushing the enemy. If it is day, they retreat to the tunnels in the *Bunkers* (see map) to ambush unsuspecting PCs who come down after them. Alternatively, they wait here until nightfall to emerge and take anyone camping among the ruins by surprise.

If it is night, the ghouls gather *en masse* and emerge in a pack to confront the enemy, moving between the party and the compound gate to prevent escape.

In general, the ghouls will fight until only about one-third of their original numbers remain, at which time they try to escape if possible (they value nothing among the stockade ruins, and thus don’t hesitate to flee if seriously threatened).

**Ghouls (Mutant Post-Apocalyptic Hero 2):** CR 2; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8+2; HP 18, 15 (x2), 12 (x3), 10 (x2); Mas 12; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 13, touch 13, flatfooted 11 (+2 Dex, +1 class); BAB +1; Grap +1; Atk +3 melee (1d6+1, claw), or +4 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +3 melee (1d6+1, 2 claws), +1 melee (1d6+1/19-20, bite), or +4 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, darkvision, albinism, cannibalism; AL none; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will -1; AP 3; Rep +0; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 3.

**Occupation:** Predator (Hide).

**Background:** Tribal (Move Silently).

**Mutations and Defects:** Sensitive Sight, Serrated Dental Development, Albinism, Cannibalism.

**Skills:** Climb +2, Hide +7, Listen +6, Move Silently +7, Search +2, Spot +6, Survival +4.

**Feats:** Alertness, Primitive Technology, Multi-Attack, Weapon Finesse (claws, bite).

**Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero):** Necropoli Lore.

**Possessions:** None.

overlooked) to comprise a full *mechanical tool kit*.

In addition, one of the “destroyed” vehicles could in fact be salvaged with a successful Repair check. This vehicle is a *Ford Crown Victoria*.

### G. COLLAPSED FORTRESS (EL 0)

*A cathedral-like ruin stands here, mutely glaring back down at those who trespass into the deserted compound. Ash-blackened outer walls*

*and collapsed inner walls tell a story of fiery destruction that left the place a shattered ruin.*

This place was once a grand fortress (by raider standards), where the best warriors of the raider clan made their home along with their prince Krue. A church before the Fall, the raiders desecrated the ruin further by turning it into a stronghold with buttressing, reinforcement, and their very presence. The bodies of disobedient slaves were crucified outside; beneath the place, in collapsed tunnels, they kept their harems of captives, all of whom died when the building burned and the entire citadel came tumbling down.

**GM’s Note:** Among these prickly, dangerous ruins, a Search check (DC 18) will reveal a number of well-concealed tunnels that lead into the earth and under the walls to connect the various bunkers throughout the area. Searching aboveground has a 10% chance, per person per round, of causing some kind of minor collapse that will alert anyone and everyone in the compound to the party’s movements (no Listen check required).

### H. TOWER (EL 1)

*Towering over the compound is a ramshackle covered wooden tower, which no doubt permits a grand view of the entire compound and ruins. A ladder, sheathed in piping (probably to prevent the climber from being sniped at) leads up to its summit. The entire structure creaks unsteadily in the wind.*

Climbing to the tower top takes a full three rounds. At its summit, the tower is found to be a creaking, unsteady structure, barely 20 feet by 20 feet. Narrow shuttered windows run the length of each side, permitting 360-degree vision from an unprecedented

height. This allows a full view of the raider village within the walls, as well as the cropland beyond.

**GM's Note:** At any given time there is likely a ghoul reluctantly stationed here to keep a lookout. This ghoul descends from this perch if the alarm must be raised, or if fighting is heard elsewhere in the compound.

**Ghoul (1):** HP 10.

## 016. SHARKEY'S AUTO REPAIR (EL 5)

*A side street here leads off into the shadow of taller buildings. In the garbage-strewn alley, a number of old cars are parked outside a nearby shop. An old faded sign overhead depicts smiling automobiles and more familiar shapes, which you recognize as wrenches and bolts.*

An old auto repair shop is found in this hex. Parked outside are the equivalent of five Dodge Neons, though none of these are in working condition (though they may be salvaged, as a *Complex* repair task). An additional Dodge Neon and an Acura 3.2 TL can be found inside in various states of repair, abandoned during the Fall. A character making a Spot check at DC 25 will notice a Yamaha YZ250F parked around the corner; this bike is in working condition (with a quarter tank of fuel), and is loaded with treasure (see below).

The old shop is a lightless labyrinth of tight passages, dusty storage rooms, and garage. When the PCs first enter, allow them to make a Listen check at DC 20; if they succeed, they hear the sound of someone searching through the tools in one of the old storage rooms towards the back of the place. If they fail, allow the single occupant of the building to make a Listen check (same DC) to hear them, thus getting the jump on the party!

**Significant NPCs:** Searching the abandoned shop is a single ghost raider named Phantom, attracted here by the prospect of finding tools and spare parts for his vehicle (the Yamaha YZ250F the PCs may have noticed outside). The raider will be alarmed by the presence of the PCs, and attacks them only if he can get a surprise round; if they become aware of him, he instead tries to slip out of the building via a backdoor or through a window. He will not surrender.

**Phantom (Mutant Fast Hero 4/Ghost Raider 1 [REW]):** CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+8 plus 1d8+2; HP 32; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 20, touch 18, flatfooted 18 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 class, +2 equipment); BAB +3; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d6+1, combat knife), or +5 ranged (2d6, black powder pistol); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL none; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +1; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 10, Cha 7.

**Occupation:** Wanderer (Drive, Navigate)

**Background:** Radical (Hide).

**Mutations and Defects:** Multi-Faceted Eyes, Aberrant Deformity.

**Skills:** Balance +4, Craft (mechanical) +4, Disguise -8, Drive +10, Hide +12, Knowledge (Current Events) +4, Move Silently +11, Navigate +9, Repair +11, Ride +3, Search +4, Sleight of Hand +4, Spot +2, Survival +6, Tumble +9.

**Feats:** Armor Proficiency (light), Intuitive Mechanic, Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1.

**Talents (Ghost Raider [REW]):** Vehicle Tinkering.

**Possessions:** Two black powder pistols, 20 rounds

of shot, leather armor, combat knife, sunglasses, canteen.

Phantom is not part of any of the existing Ghost Raider group, and lives alone as a maverick. He is particularly despised by Metal Jaw's gang, and if captured he might try to bargain for his freedom by telling the PCs about Metal Jaw's tribe at Area #018.

**Phantom:** HP 32.

**Treasure:** Phantom's motorbike is burdened with the stuff he uses to survive in the Necropolis, including two moth-eaten blankets, 1d3 extra pairs of socks, a lockpick set, a survival kit (missing everything but the re-usable items), a hand-operated gas siphon (used to transfer fuel from wrecked cars to his motorcycle), a magnesium firestarting kit, a roll of ion bonding tape, and 1d2 rolls on *Table 1: Junk*.

The abandoned auto repair shop has other items of value as well. A Search check (DC 13) uncovers the equivalent of a deluxe mechanical toolkit, a fire extinguisher, two flashlights (with drained power cells), a manual tire pump, and two manual car jacks.

## 017. GOLDEN DRAGON (EL 9)

*An eerie building stands near a highway overpass in this neighborhood, its green and red walls covered with strange lettering. The fanciful design of a gold dragon adorns each side of the building. Even from a distance you can hear the sound of its tubular wind chimes humming in the wind.*

Once a lavish Chinese restaurant, this building, the "Golden Dragon," has only recently become the hideout for a small group of Ghost Raiders. These well-hidden marauders are using the restaurant's strategic location to monitor Area #015 and Area



#018 nearby. They are currently holing up in the building until they feel ready to strike either of these areas.

There are four ghost raiders in the Golden Dragon; at any given time one is certain to be on watch, using binoculars to spy either Area #015 or Area #018 (he is thus on one side of the building or the other). There is a 50% chance that another of the raiders is awake, and is watching the other side of the building. There is only a 20% chance that the other two are awake; otherwise they are both asleep in the restaurant proper.

**GM's Note:** If the PCs are spotted, the raiders will remain hidden, hoping the PCs move on. If they enter the building, the **3 ghost raiders** and their leader (**1 ghost raider elite**) try to attack them from surprise, hopefully killing them as quietly as they can (and preserving the secrecy of their hiding spot).

**Ghost Raiders (3):** HP 22.

**Ghost Raider Elite (1):** HP 36.

**Treasure:** The raiders keep their four Yamaha YZ250F dirt bikes in the remains of the restaurant itself, which they have made their camp. Under the peeling golden pillars of towering Buddhas, the raiders keep all of their belongings, ready to move out at a moment's notice. These include two camping tents (each collapsible so as to be ported in a rucksack), a standard flashlight with a full power cell, eight liters of water, a dozen packaged ready-meals, a first aid kit, a stage IIM identity card, and two tear gas grenades.

## 018. GHOST RAIDER TRIBE (EL VARIES)

This hex is home to a “tribe” of *Ghost Raiders*, former members of the raider empire of Anaheim who managed to escape the destruction of their stronghold by fleeing before the final battle against

the Hive.

The tribal raiders who live in this village only vaguely resemble the once-proud and arrogant predators they once were. In the years since the fall of their empire, these men have degenerated into savages, turning to even more brutal ways to survive. Though they maintain a small fleet of rusted motorcycles and battle cars, they have decorated these with wild swirls of paint and with the teeth, horns, and skulls of creatures (and humanoids) they have hunted in the ruins.

The typical raider of this isolated community is a half-naked, malnourished savage, covered in ashen gray body paint, his face decorated to resemble a skull or screaming mask. Crow feathers decorate his wild hair, and jewelry made from strings of human teeth adorn his arms, wrists, neck, and chest. What's worse, these raiders have descended into cannibalism: every month the entire tribe gathers and slaughters a captive and ritually feasts on his flesh. If no captives are available, trials by combat determine which tribe member fills this role instead...

**Significant NPCs:** The leader of these savage raiders is a madman of hypnotic charisma named “Metal-Jaw,” once one of the top generals in Krueel the Conqueror's inner circle of military leaders. Though he served as one of Krueel's most loyal generals, fighting ghouls and Hive insects with equal ferocity (and making a name for himself as a great warrior, often leading his men into battle from the front), Metal-Jaw eventually began to change. Reprimanded for questioning Krueel's suicidal insistence on staying and fighting the Hive, Metal-Jaw gathered up what men would follow him and slipped out of the compound at night, just days before the final attack. They have never looked back.

Over the years, Metal-Jaw has slipped into his own insanity. Hunted by the Hive and by the remnants of

the ghouls of the region, he and his people have been pushed too far. Metal-Jaw believes himself to have become a kind of “god of death,” having escaped the fate of his fellow raiders by fleeing. Though his band survived, he sees this existence as a kind of “limbo,” and he and tribe as neither living nor dead. He has acquired for his people a frightening reputation despite their weakened situation, pioneering cunning tactics that exemplify the nature of Ghost Raiders — stealth, camouflage, hit and run tactics, and covering their trail when they vanish into the night.

Metal-Jaw spends his days cloaked in the powdery white dust of ground human bones, with strokes of red paint around his eyes and nostrils. His jaw, torn from his face in a brutal battle during his rise as a raider officer, is now a steel bear-trap. He wears a horned headdress that, combined with his half-metal face, makes him look like a demon, and he drapes his otherwise naked body in the stitched skin of former communal sacrifices.

**Metal Jaw (Mutant Strong Hero 3/Raider 5/ Ghost Raider 5 [REW]):** CR 13; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 5d10+5 plus 5d8+5; HP 76; Mas 12; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 25, touch 20, flatfooted 23 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +8 class, +1 natural, +5 equipment); BAB +11; Grap +12; Atk +12 melee (1d6+3, cleaver), or +14 ranged (2d6, Uzi); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL none; SV Fort +9, Ref +9, Will +2; AP 6; Rep +4; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 8, Cha 12.

**Occupation:** Predator (Intimidate).

**Background:** Radical (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Multi-Faceted Eyes, Bizarre Pigmentation.

**Skills:** Craft (mechanical) +4, Drive +12, Hide +10, Intimidate +18, Knowledge (Tactics) +11, Move Silently +10, Navigate +7, Repair +15, Ride +7,

Search +4, Spot +1, Survival +10.

**Feats:** Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Intuitive Mechanic, Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Vehicle Expert, Vehicle Dodge, Weapon Focus (Uzi).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Raider):** Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains +2, Horrifying Kill.

**Talents (Ghost Raider [REW]):** Vehicle Tinkering, Shadow Vehicle, Cheap Repair, Banshee Wail.

**Possessions:** Uzi, four boxes of 9mm ammunition (80), leather armor, dermal plating +1 [F/MG], cleaver, two white phosphorous grenades, one juju potion (1d4+2), Yamaha YZ250F dirt bike.

Though they live on the verge of starvation, Metal-Jaw somehow manages to keep his men mindlessly loyal to him — no doubt through brainwashing and the use of powerful drugs. His men even go so far as to actually believe their leader's quixotic claim to be the "god of death." Seeing themselves as his "undead servants," his followers have absolutely no fear of death; they believe they have already died and now live in a painless, immortal limbo.

The tribe consists of **23 Ghost Raiders** and **6 Ghost Raider elites**. These men conform to the stats presented for generic *ghost raiders* (and *ghost raider elites*), except that in addition to their regular abilities each of these men is also immune to *fear*. Their community is a secret village hidden among the ruins, well-fortified against attack.

**Metal Jaw:** HP 76.

**Ghost Raiders (23):** HP 22.

**Ghost Raider Elites (6):** HP 36.

**Development:** The PCs could very well stumble upon a group of Metal-Jaw's raiders while moving through this hex, or any of the hexes surrounding this one. If undetected, the raiders shadow the PCs for several hours, striking only once the sun has dipped below the horizon. When they attack, they do so to take captives, perhaps snatching one or two PCs and riding off, leaving the rest of the party behind.

Anyone taken captive by the raiders will likely meet Metal-Jaw and the rest of his tribe over dinner... or *as* dinner....

## 019. HIDDEN PARADISE (EL 0)

*Up ahead the ground seems to have split open from past tectonic activity. The sound of rushing water echoes down this chasm, which splits the road, and a nearby building, cleanly in two.*

Located in this hex is a unique "garden" of sorts. Infrequent rainwater, falling on the city and pooling in surrounding districts, gathers here, spilling down through a collapsed street into what may have once been a sewer tunnel. Here the vegetation has managed to survive the hostile elements due to the high level of moisture, and a lush garden of ivy, mosses, and fungus has been able to flourish.

The PCs can scale the tiered, broken rock face of the rift to reach the bottom below with only a few minor Climb checks (1d3 checks at DC 13). Once they reach the underground garden, they find a series of subterranean caves which are likewise overgrown with lush flora, many of them heavy with luscious fruit.

**GM's Note:** The tunnels connecting this area to the sewers collapsed long ago, and as such the PCs cannot access the sewers via this "sunken garden."

**Treasure:** A full day spent exploring the caves nets the party edible fruits and vegetables that will provide food and moisture needs for 1d4 people for 1d4 days.

## 020. ANGEL STADIUM (EL VARIES)

*Dominating the ruins in this part of the city are the crumbling remains of an ancient sports arena, some kind of enormous coliseum dedicated to the self-perceived athletic superiority of the Ancients. Though the structure is badly decaying from age, the roar of engines turning over, the drunken laughter of many men, and the sounds of a large settlement can be heard drifting over its tall outer walls.*

The most prominent feature of this hex is the ruin of Angel Stadium, once a popular sports arena in Anaheim. Now the wreckage of this great coliseum has been taken over by a band of powerful raiders known across the wasteland (i.e. beyond the city) as the "Immortals."

A scourge of the desert communities of the Rift Valley region of the Twisted Earth, the Immortals are well-known to most people from beyond the boundaries of the Necropolis (PCs from outside the city will recognize their banners, flapping from the tops of the tallest parts of the stadium's ruins, with a Knowledge [Twisted Earth] check at DC 18). Natives of the deserts over and beyond the Santa Ana mountains, the Immortals were drawn to the ruins of Los Angeles by stories of the infamous raider prince Kruel the Conqueror and his exodus over those mysterious peaks to the great Necropolis.

**Significant NPCs:** The leader of the Immortals is a man known only as Khan, a ruthless but unusually intelligent — and patient — warlord.



The lure that drew this bloodthirsty would-be king to the Necropolis lies far back in the man's past; years ago, during the same battle that allowed the young and ambitious Khan to wrest control of the Immortals from his former master, Khan learned a great secret. This secret was so secure, so forbidden, that it was only whispered between members of the small but elite brotherhood of men who dare to call themselves "raider kings" (the respective leaders of the great raider gangs of the world — the Ravagers, Wastelords, etc.). Though all were enemies and bitter rivals, this secret was so potent that it is said not even the worst among them would allow it to be revealed.

How Khan managed to pry loose this well-guarded secret is unknown, but it is said as soon as he learned it he became a man obsessed. He spent years searching for "something," an object he wouldn't speak of to his closest advisors and consorts, eventually leading the entire gang over the mountains to the ruins of the Necropolis. Many abandoned him, thinking he'd gone mad, but his charisma was so powerful that a virtual army remained loyally at his side.

Today Khan has made the ruins of Angel Stadium the home of his Immortals, using the great field to array his army of vehicles and to build a small tent city for his gang followers. In truth, Khan is desperately trying to find an ancient *artifact* that predates the Fall, one of potentially tremendous power.

Raider legend has it that a certain "object" once stood as a unifying symbol to the many motley street gangs of the pre-Fall world. Long ago, before the apocalypse, a near-deified gang leader known mysteriously as Cyrus united the fractured gangs of the great Western cities (from California to the Midwest) into one enormous "mega-gang;" with membership numbering in the tens of thousands, this mega-gang threatened even the government of old. It

is said that Cyrus reigned over an era of pure terror and intimidation, with his vast legions of unseen followers infiltrating the streets of cities all across the nation. In time, the authorities put a bounty on the cult figure's head, but this only elevated him in the eyes of his followers, enflaming gang violence for decades to come — a great urban uprising that only ended with the coming of the Fall itself.

Injured by an assassination attempt by rivals from the East Coast, Cyrus was said to possess an engraved walking cane that during his brief but brilliant lifetime came to symbolize his unification of the great gangs of his era, an icon that despite his decrepitude only added to his powerful charisma. Popular belief among many of the gangs of the current, superstitious era holds that any raider able to recover this lost artifact could claim Cyrus' birthright: total command of all raider gangs west of the Mississippi.

Remarkably, this legend has remained relatively intact over the centuries, suggesting that Cyrus did in fact exist. Furthermore, the respect and reverence raiders give to his name — and the idea that his cane has some special significance — are shared at least to some extent by virtually every raider gang on the Twisted Earth.

Khan was drawn to the Necropolis by stories that quietly suggested Krueel the Conqueror had, in fact, found the *Cane of Cyrus* during his time in the desert, just prior to his exodus. Others believe Krueel fled to the Necropolis either to find the Cane here in the ruins (Cyrus was said to be a native of Los Angeles), or else stash it like a pirate of old, to await some future attempt to take over the gangs of the West and create a new empire.

Khan seeks the Cane at all costs; he has consulted many secret sources and, with no little consideration, believes Krueel did at some point possess the Cane

during his exile to the city. He has brought his entire gang over the radiated Santa Ana mountains here to the ruins of Anaheim, searching for any signs of Krueel, his fallen empire, and the whereabouts of the Cane.

Like all raiders, Khan is a brutal fighter and cunning tactician. Unlike most, however, Khan also has an uncharacteristic knowledge of history, the culture of the Ancients, and of raider law and customs. He is a wily diplomat, respected by older and more experienced raider leaders for his brashness, bravery, and refreshing honesty. He believes (possibly rightly so) that by finding the Cane and returning with it to the desert, he will be able to force the raider gangs of the Twisted Earth to bow to his command. If this were to happen — which it very well might — Khan would stand to become the leader of a new "nation" on the Twisted Earth, comprised of the worst bandits, rapists, and murderers the world has ever known...

**Handling The NPCs:** Khan is a powerful raider, and the PCs would be wise to avoid his domain. His camp is almost entirely restricted to the insides of the old stadium, but enough exits exist in the old structure that they certainly couldn't be trapped within. Scouts and lookouts riddle the ruins and will certainly raise the alarm at the first sign of outsiders approaching.

If the PCs try to make contact with Khan, he may be willing to deal with them, but only insofar as to learn what, if anything, they know about the Cane of Cyrus. His specific reaction to the PCs depends on how they handle themselves; weak characters, if they know nothing, are likely to be enslaved or killed to prevent knowledge of his camp from getting out. If they impress him, he will try to hire them to find the Cane (though he certainly won't mention its significance), offering a generous reward... one that

might give the PCs reason to suspect his motives.

In battle, Khan generally rides on the back of a battle cycle (driven by one of his elites) with *energy pike* in hand, ready to skewer unmounted foes with a charge.

**Khan (Mutant Strong Hero 2/Dedicated Hero 2/Charismatic Hero 2/Raider 7):** CR 13; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8+6 plus 2d6+6 plus 2d6+6 plus 7d10+21; HP 101; Mas 17; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 32, touch 21, flatfooted 30 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +9 class, +11 equipment); BAB +11; Grap +15; Atk +15 melee (2d8+5, energy pike), or +13 ranged (2d6, Ruger MP-9); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, regenerate 2 hp per 10 mins, night blindness; AL Immortals; SV Fort +13, Ref +8, Will +6; AP 6; Rep +6; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 17.

**Occupation:** Demagogue (Bluff, Diplomacy).

**Background:** Radical (Drive).

**Mutations and Defects:** Accelerated White Blood Cell Activity, Night Blindness.

**Skills:** Bluff +19, Diplomacy +13, Disguise +5, Drive +11, Gather Information +18, Intimidate +17, Investigate +4, Knowledge (Current Events) +8, Knowledge (History) +8, Knowledge (Tactics) +8, Listen +4, Repair +6, Ride +3, Sense Motive +4, Spot +6, Survival +4

**Feats:** Alertness, Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Deceptive, Exotic Melee Weapon Proficiency, Leadership, Mounted Combat, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Ride-By Attack, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Spirited Charge.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash.

**Talents (Dedicated Hero):** Skill Emphasis (Intimidate).

## THE IMMORTALS

Though unknown to the denizens of the Necropolis, the Immortals are a rising raider gang in the deserts of southern California and Arizona, a pox that has appeared in recent years to plague the major trade routes of the Cartel. This powerful gang of *Radicals* has shown a carefree destructiveness that is unmatched in their part of the desert, making them one of the most formidable gangs of the West.

The Immortals get their name from the inhuman toughness and resilience they exhibit in battle, traits which can be directly traced to their members' mutations (see the Immortals' stat blocks for details). Many victims who have fled their aggression have spread word of their seeming invincibility, giving them an almost god-like reputation among the less-civilized people of the wasteland.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Coordinate.

**Talents (Raider):** Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains +2, Horrifying Kill, No Survivors.

**Possessions:** Energy pike, power backpack, Ruger MP-9, one box of 9mm ammunition (32), advanced metal armor, combat knife, pocket nurse (loaded with three doses of stimshot B).

Khan's gang consists of **280 Immortal Raiders** and another **30 Immortal Raider Elites**, all living in the ruins of the stadium. At any given time 10 raiders are on duty as lookouts (in two-man teams at strategic points throughout the rubble), while another five or six (including one elite) patrol the ruins nearby with orders to "look for anything unusual." Since these men don't know what exactly they're looking for (Khan won't tell them), they could easily assume the PCs, or something the PCs carry, fits the bill. They attack any armed parties they see.

**Khan:** HP 101.

**Immortal Raiders (280):** HP 30.

**Immortal Raider Elites (30):** HP 50.

**Treasure:** The Immortals have a legion of vehicles, including fifteen *battle cycles*, twenty *battle cars*, ten *battle hummers*, and two *blockade runners*.

Their communal stockpiles (arranged throughout their camp, with the more volatile supplies stored in underground parts of the old stadium to prevent sabotage by infiltrators) include fuel stocks, food and water supplies, explosives, ammunition, spare parts for their machines and weapons, and small caches of medicines (GM's discretion on the actual amounts; *rad-purge* should be among them).

## 021. UNCOVERED FIND (EL 0)

*This area is especially sandy, with dunes collecting between the buildings on either side of the streets crisscrossing the region. However, ahead you see a cluster of rusted, wind-blasted vehicles in an intersection, partially buried in the sand, their tops exposed.*

The PCs have stumbled upon the remains of a raider scouting expedition originating from the community that once stood at Area #015. It vanished during a particularly violent sandstorm several years back. The fickle winds of the Necropolis have unearthed these lost vehicles, and the PCs are the first to stumble upon them.

If the PCs investigate, they find three *battle cars*,



all in relatively good working order (preserved by the sand; a few hours of maintenance could get them back up and running), each painted with the words “Fireteam Falcon” on its hood. Three desiccated corpses sit in the lead vehicle, where the occupants apparently took shelter when the storm hit. They appear to have been buried alive by the freak accumulation of sand, and suffocated within.

**Treasure:** The three bodies all wear leather armor. One is armed with a Mossberg, the other two with TEC-9 machine pistols (the bodies also have among them 1d6 rounds of 12-gauge ammunition and 6d10 rounds of 9mm ammunition). There are three empty canteens, and a single (empty) can of dog food that they apparently shared as their last meal.

## 022. LOST SETTLERS (EL 2)

*A small camp lies ahead.*

A small group of **5 settlers** hailing from the community of *Sanctuary* (Area #011) are making camp in this hex. Sent out into the ruins to harvest food from one of several secret farms (see *Sanctuary* for details on their farming methods), the settlers got lost on their way back, wandering deeper into the city. Terrified of drifting too far from their fortified settlement, the settlers have temporarily pitched camp until they can get their bearings.

When the PCs arrive, the camp’s occupants are on edge; they’re thirsty, hungry, and close to panicking. Unless the PCs approach cautiously, they will likely open fire out of fear and surprise.

**Settlers (5):** HP 6.

**Development:** The settlers are grateful if the PCs approach openly and peacefully. Though wary, they are eager for assistance. Their two senior leaders are currently arguing over a map and antiquated compass

that neither can figure out how to use (and both claim is “broken”). A character making a Diplomacy check at DC 16 can convince the men to let her try and use the device; next, a Survival check at DC 12 will allow that PC use the compass (which works fine) to pinpoint their exact location. Once this information is passed on, the settlers will be in a much better mood — but eager to strike camp and set out for home.

If the PCs make a good impression, the settlers offer to lead the PCs back to *Sanctuary* with them; smart PCs may recognize the need to find allies and a secure base in the city. On the way back the settlers may also pass on some useful information with a Gather Information check (see *Settler Talk*).

### SETTLER TALK

Assuming the PCs befriend the settlers at Area #022 (or during a random encounter in which settlers from *Sanctuary* are encountered), they can attempt to make a Gather Information check at DC 12 to glean some information on what the settlers have seen in this area. With each success, either roll or pick a piece of information from the list below.

The settlers observed what they describe as an “enormous flying bug” pass overhead a few days ago. The creature was burdened, carrying “junk” in its mandibles. Though they were afraid it would return with others, it didn’t. If asked, the men say it headed off to the northeast (towards Area #029).

When the men first became lost they sent one of their number out to forage for food. The scout encountered a pack of “grotesque dogs” to the southwest, which appeared to be horribly diseased. He didn’t dare approach the animals, and snuck away. Since then the men have been rationing the supplies they brought with them, afraid to eat anything local for fear of contamination.

The men haven’t seen any themselves, but they warn the PCs about “Ghost Raiders.” If the party asks what these Ghost Raiders are and where they came from, the men say a raider fortress once stood at the heart of Dead City, but was destroyed by an unknown enemy of great power. A few survivors of this lost raider empire continue to pop up now and then in the ruins, though they are invariably insane and psychotic. These shadowy killers are known as Ghost Raiders.





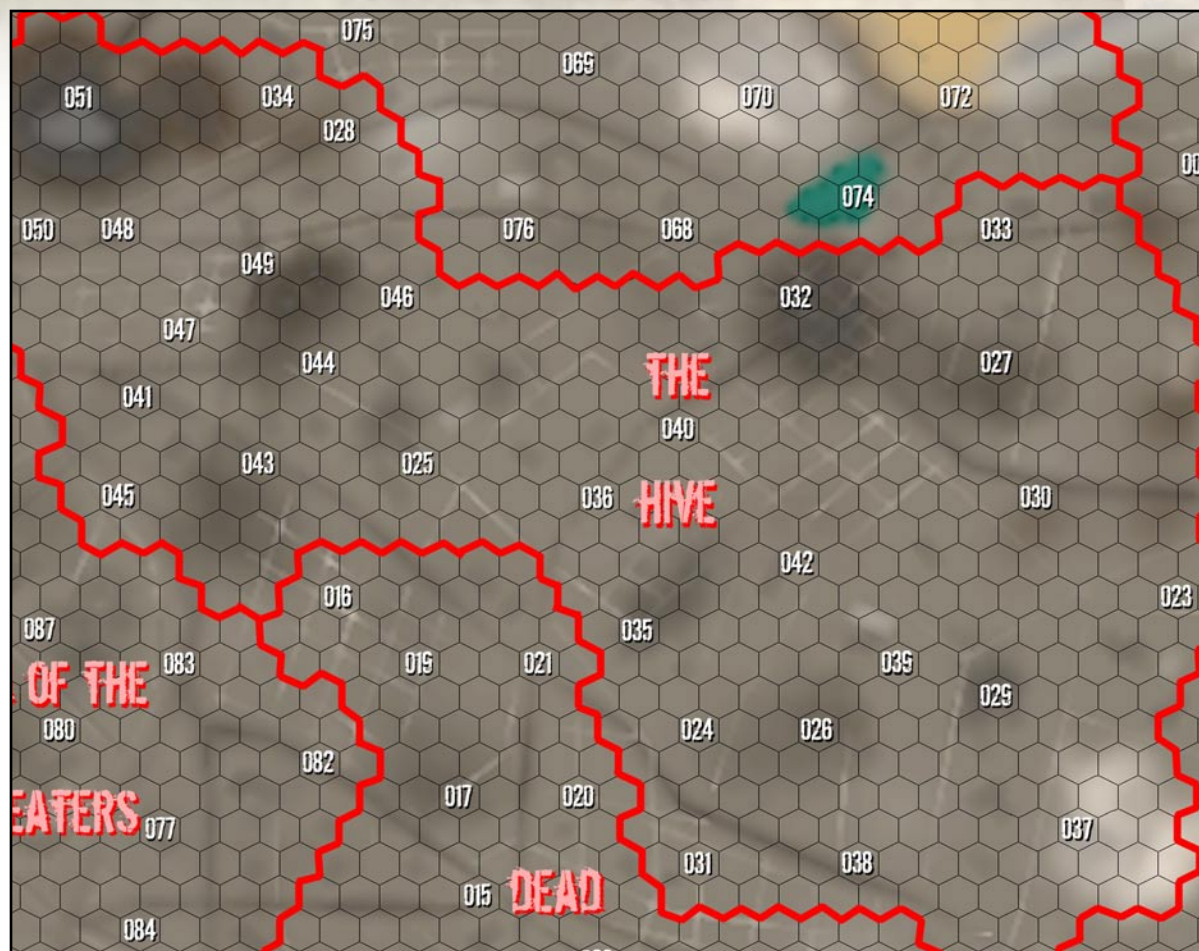
## THE HIVE

When the Hive first came to the surface and began to expand, they quickly came into contact with other Necropolis factions.

Ravenous for scrap metal and other materials with which to begin building their colossal “bughills” (a more efficient means of housing their burgeoning population than living in underground tunnels), they embarked on scavenging forays that inevitably drew them into the territory of others.

One of these factions was the Raiders of Krue the Conqueror, whose people attacked the bugs out of fear at their first meeting. Reacting to this perceived act of aggression, the primitive bugs fought back furiously but ineffectively at first. Though the raiders managed to strike deep into Hive territory and strike the first few blows, the hive mind behind the Hive slowly became more acute to the threat, and adapted. During the fighting, the first generation of *giant firebugs* was engineered and used to fight back what the bugs now considered an invasion. The raiders attempted to beat off the flood of bugs that poured over their northern frontier, but such efforts ultimately failed. Overwhelmed, the raiders fought to the death to defend their isolated fortress. Their bravery was lost to the Hive, however, who took the last surviving raiders captive, to serve as incubators for a generation of bugs to replace those lost in the fighting.

After the Raiders fell, the Hive expanded unfettered, eating up entire neighborhoods in the eastern reaches of the city. Stripping these regions of everything useful, they fed their hunger for knowledge and building materials by tearing apart the landscape. Left unchecked, they managed to



build numerous bughills until they finally came into conflict with the Foundation colony in Pasadena and the powerful ghoule enclave in and around Compton.

The mutant bugs had battled ghouls before, but now they had the might to finally crush the ghoule presence on their frontier once and for all. Embarking on a merciless campaign, the Hive’s

armies rolled over the ghoule enclave in relatively short order and shattered the considerable ghoule presence in the Necropolis.

As for the Foundation, they, like the Raiders, failed to recognize the true threat posed by the Hive. Already struggling with their colonization attempt, the Foundationists were alarmed when the first Hive





bugs were spotted near their borders. In haste the Foundationists conceived of a plan to ally with the raiders they suspected lived far to the south, hoping to contain the Hive by presenting a unified front. Unknown to them, the raider presence had already been destroyed, but the Foundationists prepared an expedition nonetheless. The Foundationist envoys traveled through contested Hive territory in an armored humvee, carrying an encoded laser disc containing a tempting offer of alliance between the

raiders and Foundation aimed at destroying the Hive “infestation.” Secure in the knowledge that mindless bugs couldn’t crack the code even if the disc fell into their hands, the Foundationists waited for a response.

The bugs caught the envoys trying to cross through their lines. When mutant bugs surrounded the vehicle, the envoys’ escort of paladins opened fire. The bugs defended themselves, overwhelming the diplomatic convoy and killing the occupants. But they managed to retrieve the disc and, unknown

to the Foundationists (who believed them to be unintelligent insects), they were clever enough to crack the code and decipher the message.

The Foundationists got their response in the form of a full-out attack by the Hive, which now recognized the Foundation as a possible enemy. Gleaning from the coded disc vital information about the locations of Foundation outposts, the Hive was able to swarm into the ruins of Pasadena and overwhelm the Foundation colony there. In a matter of weeks, the Foundationists were forced to abandon the colony, as well as any hopes of colonizing the city.

Today the Hive remains the dominant force in the eastern part of the city. They continue to build on their newly-acquired territory, but in recent years have come into conflict with the fringes of the Broken Ones empire. The Broken Ones view the Hive as just one more obstacle to their conquest of the city, and the Hive, in turn, sees the vast number of Broken Ones as an obstacle to their expansion. A state of war exists between the two, but little headway has been gained since hostilities erupted.

## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

The region that now falls under the Hive’s control is largely dead and deserted; their expansion has driven most life forms from the area. In addition to tearing down large sectors of the old city to build their towering bughills, the Hive has also destroyed the habitat of many native animals. Birds, dogs, and even rats no longer have a secure sanctuary in the area, and as a result the streets are frequently found to be barren and deserted.

Encounters in Hive territory are infrequent, and those that do take place likely involve mutant bug scouts, formations of swarm bugs moving to the

frontlines with the Broken One empire, or a flight of bug flyers zooming overhead in search of materials to scavenge for the latest construction endeavor. These encounters are dangerous for groups both small and large, as the Hive bodes no trespassers in “their” domain. Most inhabitants of the city consider a trek through Hive territory to be tantamount to suicide (or worse, considering what the ‘bugs are said to do to their captives...).

Each time the PCs pass through a map hex that isn’t detailed in the text, there is a chance of a random encounter. In this part of the city the chance is 1 in 10. Roll on the table below to determine the nature of a random encounter. Individual encounters are detailed in a separate chapter, *Random Encounters*.

| D20   | Random Encounter        |
|-------|-------------------------|
| 1     | Quake!                  |
| 2-3   | Lone Mutt               |
| 4-5   | Bats!                   |
| 6-8   | Flying Bugs Attack!     |
| 9     | Corpses                 |
| 10-12 | Scavenging Bugs         |
| 13-14 | Random Noises (Surface) |
| 15-17 | Bugs on the Move        |
| 18-19 | Rope Worm               |
| 20    | Weird Weather           |

## 023. CHEMICAL PLANT (EL VARIES)

*The ruins of a polluted industrial complex occupies this area. Enormous chimneys, one of which has crumbled to little more than a nub, rise over the sprawling main building. The smell of sulfur and alkaline is heavy here.*

This building was condemned even before the Fall. Interestingly, this small chemical plant, geared to the production of pesticides, was one of the first properties purchased by the eccentric

Ronald Bernard, CEO of the Zoogenic Corporation (see later for details), during his rise to wealth and power. Already somewhat unstable, Bernard had long despised humanity’s unflinching disregard for insects, and the use of pesticides to essentially commit “genocide” against the insect species of the world enraged him. Bernard thought it wonderfully ironic to purchase the pesticide factory — instead of manufacturing poisons here, he embarked on a strange research project aimed at creating a powerful mutagen that would transform common insects into enormous monsters.

The plant served as the test bed for experiments that would later lead to Bernard’s success in creating the progenitors of the Hive. But before he realized this vision, he hoped to use the chemicals here to start a nationwide panic; disguised as common household bug-killers, his chemical sprays would instead mutate ants, roaches, and spiders into gigantic variations that would wreak havoc.

For whatever reason, Bernard never marketed his chemicals in this fashion, instead dedicating his efforts to a more fitting — and ultimately longer-lasting — legacy of revenge on behalf of animalkind (see Area #160). He voluntarily shut down the plant and abandoned it early in his corporate rise to fame.

**GM’s Note:** The old plant is still heavily polluted with contaminants. There is a 1 in 10 chance that at some point a random PC is forced to make a Reflex save at DC 18 to avoid being burned by acidic compounds still dripping from old pipes or leaking from storage tanks. On a failed save that PC suffers 1d6 points of acid damage.

In addition, the ruins have become home to unusually large bugs. Unrelated to the insects of the Hive (except perhaps for their common creator), these creatures are unintelligent, merely possessing inordinate size as a result of the mutagens still present

in the local water table. When the PCs first visit this location, roll to determine the type and number of creatures present:

| D10  | Type                              | Number |
|------|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 1-2  | Small monstrous spiders*          | 3d8    |
| 3-4  | Medium-size monstrous spiders*    | 3d6    |
| 5-6  | Large monstrous spiders*          | 2d6    |
| 7-8  | Medium-size monstrous cockroaches | 3d4    |
| 9-10 | Large monstrous cockroaches       | 2d4    |

\* The statistics for these creatures are found in *d20 Modern*.

**Treasure:** Though there is no “treasure” to be gained here *per se*, clever PCs might devise a way to collect the acidic compounds still present in these ruins (consider this place an unlimited source of *Mild acid*).

## 024. MADMAN (EL 3)

There’s a madman living in this hex, a former captive of the Hive. Captured months ago, he was driven insane by his treatment at the hands of his captors (which included impregnating him with a *Hive larva*), but somehow he managed to escape.

When the PCs enter this hex, they have a good chance of being noticed by the demented recluse. The madman wanders the ruins and buildings of the area, talking to himself at times, yelling at others, or whispering in a conspiratorial tone — all of it gibberish. Though the PCs might hear him, they certainly won’t see him (at least unless they sneak up on him), as he is a master at hiding and shadowing those who wander too close to his “refuge.”

**Significant NPCs:** The madman is paranoid and crazy, and if spotted he presents a shocking sight: a withered elderly man wearing only torn rags, his half-naked body covered with grotesque scars where

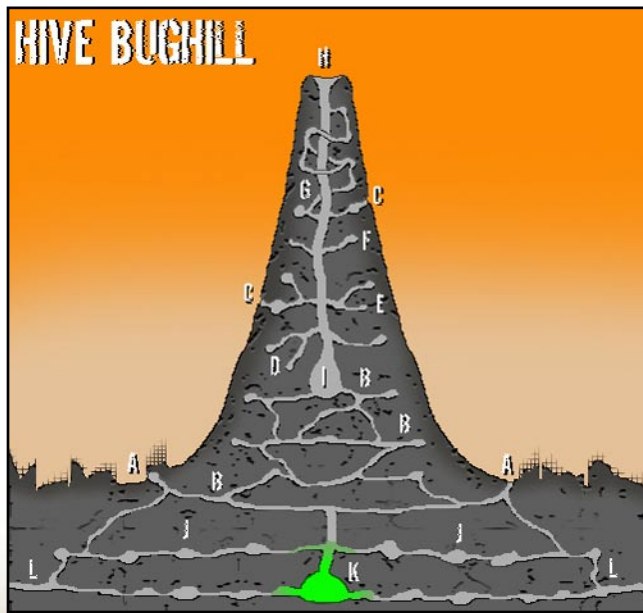


he used his broken fingernails to cut the bug parasite out of his own stomach. Wild-eyed and cackling, he will flee, laughing and screaming as he goes. He will try to lose the party, but if they manage to catch up or corner him, he fights to the death to avoid capture — all the while raving like a lunatic.

**Madman (Fast Hero 3/Skulk 3):** CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 3d8+3; HP 34; Mas 12; Init +3; Spd 30 ft; Defense 19, touch 19, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +6 class); BAB +4; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6+3, combat knife), or +7 ranged (1d3+3, thrown rock); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL none; SV Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +4; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 16, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 6.

**Occupation:** Slave (Climb, Survival).

**Background:** Feral (Listen, Navigate, Spot).



**Skills:** Balance +5, Climb +6, Escape Artist +8, Hide +12, Listen +9, Move Silently +12, Navigate +3, Search +4, Sleight of Hand +7, Spot +9, Survival +7, Tumble +12.

**Feats:** Alertness, Dodge, Forsaken, Mobility, Play Possom [B&L], Run, Sand in the Eyes [B&L], Simple Weapons Proficiency, Slippery Foe [B&L], Stealthy.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1.

**Talents (Skulk):** Sweep, Sneak Attack +1d6.

**Possessions:** Combat knife, rocks (for throwing), 2d3 rats (partially eaten).

**Madman:** HP 34.

**Development:** If the battle here makes a good deal of noise, there is a 1 in 12 chance that the sound attracts a patrol of **1d3 bug flyers** moving through the area. If this is the case, the bug flyers arrive 2d4 rounds after combat starts, attacking anyone out in the open in the hopes of taking them to the nearest Hive bughill.

## 025. HIVE A (EL VARIES)

*The buildings throughout this entire region seem to have been picked over for everything that wasn't nailed down; window panes, rooftop signs, and entire telephone poles have been stolen away by some unknown — and inhumanly strong — group of thieves.*

*In the distance, a breathtaking sight dominates the entire area: a colossal "anthill," perhaps forty stories high, rising from the wreckage of the city like a monstrous attempt to recreate a skyscraper of the past. Even from this distance you can hear a distinct "buzz" coming from its direction, and around its uppermost summit — a narrow*

*neck of rock and loose earth capped by a deep black hole some thirty feet wide — you see a cloud of gigantic flying bugs, each of which must be as large as a man.*

This hex marks the location of a fully-constructed "bughill," one of the colossal structures that mark this territory as the domain of the Hive. This particular construction, "Hive A," is an astounding example of the magnificent structures the mutant bugs are capable of creating.

Hive A rises almost 40 stories above the surrounding city, its bizarre conglomerate construction of rubble, metal, glass, concrete, and organic bug excretions clearly setting it apart from the blackened wreckage of the Ancient-era buildings that also share this hex. Like all Hive communities, Hive A resembles a towering anthill composed of countless materials scavenged by the Hive from throughout the region. Bricks, concrete slabs, natural stone, soil, wood, unidentifiable vegetable matter, broken glass, metal pipe, electrical wire, rubber tubing, rubber tires, and bones — these are just some of the materials used to create this towering hill. To the trained eye, unworked pieces of ancient civilization can be seen poking out of the bughill's outer surface: whole doors and rusted grilles from automobiles, scavenged by bug looters; the faded slogans of old billboards torn down by industrious workers; street signs and statues stolen from other places near and far; and mazes of subterranean plumbing and sewer pipe "requisitioned" for the cause of creating a new home for an ever-growing Hive population.

There are surface entrances to the bughill, but once underground these passages quickly divide and divide again, with each sub-tunnel leading off in a different direction: left, right, up, down, or in any combination.

## HIVE TEMPLATE

*Hive A*, as depicted here, can serve as a template for the other bughill communities of the Hive. Though the individual garrison strengths, current goings-on, and even state of construction of a given Hive community may vary, all bughills generally correspond to Hive A's layout and description. As a result, you may find it useful to refer back to this area's text if and when the players encounter other bughills in the Necropolis.

Hive insects can distinguish one tunnel from another by scent, but for those without such keen senses, the tunnel complexes quickly turn into a mind-boggling labyrinth. Unless intruders take great care to mark their path, they could easily become lost in a matter of minutes.

### A. SURFACE ENTRANCES (EL VARIES)

At the base of the mighty bughill are four enormous, nearly identical cave entrances that descend into subterranean darkness. Each is a broad tunnel (shored up with stone, earth, and calcified bug excretions) intended to permit traffic in and out of the bughill interior.

A given surface entrance is usually tended by guardians, night and day — in addition to regular traffic. These guardians consist of **1-2 giant tank bugs**, **1d6+6 mutant bug guardians**, and **1d2 mutant bug thinkers**. However, there is also a 1 in 4 chance that a large number of other bugs is present (night or day) going to and from various points on their daily routines of foraging, construction, etc. If this is the case, the guards are complemented by **5d6 mutant bugs**.

**Giant Tank Bugs (1-2):** HP 168.

**Mutant Bug Guardians (7-13):** HP 41.

**Mutant Bug Thinkers (1-2):** HP 42.

**Mutant Bugs (5-30):** HP 17.

**Development:** Since the Hive has effectively driven away all life other than their own from the eastern reaches of the Necropolis, any intruder spotted near a surface entrance to the bughills is cause for alarm — especially so close to one of their strongholds. If the PCs are spotted, the tank bugs lumber after them, along with one-half of the mutant bug guardians (and at least one elite). The remainder stay at the tunnel entrance, sending 1-2 of their number to fetch reinforcements from underground. More bugs show up 2d6 rounds later in the form of additional **giant tank bugs** (from the *Caverns*), **mutant bug guardians** and **mutant bug thinkers**, **swarm bugs**, and **bug flyers** summoned from the *Skychute* (see Area H). If the PCs haven't gotten away by then, they are certainly in big trouble....

### B. GARRISON RINGS (EL VARIES)

Three “rings” occupy the lower-middle part of the bughill, and these are buzzing with martial activity night and day. These rings of tunnels, corridors, and caverns are set aside for the habitation of the Hive's garrison of mutant bugs.

Each ring consists of a single large tunnel running in a circle, off of which sprout dozens of smaller tunnels and caverns. Each cavern is home to a number of mutant bugs as well as specialized “troops” (such as *thunder locusts*).

A given cavern contains a random number and type of Hive troop, determined by a die roll:

| D6  | Number & Type                   |
|-----|---------------------------------|
| 1-2 | 3d8 <b>swarm bugs</b>           |
| 3   | 2d8 <b>mutant bug guardians</b> |
| 4   | 3d4 <b>thunder locusts</b>      |
| 5   | 2d4 <b>mutant bug thinkers</b>  |
| 6   | Roll twice                      |

On average, individual caverns are spaced about 20 to 50 ft. apart, so reinforcements are always nearby. Luckily for would-be trespassers, however, the deafening buzz of so many bugs means that all Listen checks made on these levels suffer a -8 circumstance penalty.

### C. SALLY PORTS (EL VARIES)

Concealed at various points on the bughill's exterior are hidden *sally ports*, secret “hatches” through which defenders of the hive community can escape to the exterior of the structure. These allow reinforcements on higher-up levels of the bughill to respond to threats against the community quickly, without having to descend to the surface entrances (or ascend to the *Skychute*) to emerge. This also allows the defenders of the community to take attackers by surprise, emerging from undetected points to rally their strength and strike from unexpected directions.

Individual sally ports are generally guarded by **1-2 mutant bug guardians**, stationed just inside the actual port. Ports are exceptionally well-disguised from the outside, requiring a Search check at DC 28 just to notice.

A combined Strength score of 20 is needed to open a typical sally port. Since they are quite large and heavy, opening (or closing) a sally port hatch requires a full-round action.

**Mutant Bug Guardians (1-2):** HP 41.



## D. MATURATION RING (EL VARIES)

Above the garrison rings (Area B) lies the “maturation ring,” which is similar in construction and layout to the garrison rings. The maturation ring, however, is used for the raising and education of mutant bugs recently hatched in the Honeycombs (see Area G).

The maturation ring is alive with activity at all times. In addition to young mutant bugs living (and growing) in individual caverns, more mature bugs move through the tunnels and cavern complexes on other specific tasks — bringing food to hungry young grubs, for example.

Roll randomly to determine the occupants of a given cavern on the maturation ring:

| D6  | Number & Type  |
|-----|--|
| 1   | 5d6 <b>Hive larvae</b>   |
| 2-3 | 5d6 <b>immature mutant bugs</b> (these have only 6 HP each)    |
| 4-5 | As 2-3 above, plus 1d2 <b>mutant bugs</b> (standard HP)        |
| 6   | 3d3 <b>food bugs</b> plus 1d2 <b>mutant bugs</b> (standard HP) |

## E. STORAGE CELLS (EL 5 OR 7)

These silo-shaped caverns, located high up in the bughill, are used for any variety of purposes by the Hive. A typical storage cell is unguarded, but workers arrive and depart regularly, ferrying supplies to and fro. Thus, there is a 50% chance that **1-2 mutant bugs** are present at any given time, either picking up supplies or depositing scavenged materials from a recent foray. These bugs flee if they spot intruders, but only so as to raise the alarm and bring back reinforcements from the Garrison Ring (Area B).

If the PCs are interested in searching, you may determine the contents of a given storage cell with a random dice roll:

| D6  | Storage Cell Contents   |
|-----|---|
| 1   | Currently empty   |
| 2-3 | Food bug “sludge” (surplus food being stockpiled)   |
| 4   | Metal supplies (scrap metal, corrugated iron sheets, barrels full of coins, nails, broken machine parts, etc.)            |
| 5   | Organic materials (leather goods, textiles, rotting vegetable matter, bones, wood, rope, etc.)                            |
| 6   | Special contents (batteries, electronic parts, disassembled computers, data storage devices, advanced weapon parts, etc.) |

## F. HARVESTER CELLS (EL VARIES)

This ring, like various other rings in the bughill, consists of a main tunnel with several smaller branches, each leading to a small chamber. These chambers are home to *harvesters*, mutant bugs whose sole duty is to function as caretakers of the Honeycombs (see Area G). The responsibilities of the harvesters include keeping watch over the Honeycomb level, maintaining the tunnels and passages, placing live larvae inside paralyzed victims brought to the hive by bug flyers, sealing victims inside individual honeycombs, monitoring their progress, and caring for the newly-emerged grubs before handing them over to the specialized bugs on the Maturation Ring (Area D).

Like other parts of the hive complex, this ring is alive with activity at all hours, with workers busily running back and forth, preoccupied by their particular tasks. A given stretch of tunnel on this level is occupied by **2d4 mutant bugs**; individual chambers (of which there are three to four per tunnel) are each home to an additional **2d4 mutant bugs**.

**Mutant Bugs (2-8):** HP 17.

**GM’s Note:** Since the mutant bugs here are generally preoccupied with their tasks, they suffer a -2 penalty to Spot and Listen checks.

## G. HONEYCOMBS (EL VARIES)

The uppermost parts of the anthill comprise the “Honeycombs,” a series of interconnected levels that form a sprawling “prison” several stories high. These honeycombs are constructed by *harvesters* (see Area F), who meticulously maintain the maze of corridors and individual honeycombs night and day, hour after hour.

Each individual honeycomb is a 6 x 6 x 6 ft. “cell,” with walls made from a slightly translucent orange material; this material is remarkably durable, muffles sound, filters in just enough light to see by, and yet is porous enough that anyone trapped inside has no trouble breathing. Honeycomb cells are uniformly hexagonal in shape, fitting together in perfect harmony to form vast rows of seemingly identical cubicles (though the bugs of the Hive know precisely how to find a specific cell when they need to).

Captives taken by the Hive are generally brought here in a paralyzed state and sealed into one of these honeycomb cells. After a few days the harvesters return, this time to impregnate the still-paralyzed victim with a living **Hive larva**. Once the cell is sealed again, the harvesters keep a regular vigil, returning every so often to check on the host until the larva hatches, eating its way out of the still-warm corpse. Once the Hive larva has eaten, the harvesters return to open the cell and move the larva to the Maturation Ring.

Because of the activity here, there is a 1 in 4 chance (rolled each minute) that any trespassers navigating the maze of honeycombs will bump into a group of **2-4 mutant bugs**. On encountering any intruders, these bugs split their numbers in half; half remain to fight and tie down the PCs while the rest flee to raise the alarm and gather reinforcements.

**Mutant Bugs (2-8):** HP 17.

**GM’s Note:** Many of the tunnels meandering

through the Honeycombs open right out into the Skychute, anywhere from 20 to 100 feet over the 'chute's bottom. At these points bug flyers can deliver their paralyzed victims right into the hands of awaiting harvesters, who take them promptly to cells to be sealed in, awaiting impregnation....

As with elsewhere in the complex, the constant buzz of the harvesters is almost deafening. Listen checks made on these levels suffer a -8 circumstance penalty. In addition, since the harvesters are preoccupied with their tasks, they suffer a -2 penalty to Spot and Listen checks.

#### H. SKYCHUTE (EL VARIES)

This enormous chute rises more than 100 feet from the core of the bughill to its summit, 40 stories above the city. From this chute bug flyers emerge to terrorize the skies over the Necropolis, searching for food, resources, and live victims to bring back to host the Hive's larvae.

The chute is a column-shaped passage, 30 feet in diameter, that leads vertically into the heart of the community. It echoes and thunders with the sound of beating bug wings and the buzz of giant insects. Irregular perches jut out here and there all along its length, on which clusters of **bug flyers** rest — and keep watch.

The Skychute allows the Hive a means of egress that is otherwise unattainable by other inhabitants of the Necropolis. From here they can send out scouts, as well as bring back scavenged (or stolen) resources by air, lowering them into the depths of the *Belly Cavern* (Area I).

**Bug Flyers (5-30):** HP 18.

**Development:** PCs seeking to rescue a kidnapped comrade might consider entering via the Skychute, but to do so they will need some means of flying.

Even if they do enter the Skychute, they'll have to contend with alarmed bug flyers, who take to the air to fight the PCs as they descend the shaft. All in all, such a rescue plan could prove to be an extremely perilous ordeal!

#### I. BELLY CAVERN (EL VARIES)

This large, spherical chamber lies at the bottom of the Skychute; weak light filters in from above during the day. Resources scavenged by airborne legions of Hive bug flyers are brought here at all hours, and mutant bugs await them on the cavern's floor. Virtually anything that could be of possible use to the Hive that can be transported by air is brought here, flown down the Skychute, and deposited on the cavern floor to be scrutinized, examined, and duly taken apart.

Mutant bugs work in this large cavern at all times, disassembling and experimenting with things brought here by the less-intelligent bug flyers. Most of the stuff turns out to be garbage, and as such is promptly disassembled; any usable parts are taken off to the Storage Cells (Area E). Other items that defy easy identification stay a little longer, at least until their potential use to the Hive can be ascertained. The variety of objects brought here is astounding; it would not be unreasonable to find a cluster of television antennae snatched from rooftops alongside a complete washing machine, telephone pole power boxes nestling against bronze sculptures taken from city parks across the city, and lawn gnomes and plastic flamingoes stacked on top of framed paintings by Renaissance masters whisked from old city museums.

At any given time there are 2d10 items of dubious value — and bizarre origins — littering the floor of the Belly Cavern. **3d6 mutant bug thinkers** are

always present poring over these objects, trying to figure them out or (failing that) rendering them down into scrap for their usable parts. Any alarm here certainly alerts the bug flyers in the Skychute above, who will rush to the defense.

**Mutant Bug Thinkers (3-18):** HP 42.

#### J. CAVERNS (EL VARIES)

A number of these caverns run underground, each connected to the next by broad, towering tunnels. These caverns serve a variety of purposes; among other things, they are used as "stables" for giant tank bugs (and fire bugs) and as surplus storage space. Others are used as examination rooms to which heavier artifacts scavenged by the Hive are dragged by tank bugs to be examined, identified, and reactivated. Most of the caverns physically resemble the internal organs of a living being, their walls covered in an awful-smelling, mucus-like excretion deposited by the bugs for no known reason.

A given cavern's contents are left up to you to decide; you may have a cavern be empty, occupied by a few errant mutant bugs, or home to two, three, or even four **giant tank bugs** (or **fire bugs**) waiting for the call to battle. The PCs might stumble on large formations of **thunder locusts**, **swarm bugs**, and **mutant bug guardians** preparing for a surface foray, or they might find a handful of **mutant bug thinkers** pondering over the curious wreckage of a yacht (completely intact, brought here with great care by lumbering tank bugs and teams of mutant bug overseers). They might also find something potentially more useful to their current situation: for example, a large, leaky tank of butane gas yanked from a convenience store parking lot, or sealed crates of plasma grenades that the bugs just haven't figured out how to open yet...



## K. HIVE MIND CAVERN (EL VARIES)

At the heart of the bughill is the cavern of the resident *hive mind*, the living psychic “switchboard” that keeps Hive A’s insectoid inhabitants in constant communication with each other, despite distance and obstructions.

The Hive Mind Cavern is a huge, spherical underground node lit only by phosphorescent fungus brought here from specific parts of the Necropolis sewers. In this sickly green light Hive A’s hive mind dwells in a motionless stupor, its conscious mind busy coordinating the daily efforts of its hundreds of charges (whether that be scrounging, scavenging, constructing, reacting to intruders, or waging war), or communicating by powerful mind link with the next Hive bughill miles away.

**Hive mind A** is protected at all times by **2d8+10 swarm bugs**, **2d6 mutant bug thinkers**, **2d6 thunder locusts**, and **2-3 giant tank bugs**. Should intruders find this deep sanctuary, these protectors immediately attack to drive them off, while 1-2 of them flee to summon reinforcements (which arrive in 1d3+1 rounds). The hive mind awakens at the sound of any battle taking place in the cavern, and likewise joins in to defend itself from harm.

**Hive Mind A:** HP 189.

**Swarm Bugs (12-26):** HP 17.

**Mutant Bug Thinkers (2-12):** HP 42.

**Thunder Locusts (2-12):** HP 13.

**Giant Tank Bugs (2-3):** HP 168.

## L. UNDERGROUND HIGHWAYS (EL VARIES)

These tunnels mark the beginning of the “underground highways” that connect each of the Hive’s bughills. Constructed either during the time of the Ancients (as sewers) or by the industrious labors of the Hive’s mutant bug population, these passages are lit with luminous fungus scavenged from the

deep. See the map of the Sewers for a complete look at the Hive’s “highways” (their passages are shown as thin grey lines).

Every half-mile, there is a 20% chance that travelers using one of these highways stumbles upon a party of Hive bugs moving from one bughill to another. Such a party consists of random elements, determined by a dice roll:

### D6 Bug Party

|     |  |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | 1d4+1 <b>swarm bugs</b> or <b>mutant bugs</b>  |
| 3-4 | As 1-2 above, plus 1 <b>mutant bug thinker</b> |
| 5   | As 3-4 above, plus 1d2 <b>thunder locusts</b>  |
| 6   | As 5 above, plus 1 <b>giant tank bug</b>       |

## O26. DESOLATION (EL 0)

*The ruins here are utterly desolate. A wide open basin sits here where built-up neighborhoods should be; some force seems to have stripped the entire region bare, taking with it countless cars, street signs, power lines, and even entire buildings. Even the sidewalk and roadways have been torn up, their asphalt scavenged for some unknown purpose.*

This hex marks the center of a region of utter desolation; the barren area covers two hexes in every direction.

This area has slowly been stripped by the Hive in their obsessive efforts to build living space for their ever-increasing numbers, fortify their territory, and cement their claim on this part of the city. PCs traveling through the area find nothing of interest here. In addition, while in this area the PCs will be exposed, since only small rocks and rare stands of weeds and tall grass provide any cover.

## O27. HIVE B (EL VARIES)

*The sky reverberates with the sound of bees. A mile away you see a huge structure rising from the ruins, standing unnaturally intact while the surrounding neighborhoods lie in rubble. Though it is obviously made from mud, broken stone, and scavenged scrap, its exterior is masterfully crafted to resemble a pre-Fall skyscraper.*

“Hive B” is remarkable in that the exterior of the structure uncannily resembles a pre-Fall *skyscraper* (albeit with somewhat alien manufacturing techniques). Any character who has seen the Zoogenic Corporation’s downtown headquarters (see the *Bernard Megaplex*, Area #160; *Building C* in particular) recognizes that this bughill shares many of that building’s architectural features.

The reason for this is that **hive mind B**, dwelling deep beneath the bughill, is slightly more *psychic* than others of its particular species. As it coordinated the construction of Hive B, something in its subconscious mind conjured up ancestral memories of Zoogenic Corporation’s involvement in their race’s creation (see Area #160). This was no mere subconscious stirring, however, but rather the manifestation of a deliberately-planted genetic memory worked into the DNA of the progenitors of the modern-day Hive. Hive mind B was merely the first bug to unlock a secret clue encoded into their species by the bioengineers at Zoogenic Corporation more than 200 years ago. This “memory clue” was intended to lead their people back to Zoogenic Corporation headquarters, uncover the vault hidden beneath that structure, reunite with the Broken Ones, Skaels, and Serpent Gods, and claim the legacy of conquest that Ronald Bernard had planned for them (for more on this, see the entry for Area #160).

The unlocking of this strange memory clue was made manifest in the bughill's outward appearance — it is an uncanny imitation of the Zoogenic Corporation's headquarters here in the Necropolis. Unfortunately, however, the insects of the Hive never recognized the significance of this strange phenomenon — not as they worked on it, not even now that it is fully complete — nor do they even see the resemblance between their bughill and the corporation's downtown headquarters. Their intelligence is far too alien to appreciate the aesthetic similarity.

However, to PCs who make the connection (perhaps having seen one and then the other), this could be powerful evidence that there is more to the *Bernard Megaplex* than they first thought.

**GM's Note:** Hive B is a fully-functional bug hill, with a vast complement of insectoid creatures dwelling within it. Refer to the keyed description of Hive A (see Area #025) for a more detailed plan of a Hive bug hill.

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## 028. BUG BRIDGE (EL VARIES)

*A deafening buzz fills the sky in this area, where the ruins skirt a dried-up aqueduct winding its way through the city. Through the rubble ahead you see a bridge crossing the man-made concrete riverbed. The "bridge" is made up of dozens of man-sized insectoid creatures, linking arms and legs and standing one on top of another. A steady stream of other bugs walk along this living causeway carrying sheets of scrap metal, planks of wood, and other*

*construction materials to an unseen destination.*

The Hive insects have created a "living bridge" here (made out of two dozen mutant bug workers) to cross the deep dry aqueduct in this part of the city. While the bugs could simply climb down and out of the channel, the creation of the bridge makes it easier for them to transport building materials to the site at Area #034.

At any given time there are **24 mutant bugs** forming the bridge, and another **2d10 mutant bugs** ferrying building materials across it. There is a 1 in 4 chance that a **giant tank bug** is also present, loaded up with heavier materials and being used as a beast of burden. Though the bridge strains under its weight, the tank bug is able to cross without incident.

If the PCs are detected, the bugs that spotted them will raise the alarm. The bridge bugs remain put, but half of the other mutant bugs discard their load to attack and hopefully chase the party off. The rest of the bugs (including the tank bug) rush off to the nearby bughill. Once they have cleared the bridge, the remaining bugs making up the living bridge will break ranks and join the chase after the PCs.

**Mutant Bugs (26-44):** HP 17.

**Giant Tank Bug (0-1):** HP 168.

## 029. HIVE C (EL VARIES)

*A towering pinnacle of rough stone, garbage, and fused mucus rises into the sky here. A low, labored buzzing echoes from within the pinnacle, which sports numerous exterior tunnel entrances. An awful smell of animal spoor clouds the air, apparently emanating from the tunnels leading underground.*

Hive C is just one of several bughills constructed by

the Hive in recent years. Hive C is of typical size, shape, and height for these monumental bughills, and in most respects conforms to the general layout detailed under Hive A (see Area #025 for a detailed overview of a Hive bughill).

Hive C is different in one respect, however. A large colony of *varo bats* (see *New Creatures*) has come to infest the towering bughill, sharing the confined tunnels and caverns with its normal Hive occupants. Since the bats emit a musk that makes them undetectable by the Hive's insects, they live here without the other inhabitants' knowledge! This peculiar situation has caused problems for the Hive bugs, who now find caverns inexplicably filling up with heaps of guano, or becoming dangerously volatile due to a build-up of methane gasses that they find impossible to explain.

The fact that the bughill is now dangerously volatile means it is essentially a sitting timebomb. Eventually an exposed flame (either brought in by exploring PCs, or by the discharge of a *giant firebug*) will cause one of these caverns to ignite, and possibly start a chain reaction that will not only kill the Hive occupants, but the unwitting *varo bat* infestation as well!

**GM's Note:** Hive C's population consists of **250 mutant bugs, 104 swarm bugs, 40 mutant bug guardians, 20 mutant bug thinkers, 200 immature mutant bugs, 10 giant tank bugs, 6 giant firebugs, 42 thunder locusts, 44 food bugs, 22 bug flyers, and hive mind C.**

In addition to the Hive inhabitants, there are also **127 varo bats** living in the interior of the bughill (largely concentrated in the *Caverns* and *Garrison Rings*). These creatures leave by night to hunt, but their vapors remain hazardous even while they're gone.

**Mutant Bugs (250):** HP 17.



## CHITIN ARMOR

Numerous communities are known to hollow out the shells of tough creatures, wearing them as a form of macabre armor. Though more civilized groups might be disgusted by such armor, beast chitin (whether from a heap turtle, mutant bug, or other hard-shelled monster) is undeniably effective. *Chitin armor requires the Armor Proficiency (medium) feat.*

| Armor        | Type     | Equip Bonus | Nonprof Bonus | Max Dex | Penalty | Speed | Weight | Cost | Craft |
|--------------|----------|-------------|---------------|---------|---------|-------|--------|------|-------|
| Chitin armor | Tactical | +5          | +2            | +1      | -5      | 20    | 20 lb. | 250  | 22    |

**Swarm Bugs (104):** HP 17.

**Mutant Bug Guardians (40):** HP 41.

**Mutant Bug Thinkers (20):** HP 42.

**Immature Mutant Bugs (200):** HP 6.

**Giant Tank Bugs (10):** HP 168.

**Giant Firebug (6):** HP 85.

**Thunder Locusts (42):** HP 13.

**Food Bugs (44):** HP 32.

**Bug Flyers (22):** HP 18.

**Hive Mind C:** HP 189.

## 030. MORE DESOLATION (EL VARIES)

*This area appears to have been partially stripped; roads have been broken, the concrete taken away, and entire buildings have been collapsed. You see strange figures working busily to carry the rubble of fallen structures away into the ruins, brick by broken brick.*

The Hive is currently in the process of turning this hex into a desolate ruin like Area #026. So far they have only stripped this hex and those hexes immediately surrounding it, but are slowly working their way outwards to hexes beyond that. In time they will likely devastate the area as a result of their labors.

When the PCs arrive here, check the Spot results of the **5d6 mutant bugs** working nearby against the PCs' Hide totals. If they are spotted, the mutant bugs move to attack the party, hoping to capture the PCs to take back to Area #027 where they can be impregnated and used as living hosts for Hive young. Mutant Bugs (5-30): HP 17.

## 031. HIVE D (EL 14)

*The ruins of something grand stand up ahead, encircled by a broad region of ruin and rubble that has been stripped bare — no cinder blocks, sidewalk slabs, or telephone poles remain.*

*The enormous structure seems to be only partially completed, or perhaps partially destroyed; by the eerie silence shrouding the neighborhood, it is probably the latter.*

This hex marks the location of the ruins of *Hive D*, one of a chain of bughills constructed by the intelligent insectoid creatures of the Hive. Hive D was on the southern frontier of the Hive's sphere of control, and came under pressure from a concerted drive by the androids pouring out of the Harbor area. After observing the Hive for some time, the androids finally pushed north in force, bringing their

combined might to bear in one sweeping action. The bughill's defenders were quickly overwhelmed, and the structure pulverized by the heavy weapons of the android army's numerous combat walkers.

The ruins of Hive D have been completely abandoned by the Hive — the insects have no plans to return and rebuild the structure, believing such an effort to be a waste of resources now that they know how close the android lines are. They are instead focusing their energies on expanding elsewhere, planning to deal with the slow-expanding android presence at a later date.

Currently the ruins are being picked over by a small detachment of **security androids**, including a **combat walker** (which the PCs will not likely miss, as it stands two stories tall) with orders to scavenge anything of use, especially items or technology that might give more insight into the Hive and its operations. The androids are alert, expecting possible reprisals from the Hive, and thus will fire on the PCs if they are spotted. They will not chase them, however.

**Security Androids (12):** HP 24.

**Combat Walker (1):** HP 106 (page 57, *Metal Gods*).

## 032. BURNING BUILDINGS (EL 15)

*Towering clouds of black smoke rise into the sunlit sky in this area. A crash thunders through the district as one burning building collapses in on itself, then another. Fires rage, claiming whole city blocks.*

The fires here (which may extend into one or two neighboring hexes, at your discretion) were deliberately set by the Hive in an attempt to drive out whatever is causing their patrols to simply

“disappear” in this area. The Hive has dispatched a considerable force to see to the operation’s success, including **30 swarm bugs**, **10 mutant bug guardians**, and **1 mutant bug thinker**. Leading these forces — and setting fire to block after block of dilapidated housing — are the enormous living flamethrowers known as **giant firebugs** (there are five total, spread out over a relatively large area).

The Hive forces here are determined to kill whatever is attacking their patrols and preventing their northeastern expansion, and are putting their firebugs to good use torching large swaths of the city. So far they’ve missed the target: the tribe of Bugmen at Area #033 are responsible for the missing Hive workers, who fell prey to the tribe’s traps and were duly slain.

The Hive creatures attack any non-Hive creature spotted in the vicinity.

**GM’s Note:** The Hive ‘bugs will not pursue their quarry into burning buildings. If the PCs flee into the fires, they must make a Reflex save at DC 15 each round or suffer 2d6 points of fire damage from open flames and falling debris. If a character takes damage in this manner, there is a chance her clothing and/or possessions also catch fire (see *d20 Modern*).

**Swarm Bugs (30):** HP 17.

**Mutant Bug Guardians (10):** HP 41.

**Mutant Bug Thinker (1):** HP 42.

**Giant Firebugs (5):** HP 85.

### 033. PRIMITIVE TRIBE (EL VARIES)

Other groups in the region fear this area, which some believe to be haunted. The ghouls living in the ruins believe this area is populated by the Hive (they claim to have seen mutant bugs operating here) and give it a wide berth. The Hive has lost several bug expeditions sent out here to forage for supplies,

and their community’s hive intelligence has come to believe some kind of powerful creature dwells here, a fact that dissuades further exploration.

In reality there is no “haunt” here, but rather an ingenious and tricky tribe of humans. The tribesmen living here have been natives of the Necropolis since the time of the Fall, but unlike the *wild men* and *ghouls* of the city (who are also descended from the city’s original inhabitants), these tribesmen did not degenerate in such wild and tragic ways. While they have lost all knowledge of the Ancient world and even of their own ties to the past, they remain mostly human (the few mutants that are born to them are killed).

They face many dangers in their existence here, but the tribesmen are brave and, more importantly, have learned to be clever. They have in the past managed to ambush and overcome small groups of mutant bugs from the Hive-controlled part of the city, a fact that has emboldened them. They regularly kill (and eat) these creatures, and hollow out their bugshells to wear as armor. This Hive bugshell armor is useful not only for protection, but also to disguise themselves as mutant bugs — a tactic that scares ghouls, frightens the warriors of other communities, and even allows them to avoid being attacked by bug flyers on reconnaissance patrols in the skies above.

The tribe consists of **47 Bugmen**; both men and women contribute as warriors and hunters, so there are only 19 non-combatants (children and elderly). The tribe lives in the echoing ruins of a cavernous apartment complex. The complex is riddled with countless holes (from the battles that raged throughout the city during the Fall), through which they can watch for intruders, enter and exit the building at night to forage and hunt, or flee in a hurry.

**Bugmen (47):** HP 22.

**Developments:** The tribals here prefer to hunt on

their own terms, and will melt away if their abode is discovered. More likely, however, the PCs will encounter one of their hunting parties. Clad in ingeniously-crafted *chitin armor* (made from the hollow shells of mutant bugs; see the nearby sidebar for a description of this armor), they resemble *mutant bugs* from a distance, though up close their true nature is more easily recognized (roll individual Disguise checks to see how well they pass the masquerade off). The tribals should be considered Hostile unless great pains are made to prove the party is peaceful. If the PCs manage to change the tribe’s attitude (see Diplomacy in *d20 Modern or Darwin’s World: Survivor’s Handbook*), the tribals may invite them to their village where they can barter for food, water, and (at the GM’s discretion) a small stock of natural medicines.

### 034. HIVE E (EL VARIES)

*The sounds of activity in this area grow considerably stronger the further you go, a collective buzzing that reverberates through the streets from a central structure towering over the ruins. Even from afar you can see that the structure is under active construction, a monolithic “ant hill” reaching at least thirty stories into the sky. Hundreds of black-shelled insectoid creatures work on the tower’s exterior while winged bugs hover about the upper levels, dropping off building materials from the air or disappearing into dark tunnel openings up and down the tower’s length.*

The Hive is currently constructing a new bughill in this hex, evidence of their successful adaptation to life in the Necropolis and, indeed, their slow domination of the Los Angeles basin. This particular



bughill (“Hive E”) is currently thirty stories tall, and its construction has attracted over 100 mutant bugs and assorted Hive “specialty bugs” that work tirelessly night and day to see its completion.

When the PCs enter this hex, there is a 2 in 6 chance each half-hour that they stumble upon a group of **3d6 mutant bugs** moving through the ruins looking for rubble and scrap to take back to the bughill construction site. The mutant bugs attack the PCs on sight, hoping to capture them and use them as incubators for their larvae.

Surrounding the bughill in a rough circle 100 yards wide is a flattened construction area where rubble and supplies are brought by foraging bugs to be piled up in well-arranged heaps. This area is also a colossal worksite, with a large number of mutant bugs and giant tank bugs (being used as living bulldozers) scattered throughout moving materials. Getting through this cordon could be quite tricky, but unless the bugs have been forewarned, the PCs may have a chance (the bugs are preoccupied, after all, with their collective tasks).

Since it is not yet complete, Hive E itself is only partly occupied, but a **hive mind** does exist in the depths and numerous larvae have already been planted in many of the cells in the honeycomb-like upper levels. Should the PCs somehow get inside, they risk stumbling across individual mutant bugs on errands, small groups patrolling the halls (or shuttling captive creatures to cells where to await incubation), or other encounters the GM deems appropriate.

The current garrison of Hive E largely consists of workers and overseers. The total includes **300 mutant bugs, 30 mutant bug guardians, 6 mutant bug thinkers, 6 giant tank bugs, 10 food bugs, 30 bug flyers, and hive mind E.**

**Mutant Bugs (300):** HP 17.

**Mutant Bug Guardians (30):** HP 41.

**Mutant Bug Thinkers (6):** HP 42.

**Giant Tank Bugs (6):** HP 168.

**Food Bugs (10):** HP 32.

**Bug Flyers (30):** HP 18.

**Hive Mind E:** HP 189.

### 035. SERPENT PIT (EL 8)

At some point as the PCs travel through this hex, make a Reflex save for each character (DC 15). If any of the PCs fails, she accidentally causes a piece of pavement to give way and is sucked down into a small heretofore undiscovered cave.

The fall into the cave is a 20 ft drop, so it inflicts 2d6 points of damage (Reflex save DC 12 for half). The *real* danger only becomes evident when the character hits the bottom.

The entire cave floor is filled with **snakes**, driven here to get away from the Hive. Snakes from all over this part of the city come here to this secret cave for shelter (thus the variety present), and are alarmed by any intrusion. They move to attack whoever fell into the cave as soon as she hits the ground...

**Constrictor Snakes (8):** HP 16 (see *d20 Modern*).

**Tiny Vipers (18):** HP 1 (see *d20 Modern*).

### 036. ARMY/NAVY SURPLUS (EL 4)

*An enormous warehouse sits here, decaying under the sun.*

This place was a military surplus outlet, offering the public a variety of military camping equipment, foods, surplus guns, and collectables. The owners packed up most of their wares and headed off into the desert when word of war hit the news. They boarded up the building; most locals assumed it had been

emptied and never bothered to loot it.

To enter the building, the PCs must either break down one of the secure steel doors or tear down the wooden planks covering a window and somehow saw through the bars. Inside, the warehouse is filled with clothing stands, shelves, and displays, many still bearing military uniforms from various pre-Fall conflicts. A second level, accessed by a staircase, holds a large number of tents and other miscellany.

**GM’s Note:** The owners of the store always kept a **police emergency robot** here (ironically purchased at a police surplus auction) to guard the premises. Though rickety and rusted, the robot rises to attack intruders with its *maser* armament if it detects them. Luckily for the PCs, this model is not equipped with grenades, and is also damaged. The robot is located in a pile of junk on the first floor, near the rear (alley) entrance.

**Police Emergency Robot (1):** HP 65; down to 35 (page 193 of *Metal Gods*).

**Treasure:** This place, neglected for so long, is a virtual gold mine of useful survival equipment. The PCs will find canteens, tents (of all sizes), web belts, compasses, knives, entrenching tools, camo sacks and covers, camo rain ponchos, all-weather parkas, gloves, and military-style boots galore. More uncommon finds include 2d3 leather jackets, 2d3 pull-up pouch vests, 1d3 light-duty vests, 1 tactical vest, 1d3 gas masks, and a 5% chance of a full military combat suit. There are also numerous dummy fragmentation grenades (explosives removed, but still useful as a deterrent with the right use of the Bluff skill), as well as real weapons, including 1d2 AKMs, 1d2 Colt 635s, 1d3+1 M1 Garands [B&L], and 1d2 M1903 Springfield rifles [B&L]. No ammo is kept here, however (the owners took all of it with them when they fled).

**037. DYING TANK BUG (EL 12)**

*You hear something large rumbling through the ruins here. Just moments later there is a thundering crash as a building just a few streets down collapses, sending a cloud of dust high into the air.*

If the PCs are careful, they can easily sneak up on the source of the noise: a lone **giant tank bug**, apparently weak and senseless, wandering haphazardly about the streets. Running into buildings (and destroying them in the process), it appears to be sick.

Unless the PCs get very close, it takes a Spot check at DC 17 to notice the **1d6+1 varo bats** clinging to the tank bug's hard shell. Though the PCs may not realize it, the varo bats' presence is making the tank bug sick; their vapors cause illness in the poor creature. The tank bug is unable to see the varo bats due to their "musk" (see *New Creatures*), and it is slowly going crazy from its inexplicable illness.

If the PCs are spotted by the 'bug, it identifies them as enemies and moves to attack.

**GM's Note:** Though the PCs may not make the connection, this encounter provides proof that *varo bats* can't be detected by creatures of the Hive (otherwise the tank bug would have simply swatted the bats off). PCs making this discovery may now be motivated to hunt down packs of varo bats to extract their unique, and infinitely useful, musk.

Giant Tank Bug (1): HP 168.

Varo Bats (2-7): HP 1.

**038. TRAFFIC JAM (EL VARIES)**

*The rubble gives way to a huge stretch of highway winding its way through the old city like*

*an ugly grey river. Congesting this highway are hundreds of old automobile wrecks, rusted over and pitted from age and the elements.*

*An inhuman screech sounds from somewhere down the seemingly endless line of vehicles, then all falls silent.*

The scene of a mass panicked evacuation of the city during the Fall, this highway leading out of Los Angeles to the east degenerated into one giant traffic jam when a truck turned over somewhere down the line. Unable to get out using the road, thousands of people left their cars and tried hiking out of the urban center — leaving them exposed and unprotected when the nuclear warheads went off over the city.

The bugs of the Hive come here on a regular basis to scavenge metal scrap from the hundreds of cars, trucks, RVs, and other vehicles crammed along the highway. The Hive has stripped all of these vehicles to the point that not a single one is operational anymore; the vehicle parts make excellent construction material for their bughills.

**GM's Note:** When the PCs first discover this site, **1d6+5 mutant bugs** are present, scouring through the wreckage of several old vehicles. There is a 10% chance that these bugs are assisted by a single **giant tank bug**, on which the mutant bugs pile heaps of scrap as if the tank bug were a living dumptruck. Once the creature is fully loaded, it heads to the construction site at Area #034; however, if the PCs are spotted, it and the mutant bugs move to attack them, hoping to make captives of the party members (see Area #025 for details on what the Hive does to its captives).

**Mutant Bugs (6-11):** HP 17.

**Giant Tank Bugs (0-1):** HP 168.

**039. WHITTIER POLICE STATION (EL VARIES)**

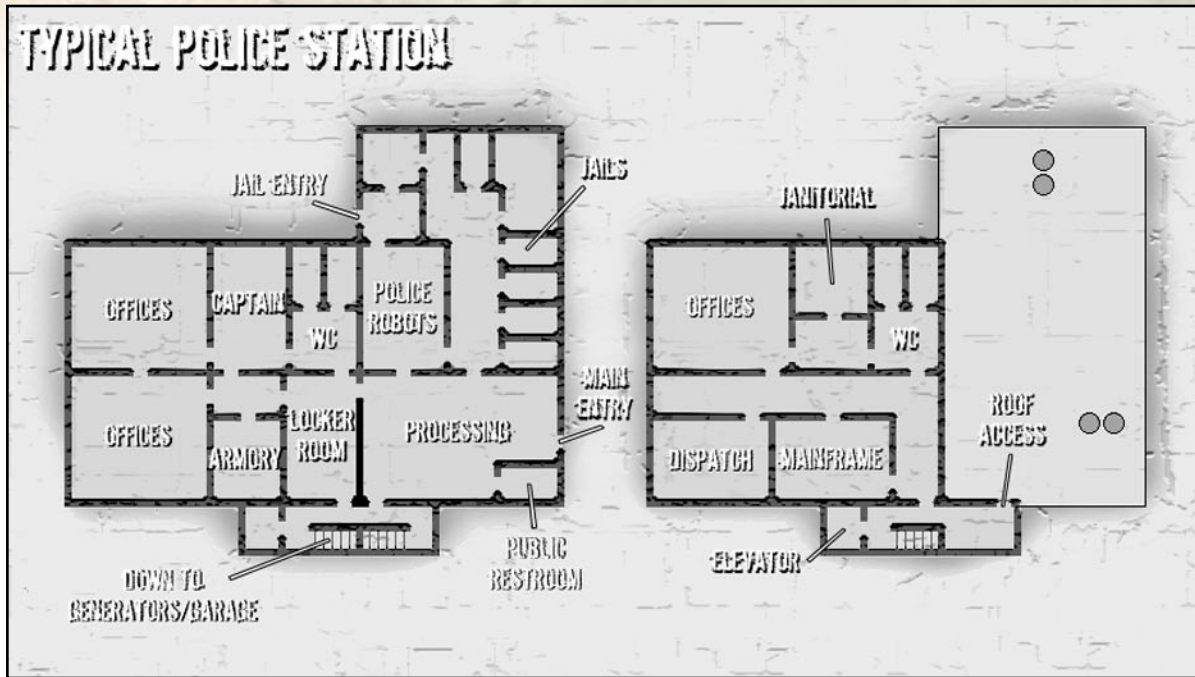
*An old brick building sits here, flanked by rows of dilapidated ruins. Graffiti covers much of the exterior of the structure, and the lower level appears to have been firebombed, leaving dark soot stains that creep up the walls. A few police cars sit outside, one of which is turned on its side. The rest have been vandalized with strange symbols.*

This police station was at the heart of some mean streets during the pre-Fall era, shouldering more than its share of urban crime. However, sometime just before the outbreak of the war, detectives here were beginning to piece together evidence of an unbelievable conspiracy linking powerful corporations and the seemingly inexplicable rise in violence among the city's street gangs.

The layout of this police station follows a rather generic plan shared by many police stations in the Necropolis basin (you can use the *Typical Police Station* map provided with this book for this and other police stations in the city). This building features three entrances, including the normal *Main Entry* in front, *Jail Entry* (prisoner loading door) in the rear, and an underground garage. The first entrance is unlocked (though it can be secured from inside), and the latter two require a stage IIIC identity card to open. If the wrong card is inserted or the locks tampered with, an alarm is triggered in the building which activates the *police robots* (see below).

**GM's Note:** This station was considerably damaged during the chaos of the invasion, though most of the damage was done to the first floor by molotov cocktails thrown through the windows by





rioters. The most interesting features that survived are indicated below:

**Garages:** This police station has an underground garage. There are 1d2 police cruisers here (treat these as Ford Crown Victorias); their contents can be determined by referring to the *Looting Police Cars* sidebar).

**Armory:** The armory on the first floor was looted by escaping police personnel to keep its contents from falling into the wrong hands. The door is no longer locked, and remains wide open (and rusted into place). Inside, the PCs will find 1d2 Beretta 92F pistols, 1 Mossberg shotgun, and 1 stun baton. There are also two boxes (30) of 9mm ammo for each pistol, 1d20 rounds of 12-gauge ammo for the shotgun, and a single power backpack.

**Jails:** The police station has a small cell block used to hold prisoners awaiting transfer elsewhere. The jails are all mechanically-locked, requiring someone outside the cell block (in an adjoining room) to flip a switch on the main switchboard to open a particular cell's doors. Otherwise the jail cells prove to be secure; all are empty.

**Police Robots:** Police stations before the Fall were assigned a force of police robots to complement their human counterparts. Kept in small bays where they could be repaired, re-armed, and maintained, these robots are still here, though inactive. There are **1d4+2 police robots [F/MG]** in this station; they will be reactivated if the building alarm is set off. They have standing orders to capture anyone not authorized to be in the building. Anyone captured

will be thrown in the jail — indefinitely, since the robots don't have orders to release their prisoners.

**Offices:** Offices for the precinct detectives are located on the first and second floors. Many of the files in the second floor office room are still preserved, albeit under a layer of dust. PCs making an Investigate check at DC 21 will uncover some very strange clues here. Apparently a few detectives, moonlighting without the department's sanction, were piecing together evidence of a conspiracy potentially linking one "Ronald Bernard" (identified as the CEO of a major international corporation based here in Los Angeles) to a cult known only as the "Blessed 13." There are no files on the Blessed 13, but another dossier offers a theory based on second-hand sources that a powerful underworld gang leader (known only as "Cyrus" on the streets) was also a member of this cult. However, the detectives apparently had no solid evidence, nor any idea as to what the Blessed 13's aims were, when the station was firebombed.

**Generator:** The police station has its own generator in the basement, though this requires diesel fuel to run. Currently there is no diesel in the entire station, but if the PCs manage to secure a source they could provide power to the building as long as their fuel supply holds out.

**Police Robots (3-6):** HP 48.

## 040. GHOUL TOWN (EL VARIES)

*A sprawling region spreads out before you, surrounded on all sides by a tall stone wall. Rolling hills can vaguely be seen beyond, shrouded in abundant underbrush and errant growth that winds its way through old cracked avenues and under the dying husks of ancient willow trees. Thousands of bleak white headstones litter the grounds in even rows,*

*shaded at points by the sinking walls of ivy-cloaked mausoleums.*

This hex contains a vast cemetery, the perimeter of which is surrounded by a 10 ft. stone wall. Gates exist at various points along the walls, but these are kept padlocked at all times; many are rusted over, while others appear conspicuously new. Just beyond can be seen the scattered skeletons of hundreds of creatures, animal and humanoid alike.

The PCs can conceivably scale the walls or breach the gates; inside they find a vast graveyard, apparently devoid of life and littered like a junkyard with the gnawed and discarded remains of many creatures. The heavy vegetation blanketing the ground promises to be useful; the party could make camp here without fear of being seen from creatures passing outside. Unfortunately, the old cemetery is not entirely abandoned, as anyone staying after dark will soon learn, and the heavy vegetation means the PCs may not realize this until it's too late.

This cemetery, once the site of Rose Hills Memorial Park, has become a haven for *ghouls* from all over the city. Though it exists well within the established boundaries of the Hive, the old cemetery had little to offer the insects other than a forest of cracked headstones and old brittle bones. When the Hive became aware that ghouls were congregating here, they mustered a huge army to destroy the enclave. In true ghoulish fashion, however, the “nightcrawlers” merely retreated underground and dispersed all over the city, escaping the *coup de grace* the Hive had hoped to deal them.

The Hive has since moved on, but the ghouls still return to “Ghoul Town” regularly — it is, after all, something of a sacred site to their people. The ghouls comprise one enormous tribe which has repopulated itself through abundant breeding in the deepest

recesses of the old city sewers; they have replenished a good portion their losses from the war against the Hive. Still, the ghouls are a shadow of their former glory. Ghouls once existed in literally every part of the city, with a dominating presence near the Purist enclave, but now they are licking their wounds and slowly rebuilding their might.

Though their tribe is fractured into numerous cells and clans and scattered throughout the city, many ghouls still return to Ghoul Town to forage and take shelter. Some ghouls also bring victims whose meat and bones are left as tribute to the ghoulish clan chieftains, who on certain nights hold twisted court here under the light of the Necropolis’ cerulean moon.

On any given evening, there is a good chance that PCs camping in or near Ghoul Town will encounter small packs of ghouls (from the resident clan) either slinking through the darkness or converging on them with the intent of making the party their latest prey. The ghouls of the Necropolis are masters of stealth, so it is most likely that their attack, when it comes, will be an overwhelming ambush.

**Significant NPCs:** The particular clan of ghouls that makes Ghoul Town their home is relatively small, playing host to many more clans when the entire ghoulish faction is gathered (see below). The leader of these “caretakers” is a devious ghoulish known as Bonesplinter. Though Bonesplinter is not as powerful as the new breed of *super ghouls* that have begun to take up the leadership of the city’s other ghoulish clans, he manages to keep his position through supplication to the other chiefs (and by murdering any ghouls among his people that are born with *super ghoulish* traits). Though this culling has kept his tribe small and diminished its potential, it has also kept Bonesplinter’s rule free of would-be usurpers.

**Bonesplinter (Mutant Fast Hero 3/Strong Hero 3/Skulk 2):** CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 3d8+6 plus 2d8+4; HP 53; Mas 14; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 18, touch 18, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +7 class); BAB +6; Grap +8; Atk +9 melee (2d4+4, spiked chain), or +7 ranged (1d6+2, sling); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, albinism, cannibalism; AL none; SV Fort +5, Ref +9, Will +2; AP 4; Rep +1; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Predator (Hide).

**Background:** Tribal (Move Silently).

**Mutations and Defects:** Claws, Serrated Dental Development, Albinism, Cannibalism.

**Skills:** Balance +5, Bluff +5, Climb +5, Diplomacy +4, Disguise +1, Escape Artist +3, Gather Information +1, Hide +12, Jump +4, Knowledge (Current Events) +3, Knowledge (Tactics) +3, Move Silently +12, Sense Motive +2, Sleight of Hand +7, Tumble +9.

**Feats:** Combat Expertise, Deceptive, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (spiked chain), Lightning Reflexes, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Trustworthy, Weapon Focus (spiked chain).

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Evasion, Opportunist.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Skulk):** Sweep, Sneak Attack +1d6.

**Possessions:** Spiked chain, sling, 2d6 sling stones.

Ghoul Town’s population is largely transient, but the clan that dwells here most regularly (Bonesplinter’s band) consists of **26 Necropolis ghouls** and **14 Necropolis ghoulish veterans**. There are no *super ghouls* among them.

**Bonesplinter:** HP 53.



**Necropolis Ghouls (26):** HP 12.

**Necropolis Ghoul Veterans (14):** HP 28.

**Development:** If the PCs are camping by night within the walls of Ghoul Town, there is a 10% chance that they will be woken from their sleep by strange music in the night. Following the noise leads them to the center of Ghoul Town, amidst a cluster of ancient mausoleums. If they are careful, they may witness the gathering of several hundred ghouls, drawn here by the beating of drums made from human skin and the piping of bone flutes formed from the flensed appendages of sentient creatures. Here, by the light of the stars, members of the various ghoul tribes (see Areas #078, #080, #082, and #084) gather for ritual combat and to reinforce the bonds of their race. This is a dangerous time to be present, as the ghouls enter a bizarre rage during the festivities; should the PCs be discovered, the entire gathering (numbering hundreds of ghouls) will rally to chase them, capture them, and rip them limb from limb.

## 041. ANCIENT BATTLEGROUND (EL 0)

*This area seems to have suffered greatly from the epic fighting that once took place here in the Necropolis. Nearby buildings are pierced with hundreds of bullet holes, while a few crumbling walls appear to have been battered down by cannon blasts. A burned-out tank rests nearby, its turret blown off and the dented remnants of its hull scorched black. Sand-bagged positions still lie where they were set up by ancient hands, and brittle skeletons wearing the desiccated tatters of uniforms lie scattered everywhere around them.*

This is the site of just one of many key battles fought in the city of Los Angeles during the Fall, when the invaders sought to sweep through the city and inland

to gain ground. The defenders fought bitterly for every square inch of territory, leaving many sites such as this throughout the ruins.

**Treasure:** Though the scene is eerie, it is utterly lifeless. Ruin-pickers and scavs have gone over most of the remains over the years (even the ruined tank's few undamaged parts were taken, leaving only a hollow shell of armor), leaving nothing salvageable out in the open. If the PCs make a Search check (DC 28), however, roll once on the following table (regardless of how many characters made the check) to see what the party finds:

| D10 | Find                                      |
|-----|---|
| 1-2 | 1d2 rolls on Table 12: Armor              |
| 3-8 | 1d2 rolls on Table 14: Military Weapons   |
| 9   | 1 roll on Table 15: Rare Military Weapons |
| 10  | Roll twice                                |

## 042. INSTITUTE OF ENTOMOLOGICAL STUDIES (EL 0)

*A walled facility looms ahead.*

The sprawling facility occupying most of this hex was a scientific institute set up by the Los Angeles-based Zoogenic Corporation for research and study in the field of entomology. From this impressive research institute the Zoogenic Corporation made numerous breakthroughs in the study of insects, gaining new insights into insect behavior and organization, and into the complex phenomenon of the "hive mind" exhibited in insectoid species like bees and ants.

The institute was a large campus, incorporating several high-security buildings. These included an administration/public relations center (where a museum exhibit educated the public about insects and their important role in nature), a main

laboratory complex (where the majority of research was undertaken), a maintenance building, and a separate parking garage. The main lab building hosted experiments ostensibly exploring the possible commercial applications of insects and insect bi-product, including an effort to isolate the most resilient and survivable insect species and combine them genetically not only with each other, but with human DNA.

The parking garage served a dual purpose; secret elevators here took Corporation scientists to an entirely separate lab block beneath the surface. The secret labs can only be located by a Search check at DC 28. The entrance is via a mundane elevator, which seems to lead nowhere. However, inserting a stage IIC identity card into the elevator console automatically lowers the elevator to the lab complex.

The complex itself has long been abandoned, but ample evidence of the research that went on here remains, untouched since the Fall. Bee hives, insect aquariums, ant farms, night habitats with UV lighting, and other such items are found throughout the complex. Genetic laboratories, where the actual work of splicing DNA was accomplished, stand empty and silent.

There is evidence here that the test subjects (ants, roaches, bees, etc.) were deliberately released before the complex was abandoned. A number of mysterious chutes lead from the old labs into the floor; the grates have been carefully removed, and insect holding-tanks lie scattered about, their doors and vents jammed open.

**GM's Note:** It is not immediately clear where exactly these chutes lead, but they are certain to end up in the sewers. However, it is possible to determine precisely where they ultimately reach the surface. If the PCs place a smoke marker (such as a smoke grenade) in the chutes and wait outside to observe

**FLYING**

If the PCs manage to secure some form of aircraft (such as the chopper at Area #043), they have a useful resource at their command: such a craft allows them to cross distances more swiftly and to fly right over many of the dangers of the city.

Being able to fly might seem beneficial, but it could just as easily be *more* dangerous than traveling by foot. At least on the ground there is cover to be had and places to hide; in the air, the PCs can be easily seen and heard. Bug flyers will certainly be attracted to flying craft, as will hordes of varo bats. The warring factions of the city will probably follow the PCs on the ground, hoping to ambush them and take their “marvelous machine” when they eventually land. The Serpent Gods will certainly fire on anyone flying into the Downtown area; other faction armies will likely take opportunistic shots at anything flying overhead as well.

where the smoke emerges, after 2d4 hours the smoke will have found its way underground, through the sewers, and to the nearest surface exit. The PCs can observe thin columns of smoke rising in the distance, roughly in the vicinity of Areas #025 and #027.

**Treasure:** A search of both the main lab building and the secret lab complex will uncover scientific apparatus and supplies. The actual contents are left for you to determine, but suggested finds include PDAs (filled with scientific data that links Zoogenic Corporation with a weird program to create a superior breed of insect to “dominate where all others fail”), chemical kits, first aid kits, medical kits, pharmacist kits, surgery kits, and fire extinguishers.

**043. CRASHED CHOPPER (EL 0)**

*A small aircraft of some sort sits here in the middle of the street. Its tail rotor is slightly damaged, but it otherwise seems to be in good condition.*

The helicopter sitting here in a city intersection is a Bell Jet Ranger, formerly used by a local television news station (KTLA CHANNEL 5 is brilliantly painted on the side in large green letters). The aircraft was being used to report on the battles taking place on the ground when it came under fire from enemy aircraft during the battle for Los Angeles. The crew, having showed enough bravery already by taking breathtaking shots of the street-to-street fighting, decided it was time to quit. As they turned back to the KTLA tower downtown, they were nearly missed by a ship-to-air missile fired from out at sea. With a damaged rotor, the experienced pilot was barely able to land the craft here, at which point the crew bailed and vanished into the crowds of fleeing civilians.

**Treasure:** The helicopter is in reasonably good condition, though it has no fuel. A Repair check is needed to get it operational again (DC 25; no spare parts need to be expended, however). Inside the PCs find a pair of binoculars, a portable video camera (with fragments of footage of the city fighting, narrated with a borderline-panicked commentary, still on tape), and a first aid kit.

**044. ENEMY DROIDS (EL 11)**

A large group of clunky combat androids were waging battle here against the defenders of Los Angeles when the nuclear explosions over the city killed their opponents and damaged many of their own forces with a sweeping fireball. The ensuing EMP pulse caused the surviving androids to shut down immediately, and the ‘droids have only come back online in recent years.

The androids in this hex are simple pre-Fall models, manufactured on the primitive mass-assembly lines of the Great Enemy in third-world nations across the globe. Rugged but rudimentary in design, these androids lack the free will and intelligence of other androids (such as the Android faction in the Necropolis), and have thus remained here, defending the “frontline” until they can be “relieved.”

There are **21 RT-14 combat androids** in this hex, each armed with an LV-94 laser rifle. The RT-14 and LV-94 are detailed on pages 74 and 66 of *The Foundationists* (if you don’t have this book, simply use the statistics for a *security android* and a normal *laser rifle*). Typical encounters are with 1d4+4 androids at a time, but the sound of combat brings other androids from the surrounding ruins to the scene of the fighting after 2d6 rounds (at a rate of 1d2 per round until all have arrived).

The androids’ tactics are simple: overwhelm their enemies with massed firepower and numbers. They will continue to fight until all of their number are destroyed. They will not leave this hex, however.

**RT-14 Combat Androids (21):** HP 48 (each is missing 2d10 hit points).



## RT-14 ANDROIDS

It is important to note that the RT-14 androids encountered at Areas #044 and #045 are in no way affiliated with the Android faction of the Necropolis. The RT-14s are creations of the Great Enemy, while the Androids are reactivated domestic robots. Indeed, if the two were to meet, a battle between the two would certainly take place — almost a recreation of the fighting that took place in the city during the Final War!

## 045. MORE ENEMY DROIDS (EL 11)

Like Area #044, this hex contains a number of invading androids that were deactivated by an EMP pulse over the city during the nuclear cataclysm. These androids have recently begun to re-activate, and without other orders from an authorized source, continue to hold their positions roughly where the “frontlines” were when the nuclear missiles went off and crippled them.

There are **23 RT-14 combat androids** in this hex, each armed with an LV-94 laser rifle. 1d2 of these androids are also equipped with 1d2 nerve gas grenades, which they won't hesitate to use against organic opponents. The RT-14 and LV-94 are detailed on pages 74 and 66 of *The Foundationists* (if you don't have this book, simply use the statistics for a *security android* and a normal *laser rifle*). Typical encounters are with 1d4+4 androids at a time, but the sound of combat brings other androids from the surrounding ruins to the scene of the fighting after 2d6 rounds (at a rate of 1d2 per round until all have arrived).

The androids' tactics are simple: overwhelm their enemies with massed firepower and numbers. They will continue to fight until all of their number are destroyed. They will not leave this hex, however.

**RT-14 Combat Androids (23):** HP 48 (each is missing 2d10 hit points).

## 046. BATTLEFIELD (EL 0)

*The buildings here have been ravaged by ancient warfare — blown apart, riddled with enormous holes, and blackened from fires that died out long ago. Skeletons peek through collapsed rubble, and old broken weapons can be seen half-buried under tons of rock.*

*A large eight-wheeled vehicle stands amid the wreckage here, gathering rust. It bears the symbols of an ancient enemy.*

This area marks the scene of one of many frontline battlegrounds during the fighting for the city, before the eruption of global nuclear war. The fates of the soldiers who fought here, on both sides, have long been lost to time.

The vehicle is a BRDM (treat this as an *armored truck*) with a turreted TCA (this “particle machinegun” is detailed on page 66 of *The Foundationists*; if you don't have this book, substitute a standard minigun instead). The vehicle is empty and has no fuel, but it is otherwise in good fighting condition.

If the PCs search the wreckage, roll 1d2 times on each of the following tables: *Armor*, *Military Weapons*, and *Rare Military Weapons*. Discard any rolls that do not seem appropriate to the situation.

## 047. CULT HIDEOUT (EL 0)

*This run-down neighborhood is filled with seedy old apartment complexes. In a large intersection up ahead you see numerous rusted and burned-out police cars surrounding the front of a building. Other than trash and a few portable police barriers, however, the place seems deserted.*

This intersection was the scene of a heated firefight between law enforcement officers and members of an insane doomsday cult during the final days before the Fall. A brutal shootout occurred when cultists, hiding out in the abandoned building, began shooting at cars on the nearby highway with sniper rifles from their sixth-floor corner apartment. Though already strapped for men due to rumors of impending war, the L.A. police department responded in force, turning the standoff into a savage firefight. The officers eventually abandoned their posts (and even their squad cars) when it became clear that the city was going to be invaded.

The building has likewise been ransacked. If the PCs climb up to the sixth floor, they find a barricaded apartment (the PCs will have to hack the door down to enter it), inside of which are the skeletons of seven men and two women. Each is clad in bizarre scarlet robes each bearing with a strange symbol (a variation of the Seal of Solomon) on its sash. All of the skeletons are within arm's reach of a veritable arsenal of weapons — as well as an impressive array of drug paraphernalia — that have collected dust in the ensuing years. A large faded poster on one wall depicts a blown-up image of Charles Manson's face, though the infamous killer's eyes have been cut from the poster with scissors. A single sliding door leading to a small balcony still stands open.

**Treasure:** There are four Ford Crown Victorias on the street outside, only one of which is operable (it is down to 12 hit points, and can only move at Alley Speed). Only one of these has anything of interest inside (see the sidebar on page to determine the contents of a police vehicle's trunk); the others were ransacked long ago. This last vehicle remains unlooted because the trunk is securely locked (requiring a Disable Device check at DC 20; it doesn't pop open from inside).

In the cultists' hideout are four TEC-9s, a MAC Ingram M10, a Skorpion, two sawed-off shotguns, three M4 carbines, and an HK PSG-1 sniper rifle, with eight boxes of ammunition for each individual weapon! In addition, there are numerous narcotic substances (now useless), as well as the rather elaborate pieces of specialty equipment needed to manufacture them on a small scale.

A Search check at DC 12 also uncovers a record player in the same room as the dead cultists. On the turntable is a custom-pressed record with a simple hand-written label that reads "Inspiration."

If a power pack is supplied and the record is played, it proves to be a non-stop "death metal" soundtrack with garbled chants speaking of racial hatred, social turmoil, and random violence. Though offensive, it seems otherwise unremarkable.

**Development:** Should the characters somehow think to play the record backwards, the death metal tracks sound the same, though the words play backwards. This sounds like gibberish for the first fifteen minutes of music, but at one point on the sixth track the PCs can *swear* they hear the following phrase: "High above the city of the angels, set among the hills, thirteen make the suicide gate from which true evil spills...."

## 048. MISSION OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL (EL 0)

*This area looks like it was once at the heart of the city's slums. Although adult book shops and the ruins of strip joints line the street just down the way, up ahead can be seen what may have once been a large homeless shelter. A towering neon cross stands tall over the place, though it has long fallen into darkness.*

The entrance to this old shelter is littered with hundreds of colorful pamphlets and flyers, apparently scattered about and trampled by panicking civilians when the building was ransacked prior to the Fall. Any character with the ability to read Ancient can make out a few legible words on these slips of decayed paper: "The End is Near," "The Time is at Hand," "Christ is Watching — Be Brave." None give any real glimpse of the building's last moments.

The interior of the mission is dark and dank, consisting of a block of small offices, a large communal shelter area, an emergency clinic and nursery, an extensive kitchen (with bulk pantries and freezers), and a loading dock in the rear. There is also a small chapel on the second level, and a number of more private rooms originally set aside for long-term tenants and live-in volunteers (including clergy).

Most of these rooms are destroyed; a Search (DC 20) uncovers 1d4 rolls on the *Junk* and *Dead Bodies* tables, but nothing else of interest.

**GM's Note:** Unbeknownst to the PCs, the old mission has a secret room which can only be discovered with a Search check at DC 23.

A maintenance door on the second floor leads to a room filled with pipes behind the second-story washroom. The secret door here can only be opened by depressing a hidden latch and putting pressure

on a seemingly-innocuous wooden partition. The secret door slides open to reveal a small room with only a bare bulb hanging overhead. A number of cheap springbeds are set here near a small round table, a small toilet, a tiny cooking area, and a sink. Overlooking the room from one of the otherwise bare walls is an iron crucifix.

This room was set up long ago by an underground network of former Jesuit priests to help combat the eerie rise of Satanism in the years just before the Fall. The mission and the secret room were used by members of the association as a base of operations in the city. Since much of their work involved the investigation of legitimate figures through illegitimate methods (such as breaking and entering, burglary, and outright theft), many of their agents were forced underground to evade the law — hence the need for this safe house.

**Treasure:** A search of the room uncovers only a few belongings stashed here by the long-vanished members of the exiled Jesuit society. These include six rosaries, two small crucifixes, two rotten (and illegible) Bibles, and various changes of civilian clothes (all cheap, blue-collar attire). There is also a 35mm camera with zoom lens, ten rolls of film (unused), a caller ID defeater, a cellular interceptor, a lineman's buttset, two pocket tape recorders, and two pairs of night vision goggles! No weapons are evident, but a small locker in the room contains a 1-pound block of C4 wrapped in wax paper (this was used in minute amounts for breaking into the homes and high-rises of suspects under scrutiny by the association)!

In addition to these items, other materials here present a bizarre and mind-boggling portrait of the association that once used this secret room as a safe house. No identities are given, but PCs spending 20



hours going through the various files and messages kept here will come to realize that the men (of which there were half a dozen based in Los Angeles) were part of a much larger clandestine organization, one whose leaders may not have even been based in the United States. Whoever they were, they were obsessed with thwarting the return of something called “the Beast,” and in particular, hunting down and exposing members of an alleged cult group called the “Blessed 13” that was dedicated to bringing about the end of the world.

Another 20 hours of study reveals even more startling clues. A number of these “agents” risked their lives finding tantalizing (but ultimately unproven) links between this alleged secret cult and high-ranking executives of the Zoogenic Corporation — and even the United States military-industrial complex. A final report suggests that at least one of the agents living here in the safe house was also masquerading as a homeless person in an attempt to track down reports of an unusual alliance between the seemingly straight-laced Zoogenic Corporation and numerous street gangs of the Los Angeles area, with the sole purpose of causing chaos by instigating apparently senseless crime and violence all over the city. One of these reports is a memo apparently stolen from the *Bernard Megaplex* (see Area #160), which references — with no specific information — enormous monetary transfers to a man named Cyrus, with a hand-written notation in one corner of the page that reads “*Cyrus the Jackal, whose spawn shall survive as Kings of the Wasteland.*”

#### 049. HOMELESS CAMP (EL 7)

*This area is an old city park, flanked on all sides by dilapidated grey buildings. The tattered remnants of old tents and tiny shacks made from*

*corrugated iron sheeting still sit here and there, though the campsite looks long abandoned.*

This was once a small city park, as well as one of several homeless camps in the city where concentrations of the urban poor came together for mutual protection and warmth. Periodically broken up and dismantled by the authorities, these temporary “tent towns” would simply spring up in another place the next night, and were never permanently erased from the urban landscape.

The camp is currently home to a small pack of *toxic raccoons*, who live in the old shacks unless out foraging for food. Wiry and lean, these are obviously tough animals that will defend their territory against intrusion. If the PCs get too close (i.e. try to search), the animals will move to attack, hoping to drive the party off. They only flee if one of their number is killed.

**Toxic Raccoons (7):** HP 8 (page 141, *Terrors of the Lost Paradise*).

**Treasure:** Once the wild raccoons are driven off, the PCs can search the old camp; evidence in the old tents and shacks indicates that the inhabitants were the pre-Fall poor. Treasure found includes 1d2+1 *Junk*, 1d2 “*Magic*” *Items*, and 1d3+1 *Consumables*.

In addition, old graffiti on the back side of one of the shacks, where drug-addicted homeless apparently gathered to shoot up out of sight of the others, gives crude directions (in Ancient) to a “secret refuge” underground; the directions indicate an alley manhole a few blocks from this camp, through which one can enter the subway tunnels under the city and travel two or three miles to find the refuge (this refuge is detailed under Area #184).

#### 050. GUN EMPORIUM (EL 4)

*A huge building sits here along the side of the street, its lower-story windows barred up and a huge sign (in Ancient) overhead proclaiming it is a “Gun Emporium.” It looks heavily damaged.*

This enormous building was an amusing landmark during the time of the Ancients, a self-proclaimed “gun exhibition” that offered antique guns, surplus weapons, and modern firearms to the buying public. Self-proclaimed crusaders of the “right to bear arms,” in reality the owners shamelessly catered to both private citizens and the criminal element of Los Angeles.

The building was ransacked during the fighting for the city, as private citizens stormed the building looking for weapons to loot. Some intended to defend their homes, others to march off and volunteer as “irregulars,” and others merely to take what they wanted from their fellow citizens in the chaos before fleeing the city.

The PCs find the emporium’s doors smashed open, with broken glass everywhere. The interior is dark, like a warehouse, and in total disarray — it is obvious a panicked mob tore the place apart in the Fall. However, numerous guns, ammunition, and other supplies still remain on the shelves and in locked cases (some must be smashed open, since there are no keys to be found anywhere), testament to the huge number of guns this place once housed.

**GM’s Note:** For every ten minutes spent in this building there is a 10% chance that part of the emporium roof collapses, injuring searchers still inside. If this happens, pick one PC at random; she suffers 2d6 points of damage from a falling object (Reflex save DC 15 for half). If this happens three



times while the PCs are here, the entire building collapses, burying everyone and everything under tons of crumbling concrete (damage 10d6, Reflex DC 35 for half, Strength check DC 50 to avoid being pinned).

**Treasure:** For every ten minutes spent searching the emporium, roll on the following table to see what the PCs find. Note that a given entry will never be found more than once (if you roll the same result again, simply move on to the next item on the list):

| 2D6 | Find                               |
|-----|------------------------------------|
| 2   | 1d2 SITES M9s                      |
| 3   | 1d2 Ruger Service-Sixes            |
| 4   | 1d4 Pathfinders                    |
| 5   | 1d100x3 rounds of 9mm ammunition   |
| 6   | 1d100 rounds of .22 ammunition     |
| 7   | 1d100x2 rounds of .38S ammunition  |
| 8   | 2d20 rounds of 12-gauge ammunition |
| 9   | 1d2 Browning BPSs                  |

- |    |                        |
|----|------------------------|
| 10 | 1 Remington 700        |
| 11 | 1 TechSport R-13 [R&U] |
| 12 | Roll again twice       |

## 051. THE GREAT CRATER (EL VARIES)

*The wreckage in this region is impressive; entire cars lifted up and wrapped around nearby telephone poles, buildings blown open or their tops sheared off. Everything is cold, black, and ashen; a thick layer of caked ash covers everything up to several inches, making it difficult to stifle a hacking cough as you churn it up with your footsteps. There are no animals in sight, but the air is far from silent; wind blown through the destroyed structures nearby creates a haunting moan that echoes down every street.*

*Further ahead, the ruins abruptly end, giving way to a broad open region more than a mile*

*across. From where you stand you can see why: a colossal crater pits the earth here, no doubt where some tremendous weapon of mass destruction struck the city centuries ago. In fact, this could well have been the weapon that killed the millions who once called the city home.*

*The power of this weapon carved out a deep, bowl-like hole in the ground in which nothing recognizable stands. Around this crater, which must be at least a half-mile wide, stands a region of utter devastation in which every last building and notable feature was blasted flat, creating a huge ash-gray "dead zone" in which nothing moves. Over it all, carried on the wind and punctuated by motes of ash floating by, a spectral moan seems to mourn for the countless lives lost to this tremendous wound.*





This hex marks just the center of what the inhabitants of the Necropolis call the “Great Crater;” the rest of this massive depression rings this hex and outwards (see map).

The Great Crater is the site of the single largest groundburst detonation to strike the city during the nuclear war. This impact (and the ensuing explosion) caused massive damage to the north part of the city, not only devastating a wide area but also starting catastrophic fires that claimed much of the surrounding cityscape. Needless to say, the warhead also brought poisonous radiation, which (together with the airbursts over the port) killed most of the inhabitants of the city during the Fall. Here in the crater the radiation is still extremely strong.

**GM’s Note:** Anyone entering one of the three central hexes of the Great Crater is subject to *Severe* radiation; in any of the other indicated hexes (see inset, shown in violet) the radiation level is *High*.

There is nothing of interest in the Great Crater, as every last bit of stone, metal, glass, and organic matter was fused by the powerful nuclear blast. No creatures dwell in the crater proper, though *screamers* are frequently drawn to the fringes of this area by the radiation, on which they seem to thrive. No set encounters with these undead are described here, but if the PCs

linger long near the crater (perhaps letting nightfall catch them out in the open) they are more than likely to encounter large groups of **1d6+14 screamers** shambling through the ruins ringing the enormous depression, almost like worshippers arriving at the doorstep of a grand temple. To escape, the PCs will have to find a way through these masses of radiated zombies without being overcome!

**Screamers (15-20):** HP 26.

# LOS ANGELES HARBOR



## LOS ANGELES HARBOR

The ruins of Los Angeles harbor comprise an entire quarter of the legendary Necropolis, and though the harbor itself is considerable in size, remarkably few inhabitants of the city have ever visited it. It remains a ghostly, empty part of the Necropolis, a rusted and flooded reminder of the industrial might of this once-great metropolis.

The harbor itself has a colorful history, having served as a major repair and resupply facility during the Final War. After Hawaii was overrun and San Diego virtually crippled by the first conventional strikes, Los Angeles was made an auxiliary gathering point for crippled Navy and Coast Guard vessels. Sadly, it wasn't to remain a refuge for long; when the all-out war turned nuclear, the harbor was one of the first targets. With a devastating combination of shockwave and firestorm, high-yield airbursts destroyed the port facilities and sank dozens of ships waiting to be repaired.

The harbor area has in recent years become the primary stomping grounds of the Android faction, which was revived by unwitting scouts of the ill-fated Cartel expedition in 2263 (see Area #059). The newly-awakened Androids struck out and swept the Cartel colony from the map, then began spreading towards Hive territory. After securing the area around the harbor, however, they turned their efforts elsewhere (specifically to the south, towards the ruins of Camp Pendleton, which aren't detailed here). Still, the Android presence here is considerable, and parties adventuring along the old shoreline are likely to stumble onto periodic patrols of these formidable constructs.



## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Encounters in the harbor area of the Necropolis generally consist of android patrols from the Android enclave, or small bands of ghouls and/or wild men infiltrating the area from the *Domain of the Flesh Eaters*. Risking an encounter with the androids, these latter creatures are likely to be desperate for a meal....

Each time the PCs pass through a map hex that isn't detailed in the text, there is a chance of a random encounter. In this part of the city the chance is 1 in 8. If the PCs are on land, use the table on the left; if they happen to be traveling by boat around the harbor (or anywhere along the southern coast of the city), use the table on the right instead.

Individual encounters are detailed in a separate chapter, *Random Encounters*.

| D20   | Random Encounter        |
|-------|-------------------------|
| 1     | Quake!                  |
| 2-3   | Aurora Unusualis        |
| 4-5   | Screamers               |
| 6-7   | Industrial Robot        |
| 8     | Corpses                 |
| 9-10  | Android Patrol          |
| 11-12 | Random Noises (Surface) |
| 13-14 | Wild Men & Robot        |
| 15-16 | Ghouls                  |
| 17-18 | Androids On The Move    |
| 19    | Open Warfare            |
| 20    | Weird Weather           |



| D20   | Random Encounter       |
|-------|------------------------|
| 1-2   | Boat Adrift            |
| 3-4   | Android Cutter         |
| 5-7   | Random Noises (Harbor) |
| 8-10  | Skaels                 |
| 11-13 | Skael Boarding Party   |
| 14-16 | Dar Sharks             |
| 17-18 | Mirror Ooze            |
| 19-20 | Aurora Unusualis       |

## 052. THE HARBOR (EL VARIES)

Seen from afar, the harbor resembles a ghostly “dead zone” of blasted wharf-side buildings and warehouses. The charred remains of towering ship-loading cranes and observation towers rise a hundred or more feet into the sky like a forest of burned-out metal scaffolds. Through this maze of seared metal a black waterway winds to and fro, still cluttered and choked with the sunken and half-sunken remains of dozens of ships. This collection of ghost ships has turned the harbor into a maze of rusted hulls and disintegrating wrecks, many of which glow with a spectral outline at night due to the radiation still present in the surrounding waters.

The harbor is a sprawling ruin both in the water and on land, split in two by the blasted-flat remnants of Terminal Island. The island was once a major port facility, but the airbursts over the port devastated much of it, leaving only the towering masts of loading cranes. Most other neighborhoods surrounding the port fared the same.

**GM’s Note:** The harbor is far too large to detail fully, and though there are many sunken ship hulls still visible from land, most of these contain only rusted and ruined cargo — little, if anything, could be salvaged by the adventurers. Still, a brief overview of the harbor’s more interesting wrecks are given below; note that there are many more wrecks in

addition to these, so feel free to add encounter areas of your own to this list.

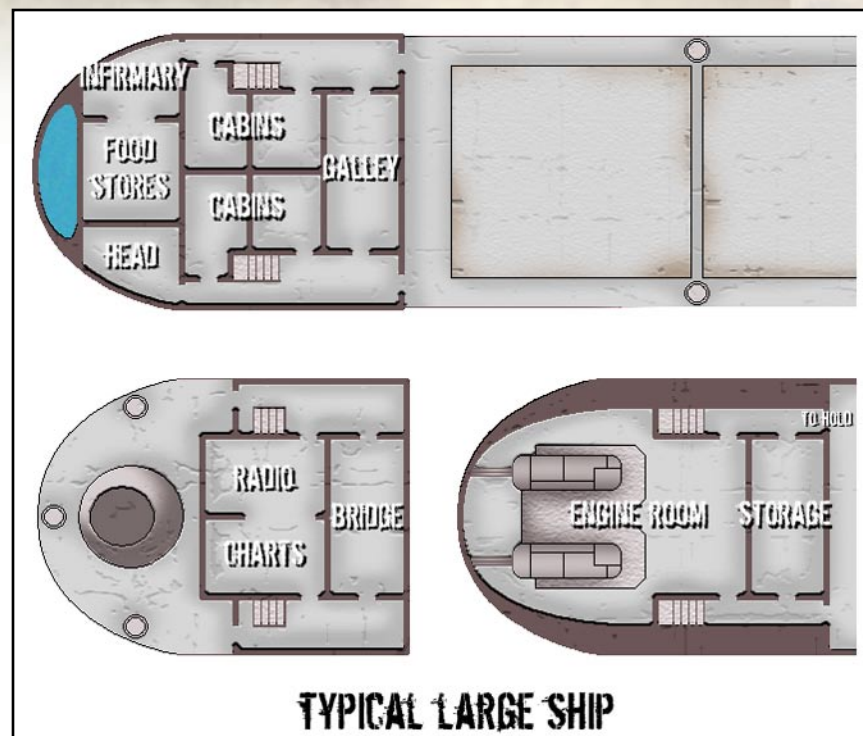
*If the PCs explore any of these wrecks, you can use the map of the Typical Large Ship provided in this book as a sample layout, or devise a map of your own.*

### 1. TUG BOAT (EL 0)

A large tugboat rests just off shore here, stuck where it collided against a sunken wreck. The tugboat is completely covered with rust, but its internal workings are relatively intact (though only a character who knows about boats, and tries to revive the craft, will probably realize this), with about six hours of fuel left in its internal tanks. The tugboat has a powerful engine, but it is lodged quite fully into the underwater wreck; PCs wishing to free the boat will first have to demolish the underwater wreck (requiring either demolition charges or underwater welding tools). There is little of value on the tug, though the cabin does have an arms locker that might contain a few civilian firearms.

### 2. GARBAGE SCOW (EL 4)

A broad-hulled garbage scow rests at this far end of the channel, grounded on the shallows. The old wreck lies close enough to shore that a small but exceptionally bold band of **8 wild men** often comes



here to sift through the enormous piles of trash onboard in search of rare trinkets and other shiny baubles, which they use to entice mates elsewhere. The heaps of garbage could contain hidden items of value, at the GM’s discretion, but the PCs will have to fight off the wild men who consider the scow’s wreckage part of their territory.  
Wild Men (8): HP 18.

### 3. FISHING TRAWLER (EL 0)

The capsized wreck of a fishing trawler juts from the water here, tilted to one side and covered with a thick layer of rust on every exposed part. The shipwreck is utterly empty.



# LOS ANGELES HARBOR



## 4. DESTROYER (EL 0)

The remains of a destroyer lie here, partially sunk in the channel where it burned out of control. One of the first ships to pull back from the fighting in the major sea battles taking place off the West coast, the destroyer caught fire while in port. Though firefighting boats were dispatched, the destroyer was lost. All that remains is a burned and rusted wreck, though its gun turret still looks formidable from shore. The ship itself is a desolate ruin.

## 5. FIREFIGHTING BOAT (EL 0)

The orange rusted hull of a firefighting boat is grounded at this spot, where it partially sank when

the first detonations exploded over the port. Without power, the boat was unable to continue fighting fires along the wharf and was abandoned by its crew. It is now empty.

## 6. SUPERTANKER (EL 0)

A large supertanker sits here, blocking the Terminal Island channel. Like many ships still in the harbor, only the upper workings of the ship are visible above the water; the bulk of the ship lies underwater. This enormous vessel was attempting to leave port in the days preceding the Fall, when the military began taking over the port facilities here to repair ships returning from battles out to sea. Unfortunately,

agents of the Blessed 13 deliberately sabotaged the vessel, causing it to sink here, effectively sealing off the channel to larger vessels. If the PCs somehow explore the wreckage, they find several thousand pieces of heavy machinery (industrial equipment), all of which have crusted over, forming a localized coral reef.

## 7. SMALL TUG (EL 0)

This marks the location of a small tugboat, still in its moorings. The boat is badly rusted but seaworthy. With a successful Repair check (DC 20) and 120 cp in spare parts, the PCs could get it up and running. Unfortunately the boat has suffered permanent damage over the years, and after 1d4 hours of operation the engine compartment will catch fire, consuming the boat and sending it to the bottom in 1d3x10 minutes.

## 8. SUNKEN CONTAINER SHIP (EL VARIES)

Lying in this sheltered harbor are the remains of over a dozen ships, all clustered around the sunken remains of a container ship. The container ship has been continuously inhabited by the major portion of the Skael population of the Necropolis (led by a cruel chief named Slagurrl). This community, located in and around the ship's titanic broken hull (at 55 ft), is detailed as Area #054.

## 9. IMPOUND HARBOR (EL 0)

A foreign trawler was impounded here just prior to the Fall; it hailed from one of the nations with which the United States was having increasingly sore relations. Accused of being a "spy trawler," the boat and its crew were sequestered here until the authorities could figure out what to do with them. The occupants — all innocent civilians — were killed when the port was blasted in the nuclear attack on



## LOS ANGELES HARBOR

the city. The wreckage of the ship is scorched, and now lies partially-buried in the silt and mud near the docks; only the top level of the ship stands above the water.

### 10. SUNKEN SUBMARINE (EL 0)

Sunken just beneath the waters of the harbor are the splintered remains of the submarine *USS Virginia* (SSN-774). Badly damaged during the days-long sea battles fought in the Pacific against the enemy invasion armada, the *USS Virginia* barely managed to limp to Los Angeles before the airbursts struck the port. It was sunk in the devastation, and all hands lost. Radiation from the sub's damaged reactor has increasingly polluted the waterway for decades.

### 11. FERRY (EL 0)

The wreckage of a ferry lies here, close to where it was docked when the bombs fell. The ferry was packed with refugees fleeing the fighting in the city when it was sunk by the nuclear detonations.

### 12. TOUR BOAT (EL 0)

The wreckage of a badly-rusted boat stands aground out to sea in this hex, though it is visible from shore. This was one of many modest-sized tour boats that gave paying tourists a spectacular circuit of the Los Angeles waterfront, while offering luxury dining and accommodations. The boat was leaving the harbor under orders from the city's military authority (to clear the harbor for military traffic) when the bombs hit. The crew abandoned ship when the vessel caught fire, leaving it to run aground. It still remains in place, its bow rising slightly from the water where it hit an underwater embankment.

### 13. SUPERTANKER (EL 0)

A huge supertanker rises above the water here, in the same place where it ran aground centuries ago as it maneuvered away from the burning dock district of the city. The resulting damage to the crippled tanker caused an oil spill that spread for miles, eventually catching fire and causing a huge explosion onboard. Whatever remains of the tanker that aren't rusted completely over are instead black and charred. A large flock of seagulls makes the towering superstructure their home, as the ship's isolation makes it a relatively secure place to nest.

### 14. RADIOACTIVE SCOW (EL 0)

The wreck of a large garbage scow sits here, foundering in shallow waters just offshore of Terminal Island. The scow (which was carrying a large load of industrial radioactive waste) was moved from the inner harbor to make room for larger military ships when it nearly capsized, spilling much of its deadly cargo into the harbor's waters. The radiation levels in the water around the scow are markedly more intense than elsewhere in the harbor area as a result.

### 15. FIREFIGHTING CUTTER (EL 0)

A small firefighting cutter lies washed ashore here. Its crew was killed when the bombs detonated over the port, and the vessel badly damaged. It is now a rusting wreck, turned on its side on the rocky, polluted beach. A few brave gulls stop here to rest when winds die down, but otherwise the wreckage is lifeless.

### 16. FRIGATE (EL VARIES)

An old frigate (*USS Crommelin*) rests here in a makeshift berth, sunken so that only its superstructure

stands above the surface of the water (the deck is submerged only a few feet under the surface, however). The rest of its battle-damaged hull is quickly disintegrating as time goes by. A gaping hole in the side of the vessel marks the spot where a tribe of exiled Skaels enter and exit the bowels of the sunken craft, which they use as their base of operations. This tribe, led by a Skael named Blugorl, is further detailed under Area #053.

### 17. SHIP TENDER (EL 6)

An old surface tender lies here partially sunken with its stern rising slightly above the water. This vessel was refueling the frigate (#16 above) when it sank. The ship's fuel reserves have leaked somewhat over the years, but there is still enough fuel on board to fully fuel a large container ship (such as the one at Area #052 [29]); if the PCs want to transfer the fuel to another vessel, they simply need to figure out how to do it (Knowledge [Technology] check at DC 25). However, the fuel doesn't come without a price; **9 Skaels** from Area #053 are regularly positioned here as lookouts for their community. These creatures remain hidden on the old ship should they spot the PCs, sending one or two of their number to alert the main group at Area #053. *They have no need for the fuel, but they aren't about to let intruders take it either!*

**Skaels (9):** HP 9.

### 18. SUNKEN PASSENGER LINER (EL 14)

A large cruise ship lies underwater at this location. The largest single colony of dar sharks (see *New Creatures*) inhabits the old wreck, emerging only to hunt among the waves.

**Dar Sharks (23):** HP 16.

## 19. SUNKEN AIRCRAFT CARRIER (EL 7)

This marks the spot where the *USS Nimitz* (CVN-68) sank. This historic supercarrier was severely damaged in the heroic fighting off the western seaboard during the climactic battles of the Fall. Crippled by AS-6 Kingfish missiles, the enormous carrier was towed within a few miles of Long Beach before fires on board finally gutted it, sending it to the bottom. It is now 500 ft down, but a **zug-wa**, having wandered from northern Pacific waters, dwells within the wreckage. A solitary beast, it has come to prey on the *dar sharks* of the harbor, but will certainly attack any PCs it detects either underwater or on the surface in the vicinity of the shipwreck.

**Zug-Wa (1):** HP 60 (page 149, *The Lost Paradise*).

## 20. LOST CONTAINER SHIP (EL 0)

Deep beneath the waters (405 ft) lies the sunken wreckage of a container ship out of Honolulu, commandeered by the government during the Final War when Hawaii was first attacked. Loaded on board was over twenty tons of gold, stolen away from the islands when it became clear the defenders there would fall. The slow-moving ship sank with the first airbursts over the port, taking its precious cargo to the bottom. The Skaels at Area #054 have explored the wreckage and taken some of the gold to their stronghold, but their share amounts to only about 20% of the total still to be found entombed in the sunken wreck.

## 21. WARSHIP REPAIR DOCK (EL 0)

Three warships were once tethered here, though all have sunk to a depth that leaves only their badly-burned superstructures above the waterline. These ships include *FFG-60 Rodney M. Davis*, *FFG-51 Gary*, and *DDG-54 Curtis Wilbur*, all of which were

badly damaged during the Final War and towed here for repair. These three ships were the closest vessels to the airburst over the port; they were almost completely destroyed by the blast, their hulls sunk deep into the harbor's muddy bed.

## 22. TANKER (EL 0)

An old oil tanker sits in a berth at this location, flooded and resting on the harbor bottom. Still, its enormous size means that much of the ship still stands above the waterline. Its contents leaked out long ago, however, leaving only an empty wreck.

## 23. QUEEN MARY (EL 0)

This hex contains the partly-submerged remains of the *Queen Mary*, which during the Fall was converted to a "floating hospital." The nuclear detonations over the port killed the military and civilian personnel working here, along with the 1,000+ patients onboard. Fires claimed whatever stockpiles of medicine were left on board. Now all that remains are the charred remains of a colossal passenger liner, submerged up to the deck and burned right down to the waterline.

## 24. SUNKEN RESEARCH SHIP (EL 0)

This marks the location of the undersea wreckage of a large research ship owned and operated by Zoogenic Corporation (the corporate symbol is still evident on the disintegrating hull), now resting at a depth of 210 ft. An underwater exploration of the wreck will reveal that it was in fact one gigantic floating laboratory, most likely used to conduct (illegal) experiments out to sea. Evidence from the flooded genetic labs and large aquatic tanks suggests that the corporation was developing man-sized marine creatures (or perhaps crossbreeds?); when the vessel sank, the creatures escaped through a large hole in

the bottom of the ship (an investigation reveals it was deliberately blown to *allow* them to escape)....

## 25. CONTAINER SHIP (EL 0)

This ship, requisitioned by the military during the Fall, was carrying a cargo of advanced materials intended for the android factory at Area #059, a vital part of *Operation Talos* (see that location for more details on this Ancient-era operation). The ship foundered, and was in the process of being towed into a berth when the factory was abandoned and the operation moved to the Rocky Mountains. The ship was abandoned when the city came under attack, and later sank. Its cargo was ruined as a result.

## 26. TUG AND TANKER (EL 0)

Close to shore lie the remains of a tug boat and the supertanker it was guiding towards the harbor wharfs shortly after the nuclear strikes hit the main port. When the tanker ran aground unexpectedly, the tug boat was used to ferry the crew to shore before both vessels were abandoned in the face of rising radiation levels. The two vessels are largely intact, though the supertanker has completely settled on the harbor floor, leaving its superstructure and cranes exposed above the water. Though over the years much of the oil has leaked out, the vessel's tanks still contain roughly 25,000 gallons of crude. This diminishing oil is leaking out into the nearby waterway at a rate of roughly 1,000 gallons each year. *If the PCs want to transfer the fuel to another vessel, they simply need to figure out how to do it (Knowledge [Technology] check at DC 25).*

## 27. MEDICAL FREIGHTER (EL 0)

An old freighter still lies here, close to where it was docked when the Los Angeles port was hit by nukes. This freighter was a civilian vessel commandeered by



the military and re-routed to Los Angeles because of its valuable cargo: medical supplies. Roughly one-third of the ship's contents were unloaded during the fighting over the city; the rest were destroyed when the ship was sunk. Most of the ship still stands above the waterline, but the cargo hold is flooded and its contents ruined. A search by patient PCs may (at the GM's discretion) find some old (and well-packaged) medical supplies that somehow avoided being ruined.

## 28. CRUISE SHIP (EL 0)

A large rusting cruise ship rests on the seabed here, though most of the enormous vessel still stands above the water. The cruise ship was being refitted for emergency wartime duty when the city fell, forcing the dock personnel to abandon her. The gigantic ship's three main decks have since become home to a small population of seals, though these creatures are becoming fewer in number each year due to being hunted by the Skaels at Area #054. The PCs could conceivably board this "floating city" and transform it into their own personal fortress; it is a virtual maze inside, is actually quite defensible, and is reasonably isolated (since it's stranded a few hundred meters offshore).

## 29. CONTAINER SHIP (EL 0)

An old container ship drifts here, still visible from shore (but foundering). Partly flooded, the ship has been adrift for years. If the PCs manage to reach the vessel, they find it abandoned but in relatively good condition — in fact, with only a few days of Repair (DC 20 and 1,200 cp in raw materials), the party could get the ship back underway. There is no food or medicine on board, but the ship's fresh water tank is still reasonably full. *This vessel's presence offers the PCs a means of not only getting around the harbor, but also a way to travel to distant shores*

## HARBOR RADIATION

The harbor of Los Angeles was struck by numerous airburst nuclear weapons during the Fall — an attempt to neutralize the vital port and its auxiliary naval repair facilities. As a result the entire area is radiated, as shown on the *Los Angeles Harbor* map.

Hexes highlighted in *violet* denote areas of *Moderate* radiation, while hexes highlighted in *red* denote areas of *High* radiation. This radiation persists throughout the hex, both on the surface and underwater.

*(or even another continent) — if that's the direction you want to take your campaign! However, the ship currently lacks more than about a day's worth of fuel, so a fresh supply must be located if the PCs are to cross the Pacific Ocean. If the PCs decide to take the ship or use it as their base of operations, use the map of the Typical Large Ship provided in this book.*

## 053. HIDDEN SKAEL ENCLAVE (EL VARIES)

Living in the ruins of a half-submerged warship in this hex is a small tribe of Skaels, exiled or escaped from the larger community at Area #054. The rusted, decaying remains of this guided missile frigate lie close to shore, but more than half of it remains hidden beneath the waves of the radiated harbor.

The Skaels here are all former members of the community at Area #054; they fled when Slagurrl came to power. Their leader was Slagurrl's only rival, another treacherous Skael who sought to become the totalitarian leader of their race. Named Blugorl, this leader has been plotting his revenge ever since, hoping to gather enough exiles to mount a campaign to attack Slagurrl's community, usurp his power, and take control by force.

**Significant NPCs:** Blugorl is a powerful warrior, but not too bright — nor is he charismatic. He has cowed most of the other exiles into accepting his leadership

through threats and physical force, or by reminding them that they will certainly die if they move onto land. Blugorl will do whatever it takes to keep his few followers at his side, and has even gone so far as to send his men into Slagurrl's domain to kidnap other Skaels and bring them here. These captives are given a choice: either join Blugorl's growing "army" and work towards their eventual conquest, or become food (the Skaels here are extremely strapped for supplies, after all).

Blugorl isn't merely content with building an army, however. If he were to find out that the PCs were in the area (perhaps boating along in the narrow channels between wrecked ships near his realm), he may try to attack them to acquire the powerful weapons they are sure to possess. Since the members of his race are primitives at best, this would likely be a costly or even suicidal mistake on his part... but he is desperate enough to try.

**Blugorl (Skael Strong Hero 6):** CR 7; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8+2 plus 6d8+6 plus 3; HP 38; Mas 12; Init +5; Spd 20 ft, swim 40 ft; Defense 18, touch 14, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +3 class, +4 natural); BAB +7; Grap +8; Atk +9 melee (1d4+4, claw), or +7 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +9 melee (1d4+4, 2 claws), +7 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ aquatic reliance, low-light vision, cold resistance 10, immunities; AL Skaels; SV Fort

## LOS ANGELES HARBOR

+7, Ref +2, Will +4; AP 4; Rep +1; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 6.

**Skills:** Climb +3, Hide +3, Intimidate +1, Knowledge (Tactics) +1, Listen +3, Move Silently +3, Spot +6, Survival +2, Swim +7.

**Feats:** Cleave, Improved Initiative, Intimidating Strength\*, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Power Attack, Stealthy, Toughness, Weapon Focus (claw).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash, Advanced Melee Smash.

**Possessions:** None.

Blugorl's community consists of **57 Skaels**, including **6 Skael Elites**, 40 males, and 11 females. There are no elderly or children in their midst, and all are combatants. They have no treasure to speak of.

**Blugorl:** HP 38.

**Skaels (57):** HP 9.

**Skael Elites (6):** HP 34.

### 054. WATCHERS FROM THE DEEP (EL VARIES)

This hex marks the location of a large colony of Skaels, creatures who (like the Broken Ones, Serpent Gods, and Hive) are descended from the bioengineering experiments of Zoogenic Corporation. The Skaels have lived off the coast of Los Angeles since the Fall, afraid to leave the familiar shoreline of the Necropolis for the deeper waters of the Pacific.

The Skael colony is in itself a small "city" hidden beneath the eerily radiant waters along the Necropolis coastline. The Skaels make their home among dozens of rusted and corroded ship hulks, which sank when nuclear detonations blasted the port during the Fall. Most of these ships sank straight to the bottom; others remain partly exposed, their radar and sensor masts and some of their disintegrating superstructures

still standing above the waterline.

Because there are so many shipwrecks in the port the Skaels don't inhabit them all, but rather live in a close-knit cluster relatively near to shore. There are roughly 600 Skaels in the underwater community, divided into no less than ten separate "tribes," all unified by their chief, a singularly powerful member of their race. Currently these silvery-skinned monsters are governed by a fearful, xenophobic, and downright paranoid regime which advocates remaining unseen and undiscovered offshore while the other factions battle it out for supremacy of the land.

As a result the Skaels rarely venture onto land, as to do so would risk attracting the attention of the other groups in the ruins. The Skaels are aware that the city is hotly contested; they know of the Broken Ones from the reports of their aquatic scouts sent up along the west coast of the city, as well as the existence of a Purist enclave and, of course, the androids along the south part of the ruins. Having spied on these enemies from the sea, they believe it best to remain neutral and unknown.

It is unlikely that the PCs will ever discover that this community even exists, as it lies beneath the radiated waters of the Necropolis harbor. If the PCs manage to acquire a boat and explore the shipwrecks visible from shore (see Area #052), the Skaels will certainly be aware of their intrusion, and will likely dispatch two or three skilled scouts to follow them underwater. However, since the Skaels are frightened of all land-based creatures, they will probably restrict their activities to shadowing, spying, and watching what the PCs do and where they go.

*If for some reasons the PCs let their guard down near shore (for example, if they camp without leaving a guard, or if they leave their boat tied up while they go aboard a shipwreck to explore), there is a good*

*chance that 1-2 of these scouts will emerge when the PCs aren't looking, rummage through their supplies, and steal a few shiny items. If the scouts come to think the PCs are weak and under-prepared, they may even rise by the light of the moon to attack the characters when their guard is down.*

**Significant NPCs:** The Skaels are led by a singularly large and lanky member of their race, a treacherous creature who has used guile, trickery, and brute force to attain and keep his position. Luckily, the paranoia of the Skaels (and their fear of being discovered and enslaved) makes them appreciative of a powerful leader, even one who has proven to be a debased thug and tyrant. Slagurrl, as he is known, prefers to command his people from deep beneath the waves, sending out others from the security of his underwater stronghold (in the bowels of a sunken container ship) to do the dangerous scouting, scrounging, hunting, and prowling for supplies. To appease his people, Slagurrl executes any who risk exposing their community to "dry-landers." A few members of the tribe have learned to stay on his good side to avoid being assigned these hazardous tasks, and these comprise a small but dedicated inner circle of deceitful plotters who have their chief's ear at all times.

**Slagurrl (Skael Strong Hero 3/Fast Hero 3/Skulk 2):** CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8+2 plus 3d8+3 plus 3d8+3 plus 2d8+2; HP 55; Mas 13; Init +5; Spd 20 ft, swim 40 ft; Defense 23, touch 19, flatfooted 22 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +8 class, +4 natural); BAB +7; Grap +8; Atk +8 melee (1d4+3, claw), or +7 ranged (1d8+1, spear); Full Atk +8 melee (1d4+3, 2 claws), +7 ranged (1d8+1, spear); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ aquatic reliance, low-light vision, cold resistance 10, immunities; AL Skaels; SV Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4; AP 5; Rep +1; Str 13, Dex 13, Con



13, Int 9, Wis 12, Cha 7.

**Skills:** Hide +9, Knowledge (Current Events) +1, Knowledge (Tactics) +1, Listen +3, Move Silently +9, Sleight of Hand +7, Spot +4, Survival +2, Swim +3.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Slippery Foe [B&L], Stealthy.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Evasion, Opportunist.

**Talents (Skulk):** Sweep, Sneak Attack +1d6.

**Possessions:** Spear.

Slagurr! leads some **600 Skaels**, including **22 Skael Elites** and **12 Skael Scouts**. 300 more are males and another 175 are females (for both of these, use the base statistics for a Skael; see *New Creatures*); the rest are children and elderly (non-combatants).

**Slagurr!:** HP 55.

**Skaels (600):** HP 9.

**Skael Elites (22):** HP 34.

**Skael Scouts (12):** HP 22.

**Treasure:** Though one wouldn't expect it, the Skaels have amassed a considerable collection of treasures in their underwater domain, including items taken during rare forays inland as well as valuables and strange artifacts taken from shipwrecks both here in the harbor and a little further out to sea. The usefulness of most of these objects is lost on the simple-minded Skaels, who gathered them only because they were pretty, shiny, or impressive looking. As a result, a polished glass ashtray that sparkles in the undersea light has the same appeal to them as a laser pistol.

The treasures of the Skaels are scattered throughout their underwater community, though a larger concentration of finds is kept in Slagurr!'s stronghold.

## SKAELS

Like the Broken Ones and the Serpent Gods, the Skaels descend from bizarre experiments of the Zoogenic Corporation, based in pre-Fall Los Angeles. To those who don't know the true aims of that long-dead corporation, these aquatic beings seem to have been engineered to serve as underwater labor, helping to construct vast underwater agro-colonies that once lay all over the Eastern Pacific ocean as part of a long-term effort to multiply America's capability to feed its ever-increasing population.

The details of the Skaels' origin remain unclear, but like the Broken Ones and Serpent Gods, it appears they broke free of the laboratories where they were spawned and managed to evolve and develop in freakish ways....

These treasures include thousands of pennies, nickels, and quarters; a tuba (stolen from somewhere inland); a collection of hand mirrors and car mirrors; a waterproof battery-flood flashlight (with half-charged power cell); a cache of fifty gold bars in rotting crates (salvaged from the wreck at Area #052 [20]); plus 1d4+3 *Junk*, 1d4 *Useful Stuff*, 1d3+1 "*Magic*" *Items*, and 1d2+1 *Rare Military Weapons*.

## 055. HARBOR SEWER (EL 5)

*The polluted waters of the harbor lap against the shore here, where an enormous sewer grate stands collecting rust.*

This site marks the location of an entrance to the old Los Angeles sewer system (this leads to Area #201 on the Sewer map). Sewage from the city washes out here into the harbor, but it appears the old grate is firmly rusted in place.

A closer look, however, reveals that the sewer grate is in fact slightly ajar — as if someone or something forced it open and deliberately replaced it to look undisturbed. The PCs can (if they're so inclined) move the grate and slip into the sewers here with little effort.

**GM's Note:** A **mirror ooze**, previously living in the polluted waters of the harbor, has recently slithered here and makes the area its home. When the PCs arrive to investigate the sewer entrance (or emerge from within), it rises from underwater to attack.

**Mirror Ooze:** HP 60.

**Treasure:** While living in the harbor, the mirror ooze unwittingly absorbed some floating junk into its body mass. This consists of a single tennis shoe, an old life preserver, and 1d2 rolls on the *Junk* table.

## 056. CONFINEMENT CENTER (EL 12)

*Through the ruins you see a large compound up ahead, surrounded by a chain-link fence. Through the fence you see a small group of malnourished and nearly skeletal people — prisoners of some sort. A group of metal figures stands atop the compound's central building, apparently watching over their captives. A few other androids march around the perimeter on guard duty.*

The Androids have constructed a "confinement center" in this hex, in which they are temporarily

confining “suspected looters” taken prisoner during their attempt to pacify the city. This location’s existence is completely unknown to the other inhabitants of the city (they believe the androids are killing off everyone and everything they find).

The confinement center was built around an old highway motel, but encircled with barbed wire fences and overseen by android guards night and day. Since most of the androids’ foes have fought to the death, there are only a handful of captives here, mostly former Cartel colonists taken by the androids early in their emergence onto the face of the city. A few other personalities have been confined here as well; see below for details.

The confinement center is guarded at all times by **3 sniper androids** on the roof of the central building, who have orders to shoot anyone approaching the compound and any prisoners who manage to make it to the top of (or over) the fences. In addition, patrols of androids regularly make circuits around the perimeter; at any given time there is a 50% chance that a patrol of **3 security androids** is in the area when the PCs approach (roll for appropriate Spot and Listen checks).

Currently there are several dozen former Cartel colonists, wild men, and ghouls imprisoned here, though at any given time there are only 12-14 penned up in the outer yard, living in constant fear of what is going to happen to them. A number of the prisoners are rounded up each day and marched off to work on the Androids’ various building projects (see Areas #061 and #062). Many never return. In truth, the androids have begun to use these captives as disposable labor, put to work building a “power pipeline” to their new base at Camp Pendleton, south of the city. In addition, in the years since their capture, a dozen of the colonists have died from poor treatment; the rest subsist on rats and insects they

manage to catch, since the androids don’t feed them. The colonists will be overjoyed if they are freed, though they have little information, most of it pertaining just to the androids and what they’ve seen. If freed, they can briefly relate the story of the colony’s destruction at the hands of the androids, and mention a rumored “android factory” in the vicinity (though they don’t know its exact location). They can also point out the *Power Pipeline* construction site at Area #061 and the *Recycled Organics Plant* at Area #062. If the PCs defeat the androids here and let the prisoners go, the colonists will beg the party to free their other comrades at these sites, before fleeing the city.

**GM’s Note:** The androids keep more dangerous prisoners confined inside the main building. These currently include a crazy former raider (**strong hero 3/raider 2**) from Kruel the Conqueror’s lost empire, a scout (**fast hero 3**) sent into the ruins by the people of Sanctuary to report on the Androids’ movements, and a particularly fat ghoul (**strong hero 2/tough hero 2**) that was recently captured with two others of its kind and confined to the same cell. Only one ghoul remains, having eaten the other two to stave off starvation.

All of these prisoners will beg to be released if the party overcomes the android garrison. The raider is insane and runs off laughing, probably ending up joining a group of Ghost Raiders out there in the ruins (if he doesn’t get killed first). The scout thanks the PCs and offers to take them back to Sanctuary (Area #011), where he insists he must go to give an accurate report of what he’s seen. He insists on taking the other Cartel captives with him. The ghoul, if allowed free, offers to join the party, but will only stay for 1d6 days before running off to join others of his kind elsewhere — taking whatever he can while the PCs sleep.

**Security Androids (20):** HP 24.

**Sniper Androids (3):** HP 44.

**Development:** Any attack on the confinement center raises the alarm. Within 1d4+1 rounds, reinforcements (in the form of **1d3+1 security androids** per round) begin emerging from the main building to reinforce the defenders outside, and to uphold the integrity of the prison. There are a total of **20 security androids** on the site (not including the perimeter patrol).

## 057. SCRAPYARD (EL 13)

*This area appears to be a sprawling junkyard. Old metal cars and trucks lie stacked here and there, collecting rust. A sea of metal bits covers the entire area, along with shards of broken glass and snaking rivers of wiring and metal tubing.*

This area was an auto scrapyard during the time of the Ancients. The Androids recently discovered the scrapyard and immediately recognized its value as a source of scrap metal for their production efforts. A number of industrial robots were dispatched here to begin scavenging for parts and scrap, ferrying their finds back to the factory night and day in an unending stream of activity.

Considering its strategic importance to their operations, the androids have garrisoned the yard with a small force of security androids to protect the scrapyard against enemy attack. As a result, in addition to the **4d4 industrial robots** found here at any given time there are also **12 security androids**, **2 low-level command androids**, and **1 high-level command android** overseer. These are stationed around the perimeter of the old yard; eight of the security androids and the two low-level command models are on roving patrol (four androids and one



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command model per patrol), while the remaining androids (including the high-level command model) are inside the compound, ready to react to reports of contact with intruders.

**Industrial Robots (4-16):** HP 51 (page 59, *Metal Gods*).

**Security Androids (12):** HP 24.

**Low-Level Command Androids (2):** HP 51.

**High-Level Command Android (1):** HP 73.

**Treasure:** The androids have found a few useful items among the old car wrecks and set them aside in a small shack. These items include 1d2 multipurpose tools, a basic mechanical toolkit, and an electronic skeleton key. The last item is damaged and must be repaired (requiring a Repair check at DC 15, plus 55 cp in raw materials).

### 058. GAS STATION (EL 0)

*A crumbling ARCO station sits here, its pumps rusted over, the overhead wind canopy sagging from age. Wind blowing through the city streets brings with it a bundle of tumbleweed that drifts past the station.*

The ruins of a gas station sit near the *Android Base Complex* (Area #059). Though the shell of the building is empty, it might make an ideal hiding place for someone trying to evade an android patrol from the base. Alternatively, someone concealed on the roof could use binoculars or a spyglass to watch the complex night and day without being detected (allowing the party to observe the clockwork movements and routines of the perimeter patrol, as well as observe new androids emerging from the factory).

### 059. ANDROID BASE COMPLEX (EL VARIES)

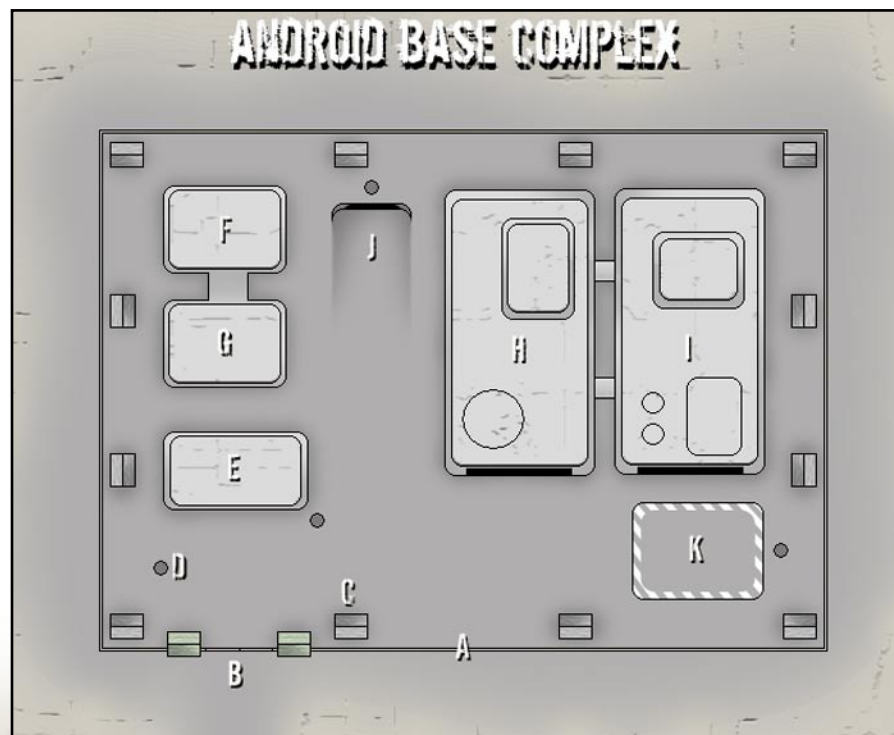
*Up ahead is a strange and eerie sight: a fence of rusted iron, topped by razor wire, surrounds what appears to be a gigantic complex of some kind. A large expanse of flat concrete sits beyond the tall and foreboding gate, where a number of massive bunker-like structures with enormous garage-type doors stand under the gloomy and dim starlight of the oncoming nightfall.*

*Instead of a desolate ruin, however, the entire compound is lit up like a Christmas tree — the fences hum with some strange power of their own, while great spotlights shine out from atop the same fences to watch the approaches and roads leading to the base. Beyond, the tarmac is brilliantly illuminated by more lights. The gigantic buildings roar, echo, and vibrate with some strange machinery within.*

Located in this hex is the heart of the Android faction in the Necropolis, an ancient and mysterious site that was lost and forgotten for many generations. Tucked away in an obscure southern part of the city, this ugly gray

industrial district was pressed into service during the twilight stages of the Fall for something known as “Operation Talos,” an eleventh-hour drive to produce cheap armies of androids to help turn the tide of the Final War.

Area #059 marks the location of the actual android factory at the heart of Operation Talos; it’s a monstrous hangar-like building complex that once covered more than ten city blocks. Together this complex’s buildings comprised a completely automated and self-powered facility that was to produce companies of androids (and support robots) that would be quickly shipped directly to the frontlines.



## THE ANDROID SITUATION NOW

The Cartel colonists awoke a sleeping giant with their meddling at the old android factory. What they roused was not just a small force of sleeping androids, but a factory capable of generating war robots and soldier ‘droids that, if left unchecked, may be the doom of the whole city.

The androids, when they first awoke, were bridled with their last existing orders: to head for the front lines and fight the Great Enemy. On the way, if they encountered civilians, they were to enforce martial law to ensure the unimpeded movement of troops, and to prevent chaos from overwhelming the population.

The application of these orders was to spell disaster for the Cartel. Thinking the Cartel to be “civilians,” the androids moved to impose martial law as instructed. The Cartel soldiers naturally defended themselves (having no idea what orders the androids were barking at them), causing the androids in turn to fire back. The Cartel scouts were overwhelmed and the androids moved out to “pacify” what they came to believe was a general civilian uprising.

This “pacification” effort ultimately ended when the androids wiped out the entire Cartel colony; those colonists who didn’t flee the city melted into the ruins, hiding out in isolated pockets far from the android presence (see Area #011 for the primary sanctuary of these former colonists).

Now that the Cartel is gone, the androids have had time to build up their numbers, open old vaults beneath the factory, and bring to life even more powerful war machines, such as *combat walkers*. Creating a sort of “bridgehead” in the city with the factory as their base, the androids have since spread out, “securing” neighborhood after neighborhood, driving out all humanoid life in their effort to “keep the peace.”

In recent months, however, the androids have come into conflict with the insectoid creatures of the Hive. The first encounters left the androids battered and burned; they simply didn’t know what to make of the Hive threat. However, the android mission has slowly begun to adapt, thanks to the *war droid* coordinator behind their mobilization. Coming to view the Hive as an “infestation” and a “health menace,” they have adopted a program to wipe the Hive completely from the city (for the “good of the civilian population”).

The androids have just recently begun to turn their attention north, towards the Hive. However, the Androids’ slow build-up, confusion at the current state of the city, and difficulty in adapting to the new environment in which they find themselves gives the Hive a number of weaknesses to exploit....

When the Invaders struck the shores of Los Angeles, the operation here was deemed too close to enemy lines and was promptly shut down. Though parts and materials had already been shipped by train into the city and to the factory, the quickly-disintegrating war effort on the West Coast forced the military to abandon the facility as the lines were

rolled back to the Rocky Mountains.

It’s not clear what happened after the nuclear war erupted, but apparently Operation Talos and the factory were forgotten, all knowledge of their very existence buried in the soot and ash that claimed not only millions of lives, but all of human civilization.

**GM’s Note:** The android complex here lay

forgotten until the ill-fated Cartel expedition came to the Necropolis in 2263. Scouts of that merchant group, seeking to explore the city from their base to the east, stumbled on the old factory late one night. Thinking it to be a storehouse of potentially-beneficial technology, they entered the compound under the cover of darkness and infiltrated one of the control buildings. It’s not entirely clear what happened after that, but apparently one of their number mistakenly reactivated the computerized production lines, as well as the automated security systems.

A few days later word filtered back to the Cartel settlers that “metal men” had been spotted to the southwest. One by one fragile Cartel outposts began to fall, until it became all too clear that their missing scouts had stirred up something far beyond the Cartel’s ability to fight. The Cartel colonists defended their settlements and homesteads bravely, but eventually all of these holdouts were overrun, their inhabitants never to be heard from again.

The colony’s leaders decided to abandon the Necropolis, a fateful act that ended the Cartel’s bid to settle the ruins of Los Angeles and bring “civilization” to the scattered factions within. Packing up whatever they could, the merchant-colonists fled and never looked back.

Though the Cartel is gone, the androids remain.

### A. PERIMETER FENCES (EL 7)

By clearing the scrub brush and leveling the nearby buildings surrounding the old complex, the androids have created a killing zone around the entire perimeter more than 100 yards wide. In addition, the aging chain-link fences encircling the complex perimeter have been powered up again and electrified.

In addition to these defenses, android patrols



regularly walk the perimeter on both sides of the fences. At any given time there is a 50% chance an android patrol will be within sight of PCs who arrive outside the perimeter. A typical patrol consists of **3 security androids** and **1 low-level command android**.

**Security Androids (3):** HP 24.

**Low-Level Command Android (1):** HP 51.

**Electric Fences:** Anyone coming in contact with an electric fence takes 2d6 points of electricity damage and is stunned for 1 round (Reflex save, DC 20, negates the stunning and reduces the damage by half).

**Development:** If a patrol spots the PCs, it immediately moves to attack. Once a patrol attacks (or comes under fire), the sound of combat will alert other patrols, and of course the rest of the compound. If this should occur, 1d3 additional patrols will arrive on the scene within 1d3+1 rounds. Other forces (from locations E, G, etc.) react appropriately.

It is likely that any approach on the android base will raise the general alarm, quickly turning any infiltration attempt into a pitched battle.

## B. FRONT GATE (EL 5)

An old gatehouse guards the sole entrance to the compound. This gatehouse consists of a guard booth and a keycard-activated robotic gate that opens only to a *stage IVM identity card*. The androids have deactivated the keycard lock, however, and the gatehouse is guarded at all times by **2 security androids**. These androids have orders to open the gates to authorized patrols and incoming/outgoing formations of troops, as well as to keep the gatehouse secure if the compound comes under attack.

Even if the patrols at the perimeter raise the alarm, the two androids here will remain at their station, though they will take cover.

**Security Androids (2):** HP 24; one of the androids is also equipped with an energy grenade.

## C. WATCHTOWERS (EL 3)

The androids have erected guard towers at each of these locations, which help reinforce the fences surrounding the compound. Each guard tower is little more than a metal scaffold atop which sits a covered watch platform. The platform is sheathed in metal plating, giving the occupant (a single **security android**) nine-tenths cover (+10 cover bonus to Defense, +4 cover bonus to Reflex saves). Each platform is also equipped with a spotlight, as well as an M2HB machinegun and 500 rounds of .50 caliber ammunition.

The android in each watchtower has orders to open fire on any trespasser not identified as an authorized android or robot.

**Security Androids (1 per tower):** HP 24.

## D. SENTRY TURRETS (EL 3)

Rusted but heavily armored turrets stand at each of these locations, where they were erected during the time of the Ancients to provide security for the facility. These turrets are still in operation.

**GM's Note:** Treat each sentry turret as a *weapon animatron* equipped with a *laser minigun* [F/MG] (and because they are connected to the complex generator, an unlimited power source). Sentry turrets have automatic IFF systems that are triggered by sensors planted in each individual android or robot originating at the facility; other creatures do not trigger this IFF signal and thus will be fired on the moment they come in range.

**Weapon Animatrons:** HP 40.

## E. GENERATOR BUILDING (EL 11)

This large building hums with power at all hours. The building itself only covers the upper workings of an enormous, self-contained power plant that meets the android factory's tremendous power needs. At the heart of the generator is a small fission reactor, which at present has enough uranium fuel rods to last it for five more years.

The generator building is self-automated, and as such the androids do little more than protect it from harm. A single **urban pacification robot** (its rocket launcher is loaded with *M261 rounds*) stands outside of the building at all times, accompanied by **2 security androids**.

**Urban Pacification Robot (1):** HP 75.

**Security Androids (2):** HP 24.

**Development:** If the perimeter patrols come under fire, the two androids here leave to support the perimeter guards. The security robot will remain.

## F. CONTROL BUILDING (EL 5)

Computers and machinery in this auxiliary control building control the support robots on the surface of the factory complex, including robotic loaders, lifters, etc. These robots — the **industrial robots** mentioned at *Areas H* and *I* — are generally simple constructs, moving and weaving about the old factory carrying supplies and materials and making minor repairs.

The computers here are currently under the remote control of the *coordinator droid* at Area G. The building itself is largely empty, though **2 security androids** patrol the corridors regularly.

**Security Androids (2):** HP 24.

**Treasure:** The war droid at Area G is using one room of this building to securely store identity cards taken by the androids during their search of the ruins, to keep them out of the hands of "looters." The door to this room is locked (treat as a strong

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wooden door), but inside the PCs will find 2d6 stage IC identity cards, 2d4 stage IIC identity cards, 1d3 stage IIIC identity cards, 1d6 stage IM identity cards, 1d3 stage IIM identity cards, and a single stage IVM identity card.

### G. CONTROL BUILDING (EL VARIES)

The primary control building is a lofty edifice filled with computer stations and machinery. The computers here automate the factory, keeping everything running smoothly.

This control complex is currently maintained by a **coordinator droid**, located at the center of the building in a large computer center. This coordinator droid operates the machines and monitors the computers, making sure that the android factory continues to produce war materiel for the Android faction. The coordinator is served by **6 labor androids**, and is accompanied in this important building by a **war droid** — the brains behind the entire Android faction.

The building itself is protected by two teams of **3 security androids** apiece, which patrol the outside in a rigid circuit. They have orders to fire on anyone or anything unauthorized that comes within 50 feet of the building.

**Coordinator Droid (1):** HP 64 (page 52, *Metal Gods*).

### THE WAR DROID

The leader of the Android faction is a single ancient *war droid*, though this mighty war machine remains at the *Android Base Complex* (Area #059) at all times, directing Android operations from the safety of the complex's fortified control buildings. This war droid is the overall coordinator and commander of the Androids, and if the PCs somehow manage to destroy it they will certainly deal a crippling blow to the Androids faction — perhaps even convincing the remaining androids to abandon the Necropolis altogether and retreat to their new base at Camp Pendleton.

**Labor Androids (12):** HP 34.

**War Droid (1):** HP 123.

**Security Androids (6):** HP 24.

**Development:** If the perimeter patrols come under fire, half of the androids here leave to support the defense of the perimeter. The rest will remain, but on alert.

### H. FACTORY A (EL VARIES)

This massive, rusted structure stands high over the surrounding compound, and throbs with power and activity at all hours of the day. **2d4 security androids** patrol the exterior, wary of intruders.

The heart of the factory, this building produces androids at a rate of roughly *one per week*. Ancient conveyor belts carry titanium parts and other advanced electronics from the storage facility at Area J, which are then assembled by robotic arms (and **3d6 industrial robots**) located throughout the factory building. The process of android fabrication is a complex and time-consuming one, of course, but the factory is a relatively efficient facility.

At any given time the assembly lines on the factory floor have 1d10+10 android bodies under construction (either *security androids*, *low-level command androids*, or *high-level command androids*, or any combination thereof). Each of these is 20-90% complete, but is deactivated and immobile when

the PCs enter the building.

**GM's Note:** If the robots detect the PCs, they raise the alarm. Each robot has only a 1 in 6 chance of attacking; otherwise they merely retreat, waiting for androids to arrive to deal with the party.

The androids outside will be drawn away from the factory if the alarm is raised.

**Industrial Robots (3-18):** HP 51 (page 59, *Metal Gods*).

**Security Androids (2-8):** HP 24.

### I. FACTORY B (EL VARIES)

This huge building resembles *Factory A*, and in fact both are connected by numerous causeways and covered passages at various elevations. Two enormous rusted doors separate the interior of this structure from the outside. **2d4 security androids** patrol the building's exterior.

This building is more like a hangar than the latter factory, and it is here that the largest war robots are assembled by teams of pre-programmed machines and industrial robots. Currently two *combat walkers* are under construction in the enormous assembly building; the first is 50-80% complete, while the latter is only 20-50% complete. Both are incapable of action as they are not fully programmed or activated.

*This structure also serves as the Androids' primary repair facility in the Necropolis. Damaged and destroyed 'bots are brought back here from the frontlines to be renovated and put back into action.*

**GMs Note:** The interior of this facility is home to **5d6 industrial robots**, which are busy building and moving around parts and supplies. If they detect the PCs, the robots raise the alarm. Each robot has only a 1 in 6 chance of attacking; otherwise they merely retreat, waiting for androids to arrive to deal with the party.



The androids outside will be drawn away from the factory if the alarm is raised.

**Industrial Robots (5-30):** HP 51 (page 59, *Metal Gods*).

**Security Androids (2-8):** HP 24.

## J. RAMP TO SUBTERRANEAN VAULTS (EL 14)

A concrete tunnel leads underground from the surface. This tunnel entrance is guarded by an **urban pacification robot** (this model uses *M255* rounds in its rocket launcher) and no less than **4 security androids** and a **low-level command android** at all times. They have orders to open fire on anyone or anything coming near the tunnel entrance. If the base is attacked, the *command android* and two *security androids* leave to bolster the forces at the perimeter; the others remain.

The concrete tunnel — large enough to accommodate a truck — gradually descends 50 ft underground, at which point it branches off into a series of enormous subterranean vaults constructed during the Fall. These vaults contain supplies, repair parts, scrap, and general materials intended for the production of androids and robots for Operation Talos. The Androids, recently re-awakened by the meddling of the Cartel colonists, have re-opened these vaults and begun the mass manufacture of a new army.

**GM's Note:** The vaults beneath the android base contain a variety of important tools for the production of androids, as well as other miscellaneous supplies: building supplies, metal parts, vast spools of titanium sheeting (pressed using hydraulic-powered molds into the shape of android body parts), advanced electronic parts (including the components needed to assemble android brains), numerous toxic chemicals (for weather-treating metal parts, cleaning factory machines, etc.), hand tools, powered tools, and

various robotic machine implements and replacement pieces. There are even three full-sized military transport trucks parked in one of the vaults, and a collection of no less than 200 android “skeletons” (basic assemblies) awaiting transport to the surface for final completion.

**Urban Pacification Robot (1):** HP 75.

**Security Androids (4):** HP 24.

**Low-Level Command Android (1):** HP 51.

## K. COMBAT WALKER PLATFORM (EL 0 OR 9)

There is a 1 in 4 chance that a single **combat walker** stands at this point when the PCs arrive. These massive machines return regularly for service and repair at this facility. If this is the case, the towering robot will provide additional support should the base come under attack.

**Combat Walker (0-1):** HP 106 (page 57, *Metal Gods*).

## 060. SEWER ENTRANCE (EL 12)

*The sound of a jackhammer breaking through concrete can be heard echoing through the streets here.*

At this location the Androids have discovered an entrance to the old sewers, partially sealed by fallen rubble from a collapsed building (this connects to Area #200). They are currently attempting to break into the old tunnels with a team of robots in hopes of hunting down the ghouls they have spotted “endangering other civilians” in their suspected underground hideouts.

The team on-site consists of **2 industrial robots**, each equipped with a cement-splitting powered jackhammer. These are mere laborers, however, being used to clear the obstructions to the old tunnel

system. The real android force assembled for the task of “ghoul-hunting” consists of **12 security androids** and **1 low-level command android**.

**GM's Note:** Since they are on the lookout for ghouls, the androids and robots may not even notice PCs if they sneak by.

**Industrial Robots (2):** HP 51 (page 59, *Metal Gods*).

**Security Androids (12):** HP 24.

**Low-Level Command Android (1):** HP 51.

**Treasure:** In addition to its normal equipment, the low-level command android is armed with a *motion detector* (and power beltpack) and a single *satchel charge C* — to be used to collapse the tunnels if the android force somehow becomes overwhelmed by ghouls underground.

## 061. POWER PIPELINE (EL 10)

*You hear the sounds of construction here in the ruins. Up ahead, a collection of raggedy men and women slave under the burning sun to build towers of metal scaffolding. Teams of metallic men oversee the construction, armed with rifles. These strange figures scan the ruins all around, as if expecting an attack at any time.*

The Androids have begun the construction of a “power pipeline,” which will transmit power from the *Recycled-Organics Plant* at Area #062 to their mysterious project at Camp Pendleton. Though the plant has yet to become operational, the Androids are wasting no time in setting up a relay line that will physically transport the electrical power out of the city.

Currently the Androids are using slave labor — captives drawn from the prisoners currently being held at the *Confinement Center* (see Area #056) — to

construct the lofty towers that will carry the power lines. On any given day there are **12-14 slaves** here, overseen by **6 security androids** and **2 low-level command androids**. All of the slaves wear *obedience collars* (note that each low-level command android has a *control rod* to permit the detonation of *obedience collars*).

There are also 1-2 *heavy movers* here (these vehicles are detailed in *The Foundationists*; if you don't have this book, use *moving trucks* instead).

**GM's Note:** Each low-level command android is equipped with a radio communicator that they will use to report any suspicious sightings or attacks, and to call reinforcements from the *Android Waystation* at Area #065. Reinforcements will arrive 3 hours after being requested.

**Slaves (12-14):** HP 10, each wears an *obedience collar*.

**Security Androids (6):** HP 24.

**Low-Level Command Androids (2):** HP 51.

**Treasure:** One of the low-level command androids possesses a *language translator* with full power cell, which it uses to translate its orders to the human slaves.

**Development:** If the PCs manage to overcome the androids here they will have freed the slaves, who prove to be former Cartel colonists who were captured during the fall of the *Cartel Outpost* (see Area #001). (There is a 10% chance that one of the slaves is also a wild man or ghoul, who flees as soon as fighting erupts.) The slaves can tell the PCs a little about the Androids, as well as about the presence of an "android factory" (they don't know exactly where), and the fact that they are building a power plant for some unknown reason. They will try to get the PCs to return to the *Confinement Center* to free their fellow captives; if the PCs refuse, the slaves — unable to pull off a jailbreak on their own — will

dejectedly leave the city, mourning the fates of their lost comrades.

## 062. RECYCLED-ORGANICS PLANT (EL 18)

*What appears to be an old power station sits here amid the rubble of other buildings that have not weathered the years quite so formidably. The sound of construction — drills, welders, and methodic hammering — echoes through the ruins.*

This site marks the location of a small, privately-owned pre-Fall power plant run solely off of recycled organic waste products. In connection with one of the city's major garbage and waste disposal companies, the owners of this plant were pioneers in putting organic waste to use generating power for ecologically-minded customers.

The plant was badly damaged during the Final War, and was even hit by a surgical cruise missile strike early in the battle for the city. However, in recent weeks the Androids have re-discovered the old plant and are attempting to repair it and bring it back online. Ultimately their goal is to create not only a backup power source for the *Android Base Complex* at Area #059, but also to provide power to their growing presence at Camp Pendleton, south of the city (not detailed in this sourcebook).

**GM's Note:** Currently there are **15 labor androids** and **25 industrial robots** at this site attempting to sort out the rubble, stockpile necessary repair parts, and begin rebuilding the plant's machinery from the ground up. The important efforts of these workers are overseen by a sizeable contingent from the Android faction, including **20 security androids**, **3 low-level command androids**,

**1 high-level command android**, and an **urban pacification robot**.

As with most android outposts in the ruins, the garrison is divided into patrols of ten soldiers (each squad led by a low-level command android). At least 10 soldiers are on site at all times, along with the high-level command android and the urban pacification robot. Due to the critical nature of their work here, the androids are on watch for potential saboteurs and have orders to attack any unauthorized personnel sighted in this or the immediately bordering hexes.

**Labor Androids (15):** HP 34.

**Industrial Robots (25):** HP 51 (page 59, *Metal Gods*).

**Security Androids (20):** HP 24.

**Low-Level Command Androids (3):** HP 51.

**High-Level Command Android (1):** HP 73.

**Urban Pacification Robot (1):** HP 75.

**Development:** PCs observing this place should learn that the Androids are attempting to reactivate the old power station; this and the "power pipeline" leading out of the city amount to clear evidence that something BIG is going on south of the Necropolis in the vicinity of Camp Pendleton....

## 063. IMPOUND YARD (EL 18)

*The wind sweeps through the streets here, carrying old garbage with it. Up ahead is a built-up compound of some sort, including a large vehicle yard surrounded by a chain-link fence capped by coils of menacing razor wire.*

Finding and securing the remains of an old police station in this hex, the Androids have created their own impound yard, which they use to stockpile "dangerous and illegal" vehicles, weapons, and



devices “confiscated” from the population of the city in the course of their gradual expansion. Keeping such weapons out of the hands of the “civilian public” is of paramount importance to the Androids and their mission of enforcing martial law city-wide.

The impound yard contains items confiscated from defeated enemies (such as the Cartel) and chance encounters in the ruins, as well as vehicles and heavy weapons found abandoned throughout the city. The Androids have brought all of this materiel here for convenience, keeping it in one place so it can be heavily guarded at all times.

**GM’s Note:** Use the map of the *Typical Police Station* for this location, but keep in mind that the main building is surrounded by a fenced-in lot that is far larger than the building itself. The impound yard is guarded by **23 security androids**, **2 low-level command androids**, **1 high-level command android**, **2 sniper androids**, and **1 urban pacification robot**. The urban pacification robot patrols the perimeter at all hours, personally accompanied by a team of three security androids. Ten other security androids are split up into five-man patrols (each led by a low-level command android), which scout the ruins in this hex and neighboring hexes for signs of potential threats to the compound. The other ten soldiers and the high-level command android (which possesses a stage IIIC identity card) remain on site (scattered throughout the areas marked *Processing* and *Captain*), ready to defend the yard and call back any patrols should it fall under attack. The two sniper androids are stationed on top of the police station (using the *Roof Access* door to get there) at all hours, and have orders to shoot anyone not identified as an android.

**Security Androids (23):** HP 24.

**Low-Level Command Androids (2):** HP 51.

**High-Level Command Android (1):** HP 73.

**Sniper Androids (2):** HP 44.

**Urban Pacification Robot (1):** HP 75.

**Treasure:** More remarkable vehicles kept here include the equivalent of an *armored truck* that was formerly used by the Cartel merchants (it was taken after the caravan ambush at Area #002), a BMP-2 (with no treads), an M-2 Jackson hover tank [LP], though this latter vehicle has no turret, and even a Fairline Targa 30 (a small yacht) on a wheeled truck trailer! There is also an M113A1 Gavin which the androids keep in working condition (this is a *recovery vehicle* variant; it features no armament but does have a powerful crane and winch apparatus that allows it to tow much heavier vehicles, like the M1A2 also found here in the yard). Lastly, there is the equivalent of three *heavy movers* (detailed in *The Foundationists*; if you don’t have this book, using *moving trucks* instead) — these vehicles are used to transport prisoners to work sites around the Androids’ part of the city. None of these vehicles has any ammunition for its weapons.

The bunker-like central building is used as a secure place to stockpile weapons and ammunition confiscated by the Androids. A stage IIIC identity card is required to enter the windowless structure; inside the androids have stockpiled 5 Uzis, 18 MAC-10 Ingrams, 10 TEC-9s, 2 DMP-500s [R&U], 2 police-issue M4 Carbines, 3 Mossberg shotguns, two M2HBs, a Freedom-56 [R&U], an RPG-16, 10 anti-tank grenades (for the RPG), crates of assorted hand grenades (18 fragmentation grenades, 8 concussion grenades, 1 glitter grenade, 2 energy grenades, 4 nerve gas grenades, 3 plasma grenades, 1d3 of each type of satchel charge, and 2d6 negation grenades — a particular threat to androids!), 1d2 maser pistols, 1d6 laser rifles, 1 pulse laser rifle, 2d3 stun batons, and a pair of TOW II missile launchers. Ammunition here consists of 2d6 power clips, 1d2 power

beltpacks, 1 power backpack, 6,512 rounds of 9mm ammunition, 600 rounds of 12-gauge ammunition, 5,400 rounds of .50 caliber ammunition, and a single round for the M-2’s missing gauss cannon.

Finally, a cache of vehicle fuel is also stored here in a separate building (this also requires an identity card to enter).

## 064. JETTY (EL 10)

*The sound of the ocean waves lapping against the shore can be heard nearby. Peeking through the shoreside rubble, you see a small jetty predating the Fall, tethered to which is a small rusted boat. A number of robotic metal-skinned creatures are apparently preparing the boat to cast off.*

The Androids have managed to secure an old jetty in this hex, close to the harbor but far enough not have been badly damaged by the blasts over the port facility. Securing two small cutters (like more than motorized patrol craft), the Androids have begun patrolling the harbor area in search of “unauthorized personnel” (i.e. Skaels). Since to the androids this remains a sensitive military staging point, they have orders to shoot these “personnel” on site.

The Androids, being immune to radiation, can freely wander through the maze of ships and channels, but so far their focus has largely been on tracking down the rare Skael sighting. The Androids are intent on finding the Skaels and driving them off; however, being rather two-dimensionally minded, the androids haven’t considered the fact that the Skaels dwell underwater and thus will be impossible to defeat decisively unless the androids come up with some means of locating their underwater lair and diving after them!

**GM's Note:** The jetty is fitted with aging but operable mechanical lifting equipment that would allow boats (such as the cutters mentioned above, or any small yacht) to be lowered into the water, or lifted out of the water for dry-dock repairs.

The Androids guard the jetty as an important resource, since the boats here are some of the only operable craft still left in the city. Treat the two cutters as Bayliner 1802 Capris; note that these boats are stripped down to the bare essentials, though each also has a spotlight attached to the top of the cabin, useful in searching the harbor at night.

At any given time one of the cutters is out on patrol, leaving the other here. Rotating resources in this fashion may not be as effective in their drive to secure to the harbor, but it does prolong the life of each aging boat.

**Three security androids** make up the crew of each boat, while another **2 security androids** and a single **low-level command android** guard the jetty from attack.

**Security Androids (3 on cutter):** HP 24.

**Security Androids (5):** HP 24.

**Low-Level Command Androids (1):** HP 51.

## 065. ANDROID WAYSTATION (EL 16)

*The ruins in this neighborhood tremble with the sound of many metal feet marching in perfect unison.*

Located in this hex is a small compound currently occupied by the Android faction of the Necropolis. The compound consists of a highway weigh station winding through the ruins, not far from the coast. It is immediately obvious to any observer that this aging, rusted ruin is more than it seems; it appears to

have been converted into a sort of waystation for the metal armies of the Androids.

The Androids are currently using this location as a temporary outpost on their gradual expansion south towards Camp Pendleton, a major Marine base on the West Coast of California (not detailed in this adventure). It is not clear to outsiders what exactly the Androids are doing there, but a large number of androids being produced at the *Android Base Complex* (Area #059) are being marched off to this distant location for some definite purpose.

This outpost serves as a waystation for formations marching south along the coast towards the ruins of Camp Pendleton. Combat walkers require regular servicing, and androids damaged from encounters with mutant monsters along the way must often be repaired before continuing the long journey to their ultimate destination. The waystation serves as a repair depot, and also as a vital link in the Android faction's precariously extended supply line connecting their primary stronghold here to distant Camp Pendleton.

**GM's Note:** The waystation consists of a small concrete building and a nearby parking lot the Androids have converted into a field repair depot. 1d4 *heavy movers* and 2d3 *moving trucks* "requisitioned" off the streets of the Necropolis contain numerous repair parts, scrap metal sheets, and a portable diesel generator. Another *heavy mover* with an attached tanker trailer holds fuel for this generator, which provides power for the electric tools needed to service the robots in the field. A team of **3 labor androids** and **2 industrial robots**, all on-site, are tasked with making repairs when needed.

The waystation is commanded by a **high-level command android**, who is assisted by **2 low-level command androids**; its command staff also

includes **3 security androids** who remain in the communications center at all times (with radio equipment keeping the waystation in contact with the Android Base Complex at all hours, allowing them to call for reinforcements or to report suspicious activity). Apart from these troops, the station itself has only a small garrison of **6 security androids**.

While the garrison here may be small, android formations regularly pass this point, so any time the PCs visit there is a good chance (2 in 6) that a large formation is in the area. Such a formation consists of the same numbers indicated in the *Androids on the Move* random encounter (see *Random Encounters*).

**High-Level Command Android (1):** HP 73.

**Low-Level Command Androids (2):** HP 51.

**Security Androids (9):** HP 24.

**Development:** If the PCs attack this site and manage to wrest control of the station, they may be able to access the computers here to learn a little more about what the Androids are up to. A successful Computer Use check at DC 33 reveals their current operations, including the continued manufacture of security androids and combat walkers at the *Android Base Complex* (at Area #059; if the PCs haven't already been there, the computers here pinpoint its location), and what the Androids refer to as the "re-taking" of Camp Pendleton and the re-establishment of Android control over the old base. The details are sketchy, but once they've created a large enough army, the Androids apparently plan to use Camp Pendleton as a springboard for taking over the entire West Coast of the United States, re-establishing "government control" (though of course since the government is no longer around, one can only speculate at what the Androids will do once they've taken over)!



## 066. ISOLATED CRATER (EL 0)

*The ruins here seem eerily silent, except for the groan of the wind winding through the bony rubble of old buildings. In the intersection up ahead can be seen an old bomb crater, fragmenting through the asphalt into the earth, creating a natural watering hole. The water ripples only slightly with the passage of the wind.*

Though the PCs may be wary because no animals are present, this crater's waters are not poisonous. Due to its isolation by the rugged ruins surrounding the area, few animals (other than birds) manage to come here to drink, leaving the watering hole relatively uncontaminated.

There is a virtually unlimited amount of water here, so the PCs can restock their water supply before moving on.

**Development:** A search of the nearby ruins (Search check DC 30) will uncover a suspiciously broken concrete slab on the ground floor of one of the buildings. If this slab is moved aside a deep, dark tunnel is revealed. If the PCs descend into this tunnel they will end up in one of the tunnels leading to Area #092.

## 067. MARINE INSTITUTE (EL 8)

*Wind-swept cliffs face the broad black waters of the ocean. The sound of the surf is clearly audible, and seabirds float on the wind overhead. A rusted chain-link fence marks the boundary to a complex as yet unseen, perhaps over the next rise and closer to the shore. Metal signs dangle from the fence, and are barely legible.*

Located near the tip of Point Fermin, facing the wind-swept cliffs of the Pacific Ocean, is what appears to be a scientific facility. The signs on the old fence read "Bernard Institute of Marine Studies and Bioengineering Applications" in Ancient. Once electrified, the fence is no longer a danger, and the PCs could easily cut through or climb over it.

The main "facility," just out of sight of the fence, proves to be smaller than perhaps anticipated. A large concrete building and several smaller support buildings sit on the shore, with an artificial dock stretching out into the water of a small harbor. The harbor appears large enough to hold a sizeable vessel, but there is currently no vessel docked here. The smell of rotting seaweed is strong.

Observing the ruins, the PCs find what appears to be a small marine research facility, with indoors fish tanks, algae growth ponds, spawning pools, laboratory, dissection lab, etc. Because much of the facility is largely open to the elements, over the years seabirds have taken over much of the interior, turning it into a ruin (and leaving their droppings everywhere).

**GM's Note:** The "institute" was just one of several research facilities funded by Zoogenic Corporation in their drive to create strains of quasi-animal life that combined the DNA of animals and humans into one species. The marine institute focused on aquatic creations, ostensibly (at least as was announced to the public) to produce durable and flexible surrogates that could be used in underwater construction projects. Zoogenic Corporation was a leader in the undersea farming industry at the time, and their public efforts were met with excitement.

In reality, however, Zoogenic Corporation used their research vessel, the *Leviathan*, as a floating

laboratory, conducting all manner of illegal gene splicing and research in international waters. Coming here only to pick up animal and human specimens under a strict and secretive schedule, it largely operated out to sea where scrutiny by the authorities was negligible. *The research vessel is no longer docked here; it was deliberately scuttled off the coast of the harbor, allowing its hybrid experiments to escape into the ocean (see Area #052 [24]).*

The ruins of the institute are not entirely empty, however. A small group of **6 night terrors** moved into the building just a few nights ago, and continue to live in one of the old labs. These creatures will stalk through the institute if and when they hear the PCs approach, hoping to catch individual PCs by surprise as they search the building.

**Night Terrors (6):** HP 21.

**Treasure:** While night terrors do not collect treasure, the lab they've claimed as their "lair" contains some items never looted from the building. These include 1d6 complete sets of scuba gear (including an *advanced breathing apparatus* for each), a *blue-light laser rifle* (as a standard *laser rifle*, but this variant can be fired underwater without penalty), a special power backpack usable underwater to depths of 250 feet (full charge), and 1 roll on *Table 5: Lost Knowledge*.



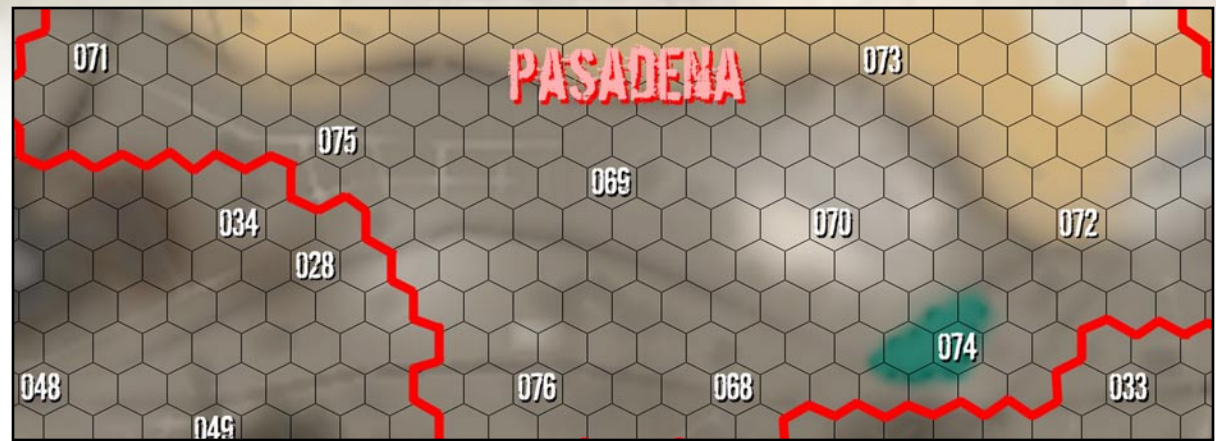
## PASADENA

At the foot of the San Gabriel Mountains, the small city of Pasadena is the first sight for anyone entering the Necropolis basin from the north. Like the rest of the great Necropolis, it is little more than a burned-out ruin. Though situated far from the heart of old Los Angeles, the nuclear detonation that created the Great Crater (Area #051) generated a vast firestorm that swept across most of Pasadena, leaving only a few isolated pockets free from fire damage.

In 2263, the isolated ruins of Pasadena were visited by the Foundationists, a major militaristic faction of mostly pureblooded humans. Dedicated to gathering technology in the hopes of rebuilding America as it once was, the “warrior-monks” of the Foundation came to the Necropolis to uncover the “lost jewels” of the city — its Ancient-era technology. Rightfully believing that a city as large as Los Angeles would still have some lost tech hidden among its thousands of streets, they came here with a large contingent of soldiers and expert “scribes” (specialists who they hoped would be able to locate lost troves from the old maps they brought with them), and even a small body of colonists to build an outpost from which continued exploration of the ruins could take place.

The Foundation drive was motivated not just for the noble aims of preservation and resurrection, but also in response to reports that the Cartel (a merchant house known for its mercenary attitudes) was launching an expedition of its own. Afraid that the Cartel might easily snatch the artifacts that their own people had spent their lives searching for, the Foundation came to make sure the Cartel didn’t take them all!

The Foundationists found Pasadena an ideal place



to begin “mining for technology;” it was empty, far from the activity of the other groups vying for control of the city (namely the Broken Ones and the Hive). But hampered by their own deep-seated fear of mutants, they spread very slowly. Anchored by their formidable fortress at the heart of the city (built using the ruins of the old Pasadena city hall), they settled the territory with agonizingly cautious progress, searching virtually every building they came upon for lost artifacts.

But what they found was disappointing. Though they managed to rediscover the lost ruins of CalTech, very little remained there. They secured other sources of usable technology such as an old computer factory, but the gains were relatively minor. Eventually their gradual expansion intruded upon new ground taken by the overly-active Hive, and a battle of man vs. bug inevitably erupted.

At first the Foundationists were merely wary of the sightings of the insects on the frontier, but soon came to realize how great a threat the Hive truly posed. They dispatched small scout craft to survey the full scope of the Hive’s expansion across the

eastern part of the city. Knowing they couldn’t let so much territory (and its contents) fall into the hands of mindless bugs, the Foundationists decided to act to contain and destroy the “infestation.”

Hoping to buy the cooperation of the great Raider gang in old Anaheim, the Foundationists sent a diplomatic mission through the Hive’s territory to deliver an offer of alliance to the Raiders. But a team of bugs foraging in the area was drawn to the sound of the vehicle and prevented it from getting through. And though the Foundationists had taken great pains to encode their message, the ‘bugs proved far more intelligent than anticipated, even capable of understanding human words... and strategies. Suddenly alerted to the Foundation’s aims, the Hive launched an all-out offensive against the technologists, a surprise attack that seemed to come from nowhere.

The Foundation colonists fought hard to defend what they had built, but the Hive was relentless. And while the Foundationists used their military tactics to expertly fight for every inch of land, once the Raiders fell, the Hive was able to swing much of its



might north and concentrate their efforts in Pasadena. The Foundationists were forced to fall back to their main fortress, but eventually the Hive leveled even that stronghold with plasma-spewing firebugs, then burrowed underground to assault the tunnels where the last defenders hid.

Pasadena is now quiet once again. The few surviving Foundationists fled; the others either died underneath the fortress in a last-ditch defense, or were carried off to become hosts for Hive larvae. The Hive itself destroyed the last vestiges of the Foundation colony before moving on, setting up another of their gigantic bughills to cement their control over the area.

## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

As the PCs comb through the ruins of Pasadena, they find an old ruined cityscape that hasn't felt the hand of man since the Foundation's colonization efforts were crushed in the Necropolis campaign. With only empty streets, broken buildings, and stretches of barren land where the scrub brush of the San Gabriels has encroached on the city, Pasadena is a desolate and isolated place. While the Hive has effectively "pacified" the city, their presence here is tenuous at best. Patrols are infrequent, and their flyers only rarely buzz overhead, preoccupied with the construction of their new hive to the west (Area #034). The city of Pasadena is still dangerous, but not nearly as bad as the ruins just a few miles to the south.

Each time the PCs pass through a map hex that isn't detailed in the text, there is a chance of a random encounter. In this part of the city the chance is 1 in 12. Roll on the table below to determine the nature of a random encounter. Individual encounters are detailed in a separate chapter, *Random Encounters*.

| D20   | Random Encounter        |
|-------|-------------------------|
| 1     | Quake!                  |
| 2     | Unusual Wildlife        |
| 3-4   | Bugs on the Move        |
| 5-6   | Scavenging Bugs         |
| 7-8   | Flying Bugs Attack!     |
| 9-10  | Random Noises (Surface) |
| 11-12 | Strange Spoor (Surface) |
| 13-14 | Lone Mutt               |
| 15-16 | Corpses                 |
| 17    | Minefield               |
| 18    | Wild Men                |
| 19    | Rope Worm               |
| 20    | Weird Weather           |

## 068. FOUNDATION OUTPOST (EL 2)

*Ahead, the thick ruins give way to a man-made clearing. Stone and metal have been cleared out by unknown hands, leaving fields of churned earth in a broad ring. At the center of this ring, behind rows of rusted razor wire and dilapidated fences, is a small fortified colony — a cluster of interconnected adobe domes and covered tunnels, still white under the sun. As the wind blows through the clearing, bits of metal clang against one another, creating an eerily lifeless drone...*

Seen from a distance, the ruins of this outpost are not entirely foreboding; only when the party gets close can they appreciate the unusual construction of the place. Constructed entirely of pre-fabricated parts, the outpost looks like a fortified cluster of interconnected domes (if they've seen the *Lost Foundation Fortress* already, the outpost looks like a much smaller version of that ruin). The outpost is surrounded by 100 yards of cleared rubble — laid flat to provide a clear field of fire, and to serve as farmland for civilian laborers to work in support

of the colony — and appears to have been heavily damaged in some past conflict.

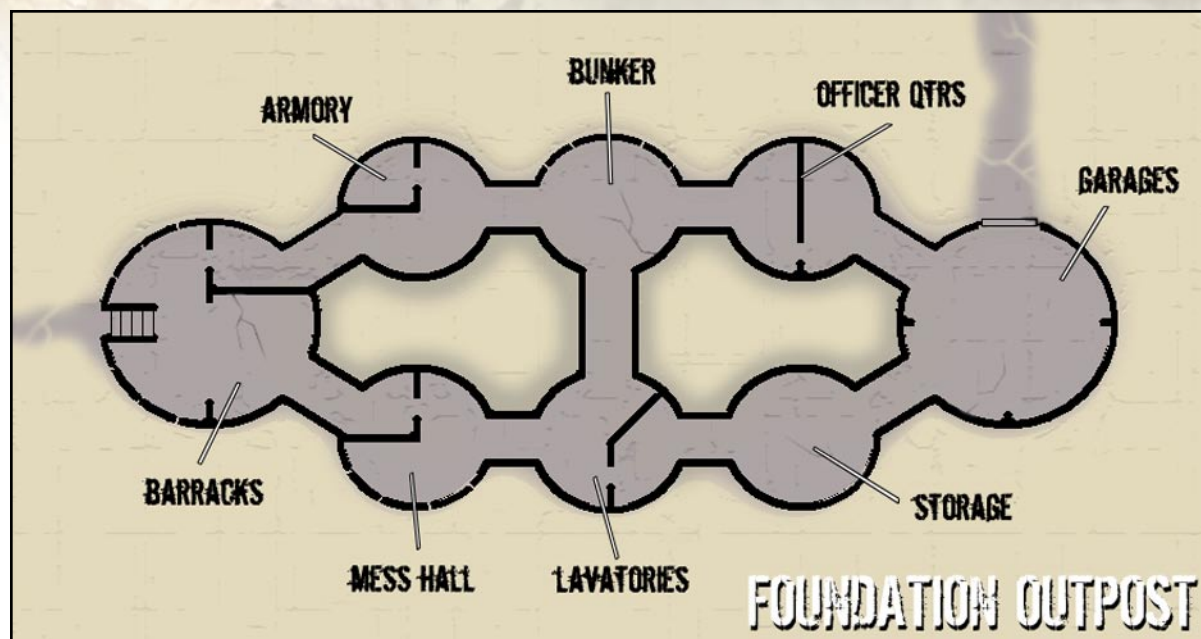
There were once several of these small outposts scattered throughout what was once Foundation-controlled territory, but only one remains even remotely intact. Constructed as a means to project their control over large areas of the city, each was designed to be a self-sufficient bunker, as well as a staging point for scouting forays. They were also used as waystations at which colonists and Foundation messengers could find shelter and security in case the region came under attack, or in the event of a sandstorm.

Most of these outposts were destroyed when the Hive spread into Pasadena. Some stubbornly held out and were overcome; others, faced with overwhelming odds, were merely abandoned in favor of a more effective defense at the *Lost Foundation Fortress* (see Area #069). Most are in terrible condition, either reduced to rubble or badly burned, but they might serve as handy shelters against sandstorms (or pursuit) if the PCs notice them. Only one such outpost is detailed here (and indicated on the main city map); you could conceivably add others as encounters if you choose.

**GM's Note:** The Foundationists thoroughly seeded the outpost with traps when they realized that defeat was inevitable. A number of Hive bugs were killed by these traps when the site was overrun, but some traps are still in place, untriggered.

If the PCs investigate the outpost or make it their base camp, there is a chance that they stumble onto one of these traps. The traps still in place are indicated below:

- Explosive charge inside kitchen drawer (a grenade placed inside a drawer so as to detonate when the drawer is opened);



- Booby-trapped ammo box (looks like a normal, unopened box of .50 caliber rounds, but in fact contains a small charge that will blow up when the box is opened);
- Trapped toilet (located in the barrack lavatories; when weight is put on the seat, it detonates plastic explosives set on the underside of the toilet seat);
- Trapped foodstuffs (cabinet full of unlabeled tin cans, one of which, at the top, contains a grenade with pin removed; when the cans are disturbed the trapped can tips over and the grenade rolls out).

A typical trap should do no more damage than a single *fragmentation grenade*. Keep in mind that the PCs shouldn't be ignorant to the risks. Damage

throughout the structure suggests small explosions, and an Investigate check at DC 12 indicates traps were at work.

**Development:** Though the outpost might pose a danger to the PCs, they could also use it as a shelter, especially if being pursued by enemies. Luring them here, the PCs might be able to hide in the ruined building, letting their pursuers stumble upon the old traps!

**Treasure:** Though the Hive took most everything of value when they swept the Foundationists from the city, a Search check at DC 30 may uncover 1d2 *Useful Stuff* in each outpost, as well as a 5% chance of 1 *Lost Knowledge* and 1 *Rare Military Weapon* (rolled individually).

## 069. LOST FOUNDATION FORTRESS (EL 11)

*This part of the city is congested with collapsed buildings; sifting piles of debris clutter streets and clog roads. The old buildings at the heart of this section of the city seem to have fared terribly during the Fall and the centuries since, and each street you look down conjures images of a city sundered by war.*

*Ahead of you, a monumental building larger than most others in the area stands above the decrepit ruins. This large white building, with cracked arches and chipped stone, is covered in places with sickly vegetation. It is riddled with holes, and sections of its once-majestic face have collapsed, leaving moss-draped openings that lead into sinister darkness.*

*All about is the wreck of military vehicles: Hummers badly smashed, burned-out, and even flipped over and crushed. Layers of concertina wire linger at the edges of your vision as if some great force had swept through here and brushed the defenses aside. Though the sight is forbidding, nothing seems to live here anymore.*

When the Foundation came to Pasadena they made the abandoned city hall building their main fortress. Occupying the building and the old fallout shelters beneath, the Foundationists were able to create a sprawling fortified complex both above and below ground. Additional buildings in the civic complex surrounding city hall were put to use as barracks, workshops, and quarters for the civilian colonists brought with the Foundation expedition.

The fortress, formidable as it may have been, was utterly destroyed when the Hive turned its attention to the Foundationists. Though the warrior-monks



retreated here to put up a valiant defense, they were eventually forced to abandon the surface fort and pull back underground. Many mutant bugs of the Hive were killed by the automated defenses left on the surface, but eventually their numbers and monstrous tenacity was too much for the Foundationists. Giant firebugs burned holes through the ground and masses of bugs skittered down the holes into the tunnels below. After hours of bitter fighting, the last Foundationists were exterminated and the fortress taken.

Though the Hive was victorious, it was content to take the dead and their equipment. The bugs looted the underground labs, but had no desire to occupy the fortress. After scouring the place out for every last article brought by the Foundationists, the Hive withdrew, leaving the ruins empty in their wake.

**Significant NPCs:** Unbeknownst to anyone, the ruins of the old Foundation fort are currently occupied by a small group of desperate holdouts. There are four of them, living each day in the shadow of the broken fort's walls, eking out a pathetic existence scavenging and foraging in the nearby ruins. These men manage to survive in the city by remaining unseen, hiding from the infrequent Hive patrols that still rove through the wreckage of Pasadena looking for resources to salvage from the rubble.

Leading this motley band of men is Sir Argon, a former Foundationist knight who came to the Necropolis with the original Foundation colony in 2263. Argon participated in the early expansion of the colony, the battle at the Arboretum, and eventually joined the forces fighting the Hive along the southern front. When the lines were overrun, Argon and his men were cut off and forgotten as the rest of the Foundationists fled to the protection of the fortress.

Argon's command was destroyed, but he survived. Recovering from terrible wounds, he made the long, lonely trek back to the fort on foot, hoping to rejoin the main force there. He arrived too late, however, and came across a scene of utter carnage at the gates of the cracked and demolished Foundation fortress.

Though the rest of the Foundation colony was exterminated by the ruthless armies of the Hive, Argon chose to remain in the Necropolis nonetheless. Despite the circumstances, he continues to adamantly follow the last order he was given by his Foundation commanders: stay and protect the colony. Though this might seem a noble fulfillment of his duty, the reality is Argon is just too unsure to attempt the journey over the San Gabriels back to Foundation lands without the proper supplies and men. In truth, his long-term plan is to acquire the food and water necessary for the trip (or even a radio, to try and contact a Foundationist fort outside of L.A.), and perhaps even "recruit" men to join him in his journey... the colony be damned.

Argon does not face the dangers of the city alone. He found one other soul among the ruins when he returned to the fort, a young brother named Merit. Another Foundationist, Merit was badly injured in the fighting and can no longer speak, having suffered a mutant bug's sword-slash across the better part of his throat. Badly scarred both physically and psychologically from the war, Merit has been poor company for his commander.

Argon and Merit are alone in the ruins except for the presence of two other "associates," Friday and Goodman. Both Friday and Goodman are *wild men* who wandered near Argon and Merit's camp several years ago. Though Argon and Merit tried to scare them off, neither Friday nor Goodman was intimidated by the lone Foundationists, and so remained. Soon they became a regular sight

around the men's camp, lurking nearby and watching them, and in time the Foundationists and wild men developed a strange sort of reliance on each other. The wild men continue to find strange (and occasionally useful) items in the ruins, which they share with Argon and Merit in exchange for scraps of food. Argon has also come to trust the wild men's unusual sixth sense; when Friday and Goodman get skittish, Argon and Merit know danger is nearby and run with the wild men for cover.

Argon and Merit have become so attached to Friday and Goodman that they plan to take the two with them when (and if) they eventually return to Foundationist lands beyond the city.

#### Sir Argon (Dedicated Hero 4/Foundation

**Guardian 6 [F/MG]):** CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d6 plus 6d10; HP 47; Mas 10; Init +1; Spd 20 ft; Defense 26, touch 17, flatfooted 25 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +6 class, +9 equipment); BAB +9; Grap +10; Atk +10 melee (1d8+1, spear), or +10 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Foundationists; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +8; AP 5; Rep +4; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 15.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Background:** Guardian (Knowledge [Technology]).

**Skills:** Climb +4, Computer Use +3, Demolitions +3, Drive +4, Hide +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +4, Knowledge (Technology) +4, Listen +8, Spot +8, Survival +8, Treat Injury +4.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Alertness, Archaic Weapon Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Iron Will, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology,

Simple Weapons Proficiency, Urban Warfare [F/MG].

**Talents (Dedicated Hero):** Empathy, Intuition.

**Talents (Foundation Guardian [F/MG]):**

Defender +2, Weapon Focus (pulse laser rifle), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (pulse laser rifle).

**Possessions:** Spear, advanced metal armor, pulse laser rifle (w/recognition safety [F/MG]), combat knife, one dose of stimshot A, one dose of antitox.

**Brother Merit (Tough Hero 3/Post-Apocalyptic Hero 3/Foundation Guardian 1 [F/MG]):** CR 7; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d10+6 plus 3d8+6 plus 1d10+2 plus 3; HP 54; Mas 14; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 25, touch 16, flatfooted 24 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +5 class, +9 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6+2, cleaver), or +7 ranged (by weapon);

FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ cannot speak; AL Sir Argon; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +1; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 8, Cha 7.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Background:** Guardian (Knowledge [Technology]).

**Skills:** Climb +4, Craft (structural) +1, Drive +4, Intimidate +0, Knowledge (Tactics) +3, Knowledge (Technology) +1, Listen +3, Repair +1, Search +1, Spot +3, Survival +5.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Alertness, Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Remain Conscious,

Robust.

**Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero):** Necropoli Lore, Survival Sense.

**Talents (Foundation Guardian [F/MG]):** Defender +2.

**Possessions:** Cleaver, advanced metal armor.

**Friday and Goodman (Wild Men Post-Apocalyptic Heroes 2):** CR 2; Small Humanoid; HD 2d8+2; HP 11; Mas 13; Init +5; Spd 30 ft, climb 20 ft.; Defense 18, touch 18, flatfooted 13 (+1 size, +5 Dex, +2 class); BAB +1; Grap -1; Atk +4 melee (1d6+2, club), or +7 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ duck, spider climb; AL Sir Argon; SV Fort +3, Ref +11, Will +3; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 20, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 16, Cha 4.

**Skills:** Climb +5, Hide +7, Jump +5, Listen +5, Move Silently +7, Search +6, Spot +5, Survival +5.

**Feats:** Alertness, Duck, Vulture.

**Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero):** Necropoli Lore.

**Possessions:** Club.

Sir Argon might see in the PCs a welcome change from Merit and the two wild men. Having lived here for so many years, he longs for intelligent people to converse with. He is hungry for news of the outside world, as well as for reports of Hive movements and the activities of other communities to combat the bugs; he may offer the PCs food, water, shelter, or other supplies if they provide useful information.

Since Argon has been here for over twelve years, he has adapted both physically and mentally to survive in the Necropolis. Though he still talks and acts like a dignified military officer, his armor is filthy, he's grown a full-length beard, his hair is flecked with dirt, and he looks perpetually malnourished. Since he also has no ammunition for

## ARGON'S RUMORS

Assuming the PCs make an alliance (even if only a temporary one) with Argon, the crusty old Foundationist may pass on some rumors of his own — that is, of course, if the PCs agree to share any future information about the city with him as well. Here are the things Argon knows (or believes) about the city:

- There is a mad hermit living somewhere far to the south, probably along the coast. The original Foundation colony used to pick up bizarre radio transmissions from the hermit, and it was believed he occupied an intact radio broadcast station somewhere in the ruins. Though Argon no longer has a radio, he remembers the frequency; PCs could conceivably tune in and hear for themselves (see *Radio Messages* for details on the Hermit's broadcasts).
- The Arboretum is to the east. The Foundation took it from a tribe of savage plant-men, and used the lush fruits found there as food for the colony. Argon can only assume it was taken over by the Hive when the colony fell, and warns the PCs not to go there for fear of alerting the Hive to the presence of other creatures in Pasadena.
- The western part of the city is home to the empire of the "Broken Ones," a nation of bestial mutants who claim to be descended from animals that once lived in the Necropolis before the Fall. Argon describes these creatures as terrible savages who delight in bloodsports and gladiatorial combat, and whose leader styles himself after a cruel Roman Caesar of the ancient past.



the pulse laser that was standard issue for Foundation knights, he has resorted to using a spear, and unless the PCs give him a chance to speak and explain his situation, they may just assume he and his “unit” are nothing more than savages who looted a bunch of dead Foundationists!

**Sir Argon:** HP 47.

**Brother Merit:** HP 54.

**Friday:** HP 11.

**Goodman:** HP 11.

**Development:** As an alternative to the attitudes described above, Argon might see in the PCs his chance at escaping the Necropolis once and for all. Watching them from hiding as they intrude on “his” territory (which he still pretends to guard for the good of the Foundation), he may instead devise a plan to ambush and kill the PCs to take their arms and, more importantly, food and water, so that he and his men can make the journey over the mountains and to freedom. If this is the case he will act ruthlessly to take the PCs out, knowing that everything he takes from their cold dead hands may mean the difference between life and death on the dangerous journey north.

## 070. GREAT PARK (EL 0)

*This part of the city is dominated by a sprawling park, a veritable forest in the middle of the urban ruins. The old trees are now dead, but thick and prickly underbrush still conceals the heart of the park from the streets bordering it on all sides.*

This was just one of several city parks in the greater Los Angeles area. If the PCs explore the park, they find it abandoned, but signs seem to indicate that a great “party” or “gathering” was held here just days

before the Fall. Garbage cans stand here and there where the partygoers used them for warmth, and there are piles of blackened cinders where bonfires may have once raged under the night sky. Broken glass from countless beer bottles and crushed drug paraphernalia litters the dry grass everywhere, and faded graffiti covers a concrete skateboard ramp and a number of nearby basketball courts.

It is unclear what exactly happened here, but apparently a massed gathering of 1,000+ individuals took place here at some point just before the Fall. An impromptu stage seems to have been set up facing the old basketball courts, where some important street figure must have addressed the rowdy crowds for an unknown purpose. The graffiti found everywhere is in a graff-art variant of Ancient, and anyone able to read this long-lost language can make out phrases like “Cyrus Rules,” “Where You Lead We Follow,” “Tomorrow Is Promised Us,” “The End Is Coming,” and, rather enigmatically, “The 13.”

**Treasure:** A thorough search (requiring at least three hours) will uncover 1d20 loose rounds each of .22 caliber, .38S, and 9mm ammunition scattered throughout the site of the mysterious gathering. All of these rounds are in bad condition, and will fail to fire 50% of the time.

## 071. ALTADENA POLICE STATION (EL 0)

*A ruined building dominates this neighborhood, which seems to have been heavily damaged in the Fall by bombing and street-to-street combat. The building itself is riddled with holes.*

During the time of the Ancients, this building was a police station in one of the tougher neighborhoods of

the city. When the Great Enemy invaded, many of the police personnel stayed to assist army forces in the defense of the city, using the police station as a convenient strongpoint. The station eventually fell, and the fates of its brave defenders were lost in the mists of time.

The layout of this police station follows the typical plan (use the *Typical Police Station* map). The building features only two entrances: a public entrance in front (*Main Entry*) and a *Jail Entry* in the rear. The former is unlocked (though it can be secured from inside), and the latter requires a stage IIIC identity card to open; if the correct card isn’t used, a loud alarm sounds inside the building, but no other defenses are triggered.

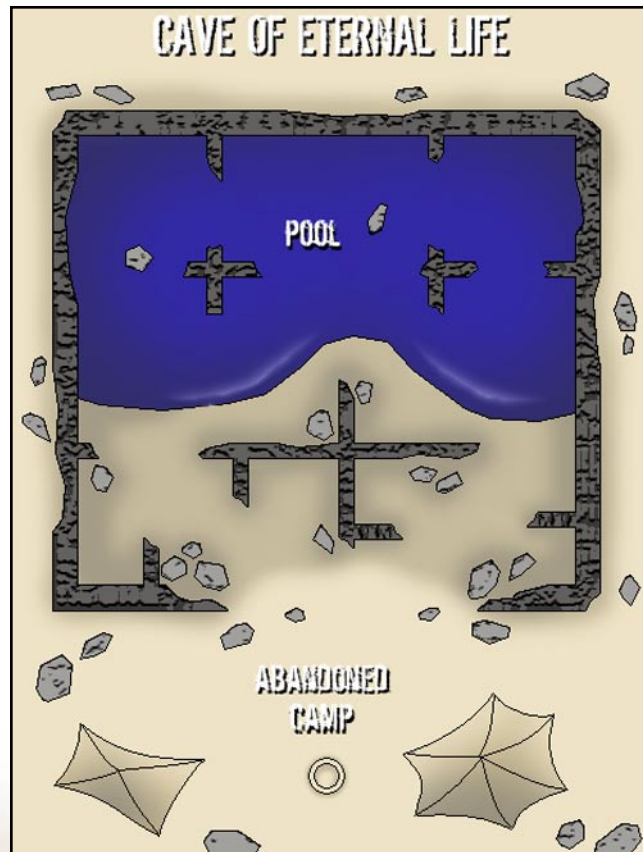
**GM’s Note:** This station is abandoned and badly damaged. The most interesting features of the ruins are indicated below:

**Armory:** The police station has an armory on the first floor. The door here is unlocked and open (but can be closed and locked, requiring two separate stage IIIC identity cards to open it again). The contents of the armory were largely emptied to equip the station’s defenders, but police and army forces continued to use the armory to store munitions during the fighting. Many of these munitions remain in the form of 3d6 boxes of 9mm ammo (for the standard Beretta 92F pistol), 2d4 power clips, 1d6 power backpacks, and two crates, the first filled with 3d6 fragmentation grenades and the second with 1d4+1 plasma grenades. There is also a 20% chance of finding 1d2 rolls on the *Armor* table.

**Processing:** The main processing center of the station was converted by the defenders into a makeshift field hospital to treat soldiers and police officers injured in battle. The field hospital is still littered with a number of stretchers, and a small cache of medical supplies was also abandoned here. These

supplies consist of 1d4+2 doses of stimshot A, 1 dose of stimshot B, 1 dose of sustainer shot, and 1d2 doses of rad-purge shot (all doses are in individual ready syringes, still sealed in their original packaging).

**Police Robots:** Police stations before the Fall were assigned a force of police robots to complement their human counterparts. Kept in small bays where they could be repaired, re-armed, and maintained, the robots assigned to this station were destroyed in the fighting for the city.



**Generator:** The police station has its own generator in the basement, though this requires diesel fuel to run. Currently there are about three hours' worth of diesel among the several dozen drums strewn about the basement.

## 072. CAVE OF ETERNAL LIFE (EL 3)

*There is an abandoned campsite here. Nearby is a dark "cave" formed from a hole in the side of a building.*

After the fall of the Foundationists, another faction from beyond the city known as the "Brethren" sought to follow in their footsteps and find out what exactly destroyed the colony. The Brethren are a major group of the Twisted Earth, originating among the ruins of San Francisco (over the mountains to the north) — a harsh and passionate society of mutants who have given up on technology and even go so far as to attempt to destroy it wherever they find it. Enemies of the Foundationists, they have clashed openly with the Foundationists in the past, though at present their conflict is considerably low-key.

Several weeks ago a small expedition from the Brethren was sent to the Necropolis in hopes of finding out what exactly drove the Foundationists out. The Brethren leaders hoped their scouts would locate the group responsible and somehow secure an alliance (or at the very least find out what weapons and strategies proved successful against the warrior-monks where their own have not).

**GM's Note:** The Brethren expedition, like the Foundationist foray, was doomed. After making the treacherous journey over the San

Gabriel mountains, the Brethren became lost in the sprawling ruins. In their wanderings they found a few interesting items that their leader deemed important enough to carry, including an attaché case that appeared to have been discarded during the Fall. Fascinated at the thought of what might be within the case, their leader eventually lead them here. He hoped to use the cave as a base until they regained their bearings and while he took the time to open the locked case. However, Brethren exploring the cave came across a deep pool with slightly luminous waters, which they mistakenly believed possessed beneficial properties. Unknown to them, the water was tainted with a curious form of algae which poisoned those who drank and eventually turned them into a strange form of shambling *zombie*. There are now a total of **5 Brethren zombies** in the cave.

**Brethren Zombies, Tough Hero 1:** CR 1/2; Medium-size undead; HD 1d12 plus 3; HP 9; Mas -; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 12, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +1 class, +2 natural, +2 equipment); BAB +0; Grap +2; Atk +3 melee (1d6+4, slam); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ albinism, move or attack action only, undead; AL none; SV Fort -, Ref +1, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 17, Dex 12, Con -, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 0.

**Mutations and Defects:** Accumulated Resistance, Albinism.

**Skills:** None.

**Feats:** Toughness.

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Remain Conscious.

**Possessions:** Filthy leather armor, filthy robes.

The pool is contaminated and glows with a strange cobalt light. Anyone drinking water from the pool inside the building must make a Fortitude save at DC 14 or be afflicted. A character who is afflicted loses



2d6 Charisma per day. When she reaches 0 Charisma she becomes zombie-like, effectively acquiring the *Zombie* template (see *d20 Modern*).

So long as an afflicted PC still has some Charisma left, the sickness can be cured with the application of a spore-neutralize medi-spray, anti-tox, filter dose, or garo potion [B&L], but once a character is reduced to 0 Charisma the effect is irreversible.

**Brethren Zombies (5):** HP 9.

**Development:** When the PCs arrive they find an empty campsite. The remaining Brethren have retreated into the shadows of the cave, from which they watch the party. The Brethren will remain hidden in the cave until either the party leaves, sets camp, or decides to explore the cave. In the latter case the Brethren will follow them at a distance, possibly for several days, before finally attacking — preferably in the middle of the night as the PCs sleep, or else after they have been wounded in a particularly brutal battle. In the first case, the Brethren wait until the PCs are asleep before sneaking out of the cave to murder them while they camp. In the latter scenario they wait in the cave, taking cover behind fallen concrete slabs and rubble (assume they all have one-half cover), until the party nears the pool (see map). Once the PCs investigate the pool the Brethren move in behind them, trapping them against the pool and preventing them from escaping.

The Brethren agents all look quite ill, their faces greenish and flaking and their eyes fogged over and lifeless. Sickly patches of wispy mold appear like blooming grey flowers on every exposed bit of flesh (including their faces, which are about all that's visible). Each man's tongue has turned black, and when they shamle forward they move slowly like zombies, moaning in a dry, rasping whisper. Since they are effectively “dead” already, the Brethren do not respond to any attempt to use diplomacy or

surrender — they merely attack.

**Treasure:** Though the camp looks thoroughly ransacked, PCs searching the site will find what remains of the expedition's supplies. These include six waterskins (filled with water drawn from the pool), two days of trail rations, a dead mule (the tack and harness are intact; the corpse is still relatively fresh, and could be used for food in a pinch), two 50 ft. coils of rope, two grappling hooks, six javelins, a hand mirror (smashed for some reason), a jug containing three doses of safar oil [B&L], 1d3 rolls on *Table 8: Trade Goods*, and an old medical attaché case, broken open. An impression in the foam molding inside suggests that the case was used to transport a single *syringe*, though the syringe itself is strangely missing....

### 073. PORN SET (EL 0)

*Overgrown rubble up ahead marks a deteriorating wall surrounding what must have once been a lavish mansion property. The view of the surrounding city is impressive.*

Financed by millionaire real estate investors living far away on the East Coast, this impressive mansion was constructed during a brief period when a particular form of experimental architecture was at the forefront of L.A.'s real estate “chic.” However, the fad quickly faded just two months after the mansion was completed; its owners, already hurting from the over-budget construction costs, cut their losses when it became clear the property wouldn't sell.

The real estate agent brokering the property recognized it was a lemon and decided to make some money off of the estate, legitimately or not. Having friends “in the business,” he agreed to provide local Los Angeles porn studios with a lavish mansion

setting for use in a string of adult movie productions filmed right up until the Fall.

The mansion is still in good condition, in no small part due to the fact that it was rarely used. It is also quite isolated (part of the main allure for movie producers running the risk of breaking indecency laws), located at the end of a long winding drive and through a tinder-dry forest. The entire property is surrounded by a wall, with an automatic gate and considerable security system (though this system has long burned out).

If the PCs manage to stumble upon this property, they could well make it their “base” in the city. Its isolation, walls, and large interior make it ideal in this respect, and its stunning view provides a reasonable means of monitoring the city from a distance. The backyard tennis court, helicopter pad (no helicopter), and enormous kidney-shaped pool (now dried up but once fed by an artificial waterfall) are probably of no use to the PCs, but the underground wine cellars and numerous bedrooms might be used to stash surplus treasures in between forays into the city.

**GM's Note:** The master bedroom of the house shows signs of some activity before the Fall. Here the PCs find 1d2 portable video cameras, an 8mm movie camera, a boom microphone, and the equivalent of a basic electrical toolkit. The adjoining bathroom (enormous) was used as an *ad hoc* dressing room, and still contains a wardrobe of exotic and unusual clothing (from leather dominatrix outfits to more romantic lingerie). There is also a professional makeup setup here (treat as a disguise kit), 3d12 condoms, 1d4 hits of heroine, 1 dose of antitox, 1d2 ready syringes (empty), and 2d10 hits of powdered cocaine, set up in convenient lines on a desktop mirror.

## 074. ARBORETUM (EL VARIES)

*Ahead is a sight that takes your breath away. The old city, broken and blasted, seems to have been reclaimed by the hand of nature. Vegetation grows thick here, from bushes and ferns to a jungle of truly colossal trees that towers far above the nearby buildings. Unnatural in both height and girth, these massive trunks — many of which must be more than 200 feet tall — cast deep shadows between them, where roopy vines and strangely fragrant flower blossoms bloom. The foliage is so thick that the outer edge of this bizarre forest resembles a foreboding wall.*

It is not clear how this site came to be, but it is certainly one of the most bizarre in all of the Necropolis. Known as the “Arboretum” (after a botanical park which existed on this site long before the Fall), it has long been known as a place that is either blessed... or cursed.

Huge jungle trees (of a kind that never existed before the Fall) tower more than a hundred feet over the nearby buildings, and are visible for more than a mile away. Their broad canopies are enormous (some covering more than a city block), from which hang vines several stories long. Birds and other avians flock to the trees, and by night varo bats hunt for fruit among the treetops.

But most inhabitants who know of the Arboretum stay away. Few have ever been here, despite the stories of scavs who claim to have seen it. Most believe that a forest cannot exist within the poisoned streets of the Necropolis naturally, and so some mutagen — some *magic* — must be at work here. Stories still speak of the strange race of “plant creatures” that once made the Arboretum their shaded sanctuary, though it is unclear if these creatures still hold it as their own.

## ROVING HIVE PATROLS

Because the Hive actively “mines” the Arboretum for food, chances are high that any party exploring the forest will cross paths with a Hive patrol. Though there is no set rule for such an encounter, you can use the possibility of the PCs stumbling onto a patrol as a means of elevating the tension as the PCs explore the Arboretum. The PCs might hear a patrol marching nearby, or see the movement of these insectoid creatures heading the opposite way as they arrive at an intersection.

If the PCs are looking for a fight, or if you simply want to make their incursion into the Arboretum a bit more dangerous, consider a typical Hive patrol to be composed of **1d3+2 mutant bug guardians** and **1d2 thunder locusts**. A patrol will always attack if it spots intruders, and any PCs taken prisoner by a patrol are taken to the nearest Hive bughill to meet the fate shared by all captives of the Hive. In addition, any combat may (at your discretion) draw the attention of other Hive bugs in the area.

**GM’s Note:** The Arboretum was once a botanical garden that was home to more than 10,000 different species of plants from all across the world. The marvelous collection was almost destroyed during the Fall and the resultant nuclear winter. But mutagens in the environment, spawned by the various weapons used in the Fall, allowed some of these plants to adapt and thrive, taking on new and weird properties. Trees grew to enormous heights, flowers grew petals broad enough for a party of men to rest on, and some plants began to take on a semblance of *sentience*...

When the Foundationists came to Pasadena they were attracted to the sight of the Arboretum, a green “smudge” on what was otherwise a gray and chalky landscape. They sent an expedition to explore the Arboretum in hopes of securing a food source for their growing colony. They also hoped to unlock the secret to growing similar mutated plants elsewhere on the Twisted Earth for the benefit of their people. What they found was a deep and treacherous jungle filled with hazardous fronds and carnivorous plants, and populated by a tribe of primitive plantmen. These latter attacked the Foundation expedition for its transgression into their “secret paradise,” forcing the

Foundation to retaliate. Though the Foundationists were forced to hack their way through the overgrown jungle in pursuit of these stealthy tribesmen, they were eventually able to exterminate them all.

Once the Arboretum was secured the Foundationists immediately began harvesting fruit and vegetables for consumption. They even sent scientists to begin researching the strange new plant life found there, hoping to learn from the Arboretum’s bounty of xenobotanical wonders.

Unfortunately, the Foundation eventually fell (in their case, to the Hive). After an attack by a small troop of mutant bugs, the scientific team at the Arboretum fled, unable to hold out without help. They abandoned the park to the Hive, whose mutant bugs have continued to visit the jungle-garden in much the same manner as the Foundationists, using it as a steady source of food to this day.

### A. GARDEN PATH (EL 0)

A series of paths wind their way through the heavy undergrowth of the Arboretum’s jungle foliage. Some of these were created long ago by the Foundationists, while others were more recently



blazed by the mutant bugs of the Hive (who currently harvest the fruits of the Arboretum to complement the food produced by their *food bugs*).

Paths through the Arboretum are considered Soft ground for the purposes of using the *Track* feat.

### B. GUARDIANS (EL 9)

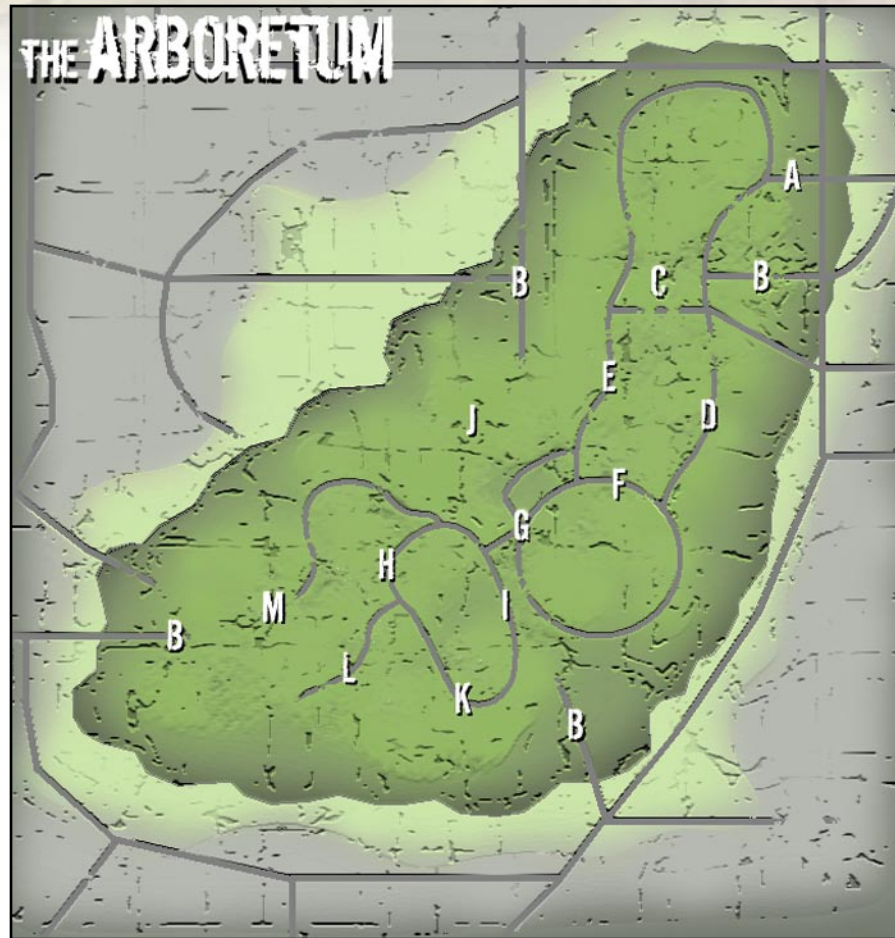
At each of these locations is found a single **pod guardian**, a bizarre plant creature actually created long ago by the now-extinct plantmen of the Arboretum. These tall jug-like plants were spawned to be the protectors of the plantman tribe's domain (the forests of the Arboretum), and as a result most were destroyed by the Foundation expedition that swept through here years ago. A few still remain, however, typically in areas the Foundationists never fully explored. They will attack any creature that passes nearby.

**Pod Guardian:** HP 85 (page 19, *The Broken and the Lost: New Terrors*).

### C. ABANDONED VEHICLE (EL 0)

Lying off of the current path (and only visible with a Spot check at DC 23) is the rusted and empty wreckage of a *battle hummer* [F/MG], overgrown with vegetation. It was abandoned by the Foundationists when it became mired in the muck; they took almost everything from the vehicle before they fled.

**Treasure:** A search of the wreckage reveals nothing of value in the vehicle, but a Search check of the immediate area (DC 28) uncovers a jerry can filled with five gallons of fuel, apparently left behind



when the vehicle crew ran off. Though the battle hummer is no longer operational (it is too badly rusted and overgrown), the fuel could still be used to make molotov cocktails or fuel an existing vehicle.

### D. MONSTROUS STALKER (EL 7)

A single **monstrous flytrap** lives here, almost invisible among the other trees, plants, and

underbrush that grow all around. The flytrap is a patient hunter, waiting for prey to come within reach before striking. However, if the PCs do not come within its reach and instead pass it by, it will uproot itself and stealthily follow them, hoping to catch up with them and attack from surprise.

**Monstrous Flytrap (1):** HP 104 (see *d20 Modern*).

**Treasure:** The flytrap has been particularly successful lately with its ambushes, and carries the half-digested corpse of a mutant bug within it. If the PCs cut it open they will find the corpse, still clutching the power clip (full charge) of some long-lost weapon.

### E. BATS (EL 4)

The canopy foliage is especially thick here, with huge overlapping leaves and strange, pineapple-sized pinecones, creating an area of deep shadows. This environment is quite pleasing to the current inhabitants, a flock of **17 varo bats** that spend most of the daylight hours here dangling restfully from branches high overhead.

When the PCs enter the clearing they will notice the bats, as well as the large pinecones dangling overhead. If the PCs make any loud noises or otherwise disturb the varo bats, the creatures will panic and take to flight. As they do this, their flight disturbs the enormous pinecones, which then snap free and fall — possibly onto the heads of the PCs!

As soon as the bats are disturbed, roll 1d3 for



each PC at this location. The number indicates how many of the heavy pinecones fall on that individual character. Treat these as falling objects; each cone inflicts 1d6 points of bludgeon damage (Reflex save DC 15 for half) when it strikes the character below it.

In addition, if any cone rolls a 6 for damage, it splits open as it strikes that PC. When the cone cracks open it emits a puff of fungal spores, affecting the square centered on the PC who was struck, as well as each adjacent square. These spores affect living creatures like chloroform; all creatures within the affected area must make a Fortitude save at DC 17 or fall unconscious for 1d3 hours.

**Varo Bats (17):** HP 1.

**Development:** When the bats take to the air, the entire forest echoes with their shrill cries. Any mutant bugs not yet killed (and possibly even the monstrous flytrap at Area D, if it somehow lost the PCs' trail), will certainly come to investigate.

**Treasure:** There is no treasure here *per se*, but the PCs could conceivably harvest the pinecones to use as "grenades." There are a total of 3d12 harvestable pinecones in the clearing (minus any that fell and split open as described above).

### F. UNDERSEA GROTTO (EL 13)

The tall trees and heavy underbrush here slowly give way to an alien forestscape that resembles the bottom of the ocean. Huge plants resembling 15 ft. tall anemones rise above the moss- and lichen-carpeted forest floor, with spidery tendrils that coil and unfurl as if moved by an unseen ocean current. Light finding its way through the treetops far overhead plays over the ground as if filtered through the green waters of a tropical sea.

Though its beauty is hypnotic, this grove is far from peaceful. Ringing it are three **advanced desert anemones**, which wait patiently for birds to flutter in

through the canopy... or for unwitting party members to wander too near their towering trunks.

**Advanced Desert Anemone:** CR 10; Huge Plant; HD 12d8+60; HP 114; Mas -; Init +4; Spd immobile; Defense 7, touch 7, flatfooted 7 (-2 size, -1 Dex); BAB +9; Grap +26; Atk +16 melee (2d4+13, tongue lash); Full Atk +16 melee (2d4+13, tongue lash); FS 15 ft. by 15 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ blindsight, improved grab, stun, swallow whole, plant; AL none; SV Fort +13, Ref +3, Will +5; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 28, Dex 8, Con 20, Int -, Wis 13, Cha 9.

**Skills:** None.

**Feats:** Improved Initiative.

**Advanced Desert Anemone (4):** HP 114.

**Treasure:** A human skeleton lies here in the clearing, half-obsured by grass and weeds growing through gaps in its bones. The skeleton wears technician's overalls, with Foundation identity tags around its neck. A technical scanner [F/MG] lies nearby, but is so well hidden by the undergrowth that a Search check (DC 33) is needed to find it. Its power cell is drained.

### G. SHADOWS OVERHEAD (EL 12)

As the PCs pass through here, the weak sunlight shining through the jungle canopy is disturbed by shadows. A small group of large avian creatures has buzzed past; a Listen check at DC 12 allows the PCs to hear a tell-tale buzzing noise.

The "avians" are in fact a large flight of **8 bug flyers** from Hive B (see Area #027), here to forage for food. The creatures are headed towards *Area H*, and thus are flying *over* the treetops. Check their Spot checks against the party's Hide checks (the PCs get a +8 circumstance bonus). If the PCs are detected, four of the flyers break off from the main

group and descend to attack.

**Bug Flyers (4):** HP 18.

**Development:** The bug flyers will fight until two of their number are killed, at which point they fly back up into the jungle canopy and out of sight. As is usual with the Hive, if the PCs are overcome the 'flyers will carry their incapacitated bodies back to Area #027 to be impregnated with Hive larvae.

### H. GARDEN OF PLENTY (EL 13)

Sunlight filters in through a hole in the canopy here, revealing a wonderful glade filled with clover, flowers in every color of the rainbow, and gnarled tree branches laden with huge and plump fruit — some of which are as large as cars! Droplets of water, caught on the underside of huge leaves, trickle down from above like a pleasant spring rain.

When the PCs enter this place they spot a large number of mutant bugs present in the clearing. Entering via the hole in the canopy, **6 bug flyers** hover over the clearing, using their mandibles to cut the large fruit free from the branches high overhead. Plummeting to the soft, clover-covered ground below, these enormous fruits are then collected by a group of **7 mutant bugs** waiting on the ground. Once secured, the fruit is then marched off down the pathway leading out of the clearing.

**Bug Flyers (6):** HP 18.

**Mutant Bugs (7):** HP 17.

**Development:** The 'bugs continue with their work unless the party is detected. If they spot the PCs, half of the bug flyers take to the sky, and four of the mutant bugs chase after the party on foot. The flyers remain aloft, spotting for the bugs on the ground, making evasion (or hiding) almost impossible. If they have to, the bug flyers may descend to harass the PCs, buying the mutant bugs time to catch up to the party.



**I. BURDENED BUGS (EL 3)**

Standing on the path through the garden are three **mutant bugs**, struggling to figure out how to carry a gargantuan *peach* back to the Hive at Area #027. The freakishly-enormous peach is the size of a small car, and the three mutant bugs simply aren't enough to carry it.

If the PCs are spotted (or are heard approaching), two of the mutant bugs move to attack, while the third hurries off to Area H for help.

**Mutant Bugs (3):** HP 17.

**J. FRAGRANT GLADE (EL 3)**

The sun pours in through a gaping hole in the jungle canopy here, illuminating a beautiful meadow overgrown with thick grass. Enormous flowers grow here, with stalks as thick as tree trunks and blossoms as large as full-sized beds. The flowers range from lily-white to peach to pink, and emit a soothing fragrance that reaches as far away as the pathways leading into the glade.

**GM's Note:** As soon as the PCs enter this glade, begin keeping track of how many rounds they spend here. The fragrance emitted by the huge flowers is actually powerfully mind-affecting; eventually, when the PCs try to leave, each character must make a Will save. The DC is 15, plus one for every round spent in the glade. If a given PC fails the save, he or she refuses to leave, instead finding a strange desire to climb one of the flower stalks and curl up inside its blossom and sleep — forever, if possible! Those who make the save are unaffected and do not need to roll again even if they linger before leaving.

Snapping a character out of the trance is impossible, though an affected PC may be convinced to leave the glade “momentarily” with a Diplomacy check (DC 30). Of course the PCs can also physically incapacitate an entranced party member

and carry her out if they have to! Once an affected PC leaves the glade, the fragrance's strange mind-affecting properties wear off.

**Development:** Note that *mutant bugs* are immune to this fragrance.

**K. SHADETRAPS (EL 8)**

Rainwater — rare and infrequent — collects on the underside of many leaves and flower petals throughout the Arboretum, especially under the enormous (eight feet wide) petals at this location. The water dripping off of these flowers has created a small murky pond under the shadow of the canopy, almost unseen beneath of the heavy foliage.

Though the towering flower stands are remarkably beautiful, their shadows hide a sinister danger. A colony of **9 shadetraps** live here, partly concealed among the other enormous plants, as well as by the shadows created by the huge umbrella-like flower blossoms. The shadetraps are situated all around the clearing, so if and when the PCs enter they are certain to be within at least one of the creature's reach.

**Shadetraps (9):** HP 23 (page 139, *The Lost Paradise*).

**Treasure:** Lying at the bottom of the murky pond (and not visible from the surface) are the remains of a Foundation paladin, one of only a handful lost during the expedition into the Arboretum. When he removed his respirator due to the high heat under the canopy, he was vulnerable to the sleep gas thrown by the plantmen. The paladin's body is a mere skeleton now, but it is still clad in a suit of advanced metal armor, with a magnetic shield A around its waist (no power source). A small field pack (also underwater) lies near the submerged corpse and contains a single wound-healing medi-spray canister.

**L. COMMOTION (EL 8)**

As the PCs approach this area, allow them to make a Listen check at DC 15. If successful they hear noise up ahead.

A group of **4 mutant bugs** has begun hacking a new path here, and in doing so have uncovered a strange metal contraption, apparently abandoned long ago and concealed by vines. A **mutant bug thinker** has been dispatched here to figure out how to turn the contraption back on and study what it does.

When the PCs arrive, the ‘bugs have just turned “it” (a *task animatron* from before the Fall) back on. To their surprise the animatron is still quite mobile, and as the PCs arrive the unintelligent robot rises on rusted legs and walks off down the path. The mutant bugs are excited, and the mutant bug thinker orders them to follow it.

**Mutant Bugs (4):** HP 17.

**Mutant Bug Thinker (1):** HP 42.

**Development:** Unless the PCs intrude, the ‘bugs, driven by child-like curiosity, will follow the animatron as it moves through the Arboretum on its duties. These duties once included tending to the various plants of the Arboretum, and the animatron will faithfully continue to do so — or at least try. The animatron (and bugs) will move from area to area in this order: H, J, and finally to F, where the animatron will eventually be destroyed when one of the *advanced desert anemones* there snatches it up and tries to eat it. At this point the mutant bugs will attack the anemone, trying to free what's left of the contraption from its gullet!

**M. RESEARCH CAMP (EL 11)**

Four old domed tents made of a stained white fabric sit about this overgrown clearing, partly shrouded in vines. A number of old folding tables, now rusted, rest nearby, with ropy tendrils of ivy climbing

halfway up their legs and crisscrossing their surfaces like spiderwebs. Old dusty and cracked beakers sit on these tables, along with other dirt-caked implements.

This site was the location of the main Foundation research lab, where “scribes” of that order conducted experiments on various plant specimens collected here at the Arboretum. Using advanced chemicals and equipment the colonists brought with them over the mountains, the scribes hoped to discover why such large fruits (and trees, for that matter) could grow here in the Arboretum. The Foundationists hoped that by learning this, they would also discover a new means by which to grow food on a massive scale — a very important step to rebuilding the world of the past.

The Foundationists were ultimately unsuccessful, and this camp stands as testament to the eradication of their presence in the city. Leaving in a hurry, the scribes were forced to abandon virtually all of their equipment here, but not before setting a trap for would-be looters.

**GM’s Note:** The vines of “ivy” wrapped around the tents, tables, and laboratory implements are in reality no less than **20 whippets**, mutated plants put here deliberately by the Foundationist scribes. Casting *whippet* seeds all about the camp before they fled, the scribes ensured that no one would scavenge the abandoned sight without a fight. Over time the whippets have grown to full size, and lie dormant waiting for their next prey.

The whippets will attack once the PCs are inside the research camp, at which point they will be effectively surrounded by the creatures, without easy escape. *Note that when the PCs enter the clearing, they may make a Spot check at DC 14 to notice that there is something just “not right” with the vines.*

**Whippets (20):** HP 23 (page 142, *The Lost*

*Paradise*).

**Treasure:** The Foundationists left some useful equipment here in the form of a laptop computer, a technical scanner [F/MG], a PDA, a deluxe chemical toolkit, two canisters of spore-neutralizing medispray, a UV sterilizer, and two beakers filled with *Mild* acid. All of the electronic equipment needs to be repaired, however, requiring a Repair check and spare parts as appropriate.

## 075. CALTECH (EL VARIES)

*A desolate wind picks up, channeled by the complex of buildings dominating this area. Huge stone structures stand all around, their bricks worn down by sand carried on the raging wind. Windows that once gleamed brilliantly in the light are now smashed and gone, leaving eerie gaping holes that lead inwards into darkened interiors. You could be being observed from any of these, and not even know it....*

The ruins of the California Institute of Technology, one of the leading scientific universities in the nation (if not the world), stand in this hex. Though once a proud institution that pioneered many technological breakthroughs and super-advanced developments in science, the university hardly looks the part now, over two hundred years after the Fall. The encroachment of Nature has claimed much of the ancient campus; wild and wiry vegetation covers many buildings from ground to roof, and insidious ivy has gotten into the brickwork and cracked the noble facades of old halls — even causing some to collapse. Rusted automobiles sit here and there in the old parking lots, home to a few crows that take to the air at the first sign of the party’s approach.

The ruins of CalTech are just that — ruins. The

site was one of the first ransacked by the Foundation colonists when they came to the city, expecting to find priceless artifacts, texts, and diagrams in the old laboratories and university facilities. Their hopes weren’t unfounded; before the Fall CalTech operated the legendary Jet Propulsion Laboratory, which the Foundationists hoped would yield designs for workable spacecraft. It was also home to the Spitzer Science Center, a support center for a pre-Fall space telescope program. But despite their efforts, the Foundationists found the place to have been looted long ago, leaving very little to take. Bitter at this loss — it was a site whose very presence had been a major reason for the expedition in the first place — the Foundationists demanded something for their efforts, and literally picked over the ruins for every last book, bit of lab equipment, and electronic device still sitting in storage rooms throughout the complex.

After the Foundationist colony fell to the Hive, the bugs came here in their drive north and west but found little of value here. What the Foundationists left behind was hardly worth the Hive’s time, though the Hive insects maintained a presence here for days trying to figure out old keycard locks, security systems, and other “curious” devices, in an effort to learn how they worked for future reference. Once their curiosity was satisfied, they too moved on.

**GM’s Note:** Though scavengers — from local looters to the Foundation to the Hive — have picked over the ruins of CalTech on numerous occasions, the campus is not entirely without value. Unbeknownst to these trespassers, a small community of pureblood descendants still lives on campus, out of sight. They live underground, in the old steam tunnels and passages beneath the institute.

The members of the “tribe” living here are all purebloods whose ancestors numbered a small group of students and faculty who refused to flee the city



during the Fall. Instead they fled underground when word of the impending nuclear exchange leaked to the public. Dedicated to their studies and to the research projects undertaken here, the students and faculty thought they might be able to help rebuild in the immediate aftermath of the nuclear war. With a vast supply of advanced equipment (including atmospheric spectrometers, weather prediction equipment, and other proven and experimental devices that were the envy of the world), the holdouts hoped to survive the initial attacks and, once it was over, turn CalTech into a refuge for other survivors.

Instead, the holdouts found that no one came. The destruction of the city had been almost complete; the nuclear blasts, the radiation, and the firestorms that ensued claimed millions of lives in short order. Diseases unleashed by insidious bioweapons killed many more. When a few pitiful animals (straying from the inner city in an attempt to escape the fires) were allowed into the complex by the holdouts, the engineered diseases they carried killed several of the well-meaning students before the threat could be recognized and dealt with. With their deaths ended the community's last hope that survivors would find their way to them, and instead they sat back and began to monitor their sophisticated devices and communications equipment, waiting either for a sign of outside relief, or that the radiation had died down and they could escape.

It never came. A generation was born underground, and when their parents died young (from contaminants and an inability to adjust to their new diet of hydroponic foods), the new generation had little desire to return to the surface. So they have remained, living under the old campus, degenerating into a tribe with little recollection of the past.

The pureblood tribals of CalTech live solely

underground, though they sometimes emerge onto the surface to check for signs of life — not to make contact, but to better prepare themselves in the event they are ever discovered. The tribals maintain a few ancient weapons, many of them experimental even during the time of the Ancients, but mostly they stick to spears and silent hunting weapons. They feed primarily off of rats these days, though they have never fully forgotten how to operate the hydroponic fungus farms in the university's underground lab complex (thanks to their leader; see below).

The tribals are relatively content. They don't want contact with outsiders, and they certainly don't look for it. Should the PCs somehow discover them (for instance, if they spot a surface scout before he can flee back underground), the tribals will attack them to drive them off. They don't want to be "rescued," or even "assisted" — they just want to be left alone.

**Significant NPCs:** The leader of the CalTech "tribe" is Archimedes-7, an instructor droid that has been with the community since before the Fall. (In fact, Archimedes-7 was an instructor assigned to the institute as both a professor and a researcher.) Archimedes has led the community since the first generation of human faculty and students died out, when the young — frightened and unsure what to do — turned to him for his wisdom and experience. Archimedes rose to the task, and instructed the holdouts to remain strong, vigilant, and patient.

Archimedes resembles a flat, circular metal contraption, with a crystal "face" made up of soft lights that glow when he talks (in a soft, compassionate voice), teaches, and hums to the tune of *Ride of the Valkyries* — a curious affectation he has had for years. Archimedes is carried around by a man named Dewey, the eldest member of the tribe. Though he once had a brilliant mind, Dewey has become a bit senile in his old age, though this doesn't

detract from Archimedes' friendship with him. Archimedes still remembers when Dewey was as sharp as a knife, and the two had many conversations together on topics ranging from whether alien life exists on other planets to the theories of Albert Einstein. Though Dewey has obviously lost much of his intelligence due to advancing age (he's 73 years old), Archimedes still treats him as the great mind he once was.

**Archimedes-7 (Instructor Droid Charismatic Hero 3):** CR 3; Tiny Droid Construct; HD 3d10; HP 16; Mas -; Init -; Spd 0 ft; Defense 7, touch 7, flat-footed 7; BAB -; FS 2 1/2 ft by 2 1/2 ft; Reach 0 ft; SQ robotic construct, command level (IIC), bio sensor, motion sensor, immobile; AL CalTech; SV Fort -, Ref -, Will +7; AP 2; Rep +0; Str -, Dex -, Con -, Int 18, Wis 16, Cha 16.

**Skills:** Bluff +9, Craft (writing) +12, Diplomacy +11, Decipher Script +12, Gather Information +11, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +12, Knowledge (Civics) +12, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +12, Knowledge (Technology) +12, Listen +11, Perform (oratory) +11, Research +12, Spot +11.

**Feats:** Alertness, Advanced Technology, Creative, Educated x2, Iron Will, Studious, Trustworthy.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Charm, Favor.

**Dewey (Smart Hero 3/Scholar 1):** CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6-3 plus 1d6-1; HP 11; Mas 9; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +2 class); BAB +1; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6+2, pistol butt), or +1 ranged (1d6 plus *paralysis*, stun pistol); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL CalTech; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +7; AP 2; Rep +2; Str 14, Dex 11, Con 9, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 13.

**Occupation:** Academic (DW) (Knowledge)

[Physical Sciences], Knowledge [Technology]).

**Background:** Guardian (Repair).

**Skills:** Computer Use +5, Craft (chemical) +1, Craft (electronic) +6, Craft (mechanical) +1, Craft (structural) +1, Diplomacy +3, Disable Device +1, Gather Information +3, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +4, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +3, Knowledge (History) +1, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +7, Knowledge (Technology) +7, Listen +3, Repair +7, Research +5, Search +1.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Iron Will, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Trustworthy.

**Talents (Smart Hero):** Savant (Repair), Savant (Craft [electronic]).

**Talents (Scholar):** Ancient Knowledge (Knowledge [Ancient Lore]).

**Possessions:** Stun pistol, power clip, glitter grenade, stage IIC identity card.

In addition to Archimedes-7 and Dewey, the community at CalTech consists of **34 Caltech holdouts**, most of them relatively young, but armed with “relics” of the past (i.e. laser pistols).

**Archimedes-7:** HP 16.

**Dewey:** HP 11.

**CalTech Holdouts (34):** HP 11.

**Treasure:** The personnel who fled beneath CalTech long ago brought with them many advanced pieces of equipment, which still remain in relatively good condition. These could include desktop computers, PDAs (potentially filled with all sorts of experimental designs), digital audio recorders, an induction transformer, basic walkie-talkies, motion detectors, night vision goggles, portable detection radar, X-ray goggles, task animatrons, chemical kits, deluxe electrical toolkits, first aid kits, deluxe

mechanical toolkits, multipurpose tools, technical scanners [F/MG], advanced breathing apparatus, chemical sensors, Geiger counters, rad tabs, light rods, and fire extinguishers. This list is by no means comprehensive, and you can add other items as you see fit.

**Development:** Archimedes’ attitude towards outsiders is quite different than that of his people. Though the “youngsters” are content with their condition and want to remain undetected underground, Archimedes believes it’s in their best interest to someday leave the city. Should the PCs somehow make contact (despite being attacked by the tribal youths) and prove that they have benevolent aims, Archimedes may come to trust them, and order the community to abandon their underground tunnels for the unsure (but exciting) prospect of an exodus to wasteland. *This is especially likely if the party presents evidence of the Hive’s expansion dangerously near the old university, and underscores the possibility that the bugs might one day burrow accidentally into the old tunnels and catch the tribe by surprise.*

## 076. CRASH SITE (EL 5)

*The ruins here appear to have been blasted flat by something striking the earth at high velocity. Resting amid the rubble of a collapsed building is the wreckage of a large flying vehicle of a kind you’ve never seen before. Badly damaged, it looks like it will never take to the air again.*

*Squatting on six arachnoid legs just a few meters outside the vehicle is a metallic “spider,” its surface covered in armor plate and bristling with weapons.*

This hex marks the location of a lost Foundation flying vehicle (a “Wraith;” see *The Foundationists* for more on this futuristic craft) that went down carrying a load of elite paladins and their support robot during a midnight against the Hive. This vehicle crashed due to mechanical difficulties, slamming into a nearby building as it came down. The paladins on board were killed in the crash, but the robot — a Hunter infantry support robot — managed to extract itself from the wreckage. The Hunter continues with its last directive: to guard the crash site until a rescue mission arrives. Unfortunately the Foundationists assumed the craft (and the occupants) were lost, and thus the robot will maintain its vigil indefinitely.

If the PCs show themselves, the Hunter will spend one round trying to identify them with visual sensors, giving them a chance to identify themselves with the proper numeric code (which of course the PCs won’t have). Once this round is over, the Hunter assumes the PCs are enemies and attacks to drive them away from the crash site.

**Hunter Infantry Support Robot (1):** HP 48 (page 74, *The Foundationists*).

**Treasure:** If the PCs manage to neutralize the Hunter, they can search the interior of the wrecked Wraith. Inside they find eight dead bodies, three of which are wearing advanced metal armor, while another two wear Mk I Hermes scout armor (the latter suits have only a 1 in 10 chance of being repairable; otherwise they can only be salvaged for spare parts). The other three are unarmored, as these comprised the flight crew. The dead Foundationists are armed with two laser rifles, three Jackhammer Mk3A1 shotguns, and three laser pistols, along with three power clips, two power belt packs, and 90 rounds of 12-gauge ammunition. A first aid kit can be found in the passenger compartment, with an additional supply of 2d4 doses of *stimshot A*.



## DOMAIN OF THE FLESH EATERS



### DOMAIN OF THE FLESH EATERS

Some of the most decrepit slums of old Los Angeles make up what is now known as the “Domain of the Flesh Eaters” — a congested and dirty part of the Necropolis whose maze of streets, alleys, and sprawling tenement blocks make the ideal refuge for *ghouls*.

The cities of Compton and Carson became the haven of ghouls years ago as the rise of the Serpent Gods pushed them out of the more desirable downtown areas. The ghouls came here licking their wounds, but soon found the decrepit slums much to their liking. Over the years the tribes of wild and savage ghouls made many homes and dens among the crumbling blocks, making use of the network of sewers that run throughout the neighborhood as a refuge in case of attack.

Confident in their security, the ghouls came to dominate this part of the city, striking out at other communities that came into contact with them. When the Raiders of Krue the Conqueror probed their eastern frontier, the ghouls found them to be easy prey, and fattened up on the foolhardy groups of bandits that often came too near their domain. And though when the Purist enclave reached the surface they immediately erected barriers to keep the ghouls out, the ghouls proved too clever; they managed to find secret paths through the trapped and treacherous “No-Man’s Land” to prey on livestock and the odd Purist patrol.

In time the ghouls expanded their hunting elsewhere. Using the old sewers, and burrowing through the earth with tools fashioned from the bones of murdered prey, the ghouls created an impressive



network of underground passages connecting their domain in old Compton to other sites across the city. Using these tunnels, the ghouls were able to

move large packs of hunters unseen to strike at other city factions with impunity, often inside their own fortifications!



## DOMAIN OF THE FLESH EATERS

But the days of the ghouls' golden era of terror were numbered. When the Raider empire fell before the might of the Hive, the insectoids continued to sweep westward, unimpressed by the rag-tag armies the ghouls mustered to "frighten" them off. Over-confident and filled with disdain for the other inhabitants they had so long preyed upon, the ghoul armies sent to fight these relentless attackers were crushed soundly, one after the other.

Eventually the leader of the ghoul enclave, a powerful ghoul known as the "Putrid Leader," led his largest (and last) army into battle, hoping to cause such injury as to dissuade the Hive from further aggression. What might have turned the tide of the war instead ended in a sound defeat, as the slings, javelins, and bone clubs of the Putrid Leader's armies merely bounced off the armor of the bug hordes. In the end the would-be ghoul empire collapsed, its many tribes dissolving virtually overnight. Dashing off in panic, many of these ghouls collapsed the old tunnels behind them to prevent the Hive's bugs from pursuing them, and in doing so irreversibly scattered their people to the far corners of the city.

Today there are many ghoul tribes in the Necropolis, but there is little chance they will ever come together as they did in the past. While gatherings of assorted tribes do occur (see "Ghoul Town," Area #040), so many fractures have occurred as a result of the Putrid Leader's defeat that the tribes will probably never again rise under one single leader.

### RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

*The Domain of the Flesh Eaters* is eerily silent most of the time, as its secret inhabitants prefer to remain unheard and unseen. Though the ghouls tend to lay low to avoid drawing the attention of the Hive,

### TRAVELING THROUGH THE GHOUL ENCLAVE

The Domain of the Flesh Eaters, despite its name, is largely abandoned now. Once the Hive crushed the ghoul enclave they left, and only return now and again to forage for building materials. Bug patrols are thus probably more common than ghoul sightings.

Still, the ghouls merely remain hidden because it's smart to do so when the bugs are around. By night, the ghouls take to the streets in stealthy packs, looking for prey (or for other ghoul clans to ambush in their never-ending territorial squabbles).

PCs passing through this region are likely to see recent signs of ghoul activity: footprints, smoldering bonfires, the remains of fresh kills, the rotting heads of half-eaten prey stuck on poles to delineate one ghoul tribe's territory from another's. Entrances to the sewers stand open everywhere: old subway entrances, manholes, even holes blasted in the streets. By night the silent streets come alive with the sound of haunting moans, wicked cackling, and the scampering of ghouls and their well-fed rat packs.

encounters with the rare band of desperate ghouls may still occur; most encounters will involve ghouls in one way or another.

Each time the PCs pass through a map hex that isn't detailed in the text, there is a chance of a random encounter. In this part of the city the chance is 1 in 10. Roll on the table below to determine the nature of a random encounter. Individual encounters are detailed in a separate chapter, *Random Encounters*.

| D20   | RANDOM ENCOUNTER        |
|-------|-------------------------|
| 1     | Quake!                  |
| 2-3   | Radio Trick             |
| 4-5   | Ghoul Bait              |
| 6-7   | Ghouls                  |
| 8-9   | Random Noises (Surface) |
| 10-11 | Corpses                 |
| 12-13 | Strange Spoor (Surface) |
| 14-15 | Rat Swarm               |
| 16    | Trapped Building        |
| 17    | Minefield               |
| 18    | Wild Men                |
| 19    | Open Warfare            |
| 20    | Weird Weather           |

### 077. AA EMPLACEMENT (EL 0)

*A small park sits up ahead, its ancient trees withered to cracked stumps. The rubble from a nearby building covers half the green, where it was apparently hit by an air-to-ground missile.*

*A badly damaged vehicle wreck sits in the park, but there is no one present.*

This park was used as an *ad hoc* anti-aircraft missile site during the battle for Los Angeles. The vehicle in the center of the park is an *Avenger* (this vehicle is detailed in Charles Rice's *Blood and Guts* series of d20 modern supplements; statistics for it are included in the *Blood and Guts* sidebar. If prefer, use a standard *hummer* instead). The vehicle has 1d2 Stinger missiles left in its launchers, but is so badly damaged that it must be successfully repaired before either it or its missiles can be operated.



## 078. GHOUL HIDEOUT (EL VARIES)

A small band of ghouls has managed to avoid Hive patrols by living in the sewers in this hex. This band, formerly part of the larger ghoul enclave that once dominated this part of the city, managed to survive by fleeing instead of fighting.

The tribe has grown lean in recent months, largely due to the fact that all life fled the area as the Hive took over. The ghouls have been forced to live on rats, and cannibalism of their own numbers is on the menu at least once a week. They have tried expanding their hunting grounds to the west, but too many of their numbers were lost to Purist traps along the enclave's frontier. They are similarly loath to hunt to the south, where a number of their kind have vanished—victims of the enigmatic Sightless Stalkers.

**Significant NPCs:** The tribe is led by two twins, *super ghouls* known as “Tic” and “Tac.” These two cowardly curs only barely “lead,” using their above-average intelligence to fool the other ghouls into thinking they are better off in Tic and Tac’s company. In reality, Tic and Tac merely want the other ghouls around as extra eyes and ears, especially now that they’ve begun wandering into Sightless Stalker territory (they’re actually terrified of those ghostly hunters). Both super ghouls are just as likely to let their “followers” tie down an attacker as they flee as they are to stay and coordinate a defense of their hideout.

**Tic and Tac (Super Ghoul Strong Hero 3):** CR 10; Large Giant; HD 9d8+27 plus 3d8+9; HP 90; Mas 17; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 12, flat-footed 15 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +4 natural, +2 class); BAB +9; Grap +19; Atk +14 melee (1d10+6, greatclub), +10 ranged (2d6+6, thrown rock); Full Atk +8 melee (1d6+6, bite), +10 ranged (2d6+6, thrown rock);

## BLOOD AND GUTS VEHICLES

| Name    | Crew | Pass | Cargo    | Init | Man. | Top Speed | Def. | Hard. | HP | Size | Cost      | Craft DC |
|---------|------|------|----------|------|------|-----------|------|-------|----|------|-----------|----------|
| Avenger | 2    | 0    | 0        | -2   | -1   | 100 (10)  | 8    | 8     | 40 | H    | 8,000 cp  | 25       |
| M-98A2  | 1    | 8    | 2000 lb. | -2   | -2   | 120 (12)  | 8    | 8     | 40 | H    | 10,000 cp | 25       |

FS 10 ft by 10 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ photosensitive, thermal sight, rock throwing; AL none; SV Fort +11, Ref +5, Will +6; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 23, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 12.

**Skills:** Climb +11, Decipher Script +4, Hide +1, Jump +11, Knowledge (Tactics) +5, Listen +5, Move Silently +5, Search +4, Spot +5, Survival +6 (+14 when tracking), Swim +8.

**Feats:** Cleave, Power Attack, Track.

**Possessions:** Bone greatclub, 1d2 large rocks.

The ghoul pack here is rather small, comprised of just **19 Necropolis ghouls**, most of them cowardly and pathetic fighters (none qualify as *veterans*). They keep no significant treasure.

**Tic:** HP 90.

**Tac:** HP 90.

**Necropolis Ghouls (19):** HP 12.

## 079. CONSTRUCTION ROBOT (EL 1)

*The sound of slow methodic construction echoes through the streets in this area.*

Dwelling in this hex, deep in some of the most heavily-damaged neighborhoods of the city, is a battered and ancient labor android who has been isolated here for almost 200 years. The android—nicknamed “Fred”—was just one of thousands of such robots found in the employ of major construction companies throughout the city during the time of the Ancients. Complementing human workers with their strength and tirelessness, these robots served as heavy lifters and helpers, their

disposable nature making them ideal for taking the risks that their human masters preferred to avoid.

Ironically Fred outlived his human masters, as well as his fellow construction workers. When the city of Los Angeles came under attack most of the civilians tried to flee, but Fred, without anywhere to go, remained. He survived the initial nuclear attacks (which claimed most of the city’s inhabitants) with only minor damage to his tough titanium shell and lived through the long years since, unaffected by the prolonged nuclear winter that killed so many other organic lifeforms in the city.

Without anything else to do (and possessing only a limited level of artificial intelligence) Fred has remained, continuing the task of building. Having finished the building he was originally tasked to construct, he has taken it upon himself to start rebuilding the city brick by brick, an unrealistic task that has occupied his simple robotic mind for more than two centuries.

**Significant NPCs:** Though Fred has become preoccupied with the futile task of rebuilding the ruins, over the years his below-average intelligence has developed a free will of its own. He has grown bored, and should he encounter humanoid PCs he will greet them and inform them of his accomplishments so far—and the projected time it will take to complete the city’s reconstruction (“1,891 years... assuming the other workers fail to show up for work as usual”). With a sigh that seems almost truly “tired” he will admit an eagerness for company and conversation, but in truth he is relatively stupid by human standards and possesses only a limited

## DOMAIN OF THE FLESH EATERS

vocabulary and conversation database (he was programmed to be a “buddy” to blue-collar workers, after all). Still, if the PCs share their plans with him, he will find them infinitely more interesting than his current task, and offer to join them.

Fred is only vaguely humanoid in shape, with a large spherical metal body from which spidery arms and legs sprout (these telescope out to allow him to reach places usually inaccessible from the ground). Lonely and chatty, he could make an interesting addition to the party. However, though he means well, his naivety and simple nature means he walks and talks loudly, doesn't think before he acts, and could bring could inadvertently bring more harm than help to the party. What's worse, being a simple-minded labor model he doesn't learn well, and could get himself—and the other party members—killed.

**Fred (Android Smart Hero 2):** CR 2; Large Android Construct; HD 2d10 plus 20; HP 31; Mas 0; Init -2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 8, touch 8, flatfooted 10 (-1 size, -2 Dex, +1 class); BAB +1; Grap +8; Atk +3 melee (1d10+3, sledgehammer), or -2 ranged (by weapon); FS 10 ft by 10 ft; Reach 15 ft; SQ android traits, DR 2/energy, loud; AL Androids; SV Fort +0, Ref -2, Will +3; AP 1; Rep +1; Str 17, Dex 7, Con 0, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Laborer Android (Craft [mechanical], Craft [structural]).

**Features and Deteriorations:** Advanced Materials, Behemoth, Telescopic Limbs, Corrupted Memory, Loud.

**Skills:** Computer Use +9, Craft (electronic) +2, Craft (mechanical) +10, Craft (structural) +12, Demolitions +7, Knowledge (Civics) +7, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +2, Knowledge (Technology) +7, Move Silently -8, Navigate +7, Repair +9.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Builder (Craft

[mechanical], Craft [structural]), Free Will, Gearhead.

**Talents (Smart Hero):** Savant (Craft [structural]).

**Possessions:** Sledgehammer, multipurpose tool, tool belt.

Fred is totally unrelated to the Androids of the Los Angeles Harbor area, but if he should learn of their existence he will insist on going there to try and make contact. This could be dangerous for the PCs, and Fred will eventually try to head there regardless of warnings. The robots there will see Fred as useful, however, and will accept him and reprogram him to serve as a worker at the *Android Base Complex* (Area #059 for more on the android complex). If this occurs, the PCs will lose Fred as a follower permanently.

Smart PCs could use Fred as an opportunity to get into the android factory complex. Placing hidden cameras on him, or perhaps even planting a bomb inside his body, could allow the PCs to get a glimpse inside the factory's perimeter, or strike a crippling blow against the main factory without risking a raid on the compound.

**Fred:** HP 31.

## 080. TRIBE OF THE BURROWERS (ELVARIES)

This hex marks the general location of a tribe of ghouls that sticks, by and large, to the warrens underneath this part of the city. After witnessing firsthand the devastating power of the Hive, these survivors of the old ghoul enclave wisely abandoned the surface altogether, keeping carefully to the maze of sewer tunnels beneath the ruins.

**Significant NPCs:** The leader of this tribe of “burrowers” is Krakkak Bonesnapper, a former “general” of the great ghoul enclave whose army was

destroyed in the last battle against the Hive. Fleeing for his life, Krakkak thought it best to preserve him even if the great enclave could not be saved. Krakkak has managed to keep his loyal followers alive by fostering the same philosophy in them, while also developing surprise attacks and hit-and-run tactics that keep his people one step ahead of their enemies.

Krakkak has a reputation for sadism and savagery, even among ghouls. He takes particular delight in breaking every bone in a captive's body, giggling over every pained scream and whimper, before eating her alive (once she is unable to move). He uses creative new ways to achieve this every time: crushing his prey under a great weight, using elaborate vises, or simply taking a sledgehammer to the poor victim.

In hand-to-hand combat, Krakkak tears at enemies with abnormally long, dirt-caked claws that writhe with live earthworms and stink of filth.

**Krakkak Bonesnapper (Mutant Strong Hero 3/Fast Hero 2/Horde Warrior 5 [B&L]):** CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 2d8+2 plus 5d10+5 plus 3; HP 64; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 35 ft; Defense 21, touch 21, flatfooted 19 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +9 class); BAB +9; Grap +12; Atk +13 melee (1d8+5, claw), or +12 melee (1d10+5, sledgehammer), or +11 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +9/+5 melee (1d8+5, 2 claws); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, darkvision, cannibalism, blindness in light; AL Burrowers; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +3; AP 5; Rep +1; Str 17, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Predator (Move Silently).

**Background:** Tribal (Survival).

**Mutations and Defects:** Claws x2, Sensitive Sight, Cannibalism x2, Photosensitivity.



**Skills:** Climb +16, Craft (structural) +6, Escape Artist +4, Hide +6, Jump +10, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Knowledge (Tactics) +2, Move Silently +7, Survival +3, Tumble +9.

**Feats:** Improved Grab, Pack Tactics [B&L], Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Rend, Run, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Toughness, Track, Weapon Focus (claws).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed.

**Talents (Horde Warrior [B&L]):** Flank Attack +1d6, Shared Glory, Flank Attack +2d6, Improved Feint.

**Possessions:** Sledgehammer, 2d6 jeweled engagement rings (each worth 10-80 cp), compass.

The **47 Burrower ghouls** under Krakkrak Bonesnapper are a stealthy pack, and their statistics differ from those of average Necropolis ghouls. They travel solely underground and are adept at burrowing; when confronted by a collapsed tunnel or other subterranean obstacle, they are quick to dig around it. They also use their digging skills to tunnel under and past defenses, or to emerge suddenly in the middle of an unsuspecting enemy camp.

**Krakkrak Bonesnapper:** HP 64.

**Burrower Ghouls (47):** HP 30.

**Development:** If the PCs manage to defeat Krakkrak in battle, he begs pitifully to be spared. In exchange for his life he offers to give the PCs directions to two potentially interesting sites: *Willowbrook Medical Center* (Area #081), which he says is inhabited only by “some mangy wild men,” and *La Mirada Police Station* (Area #087,) which he believes (incorrectly) to be abandoned.

## 081. WILLOWBROOK MEDICAL CENTER (EL 5)

*The ruins of an Ancient-era medical complex stand here, crumbling from damage inflicted by the Fall and by centuries of unforgiving seismic activity.*

This large hospital complex was a state-of-the-art emergency and long-term treatment center during the height of the Ancients. Like several other such facilities in the Los Angeles area, it was used during the Fall for the emergency treatment of soldiers injured on the frontlines.

To anyone approaching from outside, the complex appears to be abandoned. Two police cruisers sit in the lot outside, as well as an M-998A2 (the ambulance variant of the Humvee, described *Blood and Guts*). Statistics for this vehicle are included in the *Blood and Guts* sidebar. If prefer, simply use the statistics for a *battle hummer* and a regular ambulance (treat as a *moving truck*). Use the *Looting Police Cars* sidebar to determine the contents of the two police cruisers, and the nearby *Looting Ambulances* sidebar to determine the contents of the M-998A2 and ambulance.

The old halls, operating rooms, nurse stations, and patient blocks are empty, home only to a small band of **11 wild men** who spend their days here playing with old rusted equipment and smashing the remnants of advanced medical machinery. The wild men are territorial and consider the hospital “theirs,” but will flee any party that exhibits a willingness to fight (i.e. shoots at them *and* kills at least one of their number).

**Wild Men (11):** HP 18.

### LOOTING AMBULANCES

Ambulances are easily spotted among the old city streets, often bearing the universal symbol for a medical vehicle — the red cross — on its exterior. PCs may soon recognize ambulances as potential troves of useful “juju,” and loot them accordingly.

Whenever the PCs encounter an ambulance there is a 50% chance that it has useful equipment inside. If this is the case, roll *twice* on the following table to determine the combined contents of the vehicle.

| D20   | Contents                                      |
|-------|---|
| 1-3   | First aid kit                                 |
| 4-6   | Medical kit                                   |
| 7-9   | Battery-flood flashlight (with power cell)    |
| 10-12 | Professional walkie-talkie (with power cell)  |
| 13-15 | 1d3+1 doses of hemochem in ready syringes     |
| 16-18 | 1d3 doses of antitox in ready syringes        |
| 19    | 1d2 cans of wound-healing medi-spray          |
| 20    | 1d2 doses of sustainer shot in ready syringes |

**Treasure:** The wild men keep no treasure, but their rampant vandalism hasn’t destroyed everything in the hospital. A search taking a full 24 hours will uncover 2d4 rolls on *Table 6: Juju*. The cafeteria still contains 2d12 ready meals that haven’t yet spoiled, but is otherwise thoroughly ransacked.

**Development:** Any loud noise here (such as a gunshot) has a 1 in 6 chance of drawing the attention of a patrol of **1d6+4 swarm bugs** and **1d2 mutant bug thinkers** en route to the old *Artillery Firebase* at Area #105. Only one patrol will divert to check out the noise, and will attack anyone it finds here.

## 082. ULGAR'S TRIBE (EL VARIES)

*The early gloaming of dusk sets over this part of the city, but the evening is far from silent. The deep, resonant clang of drums and the distant sounds of bloodthirsty revelry echo through the darkness, evidence that a tribe of some sort has laid claim to this region...*

One of the largest and most powerful tribes of ghouls dwells in this hex, dominating their particular part of the ruins through cruelty, savagery, and an uncharacteristic fearlessness of their neighbors. This sprawling clan has single-handedly proven the resilience and stubbornness of the Necropolis' ghoul "infestation," bouncing back from what seemed the inevitable destruction of their race at the hands of the insidious Hive.

The ghouls living here are hunters and predators, as well as brave fighters. Their leader Ulgar has instilled in them a potent hope: that with training and discipline they can rise to become superior to all enemies, including the Hive's endless waves of warriors. Ulgar has lent some credibility to this claim by leading his men to victory over several Hive patrols in a series of brutal ambushes.

**Significant NPCs:** The leader of these fierce ghouls is a powerful ghoul warrior known as Ulgar Red-Eye, a mutant cannibal who once served under the Putrid Leader whose empire was crushed by the onslaught of the Hive. Though many of the ghoul tribes under the Putrid Leader's dominion scattered and fled, dissolving the empire virtually overnight, Ulgar has remained and continues the fight against the Hive.

Ulgar is a horrendous killer, a savage warrior who has kept the ghouls under him loyal through a combination of punishments and rewards. He

promises his followers security, and has thus far provided it. Rather intelligent for a ghoul, Ulgar has revived his people's morale through aggression and unforgiving violence. Attacking anyone and anything that violates their self-proclaimed territory, they take no prisoners and expect no quarter. Having fought the Hive for years, they know any surrender will only result in a slow and agonizing death for each and every one of them. They also realize that any retreat will only mean a fall from glory that would leave them no better than the simpering cowards that abandoned them and consigned the ghoul race to the role of "the hunted."

Ulgar is a powerful ghoul with a streak of racism; he believes ghouls to be superior to the Hive, the Broken Ones, and the Purists. Smart enough to entertain thoughts of conquest, Ulgar dreams of rebuilding the ghoul enclave to its former glory, and destroying those who continue to keep it fractured. He has a particularly terrible fate planned for the other ghoul clans in the city, whom he considers cowards and traitors (and whom he blames for causing their people's downfall).

While he is a powerful fighter, Ulgar keeps at his side two *super ghouls*, tethered by chains. He does this to openly show his disdain for this new race of ghouls, and to show that *his* kind is still superior. Ulgar has had both super ghouls lobotomized, and both are thus much less intelligent than normal super ghouls. They fight like vicious dogs to protect their master.

**Ulgar Red-Eye (Mutant Strong Hero 8/Guardian 2/Champion 3):** CR 13; Medium-size humanoid; HD 8d8+8 plus 2d10+2 plus 3d12+3 plus 3; HP 83; Mas 13; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 26, touch 18, flatfooted 25 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +7 class, +4 natural, +4 equipment); BAB +13; Grap +15; Atk +16 melee

(1d10+5, greatclub), or +14 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, cannibalism; AL Ulgar's Tribe; SV Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +6; AP 6; Rep +1; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 8, Cha 9.

**Occupation:** Predator (Intimidate).

**Background:** Tribal (Move Silently).

**Mutations and Defects:** Protective Dermal Development, Serrated Dental Development, Aberrant Deformity, Cannibalism.

**Skills:** Climb +6, Disguise -7, Intimidate +16, Jump +11, Knowledge (Current Events) +11, Knowledge (Tactics) +18, Listen +6, Move Silently +12, Search +3, Sense Motive +1, Spot +3.

**Feats:** Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Cleave, Great Cleave, Intimidating Strength\*, Iron Will, Natural Armor Expertise, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Ritual Scarification [B&L], Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, War Chant [B&L].

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash, Advanced Melee Smash, Extreme Effort.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (greatclub).

**Talents (Champion):** Rallying Cry +2, Improved Tactical Aid.

**Possessions:** Bone greatclub, leather armor, necklace made from 14 Morgan silver dollars looped on a cord (worth 50 cp), two juju potions (1d4+2).

Ulgar is personally served by **2 super ghouls**, while his tribe consists of **137 Necropolis ghouls** and **45 Necropolis ghoul veterans**. His ghouls are known to lead packs of trained *rat dogs* into battle, and have **16 rat dogs** at their disposal.

**Ulgar Red-Eye:** HP 83.

**Super Ghouls (2):** HP 67.



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**Necropolis Ghouls (137):** HP 12.

**Necropolis Ghoul Veterans (45):** HP 28.

**Rat Dogs (16):** HP 11.

**Treasure:** Ulgar hordes treasure, using his collection of artifacts as a sign of status over the other tribes. Unfortunately he doesn't know how to use a lot of the items, and merely keeps them around because they're "fancy." These items include a portable detection radar, a power belt-pack, a plutonium clip (1d10 charges left), and an atom gun.

### 083. ABANDONED COMMUNITY (EL 0)

*A rotting wooden palisade, demolished in places, surrounds a small settlement nestled here among the ruins. Stubborn growths of vegetation cling to the decaying logs, along with sickly patches of fungus. Your arrival is met only by silence.*

This site is obviously the ruins of a post-Fall community, whose primitive inhabitants attempted to survive in the Necropolis despite its many dangers. Whoever they were, they are gone now, leaving behind an empty settlement that has suffered greatly from the elements.

This settlement is only one of several of its kind, its existence here marking the extinction of unknown survivors of the Fall who, at one point or another in the city's history, tried to band together against its mutant horrors. It is unclear what exactly caused their downfall — they may have been overrun by monsters, sacked by other hostile survivors, or might even have abandoned their community in response to an outbreak of a plague (if it's relevant, feel free to determine the exact nature of the abandonment yourself).

**GM's Note:** The old compound is large but

badly decayed and damaged, its primary structures slowly disintegrating over time. It is uninhabited (and anything of value it may have once held was looted long ago), but the PCs could make it an *ad hoc* base of operations if they are so inclined, using its collapsing buildings as shelter to rest, recuperate, or simply cache treasures they've found on their forays into the ruins. Nearby groups (such as the Burrowers, Ulgar's Tribe, and various *ghost raider* survivors) have long assumed the compound to be empty, and thus may overlook the party's presence if they come here to hide.

### 084. PESTILENT ONES (EL VARIES)

*Rat spoor can be seen everywhere here, and the fat furry creatures sit brazenly on sidewalks, on the rusted ruins of abandoned cars, and even on the nearby rooftops of this neighborhood.*

A small tribe of ghouls lives in this area, barely managing to get by on what little prey they can hunt. To adapt, the ghouls have learned to befriend and train the inordinate rat population infesting the neighborhood, and even adopt them as equal members of their tribe.

These ghouls, known to other ghoul clans as the "Pestilent Ones," cohabitate with rats in an unusual ratio; there are by far more rats than ghouls. For some reason the ghouls venerate the rats, whom they claim have saved their lives on numerous occasions. In truth the ghouls, starving after their ancient ghoul enclave was destroyed by the Hive, learned how to find food by observing the swarms of rats. In time the rats grew accustomed to the ghouls, and to this day they have an almost symbiotic relationship.

While other ghouls may herd rat swarms before them to absorb the brunt of an enemy's resistance,

using them as cannon-fodder, the Pestilent Ones do not. Every Pestilent One has 1-2 rat "companions," each with its own name, which the ghoul dotes over day and night.

The Pestilent Ones tribe of **43 Necropolis ghouls** generally sticks to an old subway station located in this neighborhood, preferring to live underground. The vermin (which consist of **500 rats** and **11 rat dogs**), however, live in the old sewer tunnels, in the station, and on the surface with equal indifference towards intruders.

A common tactic of the Pestilent Ones involves digging deep, concealed pits throughout their domain. Witles victims falling into a pit trigger small strings of alarm bells that echo through the broken sewer pipes and alert the ghouls. Eventually the ghouls come to investigate; if prey is found inside, they begin tossing handfuls of rats down into the hole, literally burying the prey alive as the rats slowly bite him or her to death. Once the victim dies and the rats have had their fill, the ghouls climb down and gnaw what's left from the bones.

**Necropolis Ghouls (43):** HP 12.

**Rats (500):** HP 1 (see *d20 Modern*).

**Rat Dogs (11):** HP 11.

### 085. LOST MUTAGON GRAVEYARD (EL 0)

*This area has been burned and trampled flat over time, leaving a broad and shallow clearing between ancient buildings interspersed with broken outcroppings of rock. Stubborn vegetation grows on the face of many of the broken ruins nearby, but what lies in the center of it all is the most striking sight.*

*Scattered through the enormous, rock-strewn clearing are the colossal skeletons of some three*

## DOMAIN OF THE FLESH EATERS

*dozen creatures, each of which must have been at least thirty feet long and weighed several tons in life. They have been picked clean by vultures, exposing huge bony heads with massive sword-like teeth and horn-like ridges on their spines. Though they must have once been terrifying, now they are merely piles of inanimate bones, their ribs standing like the ivory bars of empty cages in this unsettling place of silent death.*

This hex contains a “lost mutagon graveyard,” where the last great lizards of the Necropolis came to die when age and injury made their continued existence too painful to bear. *Mutagons* (enormous creatures that once dominated the ruins) came to this ancestral cemetery for over a century to lay with their ancestors. Eventually their numbers dwindled to such insignificant levels that their pathetic descendants, unable to continue their legacy of dominion, scattered into the ruins just to survive. Since then the memory of the graveyard has been lost, but here it remains, awaiting their return.

There is no treasure here, though the bones of the 30+ mutagons here might be useful for making mastercraft bone weapons and armor (assuming the PCs can find someone with the ability to make bone armor).

### 086. PIT OF HORRORS (EL VARIES)

*First came the stench — a nauseating vapor that hit you as hard as a wall of stone. Then came the sound — hundreds if not thousands of flies buzzing angrily in the air. Now, as the stench and sound become unbearable, the ruins give way to an enormous pit plummeting deep into the earth.*

*Ringling this huge hole are piles of loose soil*

*and an impressive collection of bones, evidently snapped and gnawed upon by powerful jaws. Flaps of leathery flesh still cling to some. Bright white maggots writhe in clumps of meat still visible through the ribcages of scattered, unidentifiable skeletons. The flies buzz wildly here, creating ever-shifting clouds overhead that almost obscure the sky.*

*From inside the gulf you hear a low, inhuman moan. Then another. Then another...*

This is the infamous “Pit of Horrors,” a site known to many local inhabitants of the Necropolis as a place to stay well away from. Dangerously close to the downtown area known as the Acropolis of the Serpent Gods, this site is believed to be visited by those mysterious monsters on occasion. It is here, they say, that the Serpent Gods dispose of their unwanted experiments, who either live or die in the deep recesses of the Pit.

The stories behind the Pit are true, but what most inhabitants (including the Serpent Gods) don’t realize is that these failed experiments (known as Horrors) often manage to find a way out of the Pit of Horrors. Though most are killed when they are thrown down the Pit (it is forty feet deep), a few manage to survive and claw their way out, inch by inch.

Anyone coming within 100 feet of the Pit of Horrors must make a Fortitude save at DC 20 or become *nauseated* for 1d2 hours. Even if this save is successful, the character is *shaken* for 1d10 minutes. In addition, the clouds of flies here incur a -2 penalty to Spot checks and a -4 penalty to Listen checks at all times.

Living near the Pit is a large congregation of **5d6 horrors**, though these creatures will remain hidden if they detect the approach of PCs (otherwise the PCs will see them crawling pathetically about, feeding off

of maggots and scavenging for meat leftovers still rotting on the bones around the area). The horrors stick to the shadows, watching and sizing the party up. If they outnumber the group by at least 3:1, they will muster their numbers and attack, crawling miserably from all directions, hoping to encircle the party. They will fight until the party kills one-third of their number, at which point they will turn and try to flee.

Trapped at the bottom of the Pit are an additional **2d4 horrors**. These creatures moan continuously, hoping someone — anyone — will either let them out of the Pit or foolishly descend into its depths. If a character should enter the Pit, these desperate creatures swarm forward to attack as soon as she hits the bottom, fighting to the last of their number for a chance at something to devour.

**Horrors (7-38):** HP 18.

**Development:** Though the PCs might be tempted to await the arrival of a suspected Serpent God patrol *en route* to dump their experiments, this won’t happen. The Serpent Gods come here only rarely these days, so if the PCs want to catch a glimpse of these enigmatic monsters they’re going to have to go downtown to get it.

On the other hand, scouts from the Hive come here on occasion to hunt the horrors, bringing them back to their bughills as hosts for their larvae. Any time the PCs come here there is a 1 in 6 chance that a small patrol of **3d4 mutant bug guardians** is either already present, or will come upon the scene as the PCs fight the horrors. In either case, the mutant bugs will attack the PCs and the horrors alike, hoping to acquire new incubators for their young!

Any PCs captured by the Hive will be taken to Hive A (Area #025) and interred in individual honeycombs.



## 087. LA MIRADA POLICE STATION (EL VARIES)

*A decaying building sits here, bearing evidence of past battle damage.*

This police station was abandoned during the chaos of the Fall, when officers stationed here either fled their posts or were overwhelmed by the panicking populace. Whatever happened, over the years the station has fallen into disrepair, and is little more than a miserable wreck.

The building features two main entrances: a public entrance in front and a prisoner loading door in the rear (if a map is needed, use the *Typical Police Station* map). The former is unlocked, though it can be manually secured; the latter requires a stage III identity card to open. Unlike other stations described in this book, however, the alarm here no longer works.

**GM's Note:** Currently a small group of Ghost Raiders are searching the ruins of the station for weapons, careful not to draw the attention of the Hive (whose forces often prowl in the vicinity, usually on their way toward the *Artillery Firebase* at Area #105). When the PCs arrive they are spread out inside the building searching for a keycard with which to open the armory door. They will attack the PCs for control of the building, but will refrain from using their guns (unless the PCs fire first) to avoid drawing a Hive patrol to the area.

The most interesting features of the building, and the dispositions of the raiders, are indicated below:

**Armory (EL 0):** The police station has an armory on the first floor. The door is locked with a special mechanism that requires two separate stage III identity cards to be inserted before it will open. The door is armored, preventing easy entrance. Inside

are stored 1d10 Beretta 92F pistols, 1d3+1 Mossberg shotguns, 1d2 net guns [F/MG], 1d2 stun pistols, and 1d4 stun batons. There are also two boxes (30) of 9mm ammo for each pistol, 30 rounds of 12-gauge ammo for each shotgun, 2 power clips for each stun pistol, and 1 power backpack for each stun baton. *There are no ghost raiders either inside or outside the armory; they have split up throughout the building looking for a keycard to bypass the lock.*

**Jails (EL 7):** The police station has a small cell block used for holding prisoners awaiting transfer elsewhere. The jails are all mechanically locked; someone outside the cell block (in an adjoining room) must flip a switch on the main switchboard to open a particular cell's doors. Otherwise the jail cells prove to be formidable and secure. *Two ghost raiders have moved to this separate complex and are methodically searching each cell. One ghost raider is in the hall on guard, while the other searches individual cells.*

**Police Robots (EL 0):** Police stations before the Fall were assigned a force of police robots to complement their human counterparts. Kept in small bays where they could be repaired, re-armed, and maintained, the robots assigned to this station were destroyed by rioting civilians after being sent out to try and restore peace. The bays are empty.

**Offices (EL 9):** Four **ghost raiders** are split up among the various *Offices*: two in the north room on the first floor and two in the southern room. *All of these individuals are busy ransacking filing cabinets and rummaging through desks, so they suffer a -2 circumstance penalty on their Listen checks.*

**Computer Crimes Division (EL 0):** The second floor room marked *Office* was set aside for the investigation of computer crimes, including hacking, credit card fraud, and child pornography. There are no ghost raiders present, though the computers here are salvageable for 7,500 cp in spare parts for Craft

(electronics) projects.

**Generator (EL 5):** The police station has its own generator in the basement. *One of the ghost raiders has come down here looking for fuel to scavenge for his motorcycle. However, there is no fuel in the basement and after 10-20 minutes he gives up and joins the others in the Offices.*

**Ghost Raiders (7):** HP 22.

**Development:** Any loud noise (such as a gunshot) here has a 1 in 4 chance of drawing a patrol of **1d6+4 swarm bugs** and **1d2 mutant bug thinkers** en route to the old *Artillery Firebase* at Area #105. Only one patrol will divert to check out the noise, and it will attack anyone it finds here. If they drive the PCs and ghost raiders off, the bugs also try to loot the armory for their use, and take the computer equipment here for use in their own nefarious reconstruction projects!

## 088. GANG HIDEOUT (EL 3)

Though most of the buildings here look the same (cheap tenements), one was used as a gang hideout during a brief period just before the Fall. Only if the PCs are actively searching these buildings flat by flat will they will stumble on this considerable find.

This place looks like a dump—the windows are boarded up and the interior is covered with lewd graffiti and nudie posters. But it is immediately obvious that this place was used by gangsters. A sparse kitchen still contains the homemade paraphernalia needed to cook up crack. In the “living room” is a table made from cardboard boxes that still holds wads of rotting cash (\$20,000 in all), and 2-3 pizza boxes (the half-eaten contents devoured by rats long ago). Bottles of drain cleaner, brillo pads, boxes of matches, tin spoons, and other mundane items used in the manufacture of various drugs are scattered about the table.

## DOMAIN OF THE FLESH EATERS

**GM's Note:** A small pack of **3 rat dogs** live in this place, and will attack the PCs if they intrude on their "lair".

**Rat Dogs (3):** HP 11.

**Treasure:** The PCs could conceivably use the equipment here to begin small-scale production of drugs, which still have a considerable value in the wasteland. The setup is relatively complete, so anyone with the appropriate Craft (chemical) or Craft (pharmaceutical) skills could get a considerable operation up and running with the apparatus collecting dust in this place.

### 089. THE VAST OOZE (EL 15)

*Though at first you didn't notice it, by now it's too hard to miss: the ashen ruins here are unusually quiet, even for a dead city like the Necropolis. No birds, no animals, not even the squeak of rats from a nearby sewer grate greets your ears. Tall buildings, empty intersections, and wind-swept parking lots all stand quiet. The only sound is the noise of your footsteps as they crunch on the pavement underfoot.*

This hex, and each hex surrounding it, is the domain of a monstrous **terrestrial effluvium** that has lived in the sewers beneath the city for at least fifty years. A creation of radiation and pollution, this pitch black, semi-intelligent carnivorous ooze has grown to unprecedented size over the decades by feeding off of sewer rats, stray monsters living on the surface, and even birds and the rare humanoid wandering into its part of the city.

The terrestrial effluvium lives in a vast series of tunnels underneath this entire area (see *Ooze Caverns*, Area #176), a single continuous mass of chemical ooze and animate slime that fills

entire sewer passages and caverns. Thus, it isn't immediately obvious to those traveling on the surface that they've wandered into the territory of a powerful monster!

The terrestrial effluvium remains underground at all times, unable to bring its considerable mass to the surface. Instead, it extends elongated pseudopods up tunnels and pipes, infiltrating through sewer grates, manholes, and even the plumbing of individual houses and buildings to affect those who move on the surface. With a dozen or so of its feelers "peeking" through open manholes, out of toilets, or through sewer grates in street gutters, there is a good chance it will spot anyone moving through the indicated hexes.

Though it is tremendously powerful, the terrestrial effluvium prefers to act subtly. The PCs shouldn't realize they are in danger until it is too late, but use subtle hints to keep the area eerie, keeping them on edge. For example, one moment they might see a bird land near a storm drain; the next moment, when they look back, the bird has vanished, with only a few feathers slowly falling back to the ground where it had been. Perhaps a single rat passes them as they walk down the street; a second later they hear an abrupt squeak, but when they turn the rat is gone.

The terrestrial effluvium uses its sinuous pseudopods to snatch creatures from the surface and draw them down beneath the streets to its lairs, to be consumed. After a few mysterious encounters like the ones suggested above, the PCs should eventually become the target of the terrestrial effluvium's attention, most likely as they camp in the ruins of an old building. On edge from what they may or may not have seen traveling in the area, they may fortify the building against outside attackers in hopes of spending a secure night, only to have the terrestrial effluvium rise up through the pipes to strike when and where they least expect it. The terrestrial effluvium

generally tries to attack only when they split up (when one goes to use the bathroom, for instance), grappling a lone individual and trying to drag her back underground. Even if the PCs can't fit through the pipes, the terrestrial effluvium will still batter her repeatedly (using its slam) against the opening until she is dead, using its inherent acid to dissolve her enough that she can be "sucked" down the pipes!

Unless the PCs go underground they probably can't kill the terrestrial effluvium, but they can hurt it by attacking its pseudopods. If it suffers enough damage it may give up the attack, giving them time to escape the area.

**Terrestrial Effluvium (1):** 472 HP (see *d20 Modern*).

### 090. CHOP SHOP (EL 0)

*Tucked into a graffiti-strewn alley is what appears to be an old auto repair shop. By the looks of it the shop must have been out of business even before the Fall.*

Though it looks empty and mundane, this garage was an illegal "chop shop" — one of probably dozens operating in the L.A. underworld prior to the Fall.

The door here is locked, requiring a stage IIC identity card to open (it is otherwise a steel door; see *d20 Modern*). Once inside, if they examine the other side of the lock, it looks as if someone tried to break it to get out of the building, but ultimately failed to get past the door. (The PCs may thus wrongly believe that someone else is in the building with them.)

**Treasure:** Upon entering, the PCs find numerous fancy cars in the main garage area, in various degrees of being re-assembled and modified. These include two BMW M3s, a Lamborghini Diablo, two



## DOMAIN OF THE FLESH EATERS

Mercedes E55 AMGs, and a Lincoln Sky King [LP]. The components in each vehicle are in top repair (despite their age), but each vehicle requires 1d4-1 successful Repair checks — and the needed spare parts for each attempt — before it becomes operable. All of the vehicles are missing their ignition keys, however, so anyone hoping to take one will either have to locate the keys (see Area #092 [P]) or hotwire the car in question (Disable Device DC 25).

There are 750 cp worth of spare parts here as well, including numerous spare tires, engine parts, etc. There is also the equivalent of 50 gallons of fuel (plus 1d2+1 minifusion cells for electrically-powered vehicles, though none of the vehicles mentioned above use this type of power source), and 1d3 deluxe mechanical toolkits. All of these items appear to have been rummaged through, but are undamaged.

**Development:** A Search check at DC 30 uncovers a hidden hole in the ground towards the back of the chop shop. A terrible smell emerges from this deep tunnel. If the PCs explore this tunnel (it is man-sized), they will eventually end up in the domain of the Sightless Stalkers (see Area #092).

### 091. ENEMY POSITION (EL 9)

*Up ahead you see a small bunker made from sandbags. A many-barreled contraption of some kind bristles underneath the pillbox roof, facing your direction.*

A group of RT-14 androids has continuously defended this position ever since they recently awoke from EMP-induced deactivation. The small unit is following its standing order to maintain the “front line,” and will fire on anyone or anything that comes within their field of vision.

There are **5 RT-14s** inside the bunker (treat as

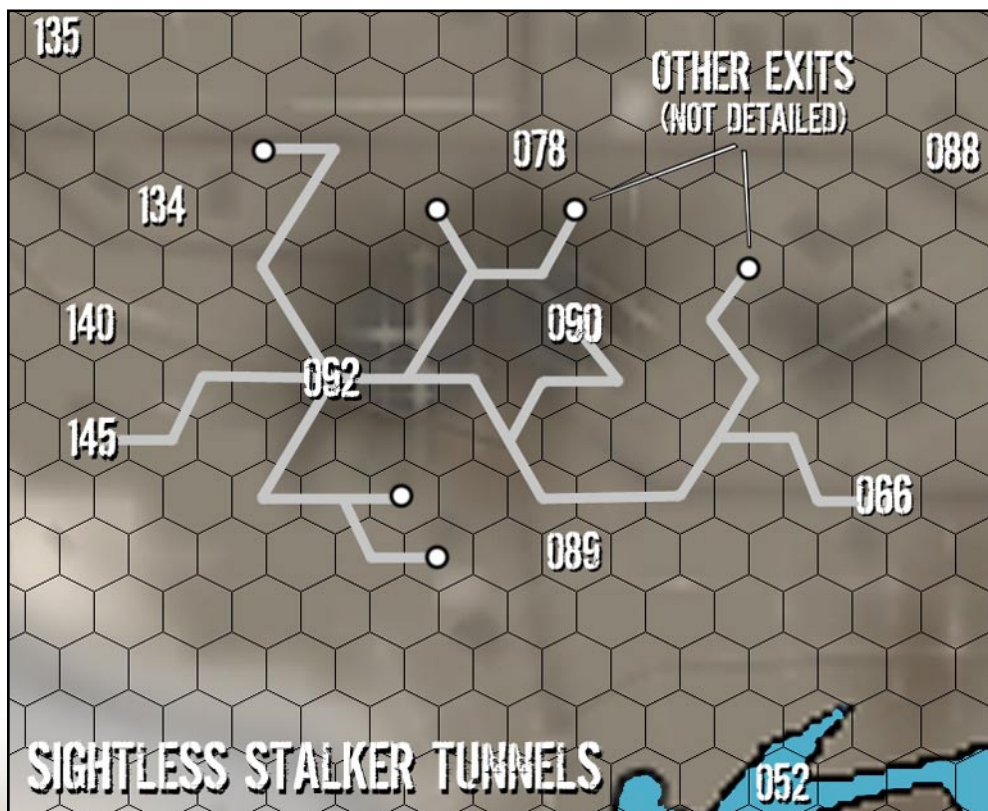
having *nine-tenths cover*; +10 bonus to Defense, +4 bonus to Reflex saves). Two operate a TCA on a wheeled carriage (not unlike a WWII machinegun), which provides the main “sting” of the encounter. The rest prepare to repel attackers with their LV-94 rifles, firing from small ports in their defensive position.

The RT-14, LV-94, and TCA are detailed on pages 74 and 66 of *The Foundationists*; if you don’t have this book, simply use the statistics for a *security android* and a normal *laser rifle* (use a standard minigun instead of the TCA).

**RT-14 Combat Androids (5):** HP 48 (each is missing 1d6 hit points).

### 092. UNDERWORLD OF THE SIGHTLESS STALKERS (EL VARIES)

The domain of the Sightless Stalkers, known as the Underworld, is essentially one giant trap. Though they live in these detestable warrens by choice, the Sightless Stalkers have turned the gore-strewn tunnels and passages into deathtraps to catch, snare, and kill



## A NOTE ON THE UNDERWORLD

Living at the heart of what amounts to a giant “spider web” (that is, a complex intended to snare creatures and funnel them towards ever deadlier traps), the Sightless Stalkers have a lot of bones on their hands. They put these bones to good use; from *Area C* onward all tunnels and caverns are shored up with bones — animal and humanoid — many of which are slick with fresh gore and rank with rotten meat.

Creatures (including PCs) unaccustomed to the gory passages of this charnel complex must make a Reflex save at DC 15 each time they move at any speed greater than their base (including charging, taking double moves, etc.) or immediately fall *prone*.

unwanted intruders.

There are numerous entrances to the Underworld, concealed throughout this part of the city and connected by miles of tunnels. The village of the Sightless Stalkers lies at the center of this web of tunnels, centered at a natural rift in the subterranean rock created during the seismic upheaval that created such violent features as the Rift Valley. Believing this to be a sacred place where the murderous spirits of darkness could cross over into the material world; the Sightless Stalkers constructed their village in nearby caverns, and wove their deadly traps around it to secure it from outsiders.

**Finding The Entrance (EL 2):** Finding an entrance to the Underworld is not easy; the Sightless Stalkers patrol the surface ruins, hunting and killing those intruders who get uncomfortably close. However, some few do manage to avoid detection, and stumble upon the many secret entrances dotting the area. Likewise, particularly tough intruders are often deliberately chased by Stalker patrols towards these entrances, so that they fall in and thus spiral ever downwards into their traps.

A typical entrance to the Underworld is usually nothing more than a concealed pit or chute covered cleverly by natural debris. These pits are usually quite wide (up to 20 ft wide), and plummet down to

a rough and bone-strewn cavern floor below. The Stalkers climb down the chutes when they return to their lairs, making use of naturally rugged surfaces, exposed roots, and even hidden handholds. All of these caverns are interconnected by tunnels carved by the Stalkers, and are described as *Area A* below.

*The nearby inset shows the main tunnels of the Underworld, and where they connect to the surface. Some of these connect to specific locations on the City Map, while others are merely assumed to connect to the surface in mundane places in a given hex (such as in non-descript alleys that otherwise do not warrant a description). These tunnels also connect to the sewers (see Area #206 on the Sewer Map).*

**Pit Trap:** Fall for 3d6 damage (Reflex save DC 13 for half).

### A. UPPER LEVEL CAVERNS - NOT DEPICTED (EL 1)

Each entrance to the Underworld leads down about 40 feet to a roughly-hewn cavern. Those not killed by the fall find themselves in a lightless place filled with the bones of less fortunate creatures — rats, dogs, and even the rare ghoul from the surface. One or more high-ceilinged tunnels run off from these caverns, their earthen walls vanishing into darkness, while sounds echo eerily down each passage.

The exits from each upper level cavern are always trapped. These traps consist of simple rope snares, which when set off use a clever counterbalance system to hurl their victims high into the air, leaving them suspended. These traps are only intended to snare wounded creatures that somehow manage to survive the fall into the cavern. Such victims generally starve to death hanging from their snares, but a party of humanoids should easily be able to avoid this fate due to their numbers.

**GM's Note:** If the PCs were herded here by a Sightless Stalker patrol, the creatures will ring the top of the pit and throw rocks and javelins down on them, hoping to drive them deeper into the Underworld.

**Snare Trap:** Reflex save DC 20 or be entangled and suspended 10 feet off the floor (and 10 feet from the nearest wall). No damage.

### B. GRISTLE CHUTE (EL 1)

Eventually all of the meandering tunnels lead to this central cave, which ends abruptly in a wide chute. From this chute the odor of death and decay emanates like a continuous wave; bits of broken bone, rotted flesh, and the tatters of shredded clothing lie strewn all about.

**GM's Note:** Descending the gristle chute without the proper Stalker tools is deliberately difficult, requiring a Climb check at DC 30. Failing this check by 5 or more means the character falls 30 feet to the bottom of the gristle chute, taking appropriate damage (3d6 damage, Reflex save DC 13 for half).

### C. HELL'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE (EL VARIES)

The passage from *Area B* exits here onto a broad rocky shelf that overlooks a vast, pitch-black chasm (the Great Gulf; see *Area D* below). The rock here is well worn and smooth, with a slight bowl-like



## DOMAIN OF THE FLESH EATERS

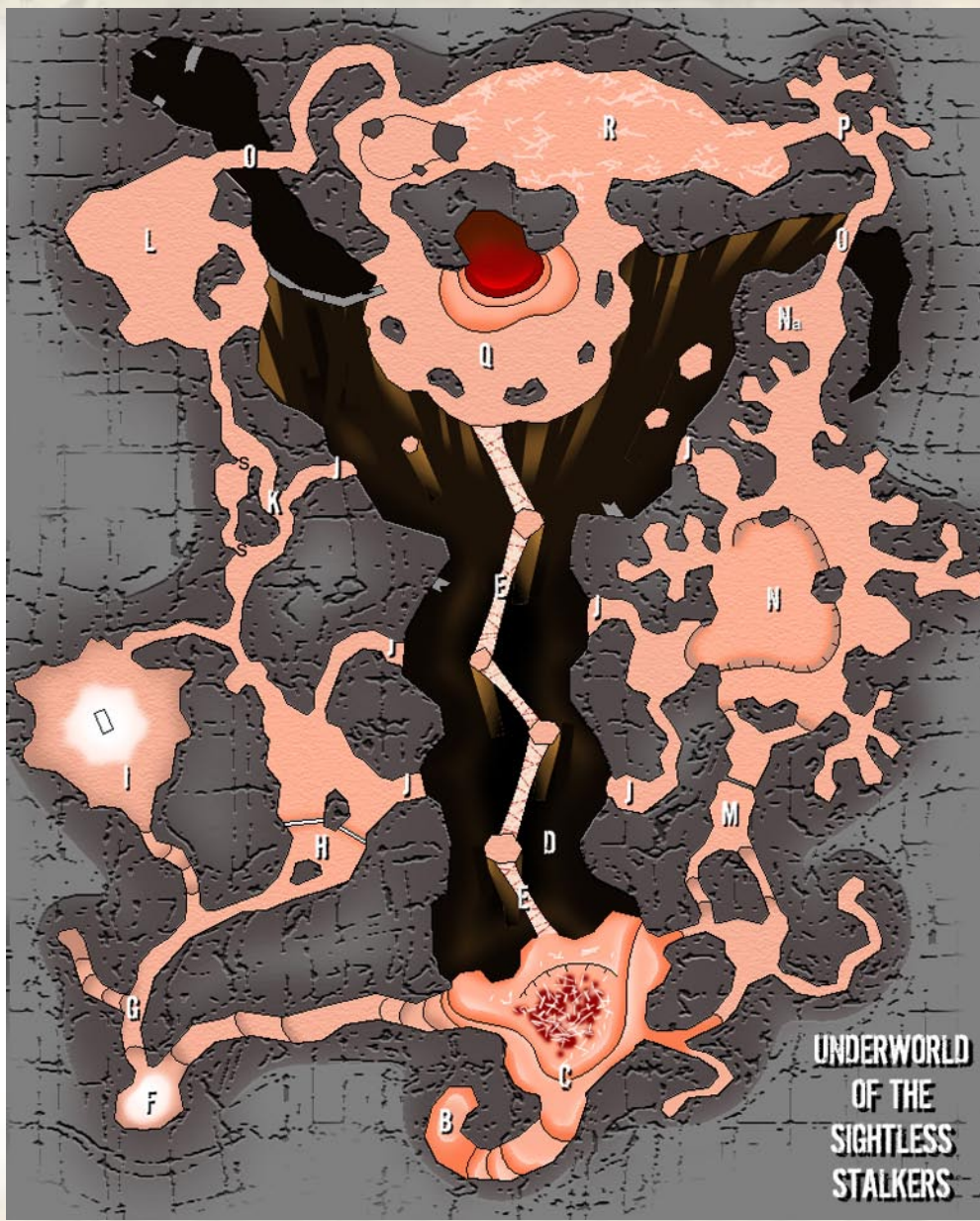
depression in which hundreds, if not thousands, of unidentifiable bones lie stacked in a veritable pool of bone and rotting gristle. Thick clouds of flies buzz here at all hours, creating a hum that reverberates down the chasm to the north giving intruders a vague idea of its true size.

This area is just one place where the Stalkers dump the remains of their victims, as well as the unusable parts of past meals. Though the heap of bones looks forbidding, a search of the remains uncovers the skeletons of more animals than humans. Nevertheless, the sight is both awesome and disturbing.

**GM's Note:** At any given time there is a 50% chance that **1d3+2 Sightless Stalkers** are present here, dumping the remains of a past feast into the broad pit. Two of the Stalkers are on guard, specifically towards *Area B*, for any sign of intruders. The others are carrying loads of bones and unused meat. *If the PCs are detected, the Stalkers immediately split up; half move toward Area F and the other half toward Area M.*

Because of the dense cloud of flies that swarms here at all times, anyone in *Area C* suffers a -1 penalty to attack rolls, -2 to Spot checks, and -4 to Listen checks while present.

**Sightless Stalkers (3-5):** HP 17.



### D. GREAT GULF (EL 0)

The entire Underworld of the Sightless Stalkers is clustered around a huge underground chasm formed beneath the city during the Fall. This enormous gulf is considered holy to the superstitious Stalkers, a magical crossroads between this world and the “world of shadows.” As such, it seemed a fitting place to establish their community.

The gulf is more than a holy place, however; it also figures prominently in the Stalkers’ defense of the complex. Here and there natural pinnacles of rock, shards left over when the abscess-like cavern formed long ago, stand like thin towers that rise precariously up to this level. The Stalkers have connected many of these pinnacles with bridges that lead to their most sacred shrine (see Area P). These bridges are actually an elaborate trap (see Area E).

**GM's Note:** The Great Gulf looks bottomless in even the most intense light, and even the Sightless Stalkers have never descended to its deepest levels (in reality its rough, rubble-strewn floor bottoms out 400 to 500 ft below the main level). Its roof lies 50 ft overhead. It is entirely unlit.

Though the bottom of the



## THE GOD OF DARKNESS

The Sightless Stalkers' belief that the Gulf is a bridge to the "world of shadow" is not without some foundation. In fact, a sort of "god" does live beneath the city, and any combat taking place here may bring its attention.

Any major combat taking place on the *Bone Bridges* (Area E) or in the *Temple of Blood* (Area Q) has a cumulative 2% chance (rolled every minute) of summoning the **terrestrial effluvium** from Area #176. This enormous black ooze senses the sound of conflict through the bedrock, and slowly moves here through unseen cracks and fissures to fill the bottom of the Great Gulf.

The effluvium is unable to reach (and thus attack) the PCs either on the bridges or in the Temple, but it can certainly be heard as it enters the complex, heralded by the thundering sounds of a seething, bubbling, waterfall of slime. Throughout the battle it will remain at the bottom of the gulf, waiting for PCs — or any of its Sightless Stalker "worshippers" — to plunge into the Gulf and into its mass. After devouring these hapless souls, it will only leave when the combat dies down, or if it is somehow injured.

gulf is barren and featureless, it may be home to the Sightless Stalkers' "god of darkness" (see the nearby sidebar for more information).

### E. BONE BRIDGES (EL 0)

Seemingly constructed to allow the Stalkers easy travel over the gulf, this series of unnatural bridges connects the four major pinnacles of rock to the Stalkers' holy shrine on the far side. The bridges are rickety causeways made from human and animal bones, spinal columns, and clusters of skulls, woven together with strands of cured animal skin, ropes made from ghoulish hair, and human sinew. The bridges drip with bits of greenish, rotting meat, and all sorts of insects scuttle over the bony surfaces of each like a living sea of vermin.

The bridges present the most obvious way of getting across the Great Gulf, but they are actually a trap designed to isolate and destroy intruders. Since the cavern is unlit, anyone crossing the bridge has no idea that they are in fact exposing themselves to fire.

**GM's Note:** Assuming the alarm has been raised,

as the PCs navigate the bridge, archers at all areas marked "J" open fire on them with crossbows, keeping them under constant threat. At the same time, the final section of the bridge is cut by the defenders at *Area Q*. Severing the sinew rope that holds it up, the bridge will collapse into the seemingly depthless Great Gulf (after all, they can always craft a new bridge).

Thus, as they are driven deeper by the crossbow fire, the PCs will find that the bridge is in fact a dead end, over 100 feet short of the shelf at *Area Q*. At this point the defenders at *Area Q* will open fire as well, driving the PCs back. In the end the party will likely be forced to retreat the way they came, exposing themselves to the same fire (from *Area J*) a second time!

### F. LIGHTED CHAMBER (EL 0)

The passage leading here from *Area C* is a steep rise. Murky light can be seen coming from a hole in the roof, illuminating the floor below. This means that though they may have a head start, Stalkers fleeing

*Area C* will be seen darting down the passage to the north (their movements are illuminated by the hole above as they pass under its light).

**GM's Note:** In reality the Stalkers *want* the PCs to know where they are going (they're leading the PCs towards *Area G*). Even if the PCs fire at them they will flee, hoping to lead the PCs after them.

This chamber is bottle-shaped, making it impossible to climb out of. The roof of the chamber is 60 ft above; if the PCs somehow manage to climb out they find themselves emerging from a small sinkhole in a back alley in Lomita.

### G. BOULDER TRAP (EL 5)

At this point a large tunnel branches off the main tunnel. As the Stalkers fleeing from *Area F* pass by, they hop one by one over the tripwire stretched across the chamber. The PCs, if they pursue, may not be so lucky.

If triggered, the tripwire causes a huge round boulder to roll out from the side passage and strike the character who triggered it, while at the same time sealing the passage with its considerable size and weight. Since the boulder fits snugly into the passage, it is not easy to move it out of the way (at the GM's discretion, a combined Strength of 80 may be enough to push it out of the way).

**Snare Trap:** 10d6 points of damage; Reflex DC 20 (success indicates no damage). Roll a second Reflex save DC 20; failure means that after the trap is triggered the character finds himself trapped on the north side of the boulder; success means the character is on the south side of the boulder with the rest of the party.

**GM's Note:** If the lead PC becomes trapped on the north side of the boulder, the fleeing Stalkers will turn around and come back, hoping to corner the PC against the boulder so he can't escape. They try to



## DOMAIN OF THE FLESH EATERS

kill the PC while he is separated from the rest of his group, but flee if one of their number is killed.

Whether or not the Stalkers come back, they continue to move toward *Area I*.

### H. BONE SCREENS (EL 10)

A separate tunnel leads to a large natural cavern, where the Stalkers have set up a forward camp. Two huge screens made out of interlaced bones, sinew, and organic hair block the tunnel entrances. The Stalkers are able to fire their crossbows through the gaps in these “screens,” but getting through is harder than it seems.

When the PCs arrive, the Stalkers on guard immediately open fire (if the alarm has been raised, all of the Stalkers present move here to fire through the screens at them). The screens offer three-quarters cover (+7 to Defense, +3 to Reflex save) to those behind them, and no cover to anyone coming from the southern passage.

The Stalkers continue firing at the PCs until half their number are wounded, two of them are killed, or the PCs show signs of being able to bring the screens down. If this happens, the remainder retreats toward *Area K*.

**Sightless Stalkers (10):** HP 17; armed with crossbows (instead of javelins).

**Bone Screens (2):** Hardness 5, Hit Points 30.

### I. SINKHOLE (EL 8)

This entire chamber is the bottom of a large natural sinkhole, into which a hazy light pours through a murky filter of tree roots, old rusted sewer pipes (severed by the collapse), and hanging garbage at the edge of the hole. The whole floor is strewn with rubble and small boulders, heaps of garbage blown into the pit by the wind and rains, and the skeletons of animals that fell into the sinkhole and died. An

*automobile*, a streetcorner mailbox, and a toppled-over streetlight also sit on the sinkhole floor, having been sucked down into the pit when it was formed.

**GM’s Note:** The sinkhole was created long ago by the same natural forces that created the Great Gulf (see *Area D*); it is 60 feet deep. The Stalkers now use it as a trap.

The sinkhole bottom is lit only by a murky, shadowy light from above. When the PCs enter, **4 Sightless Stalkers** and a **Sightless Stalker elite** (plus any Stalkers fleeing from *Area G*) are present; all are hiding behind the car wreck, which faces the southern entrance from atop a heap of rubble.

As soon as they get to act, the Stalkers will turn on the car’s still-functioning fog lights. Due to the peculiar cave environment, this has the effect of forcing all creatures in the southwestern quarter of the cave (including those near the entrance) to make a Fortitude save at DC 17 or be *blinded* for 1d4 rounds. Those that succeed are still *dazzled* (taking a -1 penalty to attack rolls) for the same duration.

Once they’ve blinded the PCs, the Stalkers emerge to attack them, fighting until the *blindness* wears off. Once it wears off they withdraw toward *Area K*.

**Sightless Stalkers (4):** HP 17; plus any survivors from *Area G*.

**Sightless Stalker Elite (1):** HP 42.

**Treasure:** The battery inside the old car could conceivably be removed and used as a *power pack* (though only about one quarter of its original capacity remains).

### J. ARCHER PLATFORMS (EL 7)

These large ledges overlook the Great Gulf at *Area D*. From these spots, Stalker archers and throwers can position themselves to rain down projectiles on any PCs caught out on the bone bridges (*Area E*).

If the alarm has been raised, there are **4 Sightless**

**Stalkers** on each of these ledges (there are six ledges total; see map) — two armed with crossbows and two with javelins. Since the Stalkers can detect the PCs with their hearing and sense of smell, the fact that the entire Gulf is cloaked in absolute darkness doesn’t affect them (though they still need to make a Listen check at DC 20 to target the PCs with their ranged attacks). However, the darkness can (and probably will) prevent the PCs from returning fire; the PCs will be unable to fight back effectively while swarms of quarrels and javelins come at them from all directions!

The Stalkers continually attack PCs on the bridges unless they come under heavy fire, in which case they pull back for a round until reinforcements can arrive. Once reinforced, they will return to the ledge to continue harassing the PCs.

**GM’s Note:** The suggested EL noted above is for each group of four Stalkers.

**Sightless Stalkers (24):** HP 17; half armed with crossbows, half with javelins.

### K. AMBUSH (EL 12)

The tunnel here is set up as an ambush site. A small cavern was dug out nearby, with secret tunnels connecting it to various points along the main passage. A number of Sightless Stalkers hide in this small cave, waiting for intruders to pass by (and for any survivors from *Areas H* and *I* to run past on their way to *Area L*).

Once the party passes the first (southern) secret tunnel exit, but before they reach the second (northern) secret tunnel exit, the Stalkers emerge, splitting into two groups (each with **4 Sightless Stalkers** and **1 Sightless Stalker elite**). The first group emerges from the northern tunnel to block the PCs’ progress and tie them down. The second emerges from the southern tunnel, boxing the party in

## DOMAIN OF THE FLESH EATERS

and cutting off their retreat!

The two groups of Stalkers will fight fiercely and to the death, hoping to wither away the party's strength and perhaps even bring down the weaker members (who tend to hang in the rear). Any survivors will flee towards *Area L*.

**Sightless Stalkers (8):** HP 17.

**Sightless Stalker Elites (2):** HP 42.

### L. AMBUSH CAVE (EL 9)

This large dark cave is yet another ambush site. The chamber is enormous, with a roof almost forty feet overhead, and filled with stalagmites and rubble. Natural ledges formed by dripping water line the walls like miniature steps and platforms suspended in space.

When the alarm is raised, the denizens of this cavern prepare to ambush the party. Any survivors fleeing from *Areas H* and *I* will also be here (having bypassed *Area K*), ready to fight.

The Stalkers remain hidden on the ledges throughout this chamber, cloaked in shadow (they receive a +4 bonus to their Hide checks as a result of the strange rock formations here). Once the party is fully in the room, they attack.

On the first round of combat the first Stalker to act will upset the delicate stony stalactites on the roof using thrown rocks. This causes a large number of the small stalactites to break free and fall, inflicting 4d6 points of damage on everyone in a 10-ft radius on the floor of the cavern (Reflex save DC 25 for half).

Once this is done, the rest of the Stalkers attack, throwing javelins down on the PCs from up high. If they exhaust their javelins (or if this tactic proves ineffective), the Stalkers will leap down from their perches. This grants them the typical *charge* bonus

(+2 to their attack and -2 to their Defense), but in doing so the Stalkers suffer 2d6 points of damage from the fall. Now on the floor, they simply resort to an all-out melee with the PCs.

**Development:** Should the PCs somehow manage to overrun this place, any surviving Stalkers will retreat to *Area O*.

**Sightless Stalkers (7):** HP 17; plus any survivors from *Areas H, I, and K*.

### M. GREAT DOOR (EL 6)

Half of the fleeing Stalkers from *Area C* will head here, to a pair of enormous metal doors that block the entire passage. Guards watch this main entrance to the Stalker village at all times; when the fleeing creatures reach safety, the guards quickly shut the doors behind them. On the same round the doors will be secured from behind.

The two doors, constructed long ago, are made of reinforced iron plate scavenged from the ruins. They are decorated with rusted spikes, clanking chains, clusters of flesh-stripped skulls, decapitated heads in various stages of decay, and forests of severed hands tied wrist to wrist. The stench is awful, the doors virtually impenetrable.

**GM's Note:** Since the guards here are on watch, they take 10 with their Listen checks at all times. Unless the PCs managed to kill the Stalkers at *Area C* without noise, and also sneak here without making a sound, the guards are able to close and secure these doors against their intrusion. They do not intend to fight, just to secure the main entrance to their peoples' subterranean village.

**Sightless Stalkers (3):** HP 17; plus any survivors from *Area C*.

**Steel Doors (2):** Hardness 10, Hit Points 120.

### N. STALKER VILLAGE (EL 20)

Beyond the Great Door (*Area M*) lies the village of the Sightless Stalkers, comprised of several interconnected levels and numerous natural and man-made caves (only one is depicted on the map). Here the majority of the Sightless Stalkers eat, live, sleep, and engage in ritual combat (ceremonies are reserved for the *Temple of Blood* and *Cathedral of Bone*; see below).

Should the PCs manage to enter this area they will come under attack by the whole tribe, which includes **40 Sightless Stalkers, 30 females and young** (non-combatants), and **10 Sightless Stalker elites**.

**Development:** Should the PCs somehow manage to overrun this place, the any surviving Stalkers will retreat to *Area O*.

**Sightless Stalkers (40):** HP 17; plus any survivors from *Areas C* and *M*.

**Sightless Stalker Elites (10):** HP 42.

**Treasure:** The Stalkers keep few treasures, reserving most of their precious goods for the *Cathedral of Bone* (*Area R*). A few items may be available, however — rudimentary tools, eating utensils, pots and pans, and other domestic items.

### NA. PIT LEADING DEEPER (EL 16)

This marks a broad pit that descends to the next level of the Underworld (not depicted). A sturdy wooden scaffold encircles the pit, from which hang numerous ropes and chains that allow the Stalkers to ascend and descend at will. The level below is essentially identical to *Area N*, with additional living quarters and a larger percentage of the Stalkers' non-combatants (**16 Sightless Stalkers, 50 females and young, and 2 Sightless Stalker elites**).

**Development:** Should the alarm be raised on the level above, the Stalkers here begin climbing up to the village to bolster the defenses. The GM should



## DOMAIN OF THE FLESH EATERS

decide which reinforcements arrive on which rounds, depending on how well (or poorly) the PCs are doing in the Underworld.

**Sightless Stalkers (16):** HP 17.

**Sightless Stalker Elites (2):** HP 42.

### O. STONE BRIDGE (EL VARIES)

Unlike the bridges at *Area E*, these causeways are made entirely from unworked stone. There are two such bridges; one on the east arm of the Great Gulf, the other on the west. They are unknotted, but any fleeing Stalkers from *Areas L* and *N* will make a fighting stand on whichever bridge is nearest.

If the PCs have only attacked from one direction, the defenders will make a stand at the appropriate bridge while reinforcements move down through the caves to attack the party from the rear and relieve the pressure. Depending on where the reinforcements are, this could take anywhere from 4 to 10 rounds. However, this is the tribe's last chance to overwhelm the PCs, so they will try to hold on as long as possible.

### P. HALLS OF THE ELITE (EL 15)

These isolated, sacred caves are reserved for the priests of the tribe, including the witch doctor who rules the Sightless Stalkers as their "god-chief." Like other caves in the complex, these small caverns are decorated with bone — along with the hides of flayed victims, curtains made from the woven hair of living creatures, and candles and lanterns fueled by tallow made from human fat.

The witch doctor dwells here with his small entourage of submissive priests, who tend to *Areas Q* and *R* for their people. Separated from the rest of the tribe, they have degenerated deeper into bizarre rituals and madness, and are unrecognizable in their

obscuring cloaks made from stitched human skin. Elaborate headdresses hide their grotesque faces; each consists of four human skulls mounted on each side of the head (front, back, and both sides), making it impossible to tell which way the priest is facing. The priests gesture to their worshipping followers with whisks made from the bone-white hair of ghouls, the long tufts of which conceal barbed whips that can be deployed with a flick of the wrist to lash at unrepentant Stalkers — or at unsuspecting PCs.

The witch doctor is a stronger version of a typical priest, but he has additional tricks as well. Employing poisons with a passion, his concealed whip is always dripping with deadly toxin.

**Development:** The witch doctor and his priests remain here during the conflict even if the alarm is raised, confident that their minions and traps can deal with the PCs. Only if the PCs manage to attack the village (*Area N*) or the Temple of Blood (*Area Q*), or if they receive word that *Area L* is compromised, will they be roused to action, moving to prepare a final defense in the Cathedral of Bone (*Area R*).

**Sightless Stalker Priests (5):** HP 40.

**Sightless Stalker Witch Doctor (1):** HP 91.

**Treasure:** A search of these warrens uncovers a yellowed, jawless human skull encrusted with cabochon-cut gemstones, a ceremonial item used by the witchdoctor during rituals. It might be worth 250 cp to a collector of curiosities. The PCs also find the witch doctor's workshop and his supply of potions and poisons, including three juju potions (1d4+12), six doses of rattlesnake venom, three doses of blue vitriol, and one dose of curare. *All of these — including the juju potions — are kept in identical unlabeled gourds; a Craft (pharmaceutical) check at DC 28 is required to identify their contents.*

### Q. TEMPLE OF BLOOD (EL 9)

Central to the Sightless Stalker community is the "Temple of Blood," a cavernous shrine situated on a broad natural shelf overlooking the Great Gulf. The terraced temple centers around a deep pool, the dark waters of which are tinged red like blood (in reality it is a normal underground spring, but the hearts of human sacrifices tossed into it by the tribe's witch doctor, have turned the water red).

The Stalkers use this precarious plateau to hold bloody rites of sacrifice and worship, slaughtering select victims before casting their lifeless bodies into the pitch black chasm of the Great Gulf. The Stalkers believe the "god of darkness" is roused by the thundering drums and screams that accompany these ceremonies, and that it seethes from the surrounding bedrock to fill the bottom of the chasm and devour whatever falls into its waiting body. There is some truth to this legend; see the *God of Darkness* sidebar for details.

**Development:** When the community is under attack, the guardians of the Temple of Blood move to the southern edge (on the verge of the Great Gulf) to provide archer fire against anyone coming down the bridges. Just as the PCs get close, they will also sever the last section of bridge, forcing the party to retreat back the way they came (see *Area E* for more on this tactic).

**Sightless Stalkers (8):** HP 17; half armed with crossbows, half with javelins.

**Treasure:** There are some treasures scattered near the pool and on the steps of the terraced temple: 2d10 corium pieces, 3d4 tin cans, and 2d10 rounds of loose ammunition (of a random caliber; these shells are cast about before a "mass" by the priests to create a harmonious tinkling like that of ceremonial chimes).

## DOMAIN OF THE FLESH EATERS

### R. CATHEDRAL OF BONE (EL VARIES)

This enormous natural cavern is essentially the great “treasure cave” of the Sightless Stalkers, where these hideous mutants drag the belongings of every creature and adventurer they have murdered during their tribe’s existence. The place is a grotesque cathedral of rocky shelves, sprinkled with thousands of bones, countless copper and silver coins, dimly-luminous corium nuggets, rotting clothing, rusting weaponry and armor, and other items pried from the cold dead hands of their prey.

**Development:** The priesthood of the tribe will retreat here to prepare their final defense, bringing with them any warriors that survived from *Area L* (or that escaped the massacre at the village). The warriors will provide a screen, stubbornly preventing the PCs from getting at their holy leaders. The priests, in turn, will use their *Coordinate/Inspiration/Greater Inspiration* talents to give attack bonuses to as many warriors as they can, remaining out of the fight until gaps are opened in the line of battle by the PCs — at which point they march forward with scourges at hand to join the battle, using their *War Chant [B&L]* feat.

**Treasure:** The treasures kept here by the Sightless Stalkers are vast. There are two suits of leather armor, a *mastercraft* chain shirt +1, 2d4 pieces of pre-Fall jewelry (worth 50 cp each), 847 corium pieces, a *mastercraft* spear +1 (made from mutagon bone), a flamethrower (8 shots left), a satchel charge C, and 1d4 *Junk*, 1d2 *Trade Goods*, 1d2 *Scav Attire*, 1d3 *Civilian Weapons*, and 1 *Rare Military Weapon*.



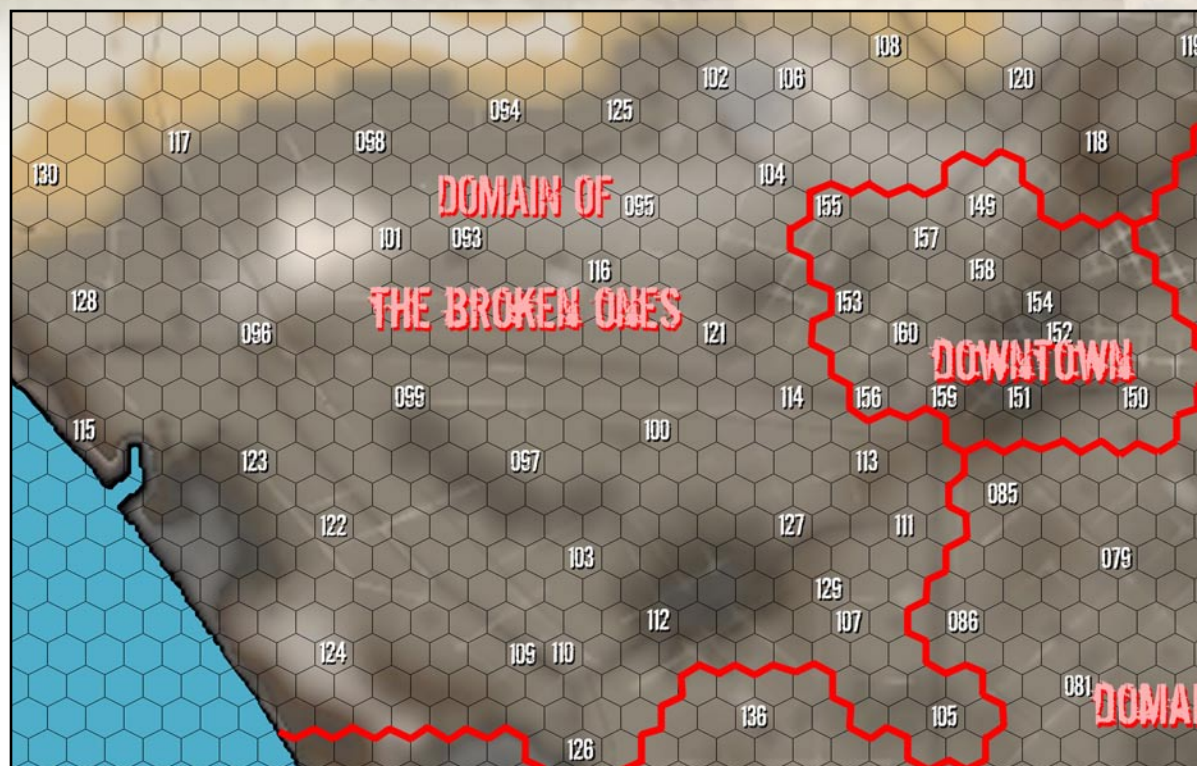


## DOMAIN OF THE BROKEN ONES

Hollywood was once among the most famous cities in all the world. Under the shadow of the great lettered hill that proclaimed its name for all to see, it became a monument to pomp, luxury and decadence. The mansions along its hills and the posh mercantile districts erected in its shade spilled forth jewels of luxury like an over-burdened treasure chest straining at the seams. But when the Final War came, its glory was swept from the earth and only hollow remains were left to face the judgment of the survivors.

These survivors were not entirely men, and not entirely animals. According to their own lore, the Broken Ones were born of *both*, for only the strength and savagery of animals combined with the cruel cunning of man could account for their drive to conquer the Necropolis. “Broken Ones,” they name themselves, out of an unspoken knowledge that they are an unnatural and incomplete combination of man and beast, lacking the feral innocence of one and the complex beauty of the other.

Awful, angry, and consumed by hate, the Broken Ones once lurked like shadows out of shame at their fall from animal purity and human superiority. Their ancestral memories depict them living as wild beasts, running untamed through the old city ruins, hunting one another in the fashion of animals. But this shame, this self-disdain, this lack of culture and intelligence, did not last. Somehow, somewhere, these frightened beastmen came to hate their own self-pity more than they hated themselves. Intelligence began to develop among their kind, along



with the ability to use tools and communicate with each other — even with others who clearly came from entirely different animal strains.

The scattered tribes of Broken Ones emerged as one from the shadows and raised their heads high in pride. Gathering to them all creatures that shared the traits of man and beast, and casting away the “purity” of the humans who had once been their fathers, they swore to bring a great Order to the city. As a people they rose up and crafted from the ruins a cruel and malicious empire to subjugate all who stood against them.

## THE EMPIRE

The empire of the Broken Ones has grown since their emperor, Klaww the Beastmaster, first led the scattered groups of evolving beastmen into unified action. Gathering the tribes into one enormous army, Klaww put the dedication and worship of his followers to work carving out first a niche, then a domain, for his people. Early on the Broken Ones faced the perils of mass starvation, as the great groups gave up killing one another in hopes of something better. Hungry, the Broken Ones proved their loyalty by swallowing their animal instincts



### THE TRUTH

Though they are entirely unaware of their true ancestry, the entire beastman race — including monkeys, horses, lions, leopards, elephants, and other subspecies — can trace its legacy back to the enigmatic Zoogenic Corporation of the pre-Fall period. Zoogenic was a monolithic bioengineering corporation whose eccentric owner, Ronald Bernard, was for some reason obsessed with the creation of a cross-species mixture of man and animal. Whatever his reasons, Ronald Bernard bent the world-spanning resources of his super-corporation to the ultimate goal of creating just such an inter-species bridge. Not satisfied with just one such creation, Ronald Bernard's elite core of dedicated (some might claim insane) scientists created *numerous* strains, which once released into the city during the chaos of the Fall would eventually survive and become the Broken Ones, the Serpent Gods, the insects of the Hive, and the feeble and pathetic aquatic species of Skaels.

It is a remarkable fact that these four mighty factions of the Necropolis, which wage war unaware of their common ties, are all related — if not by blood, then by the genetic engineering of Ronald Bernard and his corporation. Though evidence of Bernard's meddling with God's creations was lost in the Fall, certain sites throughout the Necropolis offer tantalizing clues that, piece by piece, tell the story of one man's obsession with fulfilling a nightmare prophecy that would dictate the future of life on the planet Earth....

and following Klaww despite not knowing whether or not they would survive. Attacking other sheltered communities in the ruins, slaughtering those who once hunted them when they were mere animals, Klaww and his people forged a place to call their own, and a fortress from which to expand into the surrounding ruins.

Over time the beastmen were to prove far superior to many of their enemies in the ruins. Unity proved one of their greatest strengths, more important even than the tremendous strength and animal ferocity of individual beastmen. Klaww personally led each battle, teaching his followers by example. Former beasts soon learned tactics, then strategy, and over time, pride for their newly-forged race.

Klaww's beastman empire currently occupies a good portion of the Necropolis, largely centered on what was once the great city of Hollywood. The significance of this location has not escaped the

beastmen, who by scrounging through the ruins have rediscovered much of the lost culture of the Ancient world. Through naive and innocent eyes they have come to piece that culture back together with a decidedly unique twist, even recreating parts of it (the parts that appeal to their inherent violent nature) to suit their desires.

Today the empire of the Broken Ones combines the drive and instinct of animals with the cult worship of the great Emperor Klaww, blending in fragments of Ancient cinema culture uncovered through their primitive study of the past. The Broken Ones have adopted an almost Roman hedonism, second only to its perhaps more infamous martial tradition; in so doing they have created an imperial society that reveres its leader as a half-god "Caesar" and elevates its warrior castes above all other ranks of citizenry. The glories of Rome are mimicked in Broken One architecture, from vast palaces and legion outposts to

the towering gladiatorial arenas that have become the obsession of the Broken One populace.

### CASTES OF THE BROKEN ONE EMPIRE

The great race of Broken Ones has come to organize itself in a system not unlike early feudal societies and empires, with distinct castes comprising the various tiers of their racist and warlike civilization. These castes are outlined below.

**Imperial:** The imperial caste is relatively small compared to the other tiers of Broken One society. It is comprised solely of the greatest and most feared Broken One warriors and generals (many of whom personally helped Klaww forge the empire's current boundaries) and their immediate families. The stature of these accomplished soldiers affords their families continued respect and reverence as well, creating the beginnings of a dynastic nobility.

Though they ostensibly stand to inherit the great names of their fathers, it is unsure how the next generation of this caste will fare once the legacy of their forebears has passed. Some in the empire speculate that the warrior caste will attempt to overthrow these pompous elites and install a new emperor, and that he in turn will award his own loyal coterie with similar positions of prestige. Others, however, believe these sons and daughters will inherit their parents' legacy, creating an unshakable dynasty.

The oldest sons and daughters of these generals (and of the emperor) are aware that their future is uncertain, and have begun taking steps to secure their continued power. Those born with strength have followed in their fathers' footsteps by entering the military ranks; those without the fortress of flesh have instead invested in bodyguards or servants willing to carry out their orders without question should the future require it.





**Warriors:** The warrior caste is by far the most powerful in the empire. Admired as the protectors of the empire, they alone keep the “barbarians” (i.e. other city factions) at bay, preserving the worthy culture of the beastman race as it exists in the city.

Warriors in Broken One society occupy a special and idealized tier. Though they must risk their lives for the common good, they are professional soldiers, trained from an early age to shrug off fear; they accept their role as the spears and shields guaranteeing the race’s survival and superiority over all others. All warriors share in the glory of battles won, and are revered by the common citizenry for their self-sacrifice.

But adoration is only one benefit of membership in the warrior caste. Warriors receive many other privileges that mere civilians do not, including the right to bear arms, the right to a share of spoils of war, the right to take a home and make it one’s own, military protection for a soldier’s family and possessions, guaranteed admittance into the legion for a soldier’s children, the right to never become enslaved, and the benefit of the doubt in all disputes with civilians. Other privileges exist as well, clearly setting those of the warrior caste above those who cannot or do not put their lives in risk for the glory of the empire.

**Raging Claws:** The so-called “Raging Claws” are a sub-faction of the Broken Ones — one that is well-regarded, even immortalized, by the majority of Broken Ones. The Raging Claws are an almost religious order, composed of the most animalistic beastmen who have chosen to neglect their human legacy in favor of their bestial one. Filled with rhetoric and propaganda that implants in them the seed of hate against their human origins, they are taught from an early age that the concept of humanity and humane behavior is weak, and that the animal

## BEASTMEN IN THE NECROPOLIS

In the Necropolis, beastmen — as depicted in Charles Rice’s *Darwin’s World* supplement of the same name — are a relatively new phenomenon. According to their own lore, the beastmen of the Necropolis were once mere animals, without any intelligence or civilization at all. Somewhere along the line they began to evolve, developing culture, speech, and intellect at a lightning pace. Led by a particularly intelligent member of their kind (Klaww the Beastmaster, who would become their great leader), the beastmen were united into one empire, in which individual genotypes (lion, leopard, bear, etc.) worked together toward a common goal.

drive and instinct to kill is superior.

Having a child selected to join the ranks of the Raging Claws is considered a blessing among many Broken One citizens, but once a youth enters he can never leave. Males and females may both enter the ranks of the Raging Claws, though their lives soon become consumed with military training and inevitably end with death on the battlefield.

**Minds:** Though not as respected as warriors, the “minds” form a useful caste of their own that has contributed much to the glory of the empire. Minds comprise the minority intelligentsia of the Broken Ones civilization; they are the builders, the engineers, and the scientists whose efforts have created the society of today. Resurrecting old movie images on which to base mighty palaces and temples that bolster their race’s pride, as well as creating new weapons and engineering civilian developments (such as aqueducts, farms, and foundries), their contributions to the community have humbly elevated the entire race, with very little thanks.

**Commons:** “Commons” serve a specific purpose in Broken One society, but are so abundant that their contributions are seldom recognized. Commons range from farmers to traders, craftsmen to laborers, herders to scroungers. The majority of Broken Ones come from this caste; retired warriors who did not

give their lives gloriously are often relegated to making a living as Commons in their later years.

**Lashers:** The Lashers are a separate but definite part of Broken One society. They are captive humans or mutants, prisoners from other communities, and the strongest of slaves. Lashers are given the chance to serve the empire, just as former gladiators in ancient Rome were allowed to serve as jailers or administrators of the coliseum. In exchange for their lives, they serve to keep the slave races in line. The whip is their tool, and they cruelly betray their own races purely to survive.

Lashers (along with trains of slaves) are a common sight in the streets of the City of the Broken Ones, where they can be kept under tight scrutiny. They hold rank only above slaves, and must show reverence — if not worship — to the other castes. Lashers can be killed outright if they displease even common passersby, although this happens rarely. Any Lasher that hopes to live long learns to be visibly cruel and merciless, even against the innocent, to avoid being seen as sympathetic to the slaves.

**Slaves:** Slaves are used by the Broken Ones to construct great temples, palaces, and fortresses throughout their territory. They also serve in wealthier households as menial servants and helpers. Slaves are drawn from all manner of captive peoples,

though most are from the rare groups that wander into the Broken Ones’ domain. Such captives are usually cruelly stripped of all humanity, branded and shackled like cattle, and kept in squalid conditions until called into service. Slaves are regarded as property, and there is seldom any punishment for killing a slave of the empire. When a slave dies from being overworked no tears are shed, for there are always two more to take the dead one’s place.

## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Unlike other parts of the city, *The Domain of the Broken Ones* is alive with activity. Though miles of desolate ruin separate the various outposts of their fledgling empire, the Broken Ones are determined to build here in the fiery ruins west of the Acropolis of the Serpent Gods. And while the Broken Ones have a definite flair for the dramatic, the landscape itself is as fantastic as any movie set from the Ancient era — these are the ruins of a lost civilization, interspersed with grand military outposts, isolated walled villages, an amazon fortress, and even fiery-hot lava beds around which mighty mutagons, like dinosaurs from the past, battle it out against one another under the withering heat of the sun.

Each time the PCs pass through a map hex that isn’t detailed in the text, there is a chance of a random encounter. In this part of the city the chance is 1 in 8. Roll on the table below to determine the nature of a random encounter. Individual encounters are detailed in a separate chapter, *Random Encounters*.

| D20 | Random Encounter |
|-----|------------------|
| 1   | Quake!           |
| 2   | Minefield        |
| 3-4 | Herd Animals     |
| 5-6 | Cavalry Patrol   |
| 7   | Unusual Wildlife |





|       |                         |
|-------|-------------------------|
| 8     | Corpses                 |
| 9-10  | Random Noises (Surface) |
| 11-12 | Strange Spoor (Surface) |
| 13-14 | Slave Train             |
| 15-16 | Wall Crawlers           |
| 17    | Rope Worm               |
| 18    | Wild Men                |
| 19    | Open Warfare            |
| 20    | Weird Weather           |

### 093. CITY OF THE BROKEN ONES (EL VARIES)

Hollywood, the ancient playground of America's famous and elite, has become the sanctuary of a race of monsters. Here, amid the ruins of a once-posh and world-famous city, the Necropolis faction known as the Broken Ones has created an empire from which to launch a campaign to conquer the entire ruins.

Hollywood is the capital of this cruel empire of savage beastmen, degenerate animal crossbreeds whose society has survived through brutality and bloodlust. A city reborn from the ashes, Hollywood has been remade into a capital worthy of their violent and glorious legacy. Fantastic coliseums and temples to their emperor-king Klaww celebrate their fiery, bloody rise to power. The new heart of the Broken Ones empire, Hollywood is a grotesque metropolis kept alive by violent rule and a sea of slave races cruelly torn from the surrounding city to serve their mutant masters.

#### A. THE PALACE (EL 20)

Imagine the most impressive structure of Ancient Rome, and you have the Palace of the Emperor Klaww. Mighty white ramparts face out across the city from a hill at its heart, its towers and walls standing high over the congested streets and



marketplaces below. Enormous banners of green cloth, each one hundred feet tall, hang from the palace's walls, emblazoned with the bloody claw symbol that is the standard of the Broken Ones' empire.

The Palace is the residence of Klaww the Beastmaster and his retinue of loyal generals, as well as many of the noble families of the city. (Though these latter are sequestered inside the Palace walls, they live in buildings separate from Klaww's sanctum.) Broken One soldiers are everywhere, and an entire company of cavalry kept as Klaww's personal unit trains in the huge open courtyard almost daily. In addition, the Broken Ones' version of the Praetorian Guard is barracked here, an elite unit of hyena genotype thugs who pledge loyalty to the Emperor first, and the empire's citizens second. Cruel, wicked, and sadistic, these armor-clad hyena-men are feared even by the regular garrison of the Palace, for they are favored by the Emperor and given special privileges over other soldiers.

**Significant NPCs:** Emperor Klaww the Beastmaster is the great leader who first brought the assorted beastman tribes of the Necropolis together as one. At the time many beastmen lacked sentience, living in packs like wolves and dogs. Klaww, according to popular lore, was among the first beastmen to develop true intelligence, though he certainly wasn't alone. Followed by other intelligent beastmen, Klaww allegedly taught the animals of the city to recognize their potential and unlock their intelligence. He taught them to speak, to lay down their differences, and to fight as one. He forbade beastmen from hunting one another, and instead turned them against the other creatures of the city. He is the creator of the empire and the father of the beastman race.

Klaww still lives, an aging and highly-intelligent

mastermind behind the violent empire of the Broken Ones. Though old, his lion form is still regal and majestic. His eyes have gone milky white but he can still see, and his enormous mane frames his head like the rays of the sun. Klaww is a remarkable example of what the beastmen can achieve, both physically and mentally, and living evidence that the race, while quite young, has amazing potential. It is almost certain that Klaww began life as an unintelligent beastman himself, but something in him — something inexplicable — awakened his brain and granted him near-human levels of thought, understanding, and cunning.

Today Klaww remains the savage ruler of the beastman empire, a visionary leader around whom an entire cult of personality has evolved. Seen as the father and progenitor of their species, as well as the sole guiding light whose leadership has preserved life and built a civilization, he is vital to the beastmen's furious pride and self-image.

Unlike many despotic leaders, Emperor Klaww is not a selfish, self-obsessed leader, nor a coward or madman. A true leader of the Broken Ones, his people are the most important thing to him, the very reason for his existence—and he is the first to admit it. Though he is cruel and bloodthirsty, this is merely the nature of the beast within; he is no villain to his people, being neither unjust nor unusually cruel. He is the embodiment of the Broken One ideal, someone with the traits they most respect: dedication, purpose, strength, power, charisma, fearlessness, and intellect rivaling the best of the human race.

**Emperor Klaww “The Beastmaster” (Lion Genotype Strong Hero 3/Guardian 7/Champion 7/Alpha 3 [BST]):** CR 20; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+12 plus 7d10+28 plus 7d12+28 plus 3d8+12 plus 3; HP 126; Mas 18; Init +3; Spd 20 ft; Defense

34, touch 25, flatfooted 31 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +12 class, +9 equipment); BAB +19; Grap +24; Atk +28 melee (2d6+9, *mastercraft* greatsword +3), or +22 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, scent, carnivore, muzzle; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +17, Ref +13, Will +12; AP 8; Rep +6; Str 20, Dex 16, Con 18, Int 18, Wis 15, Cha 23.

**Occupation:** Guide (Handle Animal, Survival).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Current Events]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Claws, Hyper Olfactory, Carnivore, Muzzle.

**Skills:** Climb +6, Diplomacy +4, Disguise +1, Gather Information +4, Handle Animal +20, Hide +5, Intimidate +23, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +7, Knowledge (Current Events) +21, Knowledge (History) +7, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +17, Knowledge (Tactics) +24, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +7, Listen +9, Sense Motive +12, Spot +9, Survival +16.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Battlefield Leader [F/MG], Cleave, Heroic Surge, Iron Will, Leadership, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Rallying Leader [F/MG], Renown, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stubborn Ox [B&L], Toughness, Wild Child [REW].

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (greatsword), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (greatsword), Defender +4.

**Talents (Champion):** Rallying Cry +2, Improved Tactical Aid, Rallying Cry +3, Awesome Presence, Challenge.

**Talents (Alpha [BST]):** Animal Companion, Wild Empathy, Animal Senses.



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**Possessions:** *Mastercraft* greatsword +3, *mastercraft* legionnaire's armor +3, fur-trimmed cape, goblet made from a human skull (worth 25 cp), two juju potions (1d4+4).

The inhabitants of the Palace include **25 Palace Guards**, **25 Broken One cavalry**, **40 Broken One warriors**, **10 Broken One elites**, **5 giant mutant beastmen**, **100 Broken Ones commons** (these range from the families of the noble caste to specialists such as blacksmiths, animal trainers, etc.), and a household complement of **30 slaves** (employed as cooks, servants, etc.) and **3 Lashers**.

**Emperor Klaww:** HP 126.

**Palace Guards (25):** HP 63.

**Broken One Cavalry (25):** HP 74.

**Broken One Warriors (40):** HP 40.

**Broken One Elites (10):** HP 68.

**Giant Mutant Beastmen (5):** HP 92.

**Broken One Commons (100):** HP 29.

**Slaves (30):** HP 10.

**Lashers (3):** HP 29.

### B. THE SENATE (EL VARIES)

This enormous public edifice was constructed to house the Broken One Senate, a political body mimicking that of ancient Rome. Though the Senate's public face has gained increasing notice in recent years due to a rise in racial pride among the various genotypes, in reality it remains a puppet of the Emperor, a "governing body" that serves only to confirm his proclamations and make them seem democratic.

The Senate, despite being a mere tool of Emperor Klaww, has a membership of many influential figures. Each beastman genotype is represented in the Senate, pushing their own agendas (so long as they don't conflict with the Emperor's) and

seeing to the demands of their constituents. The major Senators include Jymago (senator of the ape genotypes, this dour gorilla-man is behind the organization of the ape race in a powerful "labor union"), Boltrus (senator of the bison genotypes, this gentle mystic preaches a non-violent and passive path, and advocates a closer relationship with nature), Maggar the Brute (senator of the bear genotypes, this former legion commander is a patriotic follower of Emperor Klaww and aggressively opposes all who cast doubts on his leadership), Ximas (senator of the elephant genotypes, an aging and almost senile politician who has lost his will to debate now that his son, Lox, has been exiled to the frontier for his views), Ninnik Patterpaw (senator of the monkey genotypes, an overly talkative demagogue who is loathed by the other senators for his ability to filibuster for days on end), Horn (senator of the rhino genotypes, this stupid and blindly loyal politician is easily manipulated by Klaww's agents in the Senate), Zazarr (senator of the tiger genotypes, a wily adversary of Klaww's politics), and the Scarred One (senator of the leopard genotypes, a former legion general and personal friend of Emperor Klaww who now serves as his eyes and ears in the Senate).

**Significant NPCs:** Two Senators stand above the rest. The first is the Scarred One, a true alpha whose dominating personality and aggressive behavior have made him leader of the Senate's majority faction (who favor Klaww and loyally endorse his edicts). Former commander of the Empire's southern armies, the Scarred One has the confidence of a veteran warrior, and his words are gladly heeded despite his grotesque appearance (his face is a mass of scar tissue from an almost fatal encounter with a rope worm in the empire's early days of expansion). But the Scarred One is more than just a senator — he is Emperor Klaww's most loyal cohort, and has stood

with Klaww since the Emperor first organized the beastmen into a single faction. The Scarred One continues to serve his master by representing his interests in the Senate, making sure that the public body's attitudes do not wander too far from Klaww's vision. Most senators recognize that the Scarred One is Klaww's agent, but his influence is so great that none can do anything about it. In the past the Scarred One has challenged others who dared oppose Klaww's voice in the Senate, killing all of them in ritual combat.

The second Senator of note is Zazarr, leader of the tiger genotypes. Despising the general dominance of the lion genotypes in the empire (from Klaww to the high priestess Fomlia), Zazarr plots to replace Klaww with a new leader — one of the tiger faction, perhaps even himself. To this end Zazarr secretly funds the *Oracle* (see Area #101), who though also being a lion genotype has done a fine job of irritating Klaww and sowing discord in the Empire. Zazarr hopes his actions will cause confidence in the lion race to falter, creating an opportunity to replace Klaww altogether.

**The Scarred One (Leopard Genotype Strong Hero 3/Guardian 10/Demagogue 1):** CR 14; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+9 plus 10d10+30 plus 1d6+3; HP 115; Mas 16; Init +0; Spd 20 ft; Defense 23, touch 17, flatfooted 23 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +7 class, +6 equipment); BAB +13; Grap +15; Atk +19 melee (1d8+8, longsword), or +14 ranged (2d8, FA Casull); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, sensitive sight, carnivore, loner; AL Klaww, Broken Ones; SV Fort +11, Ref +6, Will +6; AP 7; Rep +8; Str 15, Dex 10, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 14.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Diplomacy).

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**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Claws, Sensitive Sight, Carnivore, Loner.

**Skills:** Bluff +8, Diplomacy +19, Hide +2, Jump +8, Knowledge (Current Events) +7, Knowledge (Tactics) +8, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +7, Listen +5, Sense Motive +6, Spot +5, Survival +6.

**Feats:** Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Rallying Leader [F/MG], Renown, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stubborn Ox [B&L], Twist The Blade [B&L].

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (longsword), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (longsword), Defender +4, Greater Weapon Specialization (longsword), Raider Bane.

**Talents (Demagogue):** Followers.

**Possessions:** *Mastercraft* longsword +3, FA Casull, 12 rounds of .50AE ammo, legionnaire's armor, gold amulet (worth 50 cp), two juju potions (1d4+4).

**Zazarr (Tiger Genotype Charismatic Hero 5/ Demagogue 2/Fast Hero 3):** CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d6+5 plus 2d6+2 plus 3d8+3 plus 3; HP 52; Mas 12; Init -1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 16, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, -1 Dex, +7 class); BAB +5; Grap +8; Atk +8 melee (1d6+3, sickle), or +4 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, scent, carnivore; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +5; AP 5; Rep +9; Str 16, Dex 8, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 16.

**Occupation:** Demagogue (Knowledge [Current Events], Knowledge [Theology and Philosophy]).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Diplomacy).  
**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Claws, Hyper Olfactory, Carnivore, Loner.

**Skills:** Bluff +15, Climb +4, Diplomacy +17, Disguise +13, Gamble +2, Gather Information +13, Hide +4, Intimidate +15, Knowledge (Current Events) +16, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +13, Move Silently +2, Perform +11, Profession +3, Sense Motive +6, Sleight of Hand +2, Tumble +2.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Camouflage [REW], Confident, Deceptive, Defensive Martial Arts, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Renown, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Track.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Charm, Favor, Captivate.

**Talents (Demagogue):** Followers, Lead Followers.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1.

**Possessions:** Sickle, utopian robe [F/MG], walking stick.

The Senate itself is usually well-guarded, with a detachment of **15 Broken One elites** and **2 giant mutant beastmen**. The Scarred One is often accompanied by three hyena genotype **Palace Guards** as well, a reminder to his opponents that he has the Emperor's favor.

**The Scarred One:** HP 115.

**Zazarr:** HP 52.

**Broken One Elites (15):** HP 68.

**Giant Mutant Beastmen (2):** HP 92.

**Palace Guards (3):** HP 63.

### C. THE GREAT ARENA (EL VARIES)

One of the most impressive features of the City of the Broken Ones is the Great Arena, a towering coliseum built with the inventive engineering techniques of the

Minds caste. Bearing a remarkable semblance to the ancient coliseum in Rome, this place has become the most adored and popular cultural centers of Broken One society.

Gladiatorial games are held in the Great Arena at least once a week, sometimes even daily (during special festivals or celebrations). Slave warriors, and even professional beastman gladiators, gather here under the sweltering Necropolis sun to duel to the death for the debased amusement of the citizenry. One-on-one combats are a staple, but organized events are also common, including team matches, themed battles, and fights between a gladiator (or a team of gladiators) and monsters captured from the ruins.

Klaww the Beastmaster attends most gladiatorial games, especially during festivals commemorating recent victories. It is his right as emperor to dictate the victor of a given match, dispensing mercy or execution as his whim suits him.

**Significant NPCs:** Though he doesn't live here, the princeling Tuth spends most of his time here, a rapt spectator of the deadly matches played out in the Arena. The son of a former general, Tuth is a member of the newly-rising noble caste. A lion genotype, he carries about him an air of prejudice and arrogance. Tuth feuds incessantly with his brothers, sisters, and cousins, and members of their small coterie go to great lengths to one-up each other.

**Tuth (Lion Genotype Fast Hero 2/Charismatic Hero 2):** CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8 plus 2d6; HP 16; Mas 10; Init +1; Spd 35 ft; Defense 16, touch 16, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +5 class); BAB +2; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d6+3, claw), or +3 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, scent, carnivore, muzzle; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +2, Ref



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+5, Will +2; AP 2; Rep +5; Str 16, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 15.

**Occupation:** Demagogue (Bluff, Knowledge [Current Events]).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Diplomacy).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Claws, Hyper Olfactory, Carnivore, Muzzle.

**Skills:** Bluff +12, Climb +4, Diplomacy +8, Disguise -1, Hide +3, Intimidate +6, Jump +5, Knowledge (Business) +1, Knowledge (Current Events) +7, Tumble +3.

**Feats:** Acrobatic, Deceptive, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Predator [BST], Primitive Technology, Renown, Silver Tongue, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Fast-Talk.

**Possessions:** Fine robes, jewelry (worth 100 cp).

Tuth may buy PCs whom he sees fighting in the Arena to become his personal guards, or even his champions. He will go to any expense to acquire the best, hoping to humiliate his fellow nobles by having the best-of-the-best. Of course, any PC who passes into Tuth's service will likely be used to settle Tuth's scores with his rivals, fighting other noblemen's champions to satisfy his honor.

**Tuth:** HP 16.

### D. ROYAL GRANARIES (EL 18)

This compound contains the royal granaries, a complex of warehouses where grain and other goods (herd animals, horses, slaves, etc.) given as tribute by the villages of the empire are stockpiled in the name of Klaww the Beastmaster. The royal granaries are the purview of the emperor himself, to be dispensed at his leisure, and considered his property.

The contents of the royal granaries are kept under heavy guard and serve as an emergency stockpile for

hard times. Though these are legally the property of the emperor, in times of crisis Klaww distributes a portion to the civilian populace to ease the burdens of war, famine, and hardship. The rest goes to his soldiers, to ensure that the army is not weakened by the ravages of ill fortune.

**GM's Note:** The granaries are guarded by a troop of **25 Broken One warriors** at all times, plus a small detachment of **5 Broken One cavalry**. A staff of **20 Broken One commons** is kept here to tend the animals and stores, with **30 slaves** and **5 Lashers** as additional labor.

**Broken One Warriors (25):** HP 40.

**Broken One Cavalry (5):** HP 74.

**Broken One Commons (20):** HP 29.

**Slaves (30):** HP 10.

**Lashers (5):** HP 29.

### E. TEMPLE OF THE BEAST (EL VARIES)

The Temple of the Beast is not a temple to a specific deity *per se*, but to the "beast" that lives within all beastmen. This magnificent structure was dedicated to the savage courage of the Broken One race, and stands as a clear affirmation that they embrace their violent and primal side.

Though it is called a temple, this mighty sanctum holds no religious services (most imperial citizens actually "worship" the Serpent Gods, whose enigmatic nature intrigues and mystifies the Broken Ones); instead, beastmen come here on festivals to engage in bloody sports and games. At least once each year members of each sub-race of the beastmen — elephant genotype, wolf, bear, etc. — select the finest example of their kind and send him or her here to compete. The contestants are seldom killed (the peoples' lust for blood is better sated in the Great Arena), but ritual combats between these supple and muscled warriors often cripple the loser. The

winner (and his entire sub-race, who get the glory for breeding such a fine athlete) is greatly elevated in the eyes of the Broken Ones citizenry.

Of particular note is the Temple's *bestiary*, not to be confused with the larger public Bestiary located elsewhere in the city. In these kennels the priests of the Temple of the Beast keep beautiful, well-groomed specimens of various animal species — lions, tigers, wolves, etc. — descended from animals taken from the vicinity of the old city zoo, creatures which lived wild for centuries after human civilization fell apart. These well-fed and cherished animals are considered holy by the Broken Ones populace, and are not allowed to be harmed, even in self-defense (there are stories of careless temple novices being eaten alive). There is a superstition that if these animals are allowed to die, their particular species (and the genotypes descending from them) will also die off. As a result these creatures are pampered, and seldom seen by any but the temple priests, except on annual holy days, when these proud animals join the temple priesthood's parade through the city.

**Significant NPCs:** The high priestess of the Temple of the Beast is Fomlia, a striking lioness beastwoman with toned golden muscles and rich amber-colored fur. An aesthete in every sense, the high priestess harbors remarkably moderate views considering her position. Though many accuse her of being soft on human slaves, in reality Fomlia simply believes the human race is just another species of animal, and not deserving of the treatment the Broken Ones subject them to. Humans, like the race of beastmen, share the passion and the drive of the Beast that lives in all living creatures. In answer to those who scoff at her philosophy, she merely suggests a visit to the Great Arena to watch two human slaves fight to the death in the gladiatorial games — proof enough of man's barbaric potential, at least for her.

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Fomlia is considered a great beauty by most Broken Ones, being relatively young and a perfect specimen of the lion genotype (as is required by her station as high priestess). She is sought after by many powerful Broken Ones, including the Scarred One (see Area B). Fomlia requires all of her temple staff to maintain a rigid daily routine of self-discipline and martial arts to perfect their natural fighting abilities and keep the Temple secure. She herself is a master martial artist — an unconventional path that has opened her mind to concepts closed to more conservative members of the beastman race.

**Fomlia (Lion Genotype Strong Hero 3/Initiate 9 [WF]/Sensei 3 [WF]):** CR 15; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 9d8+18 plus 3d8+6 plus 3; HP 100; Mas 17; Init +5; Spd 30 ft; Defense 21, touch 21, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +10 class); BAB +14; Grap +17; Atk +21 melee (1d10+8/crit 19-20, claw), or +15 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, scent, carnivore, muzzle; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +13, Ref +11, Will +10; AP 6; Rep +5; Str 17, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Cleric [LP] (Diplomacy, Knowledge [Theology and Philosophy]).

**Background:** Resentful (Handle Animal).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Claws, Hyper Olfactory, Carnivore, Muzzle.

**Skills:** Climb +4, Concentration +11, Diplomacy +14, Disguise -6, Gather Information -3, Handle Animal +6, Hide +3, Intimidate +8, Jump +11, Knowledge (Current Events) +6, Knowledge (Tactics) +4, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +12, Listen +10, Meditation +11 [WF], Ride +3, Sense Motive +11, Spot +10, Tumble +6.

**Feats:** Animal Affinity, Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Defensive Martial Arts, Dodge, Improved

Damage Threshold, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lurker's Eyes [Style Feat; WF], Poise [WF], Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Weapon Focus (claw), Weapon Master [Style Feat; WF].

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Initiate [WF]):** Mastery (Weapon Mastery 1), Mastery (Hard Strike 1), Mastery (Weapon Mastery 2), Mastery (Hard Strike 2), Mastery (Weapon Mastery 3).

**Talents (Sensei [WF]):** Mastery (Accurate Strike 1), Mastery (Accurate Strike 2), Personal Style (Skills).

**Possessions:** Light robes, gold diadem (worth 50 cp).

The high priestess is served by a number of lesser priests, amounting to **20 Broken One commons**. She also leads a small contingent of soldiers loyal to the Temple (treat these as **10 Broken One warriors**).

**Fomlia:** HP 100.

**Broken One Commons (20):** HP 29.

**Broken One Warriors (10):** HP 40.

### F. THE BESTIARY (EL VARIES)

This grand bestiary was established by Klaww to glorify the exploits of his legions. Essentially a sprawling zoo modeled after those of the pre-Fall world, the bestiary contains bizarre and dangerous creatures captured by his armies from all across the empire. Included are a **giant sewer croc**, several **gronts**, a **lurking panther**, a **carriion raptor**, a pack of **wild men**, a number of human **slaves** (former villagers from the Savage Village at Area #114 who were re-captured and put here on display), a single **mutant bug** from the Hive, and even a few **ghouls**, kept in chains at all times.

**GM's Note:** The Bestiary is kept by a staff of **10 Broken One commons** (as well as **5 slaves** who clean the cages), but the Emperor has ordered a small detachment of **5 Broken One warriors** to guard the Bestiary in case any of the specimens break out. In such an event, 2-3 Broken One warriors will remain to fight the escapees while the others (including the commons) flee to raise the alarm in the city.

**Broken One Commons (10):** HP 29.

**Slaves (5):** HP 10.

**Broken One Warriors (5):** HP 40.

### G. THE CATACOMBS (NOT DEPICTED) (EL VARIES)

Though death is a necessary part of life, many Broken Ones consider the handling of dead bodies a disgusting and unclean act. Most Broken Ones prefer to eat their fallen loved ones in the superstitious belief that doing so grants the loved one immortality, her spirit being infused in those who consume the corpse. However, Broken Ones who die alone or who have no family must be interred here in the Catacombs.

The Catacombs were built right under the city and continue to expand. In recent years Broken One families have begun to believe it prestigious to have the bones of a loved one interred here (after the flesh is eaten, of course); they spend lavish sums building underground mausoleums and crypts. The caretakers of the Catacombs are only too happy to oblige, making a pretty penny despite doing what the majority of the population considers filthy work.

The Catacombs are operated by a clan of mole genotype beastmen who have found a comfortable niche in the burial business. Shunning the surface, these industrious workers serve the Empire in their own humble capacity — and are thankful for it.

**Significant NPCs:** The Catacombs are run by the patriarch of the mole genotype, an elderly beastman



known as Stone Eater. A businessman at heart, Stone Eater is obsessed with keeping the Catacombs orderly, and busies himself daily making sure that the paying patrons (mostly noble families from the city) can visit the tombs of their loved ones with little trouble. Stone Eater loves his job and is quite talkative, but being utterly blind (as are all members of his genotype), he could conceivably be tricked by human or mutant PCs into thinking they are actually beastmen. Stone Eater doesn't know when to quit talking, and often brags about the large number of tunnels his people have dug. He even whispers about having broken into the old city sewers and subway lines, and particularly wily PCs might trick him into leading them there so that they can escape. Stone Eater is loyal to the Empire, however, and should he find out that the PCs are not who they claim, he will try to turn them in.

**Stone Eater (Mole Genotype Tough Hero 2/Charismatic Hero 2):** CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d10+2 plus 2d6+2 plus 2; HP 24; Mas 12; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +3 class); BAB +2; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d6+2, claw), or +3 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, blindsight 10 feet, blindness, claws; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +0; AP 2; Rep +2; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 15.

**Occupation:** Merchant (Diplomacy).

**Background:** Resentful (Craft [structural]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Blindsight, Claws, Hyper Olfactory, Blindness.

**Skills:** Bluff +4, Craft (structural) +8, Diplomacy +10, Gather Information +4, Knowledge (Business) +4, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Listen +7, Navigate +2, Profession +4, Survival +2.

**Feats:** Endurance, Filthy, Great Fortitude, Guide, Primitive Technology, Silver Tongue, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Troglodyte, Trustworthy.

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Robust.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Charm.

**Possessions:** Filthy robes.

Stone Eater leads roughly **20 Broken One commons** (mole genotypes only). These blind workers typically stick to the Catacombs, either continually excavating or tending to crypts (placing flowers, keeping them clean, making sure no one has despoiled them, etc.). Most of these flee rather than fight if conflict erupts in the Catacombs.

**Stone Eater:** HP 24.

**Broken One Commons (20):** HP 29.

## H. SLAVE MARKET (EL 12)

One of the most forbidding sights of the City of the Broken Ones is the great slave market, which lies in the largest square in the city overlooked by the Palace and the Royal Granaries. It is here that slaves taken by the Empire's armies are sold to private owners, generating a great deal of coin for the Empire's war machine.

**Significant NPCs:** The slave market is run by Botarh, a short and stocky bear genotype beastman. Though smaller than most bear genotypes (he appears to be descended from black bear stock), Botarh was once a skilled warrior in Klaww's army. Botarh was forced to retire after being badly wounded, but as a reward for his years of brave service he was made master of the market, getting 5% of every sale made in the marketplace.

Though he has claws and a mouth full of jagged teeth, Botarh is never seen without his scourge. His bellowing, mean-spirited voice is a trademark of the market and can be heard from several streets away,

even over the cries of his "merchandise." Botarh keeps a large number of Lashers as his retainers; they keep the slaves in line and act as spies, reporting on possible troublemakers among the slave population (Botarh likes to hobble the really troublesome ones). Botarh chooses Lasher servants over fellow beastmen because he just doesn't trust members of his own race, knowing full well that they would cheat him if they had a chance. At least he can keep the Lashers in fear of him, and in that way maintain control over the slave market indefinitely.

**Botarh (Bear Genotype Tough Hero 4/Strong Hero 4):** CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d10+8 plus 4d8+8 plus 7; HP 63; Mas 14; Init +0; Spd 20 ft; Defense 23, touch 16, flatfooted 23 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +6 class, +1 natural, +6 equipment); BAB +7; Grap +11; Atk +11 melee (1d6+6, claw), or +8 ranged (1d3+4, whip); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, fur, muzzle; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +3; AP 4; Rep +1; Str 18, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 14.

**Occupation:** Slaver (Gamble, Intimidate).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Business]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Claws, Fur, Loner, Muzzle.

**Skills:** Climb +5, Diplomacy +0, Disguise -3, Gamble +5, Gather Information +0, Intimidate +11, Knowledge (Business) +5, Knowledge (Current Events) +1, Knowledge (Tactics) +1, Swim +6.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Combat Reflexes, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (whip), Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Weapon Focus (whip).

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Robust, Second Wind.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Possessions:** Whip, legionnaire's armor.

Botarh keeps a retinue of **12 Lashers** at his beck and call, and he is never seen without at least three of these thugs at his side as his personal guards. The population of **slaves** in his possession will vary, ranging from 10 to 100 depending on whether it has been relatively peaceful or not in recent weeks.

**Botarh:** HP 63.

**Lashers (12):** HP 29.

**Slaves (10-100):** HP 10.

## I. STREETSWEEPERS (EL VARIES)

The Streetsweepers are a rudimentary guild almost entirely comprised of dog genotype beastmen. Based in a series of run-down buildings at Area I, Streetsweepers can be seen on virtually every street corner in the city, living in the shadows of the Empire's greatness. Most Broken Ones of the Empire consider them second- or third-class citizens and look down on these canine beastmen with a mixture of racial bigotry and disgust. The reason, as any Broken One (dogs included) will attest, has its roots in ancient history. Long ago dogs were the friends of man, allowed to walk free while other animals were hunted (often with the help of dogs, no less) or caged in zoos. To punish them for being "co-conspirators with humanity," the entire race of dog beastmen has been relegated to the role of menial servants and street people. They have no representation in the Senate and are often considered the last choice for recruitment into the Imperial army. Most find work sweeping the streets, clearing garbage, and carrying burdensome goods as porters and bearers — all for mere pennies.

Most of the Streetsweepers are dog genotypes, but some cat genotypes are also lumped with them. Cat genotypes, like their canine counterparts, must struggle against powerful prejudices. Ironically, both species now find that they must get along, work together, and pool their resources and cunning to survive in this hostile environment.

**Significant NPCs:** The leader of the Streetsweepers is a middle-aged dog beastman known as Rex; by all accounts he chose the name to snub Broken One tradition ("Rex" was a name commonly used by humans to name their dog companions). Tall and covered in wiry gray hair, Rex has the traits of a Scottish terrier, with bristling whiskers and a thick and shaggy coat of fur.

A common man's leader, Rex is known for his biting sense of humor, though whether this comes from his jaded attitude towards life or from the chronic gout he suffers from is hard to tell. Though he seems to be in a sore mood all the time, Rex is actually a committed leader and clever organizer. He has turned the destitution of the entire dog genotype around, giving them a purpose and place in the Empire's hierarchy. He has used sardonic humor and slapstick antics to begin eroding the hatred of the other beastman races; many Broken Ones think he's quite funny, and only because he seems outwardly harmless do they occasionally allow themselves to see the truth in his vocal criticisms of Klaww's government. All such criticism is disguised as comedy, of course, and though he gets away with it for now, it is quite possible that one day Rex will ridicule the wrong Broken One senator or general and find his efforts dashed in a gesture of petty revenge.

Rex has won his people some small measure of respect, but deep down Rex and his followers want more. They earnestly seek a better lot for themselves, and even sympathize with the humans taken as slaves

by Klaww's armies. If the PCs are looking for allies to start a revolution, they might find loyal friends among the Streetsweepers....

**Rex (Dog Genotype Tough Hero 3/Dedicated Hero 3/Charismatic Hero 2):** CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d10+3 plus 3d6+3 plus 2d6+2 plus 6; HP 49; Mas 12; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 16, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +5 class); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d6+1, bite), or +5 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, carnivore, social animal; AL Streetsweepers; SV Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +5; AP 4; Rep +4; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 15.

**Occupation:** Demagogue (Bluff, Diplomacy).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Current Events]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Hyper Olfactory, Serrated Dental Development, Carnivore, Social Animal.

**Skills:** Bluff +17, Craft (writing) +2, Diplomacy +16, Gather Information +8, Hide +3, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (Current Events) +7, Knowledge (Streetwise) +3, Listen +4, Perform +6, Sense Motive +5, Spot +4, Survival +4.

**Feats:** Alertness, Bay of the Pack [REW], Creative (Craft [writing], Perform), Filthy, Leadership, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Trustworthy.

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Robust, Second Wind.

**Talents (Dedicated Hero):** Empathy, Skill Emphasis (Bluff).

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Fast-Talk.

**Possessions:** Filthy robes, staff.



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The total number of Streetsweepers amounts to about **150 Broken One commons** (*dog* and *cat* genotypes only), though they are usually found scattered throughout the city. It usually takes Rex less than an hour to get word out to all of his followers, however, and could be mobilized quickly if Rex deems it necessary.

**Rex:** HP 49.

**Broken One Commons (150):** HP 29.

### 094. HILLS OF THE BROKEN ONES (EL VARIES)

*In the purplish light of dusk, the ruins of the Necropolis give way to a sprawling expanse of rolling hills that rise from the wreckage of the city. Bonfires by the dozens illuminate the area almost as brightly as it must have been when the Ancients ruled the earth. Each of these bonfires, dotting these hills like fallen stars, marks the location of a tent camp.*

These are the Broken Ones' hill camps, which have stood at the heart of their empire since Klaww the Beastmaster brought the first tribes of beastmen together. The Broken Ones originated among these tribal camps, before discovering the technical skills to build the great structures they now inhabit in the City of the Broken Ones.

Though the majority of the population has left these overcrowded camps, older Broken Ones still feel a tie to this land that keeps them bound to the hill slopes. The camps are smaller now, and there are fewer of them than there used to be, but the Broken Ones maintain a presence here as herders and farmers.

Movement through this open area is not likely to go unnoticed, as Broken One shepherds keep a

lookout on the hills for ghouls and other predators that would hunt their herds. PCs are cause for alarm, and the camp dwellers will rise to defend their homes and their empire as loyally and courageously as any other Broken One citizen.

**GM's Note:** Individual camps are generally separated by four to five hundred yards of open terrain, mostly dry grassy hills sprinkled with a few trees and the remains of older buildings. A given camp consists of three to four tents housing an entire extended family of Broken One herders, and a small corral to pen in the flock at night. Each camp is usually home to **1d8+7 Broken One commons** plus **1d10+10 herd animals**.

**Broken One Commons (8-15):** HP 29.

**Herd Animals (11-20):** HP 37 (see *d20 Modern*).

**Treasure:** The typical family has treasure in the form of 1d2 *Trade Goods* and 1d2 *Simple Foods*.

### 095. VILLAGE YTHRA (EL 8)

*A smudge of grayish smoke rises into the sky. Through the ruins you see a small fortified village, its outer wall apparently trampled flat. A number of village huts have burned to the ground. The fires are out, but the place looks like a ruin.*

This village recently came under attack from one of the **mutagons** at Area #116. A reasonably common sight in this part of the city, mutagons rarely attack Broken One settlements, and the inhabitants run for cover behind the village walls when they appear. This small thorpe, Village Ythra, wasn't lucky enough to evade the mutagon's attentions and was attacked.

An agricultural village, Ythra's crop was almost completely decimated by the rampaging mutagon. It

also devastated the town defenses and killed a good portion of the settlers before moving on. The village headmaster, Ythra, was killed when he mustered the militia to sally forth and try to fight off the mutagon.

The villagers are currently trying to rebuild the outer wall — it is needed to keep ghouls and other creatures out once darkness sets in. Terrified that the beast might return (or that other creatures will sense their weakness), they are on full alert. The entire population is armed and will rally to fight off anyone who approaches the village boundaries.

The village population is currently reduced to **13 Broken One commons** and **2 Broken One warriors**. The latter are down to 4 hit points apiece from injuries, and are currently recuperating in one of the village's few intact huts.

**Broken One Commons (13):** HP 29.

**Broken One Warriors (2):** HP 40 (down to 4 hit points).

### 096. VILLAGE TAMARIS (EL 12)

*Fields here display a bounty of crops, neatly tended in rows. A village lies at the heart of the fields, surrounded by a low wall. Granaries poke out over the walls, strained to their limits with grain.*

This Broken One village was set up to produce agricultural goods for the capital city. Relatively successful, it provides a steady stream of grain that has become essential to the city.

Village Tamaris is one of the larger Broken One villages, populated by hard-working beastmen who have dedicated their lives to supporting their great emperor and his ambitions of conquest. Patriots, these villagers consider their work just as important as the sacrifices made by the soldiers of the empire's

legions.

**Significant NPCs:** This village is led by a quiet but proud camel beastman named Tamaris. Formerly a beggar on the streets of the Broken Ones' capital city, Tamaris came here looking for a better life. Now headmaster of an entire village, he has learned the most efficient ways of coaxing crops out of the city's rocky soil, and though he doesn't brag, his village has become the top producer of edibles for the whole empire.

While Tamaris usually seems peaceful and level-headed, deep down he has a fiery loyalty to the emperor, whom he rabidly supports. To no one's surprise, most of the other villagers do as well. Grumbling citizens who so much as mention doubts about Klaww's ability to rule are not welcomed in his village, and such individuals are usually given the cold shoulder until they get the message and move on.

**Tamaris (Camel Genotype Tough Hero 5):** CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d10+15 plus 8; HP 51; Mas 17; Init -1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, -1 Dex, +3 class); BAB +3; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d6+2, sickle), or +2 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, +4 fort vs environmental damage, scent, herbivore, quadruped; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +8, Ref +0, Will +4; AP 2; Rep +4; Str 14, Dex 8, Con 17, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 13.

**Occupation:** Herdsman (Navigate, Survival).

**Background:** Resentful (Craft [structural]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Hyper Olfactory, Interior Moisture Reservoir, Herbivore, Quadruped.

**Skills:** Climb +6, Craft (structural) +3, Diplomacy +3, Gather Information +3, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Navigate +4,

Profession (farmer) +7, Sense Motive +2, Survival +10, Swim +4.

**Feats:** Athletic, Great Fortitude, Guide, Iron Will, Primitive Technology, Renown, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Trustworthy.

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Robust, Damage Reduction 1/—, Damage Reduction 2/—.

**Possessions:** Sickle, robes.

Village Tamaris is populated by a large number of villagers who have made a stable life for themselves here. They comprise **92 Broken One commons**, with an additional 5 elderly and 10 children (treat both of these groups as non-combatants). Because the grain shipments from Village Tamaris are vital to the Broken Ones, a garrison consisting of **4 Broken One warriors** and **1 giant mutant beastman** has been assigned to the village. Finally, there are **30 slaves** in the village, used as general labor or as skilled craftsmen in areas where the Broken Ones themselves lack expertise.

**Tamaris:** HP 51.

**Broken One Commons (92):** HP 29.

**Broken One Warriors (4):** HP 40.

**Giant Mutant Beastman (1):** HP 92.

**Slaves (30):** HP 10.

## 097. VILLAGE MANSU (EL 12)

*A walled compound lies up ahead among the ruins. The sounds of martial shouting drift across the clearing to your ears.*

As part of the Broken Ones' expansion, Emperor Klaww established numerous villages to complement their burgeoning agricultural output. Most of these villages were settled by the poorest members of Broken Ones society, giving them a chance to erase

their dishonor by contributing to the empire's wealth. Others, however, saw in the settlements a chance to get rich.

Village Mansu was set up by a former Broken One colonist who knew little of herding and practically nothing of agriculture. What he did know, however, were the ins and outs of gladiatorial combat; not as a fighter, but as a heavily-addicted gambler. Having lost a fortune betting on the arena games in his home city, Mansu became a settler not by choice, but out of necessity. When his farm began to sink (in no small part due to his inability to discern a seed from a stone), he used his last remaining influence to buy up the best slaves on the market.

Mansu has transformed his dying settlement from an impoverished farm into a stable for the best gladiators in the empire. A competent businessman where slaves are concerned, Mansu uses much of his profit traveling to the Broken Ones capital to purchase slaves from the markets there and bring them back here for warrior training. He has a keen eye for such things, and has made a significant turnaround by training some of the most entertaining fighters the Broken Ones have ever seen.

**Significant NPCs:** Mansu continues to lead the small enclave here personally. He has a special eye for diamonds in the rough. He takes a personal role in breaking and training new arrivals, turning them into not just fighting machines, but *entertaining* fighting machines. His skills are best suited for the entertainment aspect, however; he has hired on actual weapon trainers to teach the bloodier aspects of arena combat.

Though his business is an ugly one, Mansu is actually a reasonably kind master. He doesn't mistreat his gladiators, though he gives his hirelings free reign to train the stable as they see fit. He is a trustworthy fellow (perhaps to a fault), and would



not be above making an unusual friendship with one of his gladiators if he or she stood out from the rest. And while he may be relatively benevolent, he is unlikely to simply give a slave his freedom — unless that slave made him a tremendous amount of money first, making him feel somehow compensated for the loss... .

**Mansu (Mule Genotype Charismatic Hero 3/Trader 2):** CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+6 plus 2d6+4 plus 3; HP 31; Mas 14; Init -1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 11, touch 11, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, -1 Dex, +2 class); BAB +2; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d6, quarterstaff), or +1 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, immune to critical hit, immune to poison, quadruped; AL none; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +4; AP 2; Rep +6; Str 11, Dex 8, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 15.

**Occupation:** Merchant (Knowledge [Business]).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Diplomacy).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Extreme Resilience, Superior Kidney Development, Loner, Quadruped.

**Skills:** Bluff +12, Diplomacy +11, Disguise +6, Gamble +4, Gather Information +14, Handle Animal +4, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (Business) +11, Knowledge (Current Events) +10, Perform +8 (oration), Profession +9 (trader), Sense Motive +5.

**Feats:** Deceptive, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Renown, Silver Tongue, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Charm, Favor.

**Talents (Trader):** Ear to the Ground, Money Talks.

**Possessions:** Quarterstaff, robes.

The compound is populated by Mansu and his immediate household, as well as a number of hired

specialists and their families, for a total of **18 Broken One commons**. They are further tended by a number of trainers amounting to **8 Broken One warriors** and **1 Broken One elite**. Mansu keeps a stable of **2d4+10 slaves** (future gladiators) at any given time.

**Mansu:** HP 31.

**Broken One Commons (18):** HP 29.

**Broken One Warriors (8):** HP 40.

**Broken One Elite (1):** HP 68.

**Slaves (12-18):** HP 10.

## 098. VILLAGE HOREAK (EL 8)

*Pastures surround a walled village in this broad, open clearing. The smell of animal dung pervades the air, as does the incessant hammering of a blacksmith somewhere beyond the village walls.*

The village here has flourished since its original founding. A large number of Broken One settlers inhabit the village, originally eking out a modest living through agriculture. In recent years, however, they have replaced their income from farming with a more lucrative trade: breeding, raising, and training horses for the empire's cavalry.

Like most Broken One villages, this one was built with defense in mind, both from enemies of their empire and the menacing monsters that are known to inhabit the ruins. A wall surrounds the town and a low wooden watchtower allows guards to keep an eye out on the pastures. Inside the compound, however, huts and buildings crowd around a number of large corrals, which hold the herds of horses the villagers have become adept at raising. These horses are particularly prized by the Broken Ones military, whose legions have a great demand for brave steeds they can ride into battle.

**Significant NPCs:** This village is run by Horeak Horsetrader, a shrewd businessman and a relatively moderate headmaster. Early on Horeak's business sense earned him a good reputation, attracting likeminded settlers from the Broken Ones capital who saw in Horeak's idea (raising horses) a brilliant way of making money. Those whom he has attracted to the village are now loyal friends and supporters; though other Broken Ones sometimes criticize Horeak for being neglectful and allowing slaves to escape, with so much money coming into their possession his fellow villagers support him 100% regardless.

**Horeak Horsetrader (Bison Genotype Charismatic Hero 3/Trader 2):** CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+3 plus 2d6+2; HP 23; Mas 12; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +2 class); BAB +2; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d3+2 nonlethal, unarmed), or +2 ranged (1d3+2, whip); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, horns, immune to critical hit, muzzle, social animal; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +2; AP 2; Rep +3; Str 15, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 9, Cha 14.

**Occupation:** Merchant (Knowledge [Business]).

**Background:** Resentful (Handle Animal).

**Mutations and Defects:** Aberrant Horn Development, Bestial Genotype, Extreme Resilience, Muzzle, Social Animal.

**Skills:** Bluff +10, Climb +4, Diplomacy +10, Disguise -3, Gather Information +14, Handle Animal +11, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (Business) +11, Knowledge (Current Events) +10, Navigate +4, Profession +7, Ride +5, Sense Motive +3, Survival +3, Swim +4, Treat Injury +1.

**Feats:** Animal Affinity, Athletic, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (whip), Guide, Primitive Technology,

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Simple Weapons Proficiency, Track, Trustworthy.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Fast-Talk, Coordinate.

**Talents (Trader):** Ear to the Ground, Money Talks.

**Possessions:** Whip, robes.

Horeak's fellow villagers number **30 Broken One commons**, four of whom have had some military training and should be treated as **4 Broken One cavalry**. They keep a number of slaves (**18 slaves** total) on hand as stablehands, cleaning stalls, shoveling dung, and tending to the horses when their masters are busy with other things. Another **15 slaves** are kept to work the fields outside the village, but since they are largely left unattended (the villagers are preoccupied with training horses for the military) they often have a chance to run away. The villagers don't seem concerned, however, and use money raised from their burgeoning trade to replace escapees when needed.

**Horeak Horsetrader:** HP 23.

**Broken One Commons (30):** HP 29.

**Broken One Cavalry (4):** HP 74.

**Slaves (15):** HP 10.

**Treasure:** In the corrals of the village are kept 12 well-trained horses, which could be taken and ridden by the PCs if they manage to deal with Horeak's guards.

### 099. VILLAGE VARIA (EL 6)

*The rocky ground here gives way to a small clearing where crops grow in unkempt fields. A small compound sits at the center of the field, surrounded by a tall wooden wall. Colorful clothing slung over the top of the wall is drying in the sun.*

This marks the location of a Broken One frontier village that, sadly, has seen better days. It was settled by a widowed beastwoman of no little money, but her attempts at raising a crop for the good of the empire have repeatedly failed.

Facing the impending threat of poverty, the village headmistress Varia turned her failed enterprise around. Already employing mostly female slaves, Varia turned her farm into a frontier *brothel*.

Varia has been turning a tidy profit now that she has given up farming. Though they live in relative isolation from the capital city of the Broken Ones, the whores here manage to make money by entertaining villagers from the other Broken One villages, who come here to spend their coin on a regular basis.

**Significant NPCs:** Varia treats her slaves exceptionally well, despite what she asks of them. She considers her slaves sisters and daughters and dotes affectionately over them, even ones of races and breeds not her own. While she is sympathetic to their plight as slaves, she sees herself as just one woman, unable to topple an entire empire. She's not particularly fond of Emperor Klaww's policies, but she is a beastman after all, and is unready to openly criticize or act against the cruelty of her people's empire.

Varia has recently become infatuated with Mansu, the headmaster of *Village Mansu* (see Area #097). To lure him back into visiting her regularly she has offered her girls for the entertainment of his stable of gladiators at a deep discount. Recognizing the benefit such visits have for the morale of his fighters, Mansu usually accepts, and regularly brings his warriors here to celebrate recent victories in the arena. When Mansu does make the trip to visit, Varia tries her best to flirt with Mansu, but the man seems totally oblivious to her advances! As such the poor woman is close to having a broken heart.

**Varia (Horse Genotype Dedicated Hero 2/ Charismatic Hero 2):** CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d6+2 plus 2d6+2 plus 3; HP 21; Mas 13; Init -1; Spd 40 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, -1 Dex, +3 class); BAB +2; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d3+1 nonlethal, unarmed), or +1 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, herbivore, quadruped; AL none; SV Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +6; AP 2; Rep +3; Str 12, Dex 8, Con 13, Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 14.

**Occupation:** Merchant (Diplomacy).

**Background:** Resentful (Treat Injury).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Hyper Olfactory, Increased Movement, Herbivore, Quadruped.

**Skills:** Bluff +6, Craft (writing) +3, Diplomacy +10, Disguise +4, Gamble +7, Gather Information +6, Knowledge (Art) +6, Knowledge (Business) +6, Knowledge (Current Events) +6, Perform (sing) +4, Sense Motive +8, Spot +6, Survival +6, Treat Injury +5.

**Feats:** Deceptive, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Primitive Technology, Run, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Trustworthy.

**Talents (Dedicated Hero):** Skill Emphasis (Survival).

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Charm.

**Possessions:** Robes.

Village Varia is populated by **12 Broken One commons**, eight of which are "working girls" while the other four are house staff (cook, steward, etc.). Another **19 slaves** are kept here as well, all of whom are women and brothel workers. Varia has managed to hire **5 Broken One warriors** as mercenaries to guard the village, but these men are surly drunks who think little of their current job at this wretched



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frontier posting, which they see more as exile.

**Varia:** HP 21.

**Broken One Commons (12):** HP 29.

**Slaves (19):** HP 10.

**Broken One Warriors (5):** HP 40.

### 100. VILLAGE GOLGARUS (EL 12)

*Rocky fields surround a village here. A few humanoid creatures are working in the fields. Wisps of smoke rise from the chimneys of small buildings clustered inside the village walls.*

A Broken One village has been built in this hex. It is populated largely by members of the dispossessed caste who became settlers to avoid destitution in the capital city. These pioneers are all grateful to have new homes — and a means of contributing to their race's imperial ambitions.

The village is typical of Broken One settlements, surrounded by a wooden palisade which keeps out rogue beasts and keeps in the village's small but valuable slave population. Though the villagers are hard-working, like all Broken Ones they've come to rely on slaves to complement their efforts.

**Significant NPCs:** The headmaster of this village is a Broken One named Golgarus, a ruthlessly efficient taskmaster and leader. Once a penniless member of Broken One society, he despised being a man of such little consequence among his people. Though many of his rat genotype cousins fled at the first chance to start their own community far away (see the *Village of the Rat People*, Area #010), Golgarus scoffed at the idea, believing that only by remaining with the Broken Ones could his people survive. For years he lived as a slave, but when the call came for villages to be built to boost the Broken Ones' agricultural output, he leapt at the chance to

become a settler on the empire's growing frontier.

In the years since the village was first founded, Golgarus has risen in rank through hard work, dedication, and an ability to get things done, finally attaining the town's top position. He prides himself on the fact that he (unlike most of the rat genotypes) did not flee when times got hard.

While his cruel and indifferent leadership prompts some of his fellow settlers to fear and despise him, Golgarus' inability to cut his men a break or even make allowances for the crippled stems from his fear of ever returning to the City of the Broken Ones. He knows that, should his village fail to impress Emperor Klaww with its crop output, he could very well be replaced and condemned to just such a humiliating fate.

**Golgarus (Rat Genotype Dedicated Hero 3):** CR 3; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+6; HP 17; Mas 14; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 13, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +2 class, +1 equipment); BAB +2; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6+1, cutlass), or +3 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, muzzle, reptile brain; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +6; AP 1; Rep +4; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Herdsman (Ride, Survival).

**Background:** Resentful (Craft [structural]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Accumulated Resistance, Bestial Genotype, Hyper Olfactory, Muzzle, Reptile Brain.

**Skills:** Craft (structural) +2, Diplomacy -2, Disguise -5, Gather Information -2, Hide +3, Knowledge (Business) +4, Knowledge (Current Events) +6, Listen +6, Ride +7, Sense Motive +8, Spot +6, Survival +8.

**Feats:** Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency,

Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Primitive Technology, Renown, Sand in the Eyes [B&L], Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Dedicated Hero):** Skill Emphasis (Survival), Faith.

**Possessions:** Cutlass, leather armor.

Golgarus' village is populated by **42 Broken One commons**; three of these are retired warriors who should be treated as **3 Broken One elites**. The entire village oversees (and co-habitates with) **17 slaves**, who assist in everything from building huts to tending animals to planting and harvesting the crop. They also have **3 gronts** which they have domesticated (at a great loss of life) to serve as beasts of burden.

**Golgarus:** HP 17.

**Broken One Commons (42):** HP 29.

**Broken One Elites (3):** HP 68.

**Slaves (17):** HP 10.

**Gronts (3):** HP 50.

### 101. ORACLE (EL VARIES)

*A complex of lavish tents stand here, surrounding a decayed oasis formed from the deep pool of a bomb crater. From a distance you spot dozens of bestial creatures congregated near the tents, clad in long white robes and kneeling all around one large central tent as if awaiting someone's emergence.*

This hex marks the location of the Oracle, a curious phenomenon that continues to plague the Broken Ones' civilization. The Oracle is a figure of great influence in Broken One society, an elder beastman who claims to have prophetic powers. Like a wise man of old, the Oracle has gathered to his side a vast

following of the Broken Ones' more superstitious citizens, who listen to his charismatic doomsaying and find hidden meaning in his never-ending stream of poetic riddles.

The Oracle of the Broken Ones appeared when Klaww began to unite the tribes of scattered beastmen into one "super-tribe." The Oracle first came to the public's attention by playing devil's advocate, cautioning against Klaww's message of unity; but like any smart player in Broken Ones politics, he quickly realized there was more power to be gained through supporting unity instead of fighting it. However, while the Oracle has the people's ear — and worship — he has become a political enemy of Klaww and his generals.

The Oracle is a thorn in Klaww's side. Because his word holds considerable weight and influence, he is often seen as an indirect threat to Klaww's autocratic, imperial rule. While the Oracle has no official position, his prophecies are widely respected, both in the civilian and warrior ranks.

The Oracle's most recent (and most annoying) prophecy involves a dream in which he saw the Broken Ones marching to the south to the "blaring trumpets of conquest." The Oracle's followers believe this means that the Broken Ones must first conquer the Purists to the south if they are ever to achieve their racial dream of ruling over the Necropolis. This has resulted in many generals and civilian leaders pressuring Klaww to divert his forces from the Hive front (in the east) to the Purists. Klaww wisely recognizes the Hive as a much greater threat to his imperial ambitions, but he fears the potential dissent that might arise if he ignores the Oracle's vocal following. As such he is forced, with increasing annoyance, to siphon forces from the war against the Hive to satisfy the wild prophecies of the "mad Oracle" — an act that is slowly beginning to

endanger the empire's war efforts.

It is not clear what will result from the continued antipathy between Klaww and the Oracle, as both are beloved figures in Broken Ones society. However, as time goes by more and more Broken Ones are falling under the Oracle's spell, buying into the belief that a second front must be opened against the Purists if their people are ever to rule over the Necropolis.

**Significant NPCs:** The Oracle resides at this oasis within the territory of the Broken Ones empire, in a kind of monastic retreat from the bustling capital city. The Oracle is a whiskered old lion who walks about in a simple white robe and carries a gnarled wooden staff. His mane is still magnificent, however, and though one of his fangs is chipped, his powerful muscles can still be seen (perhaps deliberately, as a warning to potential assassins sent by Klaww) through his robes.

The Oracle is more than just a cult figure, he is a rising political force... and he knows it. Though at first he only distrusted Klaww, he now views Klaww as a rival. He knows he walks a fine line with his act, but the surprising rise of so many loyal listeners has engendered in him a foolhardy arrogance and courage. The Oracle isn't afraid of Klaww, though he probably should be.

**The Oracle (Lion Genotype Charismatic Hero 9/Demagogue 5):** CR 14; Medium-size humanoid; HD 9d6 plus 5d6; HP 50; Mas 10; Init -1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, -1 Dex, +5 class); BAB +6; Grap +10; Atk +10 melee (1d6+4, quarterstaff), or +5 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, scent, carnivore, muzzle; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +9, Ref +4, Will +10; AP 7; Rep +10; Str 18, Dex 8, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 16.

**Occupation:** Demagogue (Bluff, Knowledge [Theology and Philosophy]).

**Background:** Resentful (Knowledge [Mutant Lore]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Claws, Hyper Olfactory, Carnivore, Muzzle.

**Skills:** Bluff +23, Climb +5, Craft (writing) +13, Decipher Script +6, Diplomacy +20, Disguise +0, Gather Information +20, Hide +1, Intimidate +20, Knowledge (Current Events) +18, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +7, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +8, Listen +3, Perform +15, Spot +3.

**Feats:** Alertness, Deceptive, Frightful Presence, Great Fortitude, Hard-Eyed, Iron Will, Leadership, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Rend, Renown, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Super-Charismatic, Trustworthy, War Chant [B&L].

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Coordinate, Charm, Favor, Captivate, Inspiration.

**Talents (Demagogue):** Followers, Lead Followers, Zealots, Captivate Masses.

**Possessions:** Quarterstaff, robes, two juju potions (1d4+4).

The Oracle does not dwell at his retreat alone; at any given time he is protected by **20 Broken One elites** and a hand-picked gathering of mindlessly loyal servants (**20 Broken One commons**). An additional **15 slaves** are present at his compound at any time, performing menial tasks as suits their position. Finally, gathered outside like pilgrims are anywhere from **100 to 200 Broken One commons**, come to hear the Oracle's next prophecy or receive a blessing by gazing on his magnificence. These beastmen are borderline zealots, and will attack with insane fervor any who threaten the Oracle's life.

**The Oracle:** HP 50.

**Broken One Elites (20):** HP 68.

**Broken One Commons (120-220):** HP 29.

**Slaves (15):** HP 10.



## 102. VILLAGE OF THE CARRION KNIGHTS (EL VARIES)

*A walled wooden village sits here on the far side of a grassy clearing. The strong smell of dung hangs heavy in the air.*

The village of a small tribal community exists here largely unknown to the other inhabitants of the Necropolis. Needless to say, these tribals prefer it that way.

The tribe consists of men, women, children, and elderly, all direct descendants of a band of desperate refugees who fled the raider-infested deserts and returned to Los Angeles in the years just following the Fall. Though they faced disease, chemical poisons, and radiation, they considered the dangers of the wilderness far more dangerous, and chose to stay here.

Having lived in the Necropolis for generations, this tribe of purebloods has degenerated in many ways, becoming more and more primitive with each passing year. Today the tribals use spears, axes, and clubs, and wear only the furs and skins of beasts killed in battle. Though they have lost almost all knowledge of the past, they have adapted in other ways, learning how to hunt, track, forage, and domesticate animals.

In particular these warlike tribals have learned to raise and domesticate carrion raptors, training them to serve as mounts which they ride into battle like knights of the ancient past. The tribals know of several carrion raptor nesting grounds in the city (such as Area #104), which they raid frequently for eggs and chicks to raise and train.

While they are perfectly capable of defending themselves, these tribals are obsessed with a specific bloody mission. Though they hardly remember the past, they know that their ancestors survived

by hunting the beasts of the city without mercy. In ancient times, when animals ran amok everywhere in the ruins of the blasted city (due in no small part to the genetic meddling of Zoogenic Corporation; more on this elsewhere), there was never enough food for these creatures and the human survivors to share. Over the generations the tribals learned to despise virtually all animals (except perhaps ‘raptors), and continue to hunt them. It is their mission, they believe, to drive animals all from the Necropolis so humans can rise again.

In recent years the evolution of the Broken Ones has been of paramount concern to these tribals, who consider them just “talking animals” (which of course they are) and a serious danger to their way of life and continued survival. Devouring ever-increasing amounts of resources, the empire’s lightning growth and expansion has alarmed them into considering the declaration of war.

**GM’s Note:** The tribe consists of **83 tribal warriors** (use the stat block for the *tribal warrior*, but note that these warriors do not use poison), including men and women trained as Carrion Knights; there are **53 Carrion Knights** total. These warriors are easily distinguished by their feathery headdresses. The other 30 are specialists, such as craftsmen, healers, and foragers. The tribe also keeps **35 carrion raptors** as mounts, which they use to great effect in battle.

**Tribal Warriors (30):** HP 22.

**Carrion Knights (53):** HP 40.

**Carrion Raptors (35):** HP 23.

**Treasure:** Though the Carrion Knights have no real treasure *per se*, PCs searching the camp will find a map in the chief’s hut. This map (scribbled on one large animal skin) depicts what the Carrion Knights know of the area. It shows this village (Area #102), as well as Fort Lox (Area #125), the Carrion Raptor

Nesting Ground (Area #104), and the ghoul-infested cemetery (Area #106). It also vaguely shows the boundaries of Downtown, which is enigmatically labeled “citadel of the Serpent Gods.”

**Development:** Though they haven’t acted yet, the tribals of this forgotten village train for war everyday, and prepare for battle with foolhardy exuberance. They could make useful allies to the PCs in any engagement or endeavor against the Broken Ones, whom the tribals have identified as the top threat to their mission of making the city safe for humans. Any party that is mostly human (or mutant, but certainly not beastman) will find it easy to twist the tribe’s hatred and paranoia to their advantage.

## 103. WALL CRAWLERS (EL 10)

*The neighborhood here smells of rot, decay, and something worse — the awful stench of reptiles. Cracked and gnawed bones litter the streets everywhere.*

This area is home to a large colony of *wall crawlers*, large dexterous lizards that survive by hunting some of the most abundant creatures in the Necropolis: *wild men*. Wall crawlers are agile and speedy reptiles that have developed a taste for these primitive humanoids, almost to the exclusion of other prey.

The PCs may come into contact with groups of wall crawlers while they pass through this hex, at your discretion. They will certainly find signs of these hunters in the form of gnawed bones, huge piles of guano, and heaps of shed reptile skin.

If drawn to the sounds of the party passing through, the wall crawlers will come eagerly expecting to find wild men, but upon seeing the party will merely trail them for an hour or so before returning to the wild man hunt. Unless the PCs exhibit exceptional

weakness (for instance, if they are all badly injured), or have a wild man with them, the wall crawlers will watch them for a time until their curiosity wanes and they scamper energetically away.

**Wall Crawlers (19):** HP 22 (page 26, *The Broken & the Lost: New Terrors*)

## 104. CARRION RAPTOR NESTING GROUND (EL 9)

*The faces of several tall buildings here been blown open by ancient fighting. The smell of dung is redolent in the air. From where you stand you can gaze up into the exposed innards of these old buildings, where you see a number of enormous "bird nests" perched on ledges, piles of rubble, and on the exposed upper floors.*

This area is a popular nesting area for *carrion raptors*, enormous predatory mutant birds. Their nests (and piles of dung) litter the area; the sound of mating calls, males battling for mates, and the squawking of newly-hatched young fills the air during most hours of the day.

When the PCs visit this area there is a good chance that a number of carrion raptors are present. At any given time there are **11 carrion raptors** (not including young) building new nests, squatting on eggs, engaging in ritual courtship, or battling for the right to mate with choice females.

PCs wandering into the nesting grounds aren't likely to raise much concern from the raptors unless they wander close. If spotted they will have to contend with enraged mothers, as well as puffed-up males seeking to impress potential mates, who come rushing to tear the trespassers apart!

**Carrion Raptors (11):** HP 23.

**Treasure:** The raptors don't horde treasure, but

their eggs are potentially quite valuable, since the young can be trained to serve as exceptional war steeds. An intact, un-hatched egg is worth 1,000 cp if sold to merchants outside the city. A given raptor nest has a 2 in 10 chance of having an egg inside. A raptor egg is large and heavy (weighing just under 35 lbs). *If the PCs take an egg, roll 1d6 and add +2. This is the length of time, in days, before the egg hatches!*

## 105. ARTILLERY FIREBASE (EL 18)

*Up ahead you spot a fortress atop a slight rise, surrounded by nearly a half-mile of blasted-flat rubble. It seems ancient, older than the current factions of the city; surrounded by barbed wire fences, minefields, and palisades of sand-bags and earth, it is a formidable citadel. Old rusted artillery pieces, some ridiculously huge, rise from within, pointing toward the sky. A tattered flag of green cloth flaps overhead.*

This hex marks the site of an Ancient-era artillery firebase set up in the city during the fighting for Los Angeles. So far in the future it is unclear which side used this base to support their forces, but its centralized location and powerful guns have made it a major strategic point in the battles between the Hive and the Broken Ones.

The firebase is currently held by the Broken Ones, who dislodged the Hive's stubborn mutant bug garrison in a swift and decisive attack several months ago. Ever since then the bugs have been trying to reclaim the base, sending wave after wave of their forces at the base in ever-increasing numbers. Each time they been repelled, but not without great loss in Broken One warriors. Still, Klaww the Beastmaster is obsessed with keeping this key location. Though

his troops have no idea how to operate the big guns gathering rust within the fortress perimeter Klaww hopes to someday reactivate the guns and bring them to bear on the enemies surrounding his empire.

**Significant NPCs:** The current garrison commander of the firebase is an intelligent and capable beastman named Red Tongue, a former cavalry general who has managed to hold this strategic base against all attacks, and to earn Klaww's favor in doing so. Though there are more ambitious officers among the Broken Ones, Red Tongue knows that Klaww's eyes are upon him and he thus fights every day not only for the objective, but for the glory of Klaww.

Red Tongue rides a tattooed palomino named Stalwart into battle, a faithful companion that has metal plates sewn into its skin and hooves fitted with blades (allowing it to slash enemies when it rears).

**Red Tongue (Wolf Genotype Strong Hero 3/ Guardian 6/Beast-Friend (Horse Rider) 3 [B&L]):** CR 12; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8 plus 6d10 plus 3d8; HP 61; Mas 11; Init +3; Spd 30 ft; Defense 25, touch 20, flatfooted 22 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +7 class, +5 equipment); BAB +11; Grap +13; Atk +13 melee (1d12+4, greataxe), or +15 ranged (2d8+2, M16A2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, carnivore, social animal; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +6, Ref +10, Will +3; AP 6; Rep +2; Str 14, Dex 17, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 8, Cha 12.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Intimidate).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Hyper Olfactory, Serrated Dental Development, Carnivore, Social Animal.

**Skills:** Handle Animal +15, Hide +5, Intimidate



## DOMAIN OF THE BROKEN ONES

+7, Jump +4, Knowledge (Current Events) +3, Knowledge (Tactics) +11, Ride +18, Survival +2

**Feats:** Animal Affinity, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Cleave, Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Ride-By Attack, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (M16A2), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (M16A2).

**Talents (Beast-Friend (Horse Rider) [B&L]):** Favored Mount/Companion, Mounted Raider (Horse Rider), Masterful Rider (Horse Rider).

**Possessions:** M16A2, two boxes of 5.56mm ammo (60), legionnaire's armor, greataxe, two doses of stimshot B.

**Stalwart (Horse):** CR 1; Large animal; HD 3d8+6; HP 19; Mas 15; Init +1; Spd 60 ft; Defense 16, touch 10, flat-footed 15 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +6 natural); BAB +2; Grap +7; Atk +2 melee (1d4+1, hoof); Full Atk +2 melee (1d4+1, 2 hooves); FS 10 ft by 10 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ scent, low-light vision; AL Red Tongue; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 6.

**Skills:** Listen +6, Spot +6.

**Feats:** None.

**Possessions:** Dermal plating +3 [F/MG].

The firebase is a built-up fortification sitting on a small natural rise, surrounded by several hundred yards of blasted ground (a killing zone). Sandbags and low stone walls surround the entire base; sand-bagged gun pits containing the rusting remnants of old artillery guns (a total of six 155mm howitzers,

though none have any usable ammunition left) ring the perimeter. At the center are a number of old sand-bagged bunkers — now the quarters of the Broken Ones garrison.

Red Tongue has a small but powerful command of **25 Broken One cavalry** and **5 giant mutant beastmen**. The Broken Ones back at home have managed to send the garrison **6 Broken One commons** to assist them, including two weaponsmiths, a blacksmith, and three grooms (for their mounts).

**Red Tongue:** HP 61.

**Stalwart:** HP 19.

**Broken One Cavalry (25):** HP 74.

**Giant Mutant Beastmen (5):** HP 92.

**Broken One Commons (6):** HP 29.

**Treasure:** Red Tongue secured a number of items when he took the firebase, and keeps them stored in one of the firebase's bunkers. The bunker is unlocked, but to get at it the PCs will have to fight through the Broken Ones. The cache contains 5 Hive acid rifles (treat these as sonic rifles), a power clip (down to 3 charges), and two energy grenades — items taken from the Hive defenders, the significance of which Red Tongue doesn't recognize.

**Development:** Red Tongue and his men will open fire on anyone or anything they see moving through the ruins, no matter what, and will fight to the death to defend the firebase. They know when supply caravans are going to show up, so they'll be wise to PCs trying to pose as relief forces.

What's more important, however, is that in the nearby ruins to the east the remnants of the last bug attack force are building up for another attack, as reinforcements arrive daily from *Hive A* (Area #025). Should the PCs wander east of the firebase (or be spotted outside by the bugs, which have secret lookouts hidden nearby); they will come under

attack from the ragged groups of bugs hiding among the ruins. A typical encounter with such a group consists of **2d4 swarm bugs** and **1d4+1 mutant bug guardians**, plus a 50% chance of **1 mutant bug thinker** and a 10% chance of **1 giant tank bug**.

## 106. FOREBODING RUIN (EL VARIES)

*This area is a dark and foreboding ruin.*

*Cackles and moans echo from over the shattered and wrecked stone walls that surround the property. The smell here is rich with the odors of decay. A light mist lingers over the great rolling fields, where tall grass conspires to hide any structures or dangers that might lie within. Here and there you spy the stubs of strange statues, half-concealed by mist, now discolored and cracked. Other marble and bronze sculptures seem to dim and fade as the mist shifts with the stale wind.*

This location marks the site of what was once the Hollywood Hills Forest Lawn Memorial Park, a sprawling cemetery. This hilly graveyard complex was home to a large concentration of savage ghouls up until a few years ago, when an army of the Broken Ones was sent to eradicate the ghoul infestation.

Though the Broken Ones were successful, the site was later quietly reoccupied by ghouls fleeing from the Hive. A foul and pestilent ghoul general known as Zuul Bonegnawer brought a large number of surviving ghouls to this distant refuge in hopes of leaving the Hive threat behind them. To prevent the Hive from following them, they collapsed the old tunnels they used to reach their new refuge via the sewers and subways beneath the city, and thus have no access to the sewer system.

The ghouls have lived in this area without being

discovered by the Broken Ones for some time now. Zuul — a coward but also a clever survivalist — hopes that the Hive and Broken Ones will kill each other off. Hiding here his people will survive, and if fortune proves favors them, they will be able to retake what was lost once those factions have annihilated each other.

Though he has given strict orders for his men to lay low for the time being, a few of Zuul's less obedient followers have taken to sneaking out of the park under the cover of night to scavenge the fringes of nearby Broken One frontier settlements. They haven't been discovered yet, but if they were to be spotted the Broken Ones might shift a considerable force to the park's vicinity to crush the ghouls living here once and for all.

**Significant NPCs:** Zuul Bonegnawer, once despised for his cowardly tactics as a battlefield commander, now leads an entire enclave of ghouls hiding out in the hills of Forest Lawn Memorial Park. One of the few Necropolis ghouls with enough brains to lead an "army" into open battle (despite his personal cowardice), he has since grown both mentally and physically, eating those ghouls who do not obey his orders. This horrific practice has slowly transformed him into a *super ghoul*, and now he has become a towering, ogriish monstrosity.

This mental and physical transformation has shifted Zuul's eating preferences to the simple rats and rat dogs that follow his kind around. He constantly surrounds himself with swarms of furry vermin, and considers these creatures far more trustworthy than even his closest ghoul advisors (and sadly, he's probably right). He is also beginning to develop a slight case of dementia, claiming to hear advice in the squeaks of the hundreds of rats that accompany him wherever he goes.

**Zuul Bonegnawer (Super Ghoul Strong Hero 3/Tough Hero 3):** CR 13; Large Giant; HD 9d8+27 plus 3d8+9 plus 3d10+9; HP 115; Mas 17; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 18, touch 14, flat-footed 17 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +4 natural, +4 class); BAB +11; Grap +22; Atk +17 melee (1d10+9, greatclub), +13 ranged (2d6+6, thrown rock); Full Atk +17 melee (1d10+9, greatclub), +13 ranged (2d6+8, thrown rock); FS 10 ft by 10 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ photosensitive, thermal sight, rock throwing; AL none; SV Fort +13, Ref +6, Will +7; AP 0; Rep +1; Str 24, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 12.

**Skills:** Climb +12, Decipher Script +4, Hide +5, Intimidate +10, Jump +12, Listen +6, Move Silently +5, Search +4, Spot +9, Survival +9 (+17 when tracking).

**Feats:** Alertness, Cleave, Power Attack, Track, Weapon Focus (thrown rock).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Second Wind, Remain Conscious.

**Possessions:** Bone greatclub, 1d2 large rocks.

Zuul's tribe consists of **37 Necropolis ghouls** and **15 Necropolis ghoul veterans**, as well as **33 rat dogs**. Zuul is the only *super ghoul* in the tribe.

**Zuul Bonegnawer:** HP 115.

**Necropolis Ghouls (37):** HP 12.

**Necropolis Ghoul Veterans (15):** HP 28.

**Rat Dogs (33):** HP 11.

**Treasure:** Zuul jealously takes all treasure accumulated by his tribe and arranges it at the foot of his charnel throne. These treasures include 1d2 light rods, a broken Geiger counter (requires a Repair check at DC 15, but no spare parts, to fix), a full tank of boron solution spray, and 3d10 salt pills.

## 107. HORRORS (EL 9)

*You are surprised to see creatures moving through the rubble ahead. They appear to be a gross mixture of man and snake, but perverse in form and imperfection. They lack the ability to move at more than a crawl, pulling their paralyzed serpentine bodies along on frail human arms. Half-human faces stare mournfully at you through blind cystic eyes, almost begging for a merciful death, while the beasts move closer and closer....*

A large group of horrors makes this hex its home, just a short distance from the Pit of Horrors. The horrors have no communal village or gathering place and stick largely to the shadowy places created by the ruins: sewer entrances, rubble heaps, and the hollow ruins of tall buildings.

**Significant NPCs:** The horrors here are led by a particularly powerful member of their awful race, who has grown large and fat through successful hunting and the cannibalistic devouring of other horrors. But this creature's size and strength isn't what attracts the other horrors to its leadership; this horror is able to reliably provide *food*.

The lead horror keeps its "tribe" content through regular feedings. Somewhat adventurous for a horror, it managed to locate a reliable food source a few months ago, in the form of the *Temple to the Serpent Gods* (see Area #129). Though it has no idea why, the horror noticed that the Broken Ones repeatedly left living prey chained or tied up at this site, then left. Once they had gone, the horror mustered its courage and came forward. Despite the victim's screams, it was able to feed without the Broken Ones returning. Satisfied, it slithered off.

The horror observed the Broken Ones repeat their offering several times in succession, and after finding



it to be a reliable source of food, eventually started bringing others with it. Now the entire group of horrors lives here under that creature's leadership, following it to the Temple to feed on a regular basis.

**Horror “Chief” (Mutant Tough Hero 3/Outcast Survivor 1 [B&L]):** CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d10+3 plus 1d8+1 plus 3; HP 29; Mas 12; Init +1; Spd 10 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, -1 Dex, +3 class); BAB +2; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d3+3 nonlethal plus *poison*, unarmed), or +1 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, acid attack, poison; AL Horrors; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +2; AP 2; Rep +2; Str 16, Dex 8, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Predator (Hide).

**Background:** Tribal (Move Silently).

**Mutations and Defects:** Acid Excretion Glands, Neurotoxin Sting, Atrophied Cerebellum (Int), Ophidianism [B&L].

**Skills:** Balance -7, Climb +0, Escape Artist +1, Hide +8, Intimidate +6, Jump -3, Listen +4, Move Silently +8, Spot +4, Survival +8, Swim -3.

**Feats:** Alertness, Filthy, Know The Signs [B&L], Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Toughness.

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Remain Conscious, Damage Reduction 1/—.

**Talents (Outcast Survivor [B&L]):** Poison Use, Terrorize.

**Possessions:** None.

The “tribe” currently consists of **27 horrors**, but at any given time two-thirds of these are out scouring through the ruins, either individually or in packs of 2-3. The rest will probably be found together in their leader's company, hoping to be led to their next meal. Wherever their engorged leader wanders they follow;

they have no set “village,” only an area of territory in which they meander about each day (i.e. this hex).

**Horror “Chief”:** HP 29.

**Horrors (27):** HP 18.

## 108. PLACE OF THE SKY WATCHERS (EL VARIES)

*Overlooking the mountains here is a decaying old structure, its fabulous masonry crumbling with age. Three large domes once capped the building, but one of these has caved in, and the others are overgrown with ivy and some other dry, stubborn vegetation.*

This is the site of the Griffith Park Observatory, a famous landmark of old Los Angeles. Originally dedicated to the city by a wealthy patron, the observatory was abandoned during the Fall along with the rest of the city. Except, that is, for the planetarium's aging caretaker, who witnessed the fighting for Los Angeles, the nuclear blasts over the city, and the eventual disintegration of human civilization.

Though this elderly man died generations ago, before he passed on he opened his doors to a small group of orphans who wandered up to the observatory. Loaded onto a bus from their orphanage, they were being taken from the city when the detonations over the city blinded the bus driver and sent the vehicle plunging into a canyon. The grown-ups died, but the children managed to escape. The old man, hearing their story, took them in.

The old man raised the children for a time in the observatory building, teaching them everything he knew about the stars and planets — and sharing with them his dreams. He sparked the youths' imaginations, and when he died they vowed to follow

his dream and protect the observatory in his name.

Today the observatory has aged much, but the descendants of those original children still remain. Over time they have changed too, losing sight of their origins and the truth of the old man's words, evolving from innocent youths into a xenophobic enclave of star- and moon-worshippers. Though the ancient telescope of the observatory has been unusable for years, the “Sky Watchers” have created smaller telescopes of their own which they use to observe the Necropolis (the observatory is a perfect vantage point). They have seen the rise of the Broken Ones and witnessed the construction of the Hive's bughills in the distant east, and thus have more reason than ever to fear outsiders.

The Sky Watchers have developed a legend that one day soon angelic beings from another planet will appear in the skies over the Necropolis and collect them, the faithful, who still reside atop this “holy mountain.” The Sky Watchers believe that all other worldly creatures will perish when this day comes, and having observed many battles unfolding between the city's various factions, they believe there is no point in trying to save any of these inhabitants from the inevitable.

**Significant NPCs:** The chosen leader of the Sky Watchers is a young woman named (not surprisingly) Moonbeam. Though she was groomed from a young age to lead the tribe, both as its chief and its high priestess (with a head full of garbled lore about spaceships and a moon populated with friendly beings), she longs for a life of adventure instead of the confining role her people have chosen for her. Naive and consumed with wanderlust, she might help captive PCs escape if they take her with them. In exchange she promises to put in a good word for each of the party members when the time comes to be “beamed up” and taken away on the “mothership.”

**Moonbeam (Mutant Dedicated Hero 3):** CR 3; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6-3; HP 8; Mas 8; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +2 class); BAB +2; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d6, quarterstaff), or +4 ranged (1d6, sling); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Sky Watchers; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +3; AP 1; Rep +1; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 8, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 14.

**Occupation:** Academic (DW) (Decipher Script, Knowledge [Theology and Philosophy]).

**Background:** Tribal (Spot).

**Mutations and Defects:** Accumulated Resistance.

**Skills:** Craft (visual art) +4, Craft (writing) +4, Decipher Script +7, Hide +4, Knowledge (Arcane Lore) +4, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +11, Listen +6, Move Silently +4, Navigate +3, Sense Motive +4, Spot +7, Survival +4, Treat Injury +4.

**Feats:** Alertness, Dodge, Primitive Technology, Remove Defect, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stargazer [B&L], Stealthy.

**Talents (Dedicated Hero):** Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [Theology and Philosophy]), Faith.

**Possessions:** Quarterstaff, sling, 2d6 slingstones, folding spyglass, antique sextant, glowing amulet (actually a plutonium clip with full charge).

The Sky Watchers number only a few dozen, but they guard their mountain stronghold fiercely. Secrecy is their best defense, however, as no other communities know they even exist. Should the PCs venture too close to the observatory, the xenophobes will venture out under the cover of darkness (or through the forest) to attack and capture the PCs. Those who are imprisoned by the Sky Watchers will likely be executed to keep them from spreading word of what they've seen.

**GM's Note:** The Sky Watchers community consists of **48 Sky Watchers**, including men, women, and children, and led by a council of seven elders. At any given time 12 Sky Watchers are on watch duty (two using telescopes to spy the city and the approaches to the observatory, another four patrolling the grounds, and two groups of three armed Sky Watchers hiding in the forest near the road leading to the observatory itself), with the rest in a state of rest. If the advance guard at the road spots intruders they will sneak through the woods back to the observatory to raise the silent alarm, and the rest of the community will prepare to sortie out and kill the party to protect their secret sanctuary.

**Moonbeam:** HP 8.

**Sky Watchers (48):** HP 11.

**Treasure:** The Sky Watchers have no real treasures, save for an impressive collection of "sacred jewels" — pins and baubles from the observatory's old gift shop that they have preserved like holy relics of the past. These might fetch a total price of 150 cp from the Paradise Believers (or any similar star-cult).

## 109. BROKEN ONES CAMP (EL 15)

*A small camp sits here in the ruins, surrounded by makeshift walls of sharpened sticks. The camp rests just a short distance from a larger fortress on a nearby hill.*

This camp lies only a short distance from the stockade of the *Amazon Fortress* (see Area #110). The camp is garrisoned by a large group of Broken One warriors, sent here by Klaww the Beastmaster to besiege the fortress and ensure that none of the "insolent slaves" that now occupy it escape.

**Significant NPCs:** The current commander of the camp is a veteran general, one of only a few on

Klaww's list of favorites, known both to his lord and the common people as Zakhar Torn-Flesh. Zakhar fought alongside the infamous emperor during the years it took to create the Broken Ones' empire, and he is a leader in the newly-emerging Raging Claws caste. Like others of this militaristic movement, Zakhar Torn-Flesh is more beast than man, throwing away any humanity he may have once had and relishing in the wild, bestial, and violent nature that is at his heart's core.

Zakhar is a brutal and vicious master who doesn't hesitate to kill his own men when they are unwilling or unable to follow his orders. He is even more savage to his enemies, and has been known to tear enemy soldiers apart with his bare hands, devouring them while they still gurgle and scream. His wolverine form is a grotesque patchwork of deep and ugly scars earned in pitched close combat, which he openly displays as trophies of his past glories.

**Zakhar Torn-Flesh (Wolverine Genotype Tough Hero 6/Raging Claw 5 [REW]):** CR 11; Medium-size humanoid; HD 6d10+18 plus 5d12+ plus 3; HP 101; Mas 18; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 17, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +6 class); BAB +9; Grap +12; Atk +13 melee (1d10+5, claw), or +10 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, adrenaline surge, claws, carnivore, reptile brain; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +4; AP 5; Rep +4; Str 16, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 8, Wis 13, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Background:** Resentful (Survival).

**Mutations and Defects:** Adrenaline Control, Bestial Genotype, Claws, Carnivore, Reptile Brain.

**Skills:** Climb +8, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Knowledge (Tactics) +2, Spot



+4, Survival +5, Tumble +6.

**Feats:** Endurance, Great Fortitude, Improved Bull Rush, Intimidating Strength\*, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Ritual Scarification [B&L], Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, War Chant [B&L], Weapon Focus (claws).

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Remain Conscious, Damage Reduction 1/—, Damage Reduction 2/—.

**Talents (Raging Claw):** Natural Weapon Specialization, Natural Weapon Familiarity, Natural Weapon Advancement x2, Rally The Rage.

**Possessions:** None.

The small camp consists of a barracks and smithy that support the **20 Broken One warriors** and **2 giant mutant beastmen** stationed here. There is a single **Broken One common** present (the smith), and **2 slaves** (his assistants).

**Zakhar Torn-Flesh:** HP 101.

**Broken One Warriors (20):** HP 40.

**Giant Mutant Beastmen (2):** HP 92.

**Broken One Common (1):** HP 29.

**Slaves (2):** HP 10.

**Development:** Zakhar's strategy has thus far involved watching and waiting, sending periodic punitive raids against the Amazon Fortress to taunt them, test their patience, and erode their morale. He senses that the amazons are growing tired, fearful, and pessimistic, and his main preoccupation now is controlling the temptation to devour all of them for their stubborn resistance when the time comes. Though his rational mind is often lost to more animalistic urges, he knows he faces a difficult struggle to prevent himself from going berserk if and when his troops finally wear down the amazons' resistance.

## 110. AMAZON FORTRESS (EL VARIES)

*Tendrils of smoke rise from a hill dominating this area. Dwarfing the ruins around it is a huge fortress of wood and stone, with spindly watch towers and walls surmounted by covered battlements. A deep moat surrounds it all, dry but littered with sharp stakes. It's obvious that some kind of fortress lies ahead.*

A large fortified compound sits in this hex, built-up only in recent years. Hidden among the ruins of what was once Loyola Marymount University, this fortress is the home of a large concentration of escaped slaves from the Broken Ones empire, much to the chagrin (and fury) of their former masters.

The "Amazon Fortress" gets its name from a core of intelligent and capable human women who came to the fortress a few years ago, just months after the people of the Purist Enclave (see the chapter on the *Enclave of the Lost Children of Man*) emerged and began investigating the surface. These women scientists were part of a research and study team sent out by the Purists to scout the northern frontier of their self-imagined territory. But as rumors began to filter back that ghouls and beastmen were thriving like parasites throughout the city, the Purists closed their doors, fearing the diseases these creatures might carry. The women — who had ventured out with little protection other than a few weapons — attempted to return, but to their horror were turned back.

Refused admittance back into the Purist enclave, the women got over their brutal abandonment rather quickly. Facing the city alone, the women came here, hoping to make a refuge of their own in what they expected to be an abandoned site. Instead they found a small community of escaped slaves, mostly concubines, dwelling in fear and squalor,

living each day on the run from sporadic Broken One patrols sent to "reclaim" them. Though their first meeting was strained, the exiled Purist scientists were able to earn the trust of the slaves, and even gain their admiration. Realizing that their fates were now intertwined (for surely the Broken Ones would take them all as concubines if they could), the Purists worked feverishly to build up the defenses of the sheltered village so as to repel attacks from a numerically-superior force. Using books found in the old university buildings, they have recreated a respectable likeness of a working medieval fortress, as well as an arsenal of high-quality weapons with which to arm their community's warriors.

Today the old university is a real sanctuary, with wooden and stone walls, fortified watch towers, and three gatehouses with drawbridges and an all-encircling moat. The old university buildings still serve as shelters for the amazon community, which has grown to include other escaped slaves that came from near and far upon hearing of the fortress. A village of thatched huts has also sprung up inside the fortress to accommodate the growing population and provide workplaces for the more skilled members of the tribe.

**GM's Note:** When Emperor Klaww learned of the amazons' presence, the idea of an all-female enclave got his blood boiling. He sent an emissary challenging the leader of the amazons, Queen Corinne, to a personal combat to determine the fate of her people; if Klaww won, her people would lay down their arms and surrender the fortress intact. If she won, Klaww would vow not to take the fortress.

After much deliberation Queen Corinne sent her sister, Elaine, to fight for her. Insulted that the amazon leader did not show up in person, Klaww nonetheless sent his own champion, Fang, to fight. Elaine (now "Alana") killed Fang after a grueling

trial by combat. Though embarrassed by his champion's defeat, Klaww let the amazons return to their enclave. He now keeps the fortress under siege; though he won't allow his men to lay their hands on the amazons (as he vowed), they will kill anyone who tries to get through their lines and to the fortress. In effect, Klaww has found a way around their agreement by starving the amazons out.

**Significant NPCs:** The handful of Purist women who effectively lead the amazon community no longer resemble civilized women; practicality, and a need to appear "approachable" by their people, has forced them to adopt savage dress and mannerisms. Still, these women are highly intelligent and capable.

The leader of the amazons is Dr. Corinne Harris (now known to her people as Queen Corinne), formerly a senior scientist in the Purist enclave. Corinne is assisted by her younger sister, Elaine (a.k.a. "Alana, Mistress of Blades"), a talented biologist who was also part of the ill-fated expedition. Both sisters dress and act the part of savage warriors, so apart from their un-mutated looks they can easily be mistaken for former slaves. In reality Corinne's intelligence, efficient manner, and ability to think clearly under pressure have kept the community alive; her former focus on bacterial research is of little use to her now. Elaine assists her sister as an advisor and general, and has slowly learned to replace her book-sense with a surprising aptitude for tactical planning, battlefield leadership, and hand-to-hand combat (particularly as a two-weapon wielder).

**Queen Corinne (Dedicated Hero 3/Field Scientist 6):** CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6 plus 6d8; HP 37; Mas 10; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 15, touch 15, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +4 class); BAB +5; Grap +4; Atk +7 melee (1d8-1, spear), or +6 ranged (2d6, black powder pistol); FS 5 ft by 5 ft;

Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Amazons; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +9; AP 4; Rep +6; Str 8, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 14.

**Occupation:** Academic (DW) (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences], Research).

**Background:** Resurrector (Craft [chemical]).

**Skills:** Computer Use +7, Craft (chemical) +9, Craft (pharmaceutical) +5, Diplomacy +7, Gather Information +4, Investigate +4, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +4, Knowledge (Behavioral Sciences) +7, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +17, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +16, Knowledge (Technology) +17, Research +15, Search +8, Sense Motive +5.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Educated (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences], Knowledge [Technology]), Iron Will, Leadership, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Rallying Leader [F/MG], Renown, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Trustworthy.

**Talents (Dedicated Hero):** Empathy, Intuition.

**Talents (Field Scientist):** Smart Defense\*, Scientific Improvisation, Skill Mastery, Minor Breakthrough.

**Possessions:** *Mastercraft* spear +3, black powder pistol, 10 rounds of shot, robes, PDA, technical scanner [F/MG], two power cells.

**Alana, Mistress of Blades (Smart Hero 3/Field Scientist 4/Guardian 2):** CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+3 plus 4d8+4 plus 2d10+2; HP 48; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 20 ft; Defense 18, touch 15, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +3 class, +3 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +7; Atk +11 melee (1d8+2, *mastercraft* longsword), or +7 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +9 melee (1d8+2, *mastercraft* longsword) and +8 melee (1d6+2, *mastercraft* combat knife); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL

Amazons; SV Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +2; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 8, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Academic (DW) (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences], Research).

**Background:** Resurrector (Craft [chemical]).

**Skills:** Computer Use +8, Craft (chemical) +9, Craft (pharmaceutical) +8, Craft (structural) +8, Demolitions +4, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (Current Events) +4, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +9, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +8, Knowledge (Tactics) +14, Knowledge (Technology) +8, Listen +1, Repair +8, Research +9, Ride +4, Sense Motive +2, Spot +1, Survival +1, Treat Injury +1, Tumble +4.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Arms Pupil [F/MG], Combat Expertise, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Sunder, Two-Weapon Fighting.

**Talents (Smart Hero):** Savant (Knowledge [Tactics]), Exploit Weakness.

**Talents (Field Scientist):** Smart Defense\*, Scientific Improvisation, Skill Mastery.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (longsword).

**Possessions:** *Mastercraft* longsword +3, *mastercraft* combat knife +3, plate mail, helmet plumed with vulture feathers.

The tribe is still largely dominated by females, since the original villagers were mostly escaped concubines. Now, however, men, children, and even a few elderly who managed to survive the arduous journey through the Broken Ones' lines have begun to fill out the ranks. Despite the influx of new blood, there is a palpable unease in the fortress. Each day the holdouts wonder how long they can withstand the siege, and pray that Emperor Klaww will eventually give up on the idea of recapturing them.



In addition to these two leaders, the inhabitants of the Amazon Fortress include another **5 Purist scientists** (though their possessions are more akin to those of **tribal warrior elites**), **87 slaves**, and **13 tribal warriors**. There are an additional **11 slaves**, but these are elderly and children and are thus non-combatants. These latter busy themselves hand-crafting black powder pistols and rifles night and day, using knowledge brought by the Purist exiles, which will hopefully replace the swords and spears that the majority of the slaves now wield.

**Queen Corinne:** HP 37.

**Alana, Mistress of Blades:** HP 48.

**Purist Scientists (5):** HP 31.

**Slaves (87):** HP 10.

**Tribal Warriors (13):** HP 22.

**Treasure:** The amazons keep some artifacts brought with them from the Ark, but the supply is dwindling. Their few remaining precious items include a Geiger counter, a power backpack (down to 2 charges), 1d6 light rods, a chemical kit, an autograpnel (with full power cell), and 10,000 cp worth of books.

**Development:** The amazons are unlikely to give PCs approaching their compound the benefit of the doubt — unless, of course, the PCs have been observed fighting (or fleeing from) the Broken Ones (for example, at the camp at Area #109). Even if this is the case, the amazons demand a show of good intentions before they let the party into their fortified compound; surrendering their weapons, for example, or giving one of their number over as a hostage. Once inside, the PCs will find a community starved for information, supplies, and hope. Though the villagers are eager to trade for fresh supplies (anything from food and water for the slaves, to luxuries and technological comforts sorely missed by the former Purists), the two amazon leaders, at

least, are pessimistic and skeptical of false promises and offers of help. But if the PCs earn their trust (perhaps by donating fresh water, food, and medicine — and behaving themselves while in the company of females) they may learn much about the area, including detailed information about the Broken Ones and the terrible emperor who leads them.

Whatever happens during their stay, the majority of the amazons will ultimately choose to remain here, even if the party offers to take them safely out of the city. But if during their stay the PCs should develop romantic relationships with individual amazons, the leadership will not stand in the way of the party taking their new-found companions with them. In such a case, the amazons will contribute a spear, a suit of leather armor, a juju kit, and two weeks of food and water for their departing sister, but little else.

### 111. THE OLD UNIVERSITY (EL 0)

*A dismal gloom hangs over this place, made manifest by blackened ruins and rusted cars put to the torch long ago. Underfoot lie crumpled and scorched signs and banners, most of which are no longer legible.*

*Vultures congregate atop nearby ruins, watching your movement with keen black eyes. Towering over the scenery are a dozen rotting wooden structures — gallows, from which hang the skeletal remains of long-dead, grotesquely-mutated creatures.*

This hex contains the sprawling campus of what is now known only as the Old University. Once the campus of USC, this world-famous institution of higher learning was the scene of great chaos in the months and days preceding the Fall.

Long a liberal stronghold, the campus of USC became home to a large population of sit-in protesters during the months before the Final War. Protesting what they saw as growing American hegemony enacted through a Machiavellian web of clandestine control and coercion, these mostly-young college students staged a prolonged gathering here on the campus grounds to draw attention to their cause. They demanded that the president step down in the face of increasing hostility against the United States on the world stage (the result, many claimed, of his diplomatic blundering), and called for a total national switchover from fossil fuels to replenishable and recyclable resources. Their intent was to show solidarity with the impoverished and alienated nations of the world by spurning the regime of America's last president.

Whatever happened to these souls, none can say; the campus was forgotten in the war and the nuclear holocaust. Hundreds of years later the old university grounds were rediscovered when scouts from the rising Broken Ones empire came here just a few years past.

When the Broken Ones first uncovered the old university, what occurred was an atrocity. The scouts — little more than a band of armed rabble — scoured the campus, trampling the protest grounds and crushing rotting signs underfoot and sacking the old buildings. Searching for food and other bare necessities, they were disappointed to find only books and ancient lab equipment. In a stroke of remarkable stupidity, the leader of the expedition — disgusted by what he perceived to be wasted effort — ordered the buildings and their contents burned. The damage inflicted was total; the fires raged out of control and the entire campus was burned to its foundations.

When Emperor Klaww the Beastmaster learned what his scouts had done, he was incensed. He had

long hoped that his people would find just such a storehouse of ancient knowledge, with which they would recover much of the lost lore of the city and the story of their origins. So enraged was he that he had every last scout in the expedition rounded up and brought back here to be executed, leaving them to hang from tall pillories until all that remained were their bones.

**GM's Note:** The ruins of USC were completely destroyed by the foolhardy Broken One scouts. What little wasn't destroyed (which amounted to very little of consequence) Emperor Klaww ordered removed and taken back to their capital. Now the campus is merely a gutted wreck, marked by the rotting pillories erected to execute the scouts.

## 112. COLISEUM OF THE WILD MEN (EL 20)

*The crumbling facade of a great sports arena rises above the disintegrating ruins here. A terrible smell drifts through the air, causing you to nearly choke whenever the wind shifts in your direction. As you approach the daunting ruin, a strange, guttural cry echoes through the sky like a siren before falling abruptly silent. You are at a loss to identify what it was or where it comes from.*

A nauseating stench fills the air around this ancient coliseum, so strong that anyone coming within a quarter-mile must make a Fortitude save at DC 12 or be sickened. (This effect only wears off if they leave the area.) The smell comes from the vast "sea" of feces, discarded meals, and general odor of the inhabitants of this hex — the *wild men* of the Necropolis' greatest coliseum.

Wild men have lived in the Necropolis since the first few years after the Fall. Descended from humans who were psychologically destroyed by the devastation of the war, they degenerated into almost mindless animals. In their transformation, they lost sight of their ancestry and technical skills and quickly descended into savagery. Sharing the city with rats, wild dogs, and other scavengers, these scattered survivors managed to thrive for many years... until the rise of powerful Necropolis factions like the Broken Ones and the Hive.

Though they once effectively ruled the Necropolis by virtue of their numbers, the wild men were never able to organize and rise above their simple barbarism — and this meant their inevitable downfall. Now they are a shattered presence, dwelling like shadows on the edges of other communities, driven off and hunted for sport. Forced into the most devastated parts of the city, they nevertheless manage to survive in the shadow of the predators and factions seeking to conquer the city.

Here in the coliseum the largest concentration of wild men has made a temporary home, though they view the coliseum as merely a convenient shelter where they gather to eat, mate, and shelter through the worst sandstorms. But they do not have any strong attachment to the place, and should a determined attacker make a move against the coliseum (which is situated in a contested region between the Purist enclave and the Broken One frontier) they will certainly abandon the mighty ruin.

**GM's Note:** When the PCs arrive, they are certain to be spotted by at least one wild man on the outskirts of the coliseum. The wild man that spots them will sound a general alarm, warning the others inside the coliseum to be wary — intruders are near. The sentry won't attack, but will rather slip away. At the same

time, inside the coliseum the rest of the wild men population begin to take cover, hide, or flee through hundreds of tunnels and passages riddling the old structure both above and below ground.

There are roughly **500 wild men** living in the old coliseum, though most of these are dispersed throughout the city day and night, foraging for food and getting into general mischief wherever they wander. Most of these roving groups are gone for several days at a time, so the actual numbers the PCs will encounter if they enter the coliseum will vary. In addition, many of the wild men are meek-willed, and when the alarm is raised roughly 25% will flee the area to wait out any possible fighting.

The stench surrounding the coliseum comes from the ocean of detritus littering the coliseum floor. Dung, the remains of wild men dead, and the discarded scraps of old meals (including thousands of bones) make up this charnel pool. The wild men have grown accustomed to the stench and are unaffected by it.

**Wild Men (500):** HP 18.

**Treasure:** Though wild men seldom manage to best a more powerful opponent (and thus aren't likely to have interesting treasure), they do manage to get into long-lost and forgotten places throughout the city. The wild men may have unusual bits of treasure mixed in with their waste; anything from gold wristwatches purloined from abandoned downtown boutiques, to bits of armor and even advanced gizmos toyed with and discarded when their finders grew tired of them. Use your discretion when determining what treasures are found here; it should certainly take a long time to pick them out!



## 113. PLACE OF ANCIENT GHOSTS (EL 7)

This hex marks the site of a ruined region where fungus appears in abundance. During the day, the streets and buildings merely appear to be covered in strange man-shaped patches of colorless moss, but by night the entire area lights up with a dim blue radiance that emanates from the fungus. Because of this strange ghostly light, most inhabitants of the Necropolis who have been here give it a wide berth. The wild men in particular avoid this spot; they believe that each individual fungus patch marks the spot where an Ancient perished during the Fall, and indicates a place where the borders between the world of the living and the world of the dead become insubstantial.

PCs visiting this hex find the moss (known as *corpsemoss*) virtually everywhere. *Corpsemoss* is a type of toxin (described in *The Broken & the Lost: Primitive Characters*) which can be harvested by someone with the right know-how. A few canny wild men (perhaps one out of every hundred) have learned to harvest the stuff as poison, rendering it into a paste with which they coat the tips of their javelins.

**Development:** There is a 1 in 10 chance that a small group of **5 wild men** are in the area when the PCs travel through this hex. The wild men are unusually skittish, believing the PCs to be the ghosts of the Ancients come back from the dead to walk the earth! They flee from the PCs in a mindless panic if their presence is discovered.

**Wild Men (5):** HP 18.

**Treasure:** PCs thinking to collect the *corpsemoss* here can harvest roughly 2d10 doses of the poison per 24 hours spent at this site, assuming they perform no other tasks while they forage. The moss can be used as poison if properly manufactured; otherwise it is useful only as a dim light source, shedding shadowy light out to 5 feet.

## 114. SAVAGE VILLAGE (EL 10)

*The hollow echoes of bongo drums fill the air of this particularly built-up stretch of ruins.*

This hex on the fringes of the Broken Ones empire is the site of a village of ex-slaves. The inhabitants of this primitive village escaped from their former masters only a few years ago, and have banded together for mutual protection against the terrors of the Necropolis.

The village is a simple tribal settlement, with huts cobbled together from wood and scrap and a smattering of tents stitched together from the skins of animals killed by the tribe's hunters. The villagers are a motley group of mutants and former Purists who manage to survive by living in general secrecy. (The Purists, like the amazons at Area #110, have given up the hope of going home.) Though they fear outsiders — who might reveal the location of their refuge — they absolutely hate the Broken Ones, and will attack any group that has even one beastman among its ranks (even if they don't hail from the Broken Ones empire).

If the party contains no beastmen among them, they may fare better. Though the inhabitants have learned to survive in the Necropolis, many dream of a better, easier life. Strangers who show a desire to trade or be friendly may be welcomed into the tribal village, where they will find people eager for news — and for hope.

**Significant NPCs:** Unfortunately for the PCs the village is ruled by a mutant chieftain, also a former slave, who may see the party's arrival as a threat to his rule. The chief, Cadan, wishes only the best for his people, but at the same time he is very proud of what together they have accomplished and built: a safe haven from the Broken Ones. The PCs' arrival will stir up quite a commotion, and soon handfuls

of men, women, and children will be begging the party to take them out of the Necropolis and to "freedom." In his mind, this constitutes a challenge to Cadan's competence as a ruler, and unless the PCs take the hint and leave immediately (without taking the villagers with them), Cadan assumes the party is trying to tear the village apart.

Though he greets them hospitably at first, Cadan eventually challenges the leader of the PCs to ritual combat. Though his people may disagree with him, they respect their chief enough to recognize his right to challenge outsiders. Cadan calls the party leader to fight in a no-holds-barred match to the death for the right to decide whether the villagers remain or leave.

### **Cadan (Mutant Strong Hero 3/Guardian 7):**

CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+12 plus 7d10+28 plus 3; HP 96; Mas 18; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 23, touch 18, flatfooted 21 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 class, +5 equipment); BAB +10; Grap +13; Atk +14 melee (1d12+7, greataxe), or +12 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, DR 1/- vs. bludgeoning; AL Savage Village; SV Fort +10, Ref +7, Will +6; AP 5; Rep +2; Str 17, Dex 14, Con 18, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 14.

**Occupation:** Slave (Craft [structural], Survival).

**Background:** Tribal (Intimidate).

**Mutations and Defects:** Skeletal Fortification, Negative Chemical Reaction.

**Skills:** Climb +6, Craft (structural) +4, Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +9, Jump +6, Knowledge (Current Events) +3, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +3, Knowledge (Tactics) +3, Listen +6, Sense Motive +4, Spot +6, Survival +5.

**Feats:** Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Combat Reflexes, Gladiator, Iron Will, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple

Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Withstand.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (greataxe), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (greataxe), Defender +4.

**Possessions:** Greataxe, chainmail shirt.

The village is home to **56 tribal warriors** (actually ex-slaves), including women and children, and **8 tribal warrior elites**. At any given time the former population is evenly dispersed among the huts of the village, working in the central meeting area on meals, skinning hides, working bones into useable tools, stitching tents, and performing other domestic duties. The elite slaves serve as guards, and are dispersed around the edges of the village watching for the approach of outsiders.

**Cadan:** HP 96.

**Tribal Warriors (56):** HP 22.

**Tribal Warrior Elites (8):** HP 35.

## 115. COAST OF SKELETON SHIPS (EL 8)

*The sound of crashing surf reaches your ears as you emerge from the ruins onto a huge expanse of natural beach. The cool sea breeze tugs at you, and a few unidentifiable birds linger overhead, hovering on the wind.*

*Littering the beach like discarded toys, and emerging from the crashing waves where their tops rise out of the water, are the rusted black husks of countless low-hulled boats. They still bear faded military stenciling that identifies each as a landing craft of the great Enemy. Many bones and pieces of ancient military equipment lie half-buried in the sand.*

This hex, and the two hexes north and south of it, are barren except for the wreckage of over 100 landing craft used in the Enemy's amphibious invasion of Los Angeles during the Final War. These landing craft were abandoned as the fighting moved inland, and many remain exactly where they were left, strewn across the beach seemingly at random.

None of these landing craft are currently operable; most are rusted and disintegrating, their metal parts so badly corroded that they couldn't even be salvaged for scrap. Any armaments they once had were stripped long ago by scavengers, leaving them little more than useless reminders of the terrible fighting than once occurred here.

Most of the hulls are exposed during low tide and are firmly embedded in the sand. By night, however, many are covered by the ocean waters, and it is at this time that a small group of Skaels swims in from deeper waters to prowl among the submerged hulls, watching the shoreline by the light of the moon. The Skaels of this small colony were driven off by the more powerful Skaels fighting for control of the Harbor region; they are timid hunters, and only shamble up onto the beach if they spy no one there. Once ashore, they are content to comb the beach for bones to gnaw on.

The Skaels only attack the PCs if they outnumber them at least 2:1. Though they never emerge from the water by day, anywhere from 3 to 12 Skaels are present in the party's vicinity if they stumble onto the beach at night.

**Skaels (12):** HP 9.

**Treasure:** One of the Skaels has a single random item from *Table 9: "Magic" Items* in its possession.

## 116. FIELDS OF FIRE (EL 17)

*The cityscape thins ahead. A broad expanse of collapsed buildings forms a wide valley amid the wreckage, and seems to have been created by natural forces, not by man. Here the sky is heavy with soot, and the faces of every exposed stone and signpost are caked in a thick layer of choking gray ash.*

*In the center of this broad valley are a number of radiant ponds of red-hot lava, glowing brilliantly in this otherwise colorless plain. Meandering rivulets connect many of these ponds, snaking across the upturned and ruptured floor of the valley, while sulfurous geysers periodically erupt, sending cascades of molten rock into the sky.*

*A number of enormous lizards, several stories tall, are hissing at one another in the shadow of these geysers. Two of the biggest stride forward and attack each other; their roars echoing over the valley like living relics of the prehistoric past.*

This area (once the La Brea Tar Pits) marks a hotspot of volcanic activity. Partly due to the weapons used in the Fall, magma has managed to find its way to the surface in this hex, turning the area into an active lava bed.

The enormous lizards are mutagons, come here to battle over territory. Preoccupied with fighting one another, the creatures are entirely oblivious to the party; unless the PCs somehow get involved in the battle they can bypass the mutagons without being noticed.

Moving through this area is not so easy, however. The rivers and pools of lava present lethal dangers to any PCs who falls in, and erupting geysers send globules of molten rock across the plain every few minutes. In addition, poisonous vapors cloaking the



## DUST

The Necropolis is known for a strange dust that accumulates everywhere — a clingy gray substance quite similar to ash. Legends say this ash, which can be found everywhere in the city, is all that remains of the Ancients burned alive here when the bombs fell.

Such speculation aside, it is more likely that the dust results from volcanic activity in the city. This theory is supported by the high quantity of dust at the *Fields of Fire* (see Area #116).

In addition to making the landscape seem alien and desolate, the Necropolis' near-constant blanket of dust also has a beneficial side effect: tracking is far easier here than in most city ruins. The dust often has the consistency of snow, and creatures moving along through the Necropolis' maze of streets leave clearly visible trails.

For up to a month following a dust storm, surface conditions in the city are considered to be Soft to Very Soft for the purposes of using the *Track* feat.

entire area require those passing through to make a Fortitude save at DC 17 or become *nauseated*; 10 minutes later a second save must be made to avoid falling *unconscious*.

With all of these dangers, it is easiest if the PCs simply go around the entire hex, leaving the mutagons and the lava behind.

**Mutagons (5):** HP 168.

## 117. SLAVE QUARRIES (EL 18)

*The built-up ruins here give way to a deep, man-made canyon that has split open the urban landscape. Ramshackle wooden scaffolds ring the walls of the canyon; on them are hundreds of malnourished men and women working to pry rock from the canyon walls. Monstrous creatures, each a hybrid of man and beast, walk the scaffolds with whips and axes in hand, lashing at their victims with savagery. Here and there you spot more of the beastmen in large packs — soldiers, perhaps — watching these activities with sadistic glee.*

This large pit was created with the blood and tears of many hundreds of slaves kept by the Broken Ones. The empire employs countless slaves to work the area's quarries at this monumental site. Slaves dig into the earth with picks, shovels, and even bare hands to extract stone for use in the never-ending building projects near the Broken Ones capital (see Area #093).

With such a large population of slaves on site, this area is perpetually under guard. Most slaves live in the pit day and night, huddled together for warmth and protection. When they die (which is often), the Beastmen throw their bodies deeper into the pit, where they are buried by loose soil cascading down from the work above. There are **400 slaves** here at any given time, most bred from captives taken over the years by the Broken Ones armies. Few, if any, have ever known freedom.

**Significant NPCs:** To outsiders, individual Broken Ones seem barbaric and bloodthirsty. Exemplifying this savagery is the commander of the quarries, a powerful Broken One known as Nubis. Nubis

served for many years as a general under Klaww the Beastmaster and was instrumental in many conflicts, with a particular specialty in leading slave armies on suicidal wave attacks against the enemy. A merciless taskmaster, Nubis' ability to keep slaves under control did not go unnoticed. Richly rewarded, he rose in Klaww's esteem until he became what he is now — one of only a handful of generals who truly have Emperor Klaww's trust.

Because the quarries are vital to the expansion and maintenance of the empire, Nubis has been sent to oversee the operation and ensure the slaves are employed with maximum efficiency. Nubis recently replaced a less competent commander, and his new methods have proven brilliantly successful. With years of experience handling companies of slave soldiers, Nubis, though certainly unsympathetic to their plight, knows the strengths and weaknesses of slaves and is keenly aware of their limits. Though many slaves continue to die under his oversight, the quarries' output has almost doubled since his assignment.

**Nubis (Shrew Genotype Fast Hero 3/Charismatic Hero 2/Guardian 4):** CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 2d6+2 plus 4d10+4; HP 52; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 25, touch 19, flatfooted 23 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +7 class, +6 equipment); BAB +7; Grap +8; Atk +9 melee (1d6+1, shortsword), or +9 ranged (2d8, black powder rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, muzzle, reptile brain; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +1; AP 4; Rep +4; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 13, Wis 8, Cha 16.

**Occupation:** Slaver (Gather Information, Intimidate).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Accumulated Resistance, Bestial Genotype, Hyper Olfactory, Muzzle, Reptile Brain.

**Skills:** Bluff +5, Disguise -2, Gather Information +13, Handle Animal +5, Hide +4, Intimidate +16, Knowledge (Behavioral Sciences) +3, Knowledge (Current Events) +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +14, Move Silently +5, Profession +1, Ride +6, Sense Motive +2, Sleight of Hand +6, Spot +2.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Filthy, Frightful Presence, Infested Fur [REW], Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Twist The Blade [B&L].

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed, Improved Increased Speed.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Coordinate.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (shortsword), Tactical Aid.

**Possessions:** Shortsword, black powder rifle, 20 rounds of shot, legionnaire's armor, juju potion (1d4+2), whistle.

Guarding the army of slaves are **20 Broken One warriors** and **2 giant mutant beastmen**. There are an additional **16 Broken One commons** on the site providing support for the operation (as masons, stone-polishers, engineers, etc.), along with **30 Lashers**. The Broken Ones maintain an on-site barracks, a few supply buildings, a caravan house (where worked stone is stored until caravans arrive for it), and even a small infirmary set up for the recovery of slaves that haven't yet outlived their usefulness.

**Nubis:** HP 52.

**Broken One Warriors (20):** HP 40.

**Giant Mutant Beastmen (2):** HP 92.

**Broken One Commons (16):** HP 29.

**Slaves (400):** HP 10.

**Lashers (30):** HP 29.

**Treasure:** The work at the quarries has uncovered a few unusual finds buried in the earth, not unlike an archaeological dig. Nubis and the other Broken Ones have carelessly discarded these items, which can be found washed downstream just out of sight (and sound) of the main quarry camp. A search of the stream's bank will uncover a minifusion cell (full charge) plus 1d2+1 rolls on the *Junk* table, 1 roll on the "Magic" *Items* table, and 1d2 rolls on the *Lost Knowledge* table.

## 118. JUNKFIELDS (EL VARIES)

*It looks as though the trash and junk of the entire city has been piled up here over the centuries. Entire roadways, streets and intersections are clogged with thousands of tons of garbage. Uneven piles of debris rise like dunes, burying nearby buildings up to four stories in rubbish.*

*Movement here is difficult, and the smell of decay is nearly indescribable.*

Though the PCs aren't likely to realize it, this entire region is the established breeding ground of a small colony of **heap turtles** living in the ruins of the Necropolis. These enormous shelled beasts live underneath garbage, bursting out from the debris to surprise unwitting prey by bursting (not unlike many desert-dwelling predators). They come to this area once every few years to mate; over the ages, they have built up the garbage to such an extent that the entire quarter is now clogged with trash.

This whole hex is filled with garbage — every street, avenue, and parking lot. Movement here is treacherous and slow; all characters moving more than their base speed each round must make a Reflex save at DC 15 to avoid taking a point of damage.

Though the PCs may come under attack by a heap turtle in the ruins, it is more likely that they stumble upon a group of the colossal beasts engaging in courtship (involving the bashing of heads and the hurling of automobile wrecks overhead), or a solitary pair mating. By and large these animals will ignore the party unless the PCs get too close, at which point they will plod after them to scare them off before returning to more important business.

**Heap Turtles (6):** HP 152.

**Advanced Heap Turtles (2):** HP 276.

## 119. CRASHED AIRPLANE (EL 2)

*The area here has been damaged by some kind of airplane crash.*

At the center of the wreckage here is the burned and broken hull of a Cessna 172 Skyhawk, which was "jacked" by a civilian aviator during the fight for the city. Loading up friends and family (and some valuables), the aviator attempted to escape the invading enemy by air. The airborne fugitives almost got away, but nuclear detonations fried the plane's electrical systems, causing it to crash.

**GM's Note:** A snuffle hog has wandered into the ruins from the deserts to the north and is currently picking through the rubble around the crashed airplane. The PCs must fight it (or scare it off by reducing it to 6 hit points or less) to get at the wreckage.

**Snuffle Hog (1):** HP 28.



**Treasure:** A search of the wreckage uncovers six skeletons (five adults, one child), each still wearing burnt tatters of clothing. Artifacts recoverable from the charred remnants include 1d3 gold watches (all have drained power cells), a locked briefcase (Disable Device DC 20 needed to open) containing \$50,000 dollars in cash plus 1d6 gold necklaces (worth 10 cp each) and 2d4 diamond earrings (worth 25 cp each), a suitcase filled with 25 packets of cocaine (rendered worthless by exposure to high heat), a stolen stage IIIC identity card, and a survival kit.

### 120. CYRUS' GRIB (EL 0)

*A cobblestone drive runs from the street here into a patch of dry forest. A tall fence surrounds the property, its iron bars collecting rust. High up on a bluff nearby, a lavish mansion overlooks the city. Two gates bar the driveway, the metalwork on each sculpted to resemble the letter "C."*

Though the security system at this mansion was once impressive, it has long been inactive, and PCs can safely scale the fences, pry open the bars, or smash through the front gates with a vehicle.

The mansion is situated on a lavish, heavily-wooded property in what was once one of the most expensive neighborhoods in Los Angeles. The trees still stand, though their foliage is gone, presenting an almost autumnal scene — if it weren't for the glaring sun overhead. A gecko or two can be spotted skittering across the pavement of the driveway, or scampering up the walls of the main building, but otherwise the place seems empty.

**GM's Note:** An outside garage first greets visitors. It is locked (stage IC identity card to enter), but

inside the PCs will find an impressive collection of cars, including a Bentley (treat as a Jaguar XJS), a Lincoln Sky King [LP], a classic restored Cadillac El Dorado with enhanced hydraulics (treat as Ford Crown Victoria), and an empty space large enough to accommodate a limousine (though none is present). All of these vehicles are in good condition and require only a single Repair check at DC 20 (but no spare part expenditure) to get up and running again. Unfortunately, none have any fuel in their tanks or air in their tires.

The entrance to the mansion itself stands open; the lock appears to have been blown off by a close-range shotgun blast. Spray-painted on the door in sinister red paint are the numbers "1" and "3." Beyond, the PCs find the once-luxurious mansion ransacked, with rotting furniture overturned, pinball machines and arcade games smashed, and thick carpets and translucent crystal walls vandalized with wild graffiti. The only thing spared this wanton destruction is a large mural in the central living room.

The image portrayed in the mural is striking. It depicts the Devil, red-skinned and scaly with forked tail and horns, standing at the center of an apocalyptic scene. While throngs of humans fight and die all around, oblivious to his presence, the Devil extends his hand to what appears to be a group of homeless and poor who are hiding from the warfare raging all around them. One of these steps forward, a jackal-headed cane in one hand, accepting the Devil's gesture. This man's shadow, created by the fires of the burning cities that glow on the horizon, is twisted into many different shapes wherever it is cast. The shadows suggest the shapes of cars, motorcycles, and armies of shadow warriors whose amorphous forms are bristling with guns, spears, and even more savage weapons.

Apparently the custom-painted mural was

important to more than just the owner of the house, because for some reason whoever ransacked the mansion left it alone and untouched.

**Treasure:** A thorough search, requiring 1d2 hours (but no Search check), uncovers 2d3 rolls on each of the *Junk* and *Clothing* tables. Disregard any rolls that seem inappropriate for an upscale mansion. Hidden behind a false panel in the basement rec-room (Search check DC 38 to find) are 1d3+2 rolls on the *Civilian Weapons* table. A Search check at DC 38 also uncovers a small safe in the ransacked bedroom, which if opened (Disable Device DC 25) is found to hold a fully-loaded S&W M29, a box of 94 .44 magnum rounds, a spare stage IC identity card, three packets of cocaine (worth 1,000 cp each), and \$500,000 in cash (worthless).

### 121. MUTAGON LAIR (EL 16)

*A large, badly damaged building looms ahead. One whole outer wall has collapsed, revealing a gaping hole in the side facing the street. From the darkness comes a reptilian odor that can be sensed even from your position over a hundred yards away.*

*Covering the streets leading to the building is a sea of bones, most scorched black and charred. This doesn't look good....*

The ruins in this hex have been claimed as the territory of a particularly large *mutagon*, a powerful dinosaur-like reptile that is feared by virtually all inhabitants of the Necropolis. Though creatures of its kind once roamed in large numbers in the city, in time they have slowly dwindled. This specimen is one of the last, and guards its domain fiercely.

The mutagon spends most of its time brooding in the shadows inside the badly-damaged building. It



lingers near enough to the gaping hole to look out and spot intruders, but most of the time it is concealed by shadows.

**Advanced Mutagon:** CR 16; Huge Mutant Beast; HD 20d10+100; HP 210; Mas 21; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 30, touch 9, flat-footed 29 (-2 size, +1 Dex, +21 natural); BAB +16; Grap +32; Atk +23 melee (5d6+12, bite); Full Atk +23 melee (5d6+12, bite); FS 15 ft by 15 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ breath weapon, improved grab, swallow hole, burst of speed, night blindness; AL none; SV Fort +17, Ref +13, Will +8; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 26, Dex 13, Con 21, Int 2, Wis 15, Cha 10.

**Skills:** Listen +10, Spot +10.

**Feats:** Alertness, Cleave, Great Cleave, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (bite).

If the mutagon senses the PCs, it emerges from its hiding place with a terrible roar of anger, plodding towards them in a thundering charge. When it gets close enough it breathes fire, then attempts to swallow them whole!

**Advanced Mutagon (1):** HP 210.

**Treasure:** A search of the remains littering the streets takes hours, but if the task is undertaken the PCs will find two rolls from each of the following artifact tables: *Useful Stuff*, *Scav Attire*, and *Military Weapons*. In addition to these random finds there is a single minifusion backpack [F/MG] in the mutagon's lair.

### 122. WATERING HOLE (EL 11)

*The sunlight here filters down through towering ruins on either side of the street to illuminate a massive bomb crater carving a huge*

*hole in the city intersection. Lampposts, bent at awkward angles from the blast, are draped with moss and strange vegetation bearing enormous flowers whose unfurled petals give off a rainbow of colors.*

*Years of rainfall have filled the crater with water, and a small herd of mutated beasts lounge by the watering hole. A few drink, a few others are partly immersed, and more stand outside, enjoying the shade of the giant plants. They seem uninterested in your approach.*

This watering hole is part of the territory of a semi-nomadic group of **13 gronts**, which are currently drinking and bathing in the waters. Because there are so many gronts, the animals do not initially feel threatened by the approach of the party, but if the PCs get too close or attack the animals (including firing off a warning shot), the animals will attack.

**Gronts (13):** HP 50.

**Treasure:** Assuming the PCs manage to defeat the gronts, they can use the water here to completely refill their canteens. A Search (DC 30) also uncovers the remains of a scav who tried unsuccessfully to slip past the gronts and fill his canteens. His gear consists of a suit of leather armor, a compass, a canteen, a pair of flash goggles, and a 5.56mm pipe rifle (2d4 rounds lie scattered around his skeleton).

### 123. BIODIVERSITY STUDIES (EL 0)

*An enormous corporate campus spreads out before you. Its lawns are overgrown with tall grass and the windows of the imposing buildings are all smashed, with shards of sharp glass littering the field surrounding the facility. A few rusted portable animal cages are scattered randomly throughout the grass, their doors*





*hanging open.*

*A few white, corporate-style vehicles sit abandoned in the lot.*

This building complex was one of several impressive properties owned and operated by the Zoogenic Corporation. This complex in particular was dedicated to the corporation's "Benefiting the Earth through Biodiversity Studies" project. The world-renowned research project was publicly dedicated to traveling to the far corners of the world and cataloguing the planet's diverse animal species, both for conservation and for the exploration of their potential benefits to medicine and the "betterment of the world." The PCs can find evidence of this public mission statement in the facility's waiting rooms and in magazine articles featured in arcanum found elsewhere.

In reality, the project undertaken here went far beyond merely cataloguing animals. It involved extracting genome information from countless species of animals — a scheme that was at the heart of Ronald Bernard's bizarre doomsday vision for the world. It was in this complex that experiments were conducted on live animals to combine the genes of man and beast, creating the first crude progenitors of what would become the race of Broken Ones. Similar experiments were conducted on other species in different Zoogenic Corp facilities throughout the city (such as Areas #042 and #067).

An enormous portrait of the eerie-looking Ronald Bernard fills an entire wall of the main building's entrance lobby, overlooking a rusting bronze globe depicting the planet Earth. But other than this curious piece of art, most of the buildings are now empty or have been vandalized over the years. Identity cards (level stage IIC) are required for entrance into the secure lab block located on the

second and third stories; there is a 1 in 10 chance that the PCs find one or more of these labs already broken into. Express elevators connect a number of sub-basement laboratories. These also appear to have been abandoned after an unknown catastrophe left them in ruins, but even with so much damage there is clear evidence that these labs were used for animal experimentation, not just observation.

**GM's Note:** A thorough search of all of the old lab buildings coupled with an Investigate check at DC 30 will uncover evidence suggesting that the chaos and destruction evident in the labs resulted not from an accident, but from the deliberate release of every animal specimen in the facility.

In addition, a Search check at DC 28 uncovers a secret tunnel at the bottom level of the facility (inside a crematorium used to burn failed experiments). It is blocked by an enormous, vault-like door labeled "To Crematorium Generator." This door requires a stage IIC identity card to open; beyond it, there is no generator room on the other side, but rather a huge concrete tunnel that leads off into cold darkness. The tunnel proves to be a secret service passage that stretches almost a half-mile to Area #124.

Because the animal subjects used here ranged from small creatures to the largest pachyderms, a separate facility had to be maintained to house these creatures away from the labs. It was through this underground passage that the animals were smuggled in and out under the nose of the authorities, allowing the facility to appear "clean" during regular visiting hours.

**Treasure:** Though the labs were badly damaged, patient and thorough searchers can nonetheless dig up some valuable supplies from the wreckage. Typical finds include portable video cameras (for recording experiments), PDAs, chemical kits, first aid kits, medical kits, pharmacist kits, surgery kits, and fire extinguishers.

## 124. CHANG'S IMPORTED FRUITS (EL 0)

*A decrepit warehouse sits at the end of this alley, its tin roof rusted and vines of thick ivy growing everywhere. Barely visible under this vegetation is an old sign depicting bundles of bananas [if the PCs read Ancient, they can also make out the building's name, "Chang's Imported Fruits"]. A number of abandoned forklifts sit here and there in the lot outside. The doors to the warehouse stand open, but instead of seeing crates inside you see the gleaming metal of... animal cages?*

*A few other cages, some small and others large, lie strewn about the lot, their doors all hanging open.*

Though disguised to look like a fruit market warehouse, this building was actually part of the Zoogenic Corporation's network of properties in the city. The warehouse was used as an animal storage facility, containing a wide range of rare and mundane species hand-picked to become the progenitors of the Broken Ones, and to fulfill Ronald Bernard's vision of a world ruled by animals. Species here included dogs, cats, wolves, rats, bats, lions, tigers, tapirs, camels, bears, gorillas, zebra, and even elephants, giraffes, and other large beasts. These creatures were kept in terrible conditions (a concession Ronald Bernard had to make for the sake of maintaining secrecy, though he considered their short-term misery a fair trade for the "wondrous" new world he was making for them), either in cages on the upper level or in larger cells in the warehouse's secret basement levels.

This place is a wreck inside, but it is immediately obvious it is *not* a fruit market, but something far different. Characters able to read Ancient will note

tags on individual cells and cages that read like an encyclopedia of zoological species. If the PCs are familiar with the Broken Ones, a character with at least 10 ranks in Knowledge (earth & life sciences) may make an Intelligence check at DC 23 to notice that the traits of many species mentioned here are also found among many Broken Ones — evidence (for those who don't realize it already) that the mighty Broken Ones originated as captive animals kept in this building.

Beneath the basement cells at the bottom of a gradual ramp is a large vault-like door kept secure by an electronic keycard lock. This door requires a stage IIC identity card to open; beyond it a long tunnel that stretches into darkness. *This tunnel connects to the basement labs at Area #123.*

## 125. FORT LOX (EL VARIES)

*This part of the ruins has been painstakingly cleared, the rubble carted off to create a few hundred yards of workable cropland. At the center of the fields stands a small fort of wood, stone, and rusted metal sheet scavenged from the ruins of the city. In the fort's shadow is a small ramshackle village, from which the sounds of domestic life drift across the farmland.*

*Whoever the occupants of this citadel are, they are certain to have a clear view of anyone approaching their position.*

This area is just one of several Broken One border forts, positioned along their frontier to guard against the intrusion of other Necropolis factions. The fort was constructed from scratch with rubble cleared from the surrounding area, and its relative security has allowed a small village to spring up nearby.

**Significant NPCs:** Unlike many of the border

forts run by Broken One leaders, this fort is run not by a petty tyrant, but by a rather benevolent member of their faction named Lox. An aging elephant Beastman, the venerable Lox was once a great commander in the Broken One armies, but his distaste for the ever-increasing cruelty of Klaww's regime soon turned his passion for war into desperation to get away. Though he was once a favored general of Klaww, Lox was virtually exiled to this border command for his frequent questioning of Klaww's policies.

Despite the backwater assignment, Lox finds his loss of prestige and position more than welcome. Out here he does not have to contend with the venomous politics of the city and its laughable "Senate," and left much to his own, he has the ability to govern his part of the frontier as he sees fit. Over time he has used the fort's isolation to quietly attract other members of Broken One society who share his dislike of the current regime, and like-minded warriors and peasants have flocked to his settlement in steady numbers. Lox also brought his own household of slaves, many of them humans and mutants which were given to him by Klaww as rewards for victories in battle. Though still slaves (for their own protection), they are protected and treated far better here than in most other places in the Broken One empire.

**Lox (Elephant Genotype Tough Hero 4/Guardian 6):** CR 10; Large humanoid; HD 4d10+12 plus 6d10+18 plus 3; HP 88; Mas 17; Init +0; Spd 20 ft; Defense 21, touch 15, flatfooted 21 (-1 size, +0 Dex, +6 class, +6 equipment); BAB +9; Grap +18; Atk +14 melee (1d10+7, greatclub), or +8 ranged (by weapon); FS 10 ft by 10 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, quadruped, social animal; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +5; AP 5;

Rep +3; Str 21, Dex 10, Con 17, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 13.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Technology]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Gigantism, Hyper Olfactory, Quadruped, Social Animal.

**Skills:** Craft (structural) +3, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (Current Events) +7, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +10, Knowledge (Technology) +5, Listen +10, Sense Motive +6, Spot +8, Survival +6.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Cleave, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Intimidating Strength\*, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stomp [REW], Toughness.

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Second Wind, Damage Reduction 1/—.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (greatclub), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (greatclub).

**Possessions:** Greatclub, legionnaire's armor, four juju potions (1d4+4).

The fort is also home to **50 Broken One warriors**, with another **15 Broken One commons** serving as support, messengers, and specialty craftsmen for the garrison. Of the warriors, 10 are generally on guard duty at any given time, 5 on watch, another 5 on patrol in the surrounding ruins, and the other thirty either in their barracks or else training in the yard. The village outside houses an additional **200 Broken One commons**, including women and children, and another **30 slaves** of various races drawn from other



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factions in the city. Equal percentages of both groups are divided among domestic tasks in the village and work the fields.

Lox has made provisions so that if the alarm is sounded, the villagers can be quickly moved from the village to the protection of the fort.

**Lox:** HP 88.

**Broken One Warriors (50):** HP 40.

**Broken One Commons (215):** HP 29.

**Slaves (30):** HP 10.

### 126. FORT KISHAR (EL VARIES)

*A field of rough broken stone lies ahead, spreading for almost a quarter of a mile in diameter. Wooden poles stick out of the ground at the field's edge, atop of which sit the rotted remnants of human and humanoid skulls.*

*At the center of this great field stands a fort with low stone towers and wooden walls with hoarding. Thin plumes of smoke rise from beyond, evidence that the fort is inhabited. Hanging from the battlements are numerous skeletons, bone fetishes, and clusters of skulls.*

This fort is home to Kishar the “Spotted Death,” a Broken One who resembles a large cheetah walking on its hind legs and brandishing a gun. Ferocious and murderous, Kishar stood among the favorites of Klaww the Beastmaster until his unbridled ambition caught his master’s attention. Though he served for a time as Klaww’s champion, Kishar was sent away to garrison this fort, supposedly as a test to prove his patience and loyalty to the emperor.

**Significant NPCs:** While Kishar’s rivals rejoiced at his exile, Kishar has turned the sentence into an opportunity to prove himself, even if the emperor’s eye only rarely falls on this part of the Broken Ones’

domain. A great warrior despite his youthful age, Kishar has attracted many aspiring warriors in the empire to his command. While other fort garrisons resent guard duty and the mundane task of watching over serfs as they work the fields, Kishar keeps his men entertained through regular hunts in the nearby ruins. In these hunts Kishar has the best humanoid slaves rounded up and released into the wilds, with the promise that if they manage to avoid capture for three days and nights he and his warriors will let them go free. Though at first many slaves leapt at the chance to get away from their cruel overlords, none have ever escaped, their heads always brought back as trophies to adorn Kishar’s hall before the end of the three days.

In addition to being a fighter, Kishar is a wily planner and strategist. He loathes Lox (see Area #125), whom he considers to be a weakling setting a bad example for such a respected warrior. He secretly plots against Lox, and has been wooing Mogo Tusked-Fury (see Area #127) in the hopes of creating a secret alliance that, someday, may come in handy.

**Kishar the Spotted Death (Cheetah Genotype Fast Hero 4/Guardian 5):** CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+8 plus 5d10+10; HP 64; Mas 14; Init +6; Spd 30 ft; Defense 25, touch 19, flatfooted 24 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +8 class, +6 equipment); BAB +8; Grap +10; Atk +11 melee (1d6+4, claw), or +12 ranged (2d8, M4 Carbine); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, burst of speed, claws, carnivore, muzzle; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +6, Ref +9, Will +2; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 15, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 11, Cha 17.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Current Events]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Burst of Speed, Claws, Carnivore, Muzzle.

**Skills:** Balance +11, Climb +3, Diplomacy +1, Disguise -8, Gather Information +1, Hide +8, Intimidate +6, Jump +5, Knowledge (Current Events) +8, Knowledge (Tactics) +8, Listen +3, Move Silently +8, Navigate +2, Sense Motive +3, Spot +3, Survival +2, Tumble +10.

**Feats:** Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Defensive Martial Arts, Elusive Target, Guide, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Track.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed, Improved Increased Speed.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (claws), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (claws).

**Possessions:** M4 Carbine, two boxes of 5.56mm ammunition (60), legionnaire’s armor, two juju potions (1d4+4).

Kishar’s fort is also home to **80 Broken One warriors** and **2 giant mutant beastmen**, with another **25 Broken One commons** serving as his court and support staff. Of the warriors, 20 are on guard duty at any given time, 10 on watch, and another 10 to 20 on patrol (in five-man patrols) in the surrounding ruins. The others are in the fort proper engaging in various domestic pursuits. In addition to these forces there are **20 Broken One commons** here and an equal number of humanoid **slaves**, who spend every waking hour breaking down rocks to be sent back to the capital as building material.

**Kishar the Spotted Death:** HP 64.

**Broken One Warriors (80):** HP 40.

**Giant Mutant Beastmen (2):** HP 92.

**Broken One Commons (45):** HP 29.

**Slaves (20):** HP 10.

## 127. FORT MOGO (EL VARIES)

*Rising over the rolling hills is a towering fortress made of wooden logs and stone. Huge towers rise over the corners of the fort; bestial sentries can be seen scanning the horizon from within. Behind the walls can be seen the curious arches of thatched halls and barrack houses, reminiscent of an ancient Viking outpost; this image is further bolstered by the sound of hammering steel and barking dogs.*

This impressive Broken Ones border fort, the one closest to the Acropolis of the Serpent Gods, stands as a gateway between the more built-up parts of the Necropolis and the unknown. Needless to say the fort is not just for show; it is a rugged, defensible citadel with a large garrison of some of the empire's best soldiers.

**Significant NPCs:** The commander of the fort's garrison is a beast named Mogo. A corpulent warrior-general with many years of experience under his belt, Mogo Tusked-Fury is a boar genotype beastman who seems oblivious to his own advancing age. Mogo spends his days partly drunk, enjoying the abundant luxuries of his powerful station and the fruits earned by the Broken One armies in the field. Though he was once involved in the Broken Ones politics, Mogo now cares only for his own domain and ensuring that no enemy attacks the frontier. Having grown complacent with high walls and companies of guards to protect his hold, he suffers from tunnel vision, naively believing that the only threats to the Broken Ones lie outside its borders.

As a leader, Mogo tends to overlook corruption and brutality, believing they are merely trademarks of the current generation (who are "just trying to prove themselves"), not tell-tale signs of a cruel and degenerate culture. As for himself, though he generally spends his days drinking in his feasts hall with his personal housecarl of boar genotype warriors (all of whom are fiercely loyal to the old general), he still considers himself a warrior. Whenever danger threatens the fort he rises dizzily from his ornate throne, commands his underlings to fetch his axe and armor, and delivers a half-drunk speech intended to inspire his men to bravery. Remarkably, it usually works.

In battle Mogo prefers to lead from the front, surrounded by his most loyal and ferocious companions. He has grown almost too large for his armor, which buckles and stretches to fit around his bulbous form. Despite his less-than-ideal condition he is a giant, and years of warfare have made him a remarkably resilient and stubborn opponent.

**Mogo Tusked-Fury (Boar Genotype Strong Hero 3/Guardian 7):** CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+18 plus 7d10+42 plus 3; HP 116; Mas 22; Init +2; Spd 20 ft; Defense 23, touch 17, flatfooted 22 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +6 class, +6 equipment); BAB +10; Grap +14; Atk +16 melee (1d12+8, greataxe), or +12 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, muzzle; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +14, Ref +7, Will +3; AP 5; Rep +2; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 22, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Current Events]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Hyper Olfactory, Serrated Dental Development, Loner,

Muzzle.

**Skills:** Bluff +0, Climb +7, Craft (structural) +4, Diplomacy -3, Disguise -6, Gather Information -2, Intimidate +14, Knowledge (Current Events) +5, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +2, Knowledge (Tactics) +12, Listen +7, Spot +7.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Cleave, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (greataxe), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (greataxe), Defender +4.

**Possessions:** *Mastercraft +1* greataxe, legionnaire's armor, two juju potions (1d4+4).

Mogo's command includes **90 Broken One warriors** and **20 Broken One elites**, with another **25 Broken One commons** as in-house servants, craftsmen, smiths, and general caretakers. Twenty of Mogo's warriors are on guard duty at any given time, 15-20 are on watch, while 10 more are on patrol (in five-man patrols) in the surrounding ruins, keeping an eye out for strange activity or intruders.

In addition to these there are **40 Broken One commons** living in the small village protected inside the fort's walls, with 50 humanoid **slaves** drawn from other factions of the Necropolis as captives of war. Most of these slaves are employed for general labor, but some are reserved as sacrifices to the Serpent Gods. As ordered by Klaww the Beastmaster, Mogo routinely sends individual slaves to be sacrificed at the *Temple to the Serpent Gods* (see Area #129).

**Mogo Tusked-Fury:** HP 116.

**Broken One Warriors (90):** HP 40.



**Broken One Elites (20):** HP 68.

**Broken One Commons (65):** HP 29.

**Slaves (50):** HP 10.

## 128. FORT JUGAL (EL VARIES)

*An old hillside mansion looks out over this part of the ruins — what must have once been a luxurious neighborhood. The mansion is overgrown with lichen and ivy, and hangs out over a cliff edge with a panoramic view of the area.*

The mansion here was a multi-million-dollar hillside villa constructed during the 1970s, when advances in building technology allowed for some unconventional designs. Built half on the cliff edge and half in mid-air, the entire mansion is supported by graceful columns of stone more than 40 feet high.

What was a mansion during the time of the Ancients is now a ramshackle Broken Ones fort, its strategic setting on a hillside allowing it an unrivaled view of the area. The Broken Ones were quick to recognize the building's intrinsic value, and have since built it up to make it more defensible. Though it once had a rooftop pool, this has long been clogged with marshy reeds, and the lavish rooms and parlors have been converted into barracks and maze-like corridors through which men can move rapidly from one side of the complex to another.

**Significant NPCs:** This fort is commanded by Jugal “the Conniver,” the least experienced of the frontier warlords. Years ago the simpering Jugal was banished to the frontier for trying to usurp power from his own commander; since Klaww was planning on executing his commander anyway, Jugal's life was spared, but his disloyalty deserved punishment — thus his exile to this far-away post.

Jugal is a nervous, hyper-active monkey genotype beastman. With black fur and a silver face, reminiscent of a howler monkey, he leads a troupe of loyal monkey beastmen (and a few other breeds) from his well-fortified citadel in the north of the city.

Though he maintains and commands the fort as he was charged to do, Jugal is the weakest link in the frontier defenses. A coward at heart, he thinks only to maintain appearances to avoid the further wrath of the emperor, and cares little for actually defending the empire. To this end he tends to keep his troops in reserve and away from battle, only investigating disturbances or suspected sightings of enemy movements once it is already established there's no danger to him or his men. For instance, if his men see movement in the ruins, he will order them to wait at least a day before sending them out to investigate. By then the enemy is sure to be gone, though from their tracks (or whatever else they left behind) he can gather enough information to send a report back to Klaww that makes it look like he took appropriate action.

The PCs would be lucky to wander into Jugal's realm, for he rarely sends out patrols, and rarely investigates sights or sounds beyond the walls of the mansion. If the PCs attack the fort Jugal and his garrison will defend the citadel, but in the end Jugal is likely to flee (using his men to screen his retreat) if things go poorly for his forces.

**Jugal the Conniver (Monkey Genotype Fast Hero 4/Guardian 4):** CR 8; Small humanoid; HD 4d8+4 plus 4d10+4; HP 48; Mas 13; Init +5; Spd 30 ft; Defense 21, touch 18, flatfooted 20 (+1 size, +1 Dex, +7 class, +3 equipment); BAB +7; Grap +4; Atk +10 melee (1d6+1, cleaver), or +13 ranged (2d6, TEC-9); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, herbivore, social animal; AL Broken

Ones; SV Fort +4, Ref +9, Will +1; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 13, Dex 21, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 8, Cha 14.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Hide).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Current Events]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Dwarfism, Simian Deformity, Herbivore, Social Animal.

**Skills:** Balance +11, Bluff +3, Climb +17, Escape Artist +11, Hide +18, Intimidate +6, Jump +5, Knowledge (Current Events) +9, Knowledge (Tactics) +5, Move Silently +13, Sense Motive +3, Tumble +9.

**Feats:** Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Far Shot, Mobility, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Spring Attack, Stealthy.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (cleaver), Tactical Aid.

**Possessions:** TEC-9, two boxes of 9mm ammunition (64), cleaver, legionnaire's armor, one juju potion (1d4+4).

Despite his cowardice Jugal manages to maintain a garrison of **40 Broken One warriors**, with another **10 Broken One commons** serving in various menial positions around the compound. All are relatively loyal. Of the warriors, generally 5 are on guard duty at any given time, and another 10 to 15 on watch on the mansion's three tiered roofs. The rest are in the fort itself, either in barracks or in the company of their paranoid lord.

**Jugal the Conniver:** HP 48.

**Broken One Warriors (40):** HP 40.

**Broken One Commons (10):** HP 29.



## 129. TEMPLE TO THE SERPENT GODS (EL 0)

*A great temple stands up ahead, with four towering pillars freshly painted in striking magenta. The pillars uphold a teal roof far overhead. The temple otherwise looks empty. The wind blowing through the pillars creates a low and menacing moan.*

This temple was built by the Broken Ones in tribute to the powerful Serpent People living at the heart of the Necropolis. The first scouts they sent into the heart of the city never returned, and the armed parties they sent afterwards to investigate were also never heard from again. Fearing the unknown, the Broken Ones erected this enormous temple on their frontier, hoping to placate the invisible “Serpent Gods” through regular sacrifices.

The temple is a large airy structure, nothing more than four enormous stone pillars supporting a towering roof. Beneath this roof is a raised, bloodstained marble dais on which stand two eight-foot posts. Here sacrifices from the Broken Ones empire are brought, bound and chained, and left for the Serpent Gods to claim. A large bronze gong is rung with a huge clapper by four Broken Ones to signal a sacrifice has been left.

Once a sacrifice has been left, the Broken Ones never stay to watch, for fear of angering the Serpent Gods — who seem quite intent on remaining unseen. However, something certainly does come to claim the sacrifices, as is made clear each morning by the absence of the victim — and the tremendous amounts of blood.

## 130. THE HOUSE OF SATAN (EL 0)

*An old white mansion sits here, its placement among the dry grassy hills giving it a full panoramic view of the Necropolis basin and the distant ocean beyond. An aging cobblestone drive winds its way to the mansion from a rusted gate and terminates at the foot of a towering fountain made of cracked limestone. Statues depicting strange satyr-like creatures with bat wings crown the fountain, and seem to beckon your approach with open hands and sly grins.*

*Thirteen ancient automobiles are parked near this fountain — rusted husks of old limousines and fancy sports cars.*

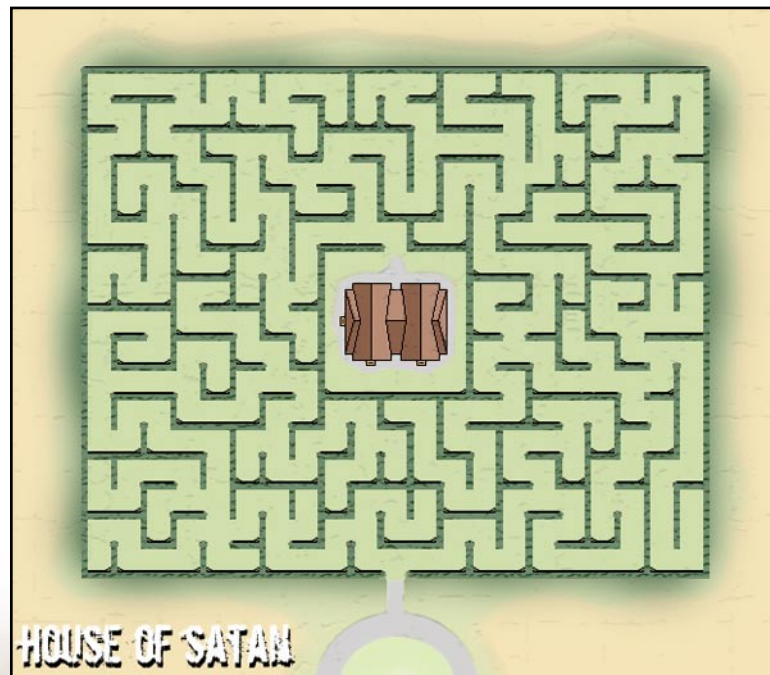
*Several acres of sprawling hedge maze, now*

*overgrown in some places and withered in others, surround the impressive mansion itself from all sides. To get at the house you’ll have to find your way through. This must have been some eccentric Ancients’ idea of a joke...*

It is unclear who once owned this mansion, but it is an elaborate affair. To reach the building the PCs must navigate the old maze (see accompanying map) or hack their way through it; either way, once they reach the center they find the building’s entrances and windows locked (though breaking in shouldn’t be a problem).

Apparently no one has stumbled upon this great house in the 200+ years since the Fall. The place is entirely abandoned; and the lavish interior (with wooden floors, paneled rooms, crystal chandeliers, etc.) is quite sparsely decorated. Entire rooms are empty, white sheets have been draped over a few remaining articles (a grand piano and a handful of 18th century European furniture), and nothing of any real value to the PCs is to be found. It even seems that the large kitchen and dual pantries were never used before the Fall.

Though it’s empty, the three-story mansion might make an ideal hideout, since it is located far from the heart of the city and provides an excellent view of the entire city area (with exceptions, at the GM’s discretion). From here, individuals equipped with a telescope could conceivably spy on a number of sites from a safe distance, giving them valuable intelligence about what is going on where before they venture into the ruins. Of course, the PCs will need to acquire a telescope to benefit from the mansion’s impressive view.





**GM's Note:** Any time the PCs visit the mansion and search, roll a secret Search check for each against a DC of 30. Don't let the players know you are rolling, because they may come to suspect the mansion has more to reveal than they realize. Should any of the PCs make this check, he or she unwittingly discovers a hidden latch in one of the mansion's underground wine cellars that, when pulled, opens a secret door. This secret door leads down a narrow corridor, still fitted with iron torch sconces.

Eventually this passage leads to a much larger chamber deep beneath the mansion, which when entered proves to be a startling contrast to the house above. This chamber built in the shape of a large pentagon; its walls are made of black marble streaked with red veins of porphyry and its domed roof is held up by thin wooden pillars gilt with sheets of hammered gold. The roof is painted to look like the night sky (it is astronomically correct, depicting the sky over Los Angeles), with small garnets for stars and a sliver of actual silver hammered into the stone to depict the crescent moon. The vague shapes of bat-winged creatures hovering in the shadows between the stars can barely be picked out from the dark marble background.

Worked into the highly-polished marble floor is a large pentagram design decorated with strange Kabbalistic sigils and the enormous depiction of a goat's head at its center.

Dominating this chamber is an altar made from a roughly-hewn black stone that seems out of place (it was secretly shipped here from an ancient pagan temple unearthed in Rome that had been dedicated to animal worship; but of course there is no way for the PCs to discern this). A golden chalice sits atop of the stone, along with a slip of black cloth on which figures a curious symbol (a version of the Seal of Solomon, with the number "13" at its center) and a

large and beautifully-ornate *athame* (a dagger with a wavy blade, a treated handle fashioned from a black cat's spinal column, and a pommel made from a singularly large cat's eye agate).

More striking, however, are the bodies arranged throughout the room. Thirteen corpses dressed in the rotting tatters of long black robes are laid around the pentagram, their placement radiating outward like the points of a sunburst. Each corpse is now a mere skeleton, but each lies with hands folded over its chest and feet together as if they had laid down together to die here — deliberately. A search of their clothing reveals a few pieces of pre-Fall identification; the roster of names is impressive. One appears to have been a powerful senator, another a famous movie star (renowned for her love of animals), the next a man of apparent European origin identified by his papers as "Count Francois Villaneuve," another the CEO of Zoogenic Corporation (Ronald Bernard himself), and perhaps even more shockingly, the chairman of the U.S. federal reserve board and a high-ranking military liaison assigned to the research projects at a place called "Center, CO." The others remain unidentifiable.

An Investigation or Treat Injury check (DC 28 and DC 23 respectively) will reveal that all of these figures ritually poisoned themselves with a cyanide-laced substance in the chalice on the altar.

This strange room, though eerie and morbid, could prove to be a safe refuge inside the mansion due to its secretive location. Other than the chalice, the dagger, and the bizarre death scene, there is nothing else of interest within. If the PCs take the time to check the identification of the bodies, however, they will uncover the following *identity cards*: a stage IVC, a stage VC, a stage VIM, and a special stage IIIC card that will also unlock all keycard locks in Zoogenic

Corporation facilities across the globe.

**Treasure:** Though the house is empty, there are more than a few salvageable spare parts from the thirteen vehicles parked outside (the equivalent of 120 cp from each).





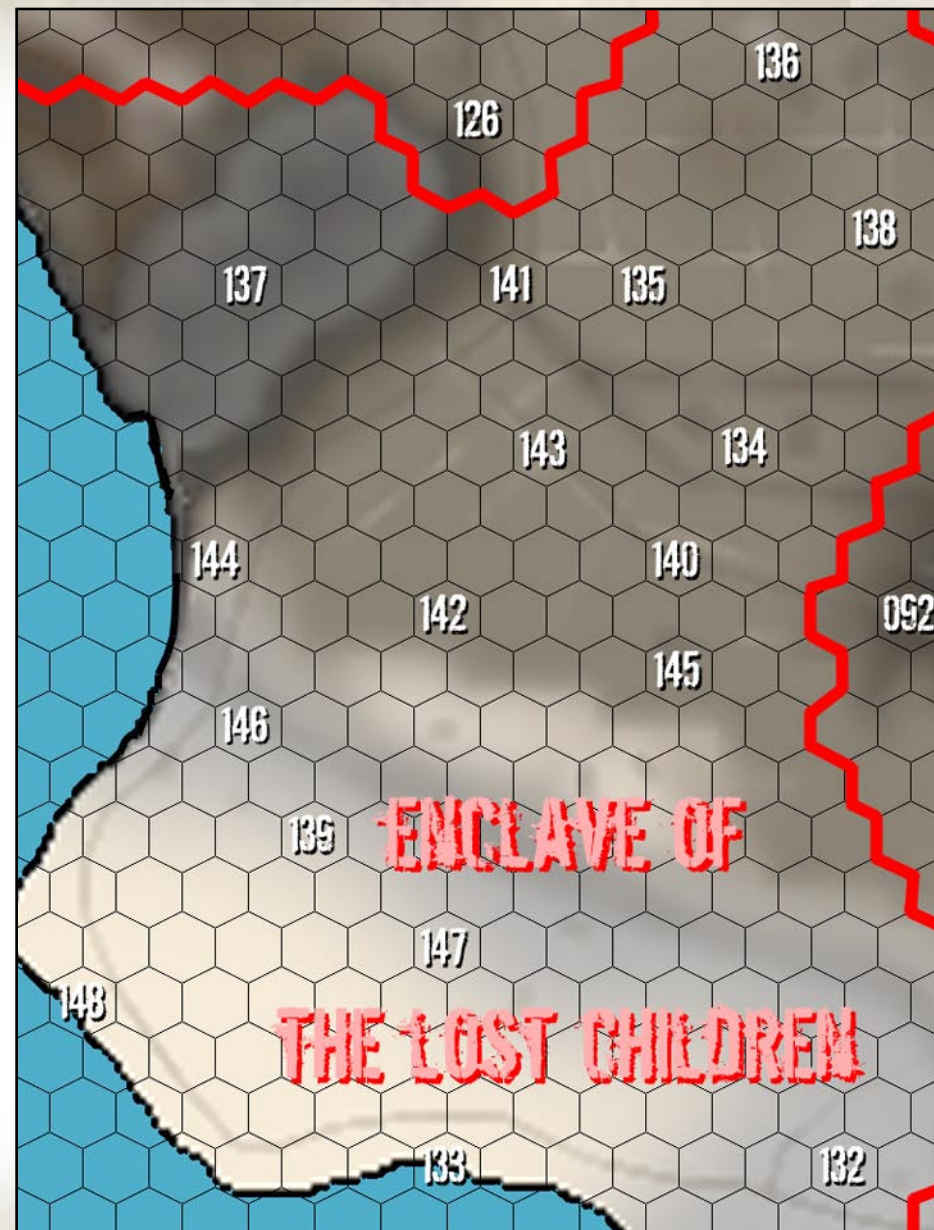
## ENCLAVE OF THE LOST CHILDREN OF MAN

During the time of the Ancients, as the city - and the whole world - became embroiled in rumors of impending war, a small and insular group living in the Los Angeles area was preparing for the prophesized Biblical “Armageddon”. To these individuals, the portents of the coming apocalypse were everywhere, in the failing diplomacy of the nation’s leaders, the over-liberalization of American society, the destruction of the family unit, the creation of artificial life (“robots” and “clones”), rampant drug-use and violence, the sudden rise of super-powerful gangs, the withering of the planet’s climate, and of course, the strange and seemingly inexplicable rise of Satanism and cults across the country.

This group, composed almost exclusively of men and women retired from the military (many due to having their jobs replaced by more “efficient” android surrogates), had lived in the city for several years before this doomsday buildup. Forming an underground “club”, their members had variously served what they perceived to be the greater good by joining the neighborhood watch, and even patrolling the streets in an unofficial capacity in neighborhoods where the police force was shamefully negligent. Though they fought to preserve the America they idealized, in time they grew bitter, especially as gang youths began to turn on them. After several members of their group were murdered in drive-by shootings, they withdrew from the public entirely.

But these deep-seated conservatives simply moved on to the next stage of their plan. Their leader, a former colonel in the Marines, hatched a plan. Using communal resources to buy up an old, condemned tenement in Redondo Beach, they began building a deep shelter they nicknamed the “Ark”. The colonel and his followers planned to create a shelter (along the lines of the government-built “vault program” which was creating long-term shelters for important citizens in the event of a cataclysmic conflict), and through a network of contacts were actually able to complete their plan.

The colonel and his followers were smart, long-term thinkers. Experienced soldiers and survivalists (many had spent years in places like Idaho and Montana as members of the local “militias”, before their land had been bought up by the corporations to turn them into domed farms), they knew what to take and what to leave behind. Arms, ammunition, and supplies were bought at military surplus





# ENCLAVE OF THE LOST CHILDREN OF MAN

stores and stashed secretly in the Ark. Hydroponic farms were brought in by sympathetic “dust farmers”, who’d lost everything by the big corporations and eagerly joined the Ark project. The last step was to acquire and install a working pocket reactor, which they did after a beautifully-orchestrated heist of an experimental plant in San Diego.

As things began to wind down, and the world seemed on the brink, the colonel and his followers sealed themselves in. They wouldn’t be there for the city fighting, or the chaos, or to see the multiple mushroom clouds rise over the city. Safely sealed and cryogenically frozen in the Ark, they would only awaken years later to find a new Necropolis waiting for them - and a world utterly changed for the worse.

## RECENTLY

Since their emergence onto the surface the Purists have encountered mostly ghouls, pressing westwards as the Hive rolled over the ghoul enclave in

Compton. Though the ghouls had always ranged this far west in their hunts, their migrations were now a desperate exodus to escape destruction. Rightly fearing the appearance of so many ghouls, the Purists set up an artificial area around their compound that proved mercilessly effective in keeping the ghouls away. Setting up booby traps, mines, and prowling sentries, as well as trapping entire streets with explosives, the Purists were successful in stopping the ghouls drive west.

In the end the ghouls were annihilated by the Hive, their own “enclave” scattered. But ghoul tribes still exist east of the Purist Enclave. Small bands manage to survive despite Hive domination of the city, sticking the darkness and the sewers. The Purists have found ghoul sightings to have fallen off, but they still do occur. As a result, the Purists continue to maintain their formidable ring of traps.

Recently the Purists have also encountered the Broken Ones, fighting a decisive battle with the savage beastmen when Emperor Klaww’s armies

attempted to expand into the Purist Enclave. Using expert tactics, ambushes, sniper fire, and traps, the Purists were able to defeat a sizeable Broken One army with few losses. The Broken Ones recoiled from this discovery (a new and capable faction to their south), and retreated, ending their efforts to expand south - for the time being. Currently embroiled against the

Hive, the Broken Ones have been forced to deal with the Purists at a later date.

From what they’ve seen, heard, and experienced, the Purists feel even more isolated now than ever before. Encircled by scattered ghoul tribes to the east, the “empire” of the Broken Ones to the north, and the ocean everywhere else, they feel cornered, surrounded. But as the old saying goes, nothing fights as fiercely as a cornered rat.

## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

The Purists have turned their “enclave” into a virtual deathtrap for those who dare intrude on what they have staked as “their” territory. Traps, mines, and hidden machinegun nests riddle the old ruins, making transgression a dangerous risk. The ghouls to the east have learned to stay away, but some do skirt the frontier of the Purist Enclave, hoping to feast off of other victims of the Purists’ defenses...

Each time the PCs pass through a map hex that isn’t detailed in the text, there is a chance of a random encounter. In this part of the city the chance is 1 in 6. Roll on the table below to determine the nature of a random encounter. Individual encounters are detailed in a separate chapter, *Random Encounters*.

| D20   | Random Encounter        |
|-------|-------------------------|
| 1     | Quake!                  |
| 2-3   | Screamers               |
| 4-5   | Weapon Animatron        |
| 6-7   | Minefield               |
| 8-9   | Ghoul Trap              |
| 10-11 | Random Noises (Surface) |
| 12-13 | Xeno Scout              |
| 14-15 | Purist Patrol           |
| 16-17 | Purist Field Team       |
| 18    | Corpses                 |
| 19    | Rope Worm               |
| 20    | Weird Weather           |

## DEALING WITH THE PURISTS

As most inhabitants of the city have found, dealing with the Purists is next to impossible. Believing themselves surrounded by monsters, the Purists have adopted a strict policy of shooting first, and asking questions later. Parties wandering into Purist territory will always be fired upon, and even if they don’t immediately die, their attackers will simply blend back into the shadows and try again later. Unwilling to risk discovery, even if PCs try diplomacy (or raising a white flag) the Purists will always assume it’s a trick - and attack again.

The Purists suffer from a radical form of racism and extreme paranoia. Xenophobes, they only trust members of their own community. Even if they were presented with purebloods from outside there is no telling they’d want peace, at least not on realistic terms. The Purists might demand surrender, subject the pureblood to interrogation, and ultimately try and track down where she came from to do the same to her people.



## ENCLAVE OF THE LOST CHILDREN OF MAN

### 131. NO MAN'S LAND (EL 0)

*You have moved into an area marked by the skulls of mutant animals - and creatures that eerily resemble humanoids - left in the blistering sun to rot and wither away, leaving only bleached carcasses stuck on spears and poles. The entire region appears desolate of life, and totally stripped of anything of interest.*

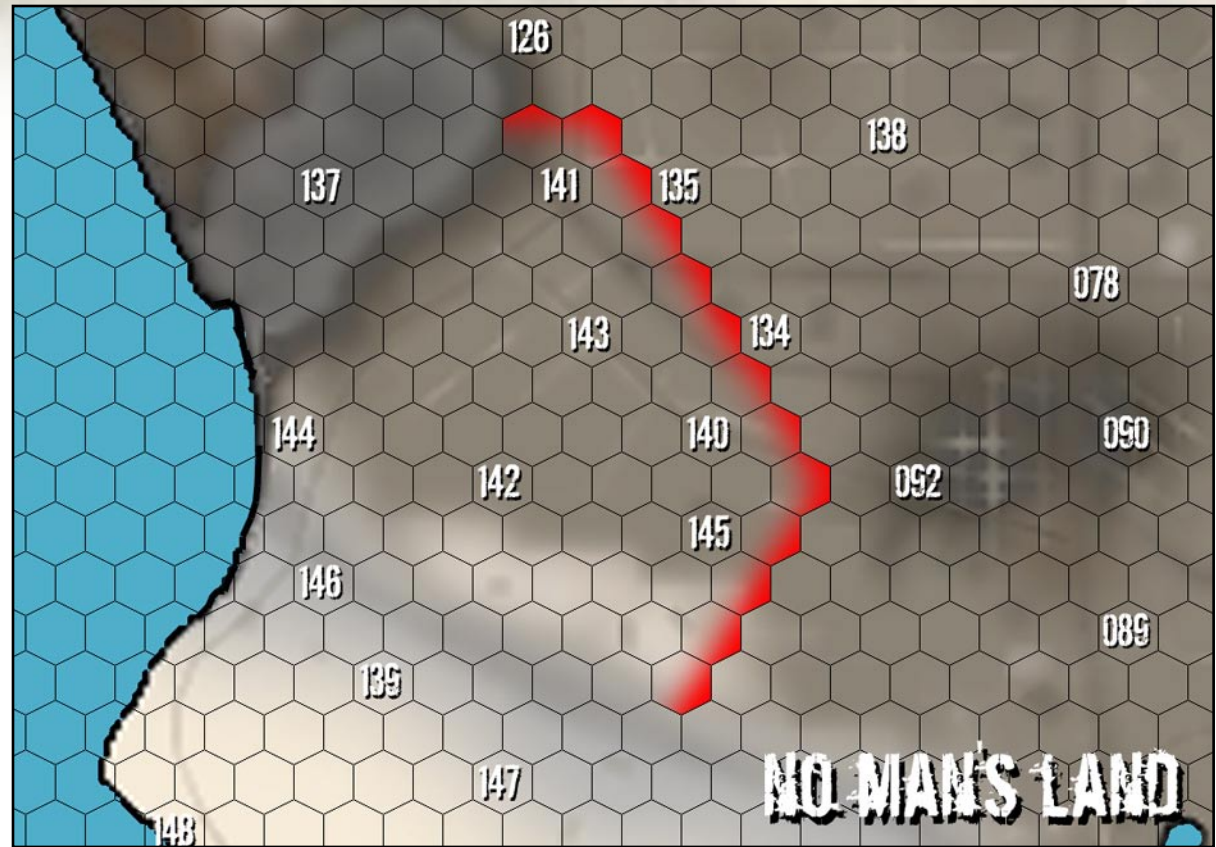
See the nearby inset. Any time the PCs pass through one of the hexes indicated on the map, they encounter the scene described above.

The signs were set up by the Purists to mark the beginnings of their “enclave” - and to warn off ghouls and other intruders (including the Broken Ones). Though the edge of this “no man’s land” isn’t trapped, the region beyond is (see *Random Encounters* above). Those who choose to ignore these warnings do so at their own risk.

### 132. HERMIT'S TOWER (EL 5)

*The ocean wind blows through the tall grasses that run right up to the edge of the cliffs in this area. From this elevation you are treated to an amazing view of the ocean, and the city to the north, spread out like an ugly grey blanket in the area between the sea and the mountains.*

*Up ahead you see a dilapidated old compound, surrounded by a wall made from corrugated iron sheets, old compacted automobiles stacked one on top of the other, and towers of rubber tires bound together with barbed wire. Beyond are a series of low cinderblock buildings, their windows boarded or plastered over. From beyond the walls rises a rusty and rickety radio tower, dwarfing the compound itself. From the*



*highest point on the tower the tattered remnants of an American flag flap in the crisp ocean breeze.*

Sitting here, high up in the hills overlooking the city, is an old dilapidated radio broadcast station. One of more than a dozen radio stations in the Los Angeles area before the Fall, it is currently the last one still in working condition.

Though it looks in a terrible state of repair, the radio station has in fact been occupied by a lone

hermit for at least 50 years. A crazy old man, the Hermit found the old station high up on this wind-swept bluff years ago and instantly recognized its strategic location (far from the city but with a commanding view) and importance. Something of a tinker, over the years he learned how to repair the old electronics and get the radio broadcast equipment up and running, and ever since has been broadcasting across the city’s dead airwaves on an almost weekly basis (see *Radio Messages*).

Though the Hermit’s tower is formidable, its real



## ENCLAVE OF THE LOST CHILDREN OF MAN

defense lies in the fact that no one even knows where it is. Though some ruin inhabitants have heard his broadcasts and realize a radio tower must exist somewhere in the city, they simply have never found its location. *An outline of the tower's defenses is given below:*

- **Landmines** have been buried in the grassy fields surrounding the compound. The field goes all around the compound, making any approach dangerous. Of course the Hermit knows the way through, and has a map (a grim realist, he's made himself ready for the day he eventually goes senile).
- A **roadblock** blocks the old service road leading through the field to the radio station. The roadblock is made of concrete and is actually half-buried in the ground, so that any vehicle striking it will likely crash.
- A ring of **cameras and motion sensors**, scavenged from throughout the south part of the city, have been rigged up to provide a full 360 degree of the compound. These are hooked up to several recorders inside the compound, so that after a night's rest the Hermit can play back the tapes and see if anything tried to get in the night before.
- **Barbed wire** coils top every stretch of wall, and form irregular barriers outside as well so that large groups will be channeled into convenient packs (easily taken out by a grenade launcher...) if they try to rush the walls.
- **Bricks and mortar** close off every window in the old buildings, except in secret places where he deliberately leaves peepholes or sniper holes to see outside. These holes can of course be blocked up and/or shuttered from inside.
- **False doors** have been either built into the

exterior of certain outbuildings, or simply painted on. When potential enemies surmount the wall they'll see lots of potential ways into the main building complex, but a full 70% of these are fake, and rigged to detonate **claymore mines** if tampered with.

- A few of the outbuildings are in fact **fake buildings**, and anyone stumbling inside will set off complex traps involving clusters of **fragmentation grenades**.
- **Tunnels** connect all of the important buildings, so that the Hermit can move from one to another without attackers even knowing what's going on. By doing this he makes it appear there are more defenders than there really are; also, if an enemy sets fire to the main building, he can flee to another without tipping off the arsonists.
- **Sally ports** lead to some of these tunnels (but not all), and are hidden or partly-buried so that they won't be detected by casual searchers. All of these ports have steel hatches that are locked from within, and trapped with more claymore mines.

If the PCs come here when the Hermit is present he remains hidden, letting his traps deal with potential intruders. But if the PCs announce themselves and he comes to believe they mean him no harm, he may let them in.

If they come when he's absent (such as when he's out looking for food in the abandoned grocery stores in town), his traps will all be set and ready to kill...

**Significant NPCs:** The Hermit has lived in the Necropolis so long even he doesn't remember where he originally came from, or why he's never encountered anyone other than ghouls - creatures which he absolutely abhors. Having almost lost his life to the ghoul tribes of the city on numerous

occasions (such as when he sneaks out to forage for needed supplies), he hates those cannibal creatures with a passion rivaled by few.

Considering himself to be the only "sane man" left in the city, he contents himself with residing in his "fortress-abode", which he has built up over the years into a considerable stronghold. A man with endless patience, he scavenged, scrounged, and stole virtually everything he needed to build the walls and defenses that now protect his private sanctuary from intruders. From here he spies the city with a powerful rooftop telescope, keeping track of the ghouls by night (seeing their bonfires), or the gradual building of the Hive's enormous "bughills" in the east. He has tracked the various colonies of varo bats as they fly over the city so that by now he can predict every migration, and witnessed the movement of bug flyers busily going about scavenging supplies so many times that he can generally predict how far the insects have spread. He has heard the wars rage between the Hive and the Broken Ones, and heard explosions in the Enclave that makes him think another faction might be there too, fending off the ghouls...

**The Hermit (Post-Apocalyptic Hero 5/Scav 4/Tinker 1):** CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d8+10 plus 4d8+8 plus 1d6+2; HP 65; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 22, touch 19, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +7 class, +3 equipment); BAB +6; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d6, cleaver), or +8 ranged (2d12, Barrett Light Fifty); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL none; SV Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +6; AP 5; Rep +2; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Repairmen (Knowledge [Technology], Repair).

**Background:** Feral (Hide, Move Silently, Survival).

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**Skills:** Computer Use +3, Craft (electronic) +5, Craft (structural) +5, Demolitions +9, Disable Device +9, Drive +4, Hide +9, Knowledge (Current Events) +3, Knowledge (Technology) +10, Listen +8, Move Silently +9, Navigate +5, Repair +12, Search +9, Spot +8, Survival +15.

**Feats:** Alertness, Armor Proficiency (light), Builder (Craft [electronic], Craft [structural]), Cautious, Far Shot, Gearhead, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Radiation Sense, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Track.

**Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero):** Necropoli Lore, Conserve, Salvage Expert.

**Talents (Scav):** Scav Scan, Sneak Attack +1d6, Scav Survival.

**Talents (Tinker):** Jury-rig +2.

**Possessions:** Barrett Light Fifty, two boxes of .50 ammunition (22), undercover vest, cleaver, smoke grenade, binoculars, light-wave cloak (see nearby sidebar), 1d2 minifusion cells, multipurpose tool, tool belt, handmade map (detailing compound's defenses).

Though he's relatively secure in his tower, the Hermit is at heart a lonely, sentimental man. While sane men might think him deranged, he longs for human company and has in the past used his radio to try and contact other potential holdouts in the city. Arranging pre-arranged meeting sites, he sneaks out at night to hopefully make contact, but he always watches the meeting site for hours before actually emerging to see who - if anyone - has shown up.

**The Hermit:** HP 65.

**Development:** It is possible that the PCs make friendly contact with the Hermit, and if this is the case he may be inclined to take PCs back to his hideout. Here he will share supplies (food, water, shelter, and even medicine) in exchange for conversation and company. However, he is an old

### LIGHT-WAVE CLOAK

Perhaps inspired by science-fiction, this cutting edge device was created during the twilight of the Ancients, and only ever saw service among elite Special Forces units. The *light-wave cloak*, when inactive, resembles a shimmering clear plastic "cape", but when the power source it is attached to is activated, the cloak itself generates a light-distortion field that effectively renders the wearer *invisible*.

For every round that the wearer of a light-wave cloak remains invisible, one charge is drained from the power source. Activating and deactivating a light-wave cloak is a standard action. Unlike most sources of invisibility, the wearer of a light-wave cloak does not become visible after attacking. A light-wave cloak is a Medium object, weighs 3 lb., costs 100,000 cp, and requires a Craft check at DC 39 to create.

*Power Source:* Minifusion cell.

man and will not leave his compound even if the PCs promise a better life elsewhere. After all, the Necropolis has become his home. If an individual PC really strikes his fancy (for example, if there's a kind-hearted, attractive woman among them), he may offer to let her stay with him indefinitely - perhaps as his "wife" (or in the case of a male, as his "son").

**Treasure:** In addition to his traps the Hermit keeps a surprisingly vast amount of supplies and artifacts inside his compound, including a full year's supply of C-rations, 1d100 ready meals (he likes to treat himself to something nice on Christmas), 300 gallons of drinking water, several sets of antique silverware, fancy plates and implements, artwork scavenged from abandoned museums, 2d20 clocks of all sizes and shapes, two water purifiers (one currently needing repair), a portable petrol generator (and two weeks worth of fuel), a small garden (with vegetables - to fight off scurvy), a supply of 1d3+2 doses of every single medicine in *Darwin's World 2nd Edition*, a surgery kit, ten first aid kits, yards and yards of bandages, bottled antibiotics, antiseptics, vitamins, survival kit, shampoo, soap, detergent, spare sets of clothing in every style imaginable, spare shoes and boots, night vision goggles, binoculars, telescope,

3d4 walkie-talkies, hundreds of batteries and power cells, a crate of 200 light rods, 2d4 oil lanterns (plus fuel), blankets, sleeping bags, hammocks, arctic weather gear, a collection of sunglasses and corrective eyeglasses, hearing aids, tents, backpacks, hiking gear, climbing kits, rollerskates, fireworks, fire extinguishers, coils of barbed wire, det cord, 2d6 blocks of C4, 2d4 claymore mines, a crate of 24 fragmentation grenades, and a crate of 10 concussion grenades. He also has a workshop in the main building with the equivalent of a deluxe mechanical toolkit, a deluxe electrical toolkit, numerous multipurpose tools and other specialist tools, and over 50,000 cp in spare parts for his half-dozen unfinished tinkering projects!

### 133. WASHED ASHORE (EL 0)

*You walk along the grey sands of the ocean beach, listening to the sound of the crashing surf. But the salty odor of the sea is overwhelmed by the stench of decay.*

A Search check by the party, at DC 16, will track down the source of the smell. Lying high up on



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the beach, half-buried by sand, is the vaguely humanoid corpse of some unidentifiable creature. An examination proves it to be some kind of mutant marine humanoid, with gills and vestigial fins, but so much has decayed that a clear idea of what it looked like alive is hard to discern.

The creature's webbed hand clings to a crude harpoon made of whalebone - evidence that whatever it was, it used tools. Also near to the corpse is a small bundle of netting (roughly the size of a small sack), in which can be found a number of shiny bottle caps, shards of colored glass, and sea shells - the creature's bag of loot.

**GM's Note:** The corpse is that of a *Skael*, killed in the fighting between Slagurrl's tribe (see Area #053) and the renegades led by Blugorl (see Area #054). The creature's body was washed ashore several nights ago, and is now badly decomposed. Though the PCs can't get a good idea of what the creature looked like, this is simply more evidence that a race of aquatic creatures do, in fact, live out to sea...

**Treasure:** Mixed in with the odd items in the net bag are 1d2 rolls on the *Junk* table.

### 134. LOST CORIUM MINE (EL 0)

*The ruins here are black and grey. Up ahead, through the ruins, you see a hole literally sunk into the earth, from which an unearthly blue glow emanates...*

This site marks the location of the Necropolis' "lost corium mine". Long ago the city was provided with power from numerous sources, not the last of which was a large, state-of-the-art fission reactor constructed beneath the streets of this district. This nuclear power plant suffered a catastrophic meltdown after the EMP pulses over the port shorted out many

of its automated safeguards. No longer accessible from underground (the passages collapsed during the meltdown and ensuing fires), the facility's existence was forgotten for many, many years.

In recent years, however, heat building up inside the subterranean complex caused the metal dome of the reactor to literally melt. This caused a structural collapse with the end result of the formation of a small "sinkhole" leading straight up to the surface - in this hex.

The old complex, while once extremely large and featuring numerous levels for technicians and engineers, as well as waste storage and disposal, has caved-in in most places, and flooded completely with white-hot corium in others. The reactor core itself lies relatively close to the surface (see the nearby diagram), and the heat produced by the still-liquid corium at its bottom rises into the sky from the open gulf in the earth. On cold days this heat sometimes turns to steam, a rare instance that gives away the lost corium mine's location among the ruins.

**GM's Note:** The people of Den have long searched for this legendary site; though they've never found it, they suspect it exists somewhere in the ruins and dedicate their efforts to finding it. Unfortunately, since the entire complex was located underground,



and its precise location was largely kept classified for security reasons, they've never found it (though its steam venting, and possibly the glow coming from deep within, might be visible from the air).

The heat near the surface gulf (or "vent") is intense, whether or not there is steam present. Anyone coming within 15 feet of the vent must make a Fortitude save at DC 15 or take 1d6 points of lethal damage each round. In addition, the vent itself

radiates as a *Mild* source of radiation. However, if one braves the heat and radiation and goes to the edge, one can look down and see the brightly-glowing reactor in its subterranean core chamber, some 50 feet below. Of course, this cavern is filled with corium “sludge” (with the consistency of hot mud), and stalactites of solidified corium bristle from collapsed scaffolds and metal supports all around. To anyone from the wasteland, there appears to be a fortune in corium here!

Mining the corium from this site should be a long-term consideration, not merely a “snatch-and-run” effort by the PCs. Though a quick foray (perhaps by suiting up in a heat-resistant suit and descending by rope into the chamber with a pick and sack) might net several hundred corium pieces at a time, the risk from heat and radiation is probably too great to risk. While the vent itself only radiates a *Mild* level, as one descends deeper into the actual core chamber this spikes (increasing in severity by one step for every fifteen feet descended, starting at surface level). In addition, anyone accidentally slipping or falling in will certainly plunge into the liquid corium pools below, and be instantly consumed by the metal-melting heat.

A large-scale operation could be started here by the PCs for vast profits, assuming they have the resources and talents to make it happen. Currying relations with the seedy people of Den might get them a willing population of corium miners to do the dirty work, but then there are the complications of pay, and of course keeping the Den miners loyal. These are considerations you as GM will have to work out with your players; there simply isn't enough space here to cover such a complex side endeavor.

## 135. CHEMICAL CRATER (EL 1)

*A deep crater sits here, perhaps 50 yards wide, its impact having blasted down the nearby tenement buildings leaving a field strewn with broken brick and rusted metal pipes. A pool of ugly greenish water has collected in the crater, creating a small “lake”.*

This crater was crated by a chemical warhead striking the city during the Fall. The chemical vapor released by the weapon killed hundreds of people in the area in a matter of hours, before returning to a liquid state. Most of the chemical soaked into the ground and pollutes the local water table (consider all water sources - natural or otherwise - in this hex, and in each surrounding hex, to be poisoned as described below); some of it has also collected in the crater itself, creating a violently toxic “oasis”.

**GM's Note:** The water here is contaminated with an agent whose properties are remarkably similar to *Paris green* (ingested, DC 14, initial damage 1d4 Con, secondary damage 1d4 Con). It is also mildly corrosive, so PCs trying to bottle up some of the stuff may be burned (or the vessel she tries to contain it in might be eaten away) - a single dose inflicts 1d6 points of acid damage each round on contact.

## 136. SWEAT SHOP (EL 0)

*A small warehouse sits at the end of this alley, its windows completely boarded over.*

This place was an illegal sweat shop worked by Asian immigrants during the twilight of the Ancients. Working in abhorrent conditions for up to eighteen hours each day, these women and children both slaved here and slept at their work stations, seldom

seeing the light of day for months at a time.

**Treasure:** The sweat shop is empty now, but a lot of materials used to create pirated products - in this case, electronics - are still present, in old shipping containers and at the various workstations. There are no assembled electronic devices present, though there is the equivalent of 10,000 cp in spare parts, possibly useful for the construction of other artifacts (in the hands of PCs with the right skills and feats).

## 137. RUINS OF LAX (EL VARIES)

*The rubble here gives way to a broad open area of cracked concrete that burns hot under the sun. No animals or vegetation can be spotted for as far as you can see. The stripped, blackened frames of old jet liners, and other aircraft sit scattered all around this huge basin, as if dashed like toys.*

The ruins of Los Angeles International Airport are highly radiated, having been the target of a powerful nuclear strike during the Fall. After the city came under attack many civilians tried to flee by air, only to become prisoners of the Great Enemy when the airport was overrun. The invaders quickly turned part of the airport into a concentration camp for their civilian captives, at least until more permanent interment camps could be constructed once the city was secured.

When the enemy began using the airport as a base for their strike aircraft, as well as to ferry in supplies by air, the U.S. military decided the airport had to be hit. Despite the presence of thousands of civilians, the order was given to hit the airport with a tactical nuclear weapon, denying the enemy its use permanently.



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**GM's Note:** Anyone entering this hex is immediately subject to *Severe* radiation; in any of the nearby hexes (see inset, indicated in violet) the radiation level is *High*.

The ruins of LAX are largely lifeless, since no one dares come here due to the radiation (the region is said to “glow” at night, making it an obvious deathtrap). Encounters with sporadic groups of *screamers* may occur if the party tries to pass through the area; a typical encounter will involve **2d3+2 screamers**, who will move to attack the PCs as soon as they are detected.

**Screamers (4-8):** HP 26.

### 138. OVERRUN POSITION (EL VARIES)

*The streets here are filled with rubble, from where bombs blew off the tops of nearby buildings. The wreckage of several armored vehicles lie strewn about on the sidewalk, as if kicked clear of the roadway by some giant.*

This area marks a position stubbornly defended by the U.S. Army during the fighting for L.A., but which was eventually overrun by a concerted assault by enemy forces. The remains of three M1A2s sit here, charred and destroyed, and down the street is an overturned Hummer (with a TOW II missile launcher, now destroyed).

A small pack of **wall crawlers** lives nearby, and often come here to investigate the sound of wild men passing through

the area - which the large lizards eat. If the PCs make any considerable noise here, 1d2 minutes later 1d4+3 wall crawlers will arrive to check it out. They will only attack if the PCs appear weak or wounded, however; otherwise they merely watch the PCs before losing interest and scampering off.

**Wall Crawlers (4-7):** HP 22 (page 26, *The Broken & The Lost: New Terrors*)

**Treasure:** The vehicles can be scavenged for spare parts, but will never run again. A Search check at DC 16 will uncover a single TOW missile (lying forgotten in the rubble after the Hummer was overturned by a powerful blast), plus 1d2+1 *Military Weapons*.

### 139. RADIO TOWER (EL 12)

*A 100-ft. tall radio mast towers of this gray and ugly neighborhood.*

Unbeknownst to the PCs they aren't alone here. The Purists recently discovered this site and have been trying to figure out a way of getting it up and running again. They hope to use the radio mast to triangulate the location of the Hermit's tower; they have heard his transmissions, and desperately seek to find him and interrogate him about what he knows concerning the ghouls.

When the PCs arrive here they will find **5 Purist Soldiers (Patrol)** on the scene. Four of these will be on guard, while the fifth surveys the mast and makes notes on its current state of repair (the tinker, Mickey, is considered too valuable to send out to inspect the site himself, so the soldiers have been instructed to record everything they can about the radio tower). The Purists will open fire on the PCs as soon as they are spotted.

**Purist Soldiers (Patrol) (5):** HP 50; one of the soldiers is equipped with a PDA for recording data on the tower.

### 140. FALLOUT SHELTER (EL 12)

*Up ahead you see an old building with an outside stairwell, presumably leading into the building's basement. A large metal door sits at the bottom of the stairs, with a faded trefoil symbol on its exterior.*

This building has a fallout shelter, which a small group of Purist soldiers is currently occupying. Discovered years ago, the Purists often use the shelter as a temporary rest stop during extended patrols. Its relative security (out of sight of the street), and underground location, allows the Purists a place to put down their guard.

When the PCs arrive there will be **5 Purist Soldiers (Patrol)** present; one Purist soldier will be

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on watch, peering through the peephole on the shelter door every five or ten minutes. In game terms, unless it is pitch dark, the PCs will be spotted on a roll of 1 in 4 - and the Purists will be able to prepare for them.

**GM's Note:** The fallout shelter is easily defended, as it lies below ground, and there is only one entrance. PCs entering the shelter will come under immediate fire by the Purists inside, who will then try to fight the PCs back up the stairs and kill them as they flee. Of course, because the shelter has only one exit it is also easy to bottle-neck the Purists inside...

Purist Soldiers (Patrol) (5): HP 50.

**Treasure:** Inside the old shelter the Purists have assembled a folding table, a few lawn chairs, and a couple of sleeping bags. A Geiger counter hangs on the wall, as does a *bioagent sensor* (see the nearby sidebar for a description of this item). Both items are turned on whenever Purists enter the shelter, to allow them to check the current levels of radiation and bacteria in the basement air before they remove their NBC suits. These two devices each have a half-charged power backpack to power them.

A deck of cards sits on the table, left behind by the last patrol, as well as a few empty MRE packs and empty C-ration cans. A few items taken from dead bodies found along the frontier were left here after the Purists lost interest in them; this constitutes 1d3 rolls on the *Dead Bodies* table.

### 141. SLAUGHTER SCENE (EL 0)

*The stench of decay is overpowering here. Up ahead you see almost 30 dead bodies, piled one on top of the other, brutally massacred by unknown ambushers.*

If the PCs are bold enough to search the bodies, they find them to have been ruin-vagrants, each bearing the sign of some debilitating disease or subtle mutation (mongoloids). They were apparently

### BIOAGENT SENSOR

This type of advanced device is similar to a *chemical sensor*, but instead of monitoring for chemicals it has an extensive database of bacteria and viruses. With a probe-like sensor the device “sniffs” the surrounding air, picking up traces of virtually all biological threats within 50 ft. If a biological agent, disease, or germ is detected, the sensor identifies it and displays the information (including in which direction and giving an estimated distance) on its electronic display. A bioagent sensor is a Small object, weighs 1 lb., costs 10,000 cp, and requires a Craft check at DC 25 to create.

*Power Source:* Backpack.

massacred by a well-armed force (bullet wounds are evident in all of them, man, woman, and child), who stacked their bodies here to rot in the sun.

**GM's Note:** These mutants were slaves of the Broken Ones empire who wandered too far south searching in vain for the rumored “Amazon” sanctuary. Stumbling into the territory of the Purists they were set upon by a patrol, and duly massacred.

**Treasure:** The Purists didn't bother searching the dead bodies, afraid as they are of catching a disease. If the PCs search the rotting corpses they find a gold ring on one body worth 15 cp.

### 142. WATER TREATMENT PLANT (EL 14)

*A complex labyrinth of aging metal pipes and soaring tubular structures rises from the ruins in this blackened region. Fungus grows in the shaded patches beneath overhead catwalks and walkways. Rust covers virtually everything, and your footsteps echo eerily down the artificial corridors made by enormous pipes and towering water tanks.*

This enormous water treatment plant served the water needs of Torrence, Lomita, and Redondo

Beach up until the Fall. Water brought here from the waste recycling systems of the city was treated in chemical baths, irradiated within the buildings (to kill bacteria), left to sit in distilling ponds, and eventually piped back through the system to be re-used.

The water treatment plant has been dormant for generations. However, the Purists from the enclave at Area #143 have rediscovered the plant and begun assessing the old complex for the possibility of reviving it. The Purists are enthusiastic about this tremendous find, as it not only offers a chance to purify drinkable water on a large scale, but recently bacteriologists from the enclave have theorized the old algae ponds could be used to literally “grow” bacteria that could be used as a biological weapon against their enemies, the Broken Ones.

**GM's Note:** Currently the ruins of the plant are guarded by a contingent from the Purist enclave - one of a few exemptions to their paranoid rule that limits their movements to their enclave. The contingent here includes **10 Purist Soldiers (Patrol)** and **5 Purist scientists**, all outfitted in NBC suits (in addition to regular gear). Four soldiers will be on guard duty at all times, hidden among towering pipes, walking along catwalks, or nesting (and prepared to snipe) atop a water tower. The rest are scattered throughout the complex, patrolling by foot



## PURIST PLAGUE

The bacterial disease being cooked up by the Purists at the *Water Treatment Plant* (Area #142) is a unique disease, a product of the radiated environment of the Necropolis. So far the disease has only been produced in small batches for testing and further purification, but it is possible that the PCs might pick up the bacteria if they enter the building unprotected (or even fall into the algae ponds during a fight). The disease's game statistics are shown here:

| Disease       | Type           | Incubation Period | Initial Damage | Secondary Damage |
|---------------|----------------|-------------------|----------------|------------------|
| Purist plague | Ingested DC 12 | 1d4 days          | 1 Con          | 1d3 Con*         |

or accompanying the scientists and/or assisting them in their experiments.

The scientists are currently attempting to cultivate bacterial cultures in two of the facility's eight algae ponds. Initial experiments have shown that the bacteria, when transferred to a host, causes symptoms similar to *necrotizing faciitis*, but so far the bacteriologists are unsatisfied with its general instability. *See the nearby sidebar for details on this new toxin.*

**Purist Soldiers (Patrol) (10):** HP 50.

**Purist Scientists (5):** HP 31.

## 143. THE ARK (EL VARIES)

*The ruins in this part of the city give way to a cleared region up ahead. Sitting in a massive clearing is a fenced-off compound almost 100 yards wide, anchored at the corners by rickety watchtowers. Covered pillboxes can be seen beyond this fence, facing the open field, and a few dug-in barrack houses cluster near the compound's center, protected by metal walls...*

Though the Purists have built a surface base above their ancestral shelter, allowing them to expand above ground, the "Ark" itself refers to the deep

subterranean bunker constructed by their ancestors in the years before the Fall. Stocked with all manner of supplies and provisions to weather the apocalypse, the Ark was intended to imitate the Biblical ship of the same name and give the Purists a refuge from the coming storm.

Hundreds of years later the Ark is run down. Its walls are cracked, its metal innards rusting and falling apart. Water has leaked in from the bedrock, threatening to flood some sections. And centuries-old wiring - and an aging reactor - spell sporadic power outages and brownouts. But luckily for the Purists, however, their ancestors' construction held up.

Today the Ark remains as the primary refuge for the Purists, though due to its dilapidated condition - and having spent many long years anticipating a return to the surface - the Purists have begun relocating above ground. While the Ark is still inhabited, the Purists have begun constructing a surface base around the vault's entrance, from which they've begun their campaign of exploring the Necropolis.

### A. FENCES (EL 1)

The walls of the Purist surface compound are merely 15 ft high fences, bristling with razor wire at the top. Climbing the fence requires a Climb check at DC

20; failing by more than 5 does not result in the PC falling, however, but rather she becomes *entangled* in the wire. A character that becomes *entangled* takes a -2 penalty on attack rolls and a -4 penalty to Dexterity, and cannot move. She also takes 1d3 points of slashing damage upon becoming entangled, and takes the same damage again each time she tries to break free (Escape Artist check DC 20).

### B. WATCHTOWERS (EL 9)

These simple constructions resemble "Stalag" towers from the WWII-era. Each is a sheltered platform reached via ladder, from which snipers of an elite Purist unit (known as "Sentry Team Vulcan"; these soldiers should be treated as **xeno scouts**) survey the surrounding terrain and approaches to the compound. These veteran marksmen have orders to shoot anyone not dressed in a Purist NBC suit (which are all white) spotted in their field of vision.

Each watchtower platform is lightly armored, providing protection from sandstorms (and concealing the sentry within). It thus provides nine-tenths cover (+10 cover bonus to Defense, +4 cover bonus to Reflex saves) for the occupant.

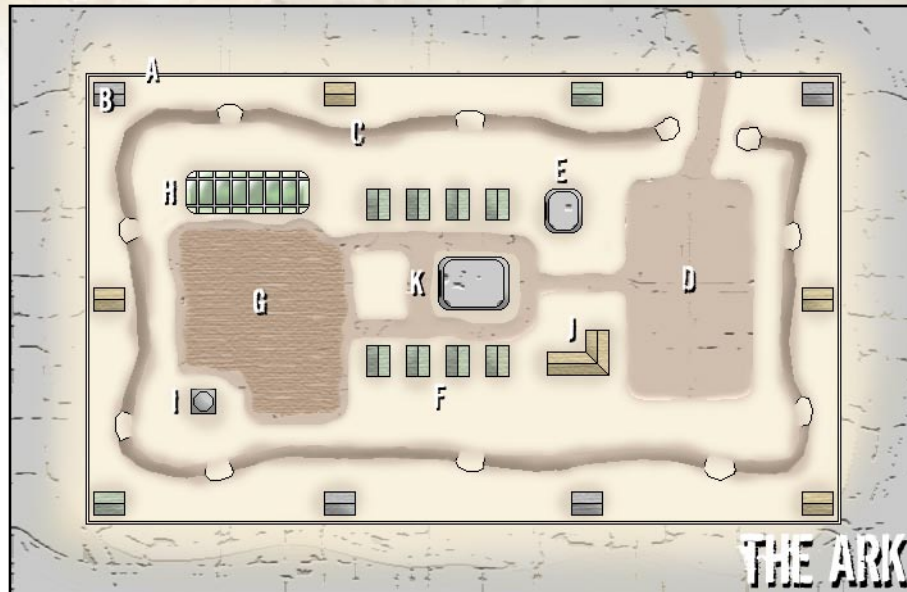
**Xeno Scout (1 per tower):** HP 61; each also has a walkie-talkie.

### C. TRENCH (EL VARIES)

A man-made trench runs the length of the compound, just inside the fence. The trenches are relatively deep, allowing Purist soldiers to move under complete cover to various points along the wall, allowing them to react to attacks against the compound fence without exposing themselves as they emerge from the barracks (Area F).

At various points (marked on the map as small, wedge-shaped bunkers) the Purists have set up covered "pillboxes", where they have placed M-60

# ENCLAVE OF THE LOST CHILDREN OF MAN



machineguns (each with 100 rounds of ammunition). In the event of an attack **2-3 Purist Soldiers (Base)** will man each of these locations to provide overlapping MG fire against attackers, but only if the alarm is raised.

## D. VEHICLE YARD (EL 0)

This open yard is used by the Purists to store operable vehicles scavenged from the surface and brought here for safety. Currently there are five construction vehicles (i.e. bulldozers) sheltered here, which they've put to good use expanding the surface base and clearing the field surrounding it outside.

Heavy wooden beams can be set up around the yard's perimeter, and a canvas top pulled over and attached to each in relatively short order (taking perhaps 15 minutes), providing a protective "roof" for the vehicle lot in the event of a sandstorm.

## E. DECON (EL 0)

This outbuilding is used for decontaminating soldiers and scientists coming back from patrols or sample-gathering missions in the ruins. Acutely aware of the germs that infest the city outside, the Purists are adamant about decontaminating all personnel who come back.

The decon shack has steam showers, a chemical decon bath (for cleaning NBC

suits suspected of being exposed to deadly germs), and even an incinerator.

## F. FAST RESPONSE BARRACKS (EL VARIES)

These buildings are insulated shacks where Purists on prolonged duty are quartered, saving them the need to travel back and forth from the underground dormitories. Xeno scouts, as well as regular patrols, generally sleep here when they're not out in the field. In addition, two units of **5 Purist Soldiers (Base)** each ("Sentry Teams Gamma and Epsilon") are quartered in one of the buildings at all times, ready to suit up and defend the surface base in case of attack.

**Purist Soldiers (Base) (10):** HP 50.

**Purist Soldiers (Patrol) (2-4):** HP 50.

**Xeno Scouts (1-2):** HP 61.

## G. POTATO FARM (EL 7)

This large plot, which takes up a sizeable part of the surface base, is used by the Purists to grow a hardy, bioengineered version of the common potato. Made resistant to radiation and chemical poison through genetic tampering, the "super-potato" has become a staple of the Purists' spartan diet.

A handful of **Purist civilians** will be tending this field at any given time. If they spot the PCs they will run to raise the alarm.

**Purist Civilians (3):** HP 26.

## H. GREENHOUSE (EL 14)

The Purists erected this long, glass-walled structure at the insistence of Dr. Sally Archer, their lead nutritionist. Concerned over the fact that the hydroponics farms underground were failing, Dr. Archer successfully made the case to begin a sizable greenhouse operation on the surface. Dr. Archer operates this building with a handful of volunteers, growing edible fruits and vegetables inside the steamy building. Though it was a hard sell to convince the military leaders of its importance, the greenhouse has substantially improved the health of the Purists in the past few years, almost entirely eliminating scurvy (which once ran rampant in the bunker).

Dr. Archer is likely to be here at any given time, along with a small work team of **Purist civilians**, helping here care for the crop.

**Dr. Sally Archer:** HP 46.

**Purist Civilians (4):** HP 26.

## I. WEATHER WATCHSTATION (EL 0)

Though for a time the Purists were at the mercy of the weather just like the other factions of the city, their scientists were able to build a weather watchstation to help in predicting storms. The station



## PURISTS AND THE AMAZONS

The amazons of the *Amazon Fortress* (Area #110) originally hailed from the Purist Enclave, being former members of the “Ark” population. As stated under that area’s description the women - a collection of bacteriologists and biologists - were turned back when they attempted to return home to the Enclave after a pioneering expedition into the ruins. Fearing disease, scientists like Dr. Archer (and others) argued that the diseases the returning biologists might carry were too great a threat to gamble with. Despite their protests, the biologists (who were to become the future leaders of the “Amazon” community) were cast out, never to return.

It is unclear whether Dr. Archer and her associates were simply looking out for the community’s best interests or not. It is certainly in character, as the scientists of the enclave have a certain scientific detachment to life - including former comrades. The Amazons may even have left willingly, fearing Dr. Archer was right and not wanting to put their people at risk.

On the other hand, Dr. Archer may have acted that way for personal reasons. Perhaps Drs. Corinne and Elaine Harris knew something about Dr. Archer’s work that she didn’t want known. Perhaps Corinne Harris threatened Dr. Archer. Or perhaps Dr. Archer was simply jealous that Corinne had been selected to be a pioneer, while she had been forced to remain at base. Professional rivalry at its worst? The possibilities are endless; it’s up to you to decide “why”.

is nothing more than an antennae-like tower rising from the ground, atop which sits a crude but effective collection of sensors (barometer, wind cups, etc.).

## J. SORTING SHACK (EL 15)

This corrugated metal shack is a mess, its interior resembling an indoor junkyard. Everything the Purist scouts and scroungers bring back to the community is brought here and piled up on the tables or simply piled into a corner, where Mickey eventually looks it over with his keen, appraising eye. Mickey is certain to check everything out thoroughly (even if he has to find the item in one of his 2000 encyclopedias); ascertaining its original purpose and determining any potential value it might have to the Purist enclave. Eventually the useful stuff is taken underground to be stored away (in *Storage*), or else is put to use right away. Other items that are found irrelevant are

eventually thrown out to make room for the next load of junk.

Mickey will be present here 50% of the time during the daylight hours. Otherwise he will be in the *Repair Shop* (Area N). Either way he will be accompanied by **2 Purist Soldiers (Base)**.

**Mickey:** HP 39.

**Purist Soldiers (Base) (2):** HP 50.

**Treasure:** The heaps of junk here contain the equivalent of 1d10 *Junk*, 1d10 *Useful Stuff*, 1d2 *Lost Knowledge*, and 10% chance each of 1 *Armor*, 1 *Military Weapon*, and 1 *Rare Military Weapon* (rolled individually). Other items from the *Darwin’s World 2nd Edition* rulebook may also be present here, though most items (including the random finds mentioned above) have a 50% chance of being damaged, requiring a Repair check to fix (DC varies).

## K. ELEVATOR HOUSE (EL 0)

Originally the Purist shelter’s sole means of entrance lay at the bottom of an old condemned tenement that their ancestors purchased before the Fall. Since emerging onto the surface the Purists have demolished this building, and constructed a simple concrete “shack” around the old elevator room.

This is the entrance to the bunker. The building is simply a machine room where the antiquated machines that keep the elevators running are kept. Though the two elevators - each large and strong enough to lift a loaded truck - creak and groan, maintenance workers from the bunker below visit here frequently to keep the elevators in top operating condition.

## L. DECON (SUB) (EL 0)

This decontamination block was used when the Purists first reached the surface. Since they expanded their surface base they no longer use this, and have relocated their decontamination facility above ground. The doors are generally kept locked.

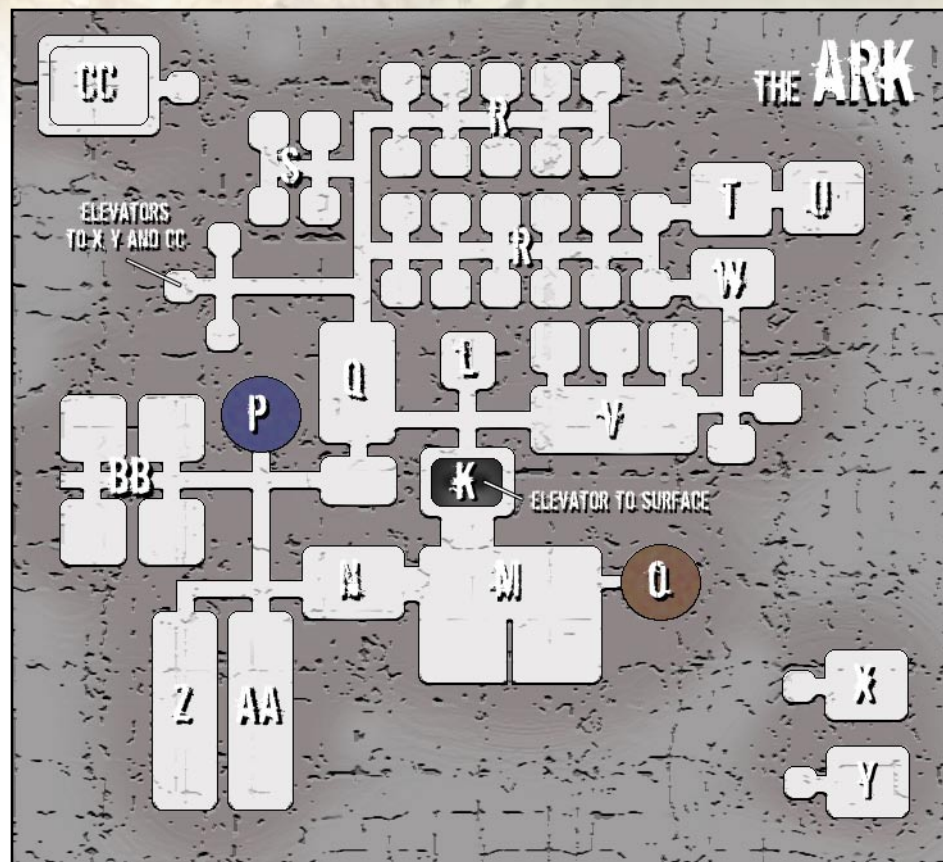
## M. VEHICLE STORAGE (EL 0)

These garages were once used to house a collection of vehicles the Purists’ stockpiled for use after the Fall. Cunning planners, they sought fit to include two hummers (each capable of being fitted with an M2HB machinegun), two motorcycles with sidecars (for scouting), a team of three snowmobiles (in case they emerged to find a world steeped in an eternal nuclear winter - or one buried in sand), and a trusty old 2 1/2-ton army truck.

Currently the Purists only use the hummers and motorcycles; they store them here to keep from the elements. There has been little need for the snowmobiles, so they also remain here, still covered in canvas and periodically maintained by the



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enclave's tinkers. The 2 1/2-ton truck has proven to be a bit ornery in recent months (failing to start up 1 out of 10 times), and as such it is normally not used - which is probably for the better, as a vehicle its size tends to make a lot of noise...

## N. REPAIR SHOP (EL VARIES)

This lies just off the vehicle garages. This is the primary workplace of Mickey and his handful of mechanics, who keep the Enclave's vehicles in

operating condition. The repair shop is a fully-outfitted operation, with hydraulic lifts, welding equipment, and even a remotely-controlled overhead crane capable of lifting an entire truck engine.

During the day and evening a group of **3-8 Purist civilians** will be present here, conducting maintenance on various mechanical and electronic artifacts used by the Purists. This can range from vehicles to weapons to Geiger counters to damaged military combat suits.

### Development:

The Purist's lead technician, Mickey, spends most of his time here, and has in fact had a cot brought in here so he can sleep. During the day and early evening (and sometimes well into the night) he can usually be found here, working on repairing any number of objects and/or vehicles that currently need fixing. If he is present, his guards will be too (see Area J).

**Purist Civilians (3-8):** HP 26.

**Treasure:** There are supplies here equivalent

to 15,000 cp in spare parts for Craft projects. In addition, the vast collection of tools massed by Mickey and the other Purists amounts to four deluxe mechanical toolkits, and one deluxe electronic toolkit.

## O. FUEL TANK (EL O)

The original construction of the Ark called for a sunken fuel tank to store fuel for the community's vehicles. About half of this fuel leaked over the years, but another half remains. Though the pipes are rusted and leaking, the reserves here continue to reliably supply the Purists with vehicle fuel.

## P. ARTIFICIAL SPRING (EL O)

This deep underground tank was originally stocked with fresh drinking water, and continues to collect runoff from the surrounding bedrock. A battery of advanced filtration systems keep the water free from radioactive particles, as well as chemical and biological agents. The entire tank can be stirred with a hydraulic propeller to prevent algae buildup.

## Q. MESS AREA/KITCHENS (EL VARIES)

This is simply a communal eating place, originally designed with the spartan simplicity of a military mess hall. Over the years it has become highly personalized by the inhabitants of the Ark, however, with old pre-Fall pinups, posters of vintage cigarette ads, dartboards, and pinball machines scavenged in recent years from the surrounding ruins. A connecting kitchen block contains stoves, dishwashing equipment, and other necessities.

At any given time **1d6+9 Purist Soldiers (Base)** and **1d6+4 Purist Civilians** will be present here, partaking of meals or simply enjoying off-duty time.

**Purist Soldiers (Base) (10-15):** HP 50.

**Purist Civilians (5-10):** HP 26.



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## R. CABINS (EL VARIES)

These are the primary living quarters of the Ark, reserved for personnel not currently in stasis (see *Cryo*). Each of these resembles the cramped, spartan quarters of a naval vessel, with bunks and a rigid routine of hot-bedding. There are usually three to four men per cabin. Officers and scientific personnel have their own separate cabins.

If entered, each of these rooms will be found to be occupied by a random Purist, determined by rolling on the table below:

| D6  | Cabin Occupant                   |
|-----|----------------------------------|
| 1-2 | 1d2 Purist Civilians             |
| 3-4 | 1d2 Purist Soldiers (Base)       |
| 5   | 1d2 Purist Scientists; unarmored |
| 6   | Random Purist NPC (see sidebar)  |

## S. HEAD BLOCK (EL 0)

Situated off of the cabin area, this block contains four “heads” (bathrooms) with communal shower facilities, toilets, etc. Though the pipes are rusty and sometimes leak, and the odor of waste clings to the walls in most of the heads, they still manage to meet the needs of the community.

## T. FLAG ROOM (EL 9)

To many of the Purists, this is the heart and soul of the Ark, and the last place they will let fall if it comes under attack. It is here that the Purists have maintained a full-sized, hand-sewn American flag since the time of the Fall (the Purists claim it is the flag one flown on the Mighty Mo), covering one entire wall of the room.

The Flag Room serves as the briefing and situation room for the Purists, a place where the community’s soldiers and scientists gather to share information and discuss what’s currently going on.

Two **Purist Soldiers (Base)** are stationed outside this room at all times, even when the military leaders aren’t present; these constitute the “color guard”.

**Purist Soldiers (Base) (2):** HP 50.

## U. WAR ROOM (A.K.A. “THE BRIDGE”) (EL 20)

Situated right off of the *Flag Room*, this is the planning center for the Purists’ efforts on the surface. Recovered maps of the Necropolis (as well as maps stored in the bunker before the Fall) cover every wall, as well as the large central plotting table. It is here that the ranking commanders of the Purists formulate tactical plans and strategies for maintaining their fragile enclave in the city. The room has been nicknamed “the Bridge” by the rank-and-file.

**GM’s Note:** Unless the alarm has been raised it can be assumed Colonel Westgate and Master Sgt. Cole will be here with his top commanders (treat these men as **Purist Soldiers**), planning some future operation.

**Colonel Westgate:** HP 170.

**Master Sgt. Cole:** HP 114.

**Purist Soldiers (Base) (4):** HP 50.

**Treasure:** A search of this planning room will uncover a lot of information regarding the Purists, including a pre-Fall map of Los Angeles, with markers showing the current position of xeno scout patrols and other patrols, as well as minefields and hidden weapon animatrons (i.e. a complete map of their defenses). There are also documents detailing the effort to create a “plague” at the old *Water Purification Plant* (Area #142), with updates detailing the Enclave’s current progress in this endeavor (any character making a Knowledge [Earth & Life Sciences] check at DC 31 will get a general idea of how far this program has been advanced).

## V. SICK BAY (EL 12)

The Ark’s “sick bay” is a relatively complete medical facility. Separate suites in the small complex include two surgical theatres (with stolen Ancient-era hospital machinery to treat a variety of traumas), a dental surgery, a pharmacy (where stockpiles of medicines are kept and sometimes replenished with stocks scavenged from the surface), a biochemical analysis lab, and an X-ray booth. There are also two separate wards here, each filled with rickety old spring cots for wounded personnel. The latter, however, is isolated behind a 200-year old security airlock, and is used for the care and observation of personnel suffering from diseases or other sicknesses.

Dr. Greevi can be found here most of the time, tending to the sick and injured (who will all be non-combatants due to their sicknesses). He is assisted by **2 Purist Civilians**, who act as orderlies and nurses.

**Dr. Greevi:** HP 54.

**Purist Civilians (2):** HP 26.

**Treasure:** The pharmacy contains the most valuable “treasure”, in the form of medications stockpiled by the Purists. This stockpile is kept in a locked case (Disable Device DC 20 to open) and contains 1d2 bottles each of antitox, filter dose, K-O shot, rad-purge shot, stimshot A, stimshot B, and truth serum. Each bottle currently holds 1d10 doses of a given drug. There is also a supply of 1d100 ready syringes, two diagnostic scanners (each with a power belt-pack), and 1d2 rolls on the *Juju* table.

## W. LAUNDRY (EL 6)

A small laundry occupies this area, and is used to clean uniforms, socks, lab coats, and surgical smocks, as well as beds, blankets, and pillows. The quartermaster has taken great pains to stock this place with detergents and deodorants scavenged from the surface - a welcome solution to a decades-old

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problem in the bunker, in which foot and body odor permeated the tunnels!

At any hour **2 Purist Civilians** will be present here, doing laundry.

**Purist Civilians (2):** HP 26.

## X. MAGAZINE (EL 0)

A common theme in the Ark is the use of nautical terminology for many rooms - either a playful admission of the Ark's Biblical counterpart (a ship), or simply an extension of the fact that many of the original builders were once Marines. In any event the magazine is a deep, isolated bunker reached only by its own secure elevator. The magazine is sheathed in heat-resistant metal, and reinforced. In this small vault the Purists have long stored ammunition for their community's arsenal of weapons.

In addition to vast stores of munitions stashed here before the Fall, the Purists have added to these stocks with ammo scavenged from the ruins on the surface. Note, however, that the magazine is quite secure; keys are kept only by the Ark's captain and quartermaster. In addition, a mechanical security system causes the elevator to lock in place on this level in the event of an explosion, preventing fire from spreading to other levels of the shelter.

**Treasure:** The magazine currently contains 30 fragmentation mines, 30 smoke grenades, 6 tear gas grenades, 1 blood agent grenade, 2 plasma grenades, and 30 ready-made Molotov cocktails (these have come to replace fragmentation grenades, which have slowly dwindled in supply). There are also stocks of ammunition here including 11,000 rounds of 7.62mm ammo (linked or loose), 1,620 rounds of .50 caliber ammo (linked), 5,000 rounds of 5.56mm ammo, and 700 rounds of 9mm ammo.

## Y. ARSENAL (EL 0)

Security measures for this chamber are the same as for the *Magazine*. In this vault the Purists keep their stockpiles of surplus weapons. Do to its proximity to the cabins; however, the arsenal can be broken open in a relative hurry to arm the inhabitants in an emergency.

**Treasure:** The arsenal contains weapons not currently being fielded by Purist soldiers and civilians. The stockpile is thus flexible day by day, and contains 3d6 Remington 700s, 2d10 M16A2s, and 2d4 Beretta 92Fs. The Purists also store other weapons here that they don't currently use, which will consist of 8 separate rolls on the *Civilian Weapons* table.

## Z. CRYO (EL 0)

This room is filled with banks of cryogenic stasis tubes. Purchased by the builders of the Ark from an unscrupulous hospital administrator, the cryo tubes were originally intended only to keep patients alive until advanced care could be had. The Purists put them to good use prolonging their community over the years.

**GM's Note:** At any given time roughly half the 50 tubes will be currently occupied by frozen Purist soldiers and scientists. Though they don't sleep for the extended periods they once did, the Purists still alternate in and out of the tubes to save space and cut down on the resource consumption of their population (once inside a stasis tube a human requires very little nutrition).

## AA. HYDROPONICS (EL VARIES)

Once the backbone of the Ark's survivability, these hydroponic "chemical gardens" have begun to show their age. The UV bulbs have begun to burn out, the humidifiers break down, and the nutrients no longer

seem to produce as bountiful a harvest as they once did. The hydro gardens still manage to squeeze out a small amount of nutrients for the community, but not enough; the Purists have had to rely on other sources to meet their food needs.

During the daytime **1d2+1 Purist civilians** and **1d2 Purist scientists** will be present here, seeing to the hydro tanks and/or picking the fungus growing within.

**Purist Civilians (2-3):** HP 26.

**Purist Scientists (1-2):** HP 31; unarmored.

## BB. STORAGE (EL 0)

These small vaults contain all manner of miscellaneous equipment and supplies stored before the Fall, and continually stockpiled in the present. This includes scrap metal, tools, building supplies, spare pipe, hose, miles of wiring, spare chemical supplies (used for any number of purposes, from whipping up medicine to creating fire-retardant foam), etc.

## CC. POWER/AIR (EL 0)

This isolated block contains an automated pocket reactor that supplies the Ark with its power needs, as well as a venerable air filtration system that was specifically designed to filter out radioactive particles and other deadly agents. Both systems remain in operation despite their advanced age, in no small part due to the constant tinkering of the Purists' head technician, Mickey.

## PURIST NPCS

In addition to the sample Purists given later in this sourcebook, there are a number of more important, higher-level individuals in the Purist Enclave.

Among these are the current leader of the Purists,



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Colonel Westgate, his loyal but brutally scarred bodyguard, his liaison to the civilians, the leading scientist at the Enclave, the head technician and mechanic, and the Ark's remarkably talented medical doctor.

These individual NPCs are detailed below, and can be used any way you see fit.

## COLONEL ALVIN WESTGATE

A practical leader, experienced organizer, and respected commander, Colonel Westgate is like the bedrock on which the Purist Enclave rests. Having led the current generation of Purists out of the "Ark" in the recent past, he is still looked up to by the civilians and military personnel alike as a powerful hero. Westgate was the man who paved the way for the establishment of a surface base, put into policy the creation of the "dead zone" of traps and minefields, and came up with the strategies to keep the Enclave's frontier secure. To most Purists he is almost deified, a situation that while flattering, is something Westgate is uncomfortable with.

Though in years past Col. Westgate risked his life fighting alongside his men against ghouls and Broken Ones, in recent years he has found it more expedient - and sensible - to command from the safety of the bunker. But being a born military man, he has found it hard settling into his new, civilian duties. He brings a strict, martial air to everything he undertakes; enforcing the community's code of laws in a tribunal over which he alone adjudicates, for example, or administering strict punishment for breaches in the chain of command. But considering the Purists already have a strong military mindset due to their curious roots in the ancient past, Westgate has found little problem instituting his harsh policies, or exercising strict control over the expansion of the Purist enclave on the surface. With a population

almost "happy" to accept unwavering rules, Westgate finds his reputation and respect have greased the way for him to take almost total control of the Enclave.

Westgate is a fit, handsome man entering middle age. His blond hair is now gray, and crow's feet are beginning to show at the corner of his eyes. Often called "Old Eagle Eyes", his cold, emotionless stare often unnerves young recruits, but only enhances his ability to instill calm, cooperation, and confidence among the ranks. And though he has slowly assumed the powers of a dictator, Westgate doesn't lead for his own benefit, but rather for the benefit of what he (and most other Purists) believes to be the last hope for the human race - the Ark. He may seem strict and even cruel, but Westgate simply knows that hard times call for hard measures. And so far the people agree with him.

**Colonel Westgate (Strong Hero 3/Soldier 7/ Guardian 2/Champion 7):** CR 19; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+9 plus 7d10+21 plus 2d10+6 plus 7d12+21 plus 3; HP 170; Mas 17; Init +5; Spd 25 ft; Defense 30, touch 24, flatfooted 27 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +11 class, +6 equipment); BAB +17; Grap +19; Atk +22 melee (1d6+4, *mastercraft* bayonet +2), or +23 ranged (2d6+2, *mastercraft* M16A2 +2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Purists; SV Fort +15, Ref +12, Will +11; AP 9; Rep +1; Str 15, Dex 17, Con 17, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 14.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Background:** Resurrector (Knowledge [Current Events]).

**Skills:** Climb +5, Drive +7, Intimidate +15, Jump +5, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +4, Knowledge (Current Events) +5, Knowledge (History) +8, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +3, Knowledge (Tactics) +24, Listen +8, Navigate +5, Repair +4, Sense

Motive +8, Spot +8, Survival +10, Swim +5.

**Feats:** Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Combat Martial Arts, Double Tap, Iron Will, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Rallying Leader [F/MG], Rip a Clip, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Urban Warfare [F/MG].

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Soldier):** Weapon Focus (M16A2), Weapon Specialization (M16A2), Tactical Aid, Improved Critical, Improved Reaction.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (bayonet).

**Talents (Champion):** Rallying Cry +2, Improved Tactical Aid, Rallying Cry +3, Awesome Presence, Challenge.

**Possessions:** *Mastercraft* M16A2 +2, two boxes of 5.56mm ammunition (60), *mastercraft* bayonet +2, military combat suit, magnetic shield B, power backpack, rad tab, pocket nurse (three doses of stimshot B), bottle of peach brandy.

## MASTER SERGEANT BRUCE COLE

Master Sgt. Cole is a true soldier, and perhaps Colonel Westgate's best friend. Years ago a young Sgt. Cole was a field commander, who led one of the first ill-fated forays into the ruins, suffering debilitating injury from exposure to radiation. He proved his inhuman resilience by returning alive, the only survivor of an entire platoon sent to explore the ruins of the Los Angeles airport.

Today Master Sgt. Cole is an ugly sight; the radiation did a great deal of damage to his tissues. Though he might otherwise pass as a hugely muscled poster boy for the Marines, his leathery gray skin

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and nerve-dead face make him seem hideous and ghoulish. With only a few sparse hairs sprouting from his otherwise bald head, he looks far older than he really is. His teeth, yellow, rotten and gap-toothed, sit on weeping gums. One eye, now blind, has whitened from a cancerous cyst, but he nonetheless manages to muster a menacing stare for those who face off with him in battle.

Each year a few new graduates to the Purist defense force jokingly call Master Sgt. Cole a “mutant”, but these short-sighted individuals are quick to find that Master Sgt. Cole has not only the admiration of the Enclave’s defense force, but also Colonel Westgate himself. In recent years Master Sgt. Cole has even been assigned as Westgate’s personal bodyguard, accompanying the legendary commander wherever he goes.

**Master Sgt. Cole (Strong Hero 3/Tough Hero 2/Soldier 8/Bodyguard 2):** CR 15; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 8d10+16 plus 2d10+4 plus 2d12+4 plus 3; HP 114; Mas 15; Init +4; Spd 25 ft; Defense 27, touch 21, flatfooted 25 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +9 class, +6 equipment); BAB +11; Grap +13; Atk +15 melee (1d6+4, bayonet), or +16 ranged (2d8+2/crit 19-20, *mastercraft* M16A2 +2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Purists; SV Fort +12, Ref +10, Will +4; AP 5; Rep +1; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Background:** Resurrector (Knowledge [Technology]).

**Skills:** Climb +5, Concentration +8, Demolitions +4, Drive +6, Intimidate +7, Jump +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +12, Knowledge (Technology) +3, Listen +5, Navigate +4, Repair +3, Sense Motive +7, Spot +5, Survival +5, Swim +5.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Combat Martial Arts, Intimidating Strength\*, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Urban Warfare [F/MG].

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Remain Conscious.

**Talents (Soldier):** Weapon Focus (M16A2), Weapon Specialization (M16A2), Tactical Aid, Improved Critical (M16A2), Improved Reaction, Greater Weapon Specialization (M16A2).

**Talents (Bodyguard):** Harm’s Way, Combat Sense +1.

**Possessions:** *Mastercraft* M16A2 +2, two boxes of 5.56mm ammunition (60), *mastercraft* bayonet +2, military combat suit, magnetic shield A, power backpack, blood agent grenade, rad tab, first aid kit.

### PREACHER

With a gravelly voice and “fire-and-brimstone” attitude towards the hereafter, the man known to the Purists simply as “Preacher” strikes a singularly striking countenance among his militaristic comrades. The long-time spiritual leader of the community, to the new generation Preacher has always been there, someone they grew up with, and someone they hope will say kind words about them once they’ve passed on.

Physically Preacher doesn’t seem outwardly significant; he’s rather plain-looking, perhaps a little taller than most, and wears the simple gray overalls shared by many of the Enclave civilians (especially those who’ve never visited the surface). It is a tribute to his silver tongue that, being so non-descript, he manages to make such an impression on the people of

the Enclave - and keep them filled with hope.

**Preacher (Charismatic Hero 7):** CR 7; Medium-size humanoid; HD 7d6-7; HP 18; Mas 8; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +2 class); BAB +3; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d3 nonlethal, unarmed), or +7 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Purists; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +6; AP 3; Rep +4; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 8, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 14.

**Occupation:** Demagogue (Bluff, Diplomacy).

**Background:** Resurrector (Knowledge [Technology]).

**Skills:** Bluff +15, Computer Use +3, Diplomacy +15, Disable Device +3, Disguise +4, Forgery +3, Gamble +4, Gather Information +14, Knowledge (Current Events) +6, Listen +4, Perform +12, Profession +7, Sense Motive +7, Spot +4.

**Feats:** Alertness, Deceptive, Dodge, Iron Will, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Run, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Slippery Foe [B&L], Trustworthy.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Fast-Talk, Dazzle, Taunt, Charm.

**Possessions:** Grey coveralls, rad tab, Bible.

### DR. SALLY ARCHER

Dr. Archer is the leading biologist at the Purist Enclave, and perhaps most importantly, a competent and educated nutritionist. A scientist, like others in the Purists’ small and sequestered scientific community Dr. Archer concerns herself with her job - seeing to the good of the whole. Quick to overlook some of the cruelties her people inflict (such as the slaughter of defenseless mutants who wander too near the Enclave), she sees these acts as a necessary evil.

To Dr. Archer - and virtually all of the scientists in



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the Enclave - the end justifies the means. While some of her compatriots use this excuse to design cruel traps to guard the frontier, or develop bioengineered plagues to kill their enemies, in Dr. Archer's case this manifests as a single-minded drive to create a viable food source to replace the dying hydroponics labs in the Ark. Though no one knows it, Dr. Archer has begun using radioactive elements in her greenhouse to create abundant harvests - but not without at a cost. Dr. Archer is perfectly aware her vegetables, if continually consumed, may lead to the first mutant births in the Enclave in just a few short years. However, she doesn't concern herself with the thought; after all, these mutants can just be aborted. She justifies the risk to the community's health with the knowledge that larger harvests mean more people will live in the long run...

**Dr. Archer (Smart Hero 10/Scientist 3):** CR 13; Medium-size humanoid; HD 10d6 plus 3d6; HP 46; Mas 10; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 16, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +5 class); BAB +6; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d6, pistol butt), or +9 ranged (2d6, *mastercraft* Beretta 92F +2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Purists; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +11; AP 6; Rep +6; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 13.

**Occupation:** Academic (DW) (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences], Research).

**Background:** Resurrector (Knowledge [Technology]).

**Skills:** Bluff +10, Computer Use +18, Craft (chemical) +18, Craft (pharmaceutical) +18, Decipher Script +4, Demolitions +4, Diplomacy +2, Disable Device +20, Disguise +3, Forgery +4, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +31, Knowledge (Technology) +18, Listen +10, Research +31, Search +4, Sense Motive +8, Spot +4.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Alertness, Cautious, Deceptive, Defensive Martial Arts, Dodge, Educated (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences], Knowledge [Technology]), Iron Will, Meticulous, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Studious.

**Talents (Smart Hero):** Savant (Research), Trick, Exploit Weakness, Plan, Savant (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences]).

**Talents (Scientist):** Scientific Method, Scientific Improvisation, Protected By The Code.

**Possessions:** *Mastercraft* Beretta 92F +2, one box of ammunition (15), technician's coveralls, rad tab, PDA, power cell.

### MICKEY

Mickey is the head mechanic of the Purist base, though in spirit he is more like a true "tinker". Unlike many of his Purist brethren, Mickey is relatively warm-natured (even if his view of outsiders is a bit skewed by his people's racial prejudice), and perhaps the least likely to take arms against defenseless folk - mutants included. While his people have become obsessed with creating a secure niche in the city, safe from all ghouls and outsiders, Mickey has a somewhat more "happy-go-lucky" attitude.

But perhaps his position affords him that rare luxury. Considered a priceless commodity by Col. Westgate (and even the stuck-up scientists, since they rely on him to repair their complex machines and equipment), Mickey is never allowed out of the base. He's guarded at all times, and *required* to wear a bulletproof vest even when he sleeps! The people of the Ark respect him for his seemingly endless knowledge of all things mechanic and electronic, and for the fact that his job is essential to their survival, whether he's upgrading their weapons to *mastercraft*

quality or maintaining the pocket fusion reactor at the heart of the Ark. He's also quite literate, and seems to almost have a streak of autism when it comes to numbers and schematics of any kind.

Mickey looks like a ruddy-faced Irishman, wearing worn-out old gray coveralls. Tools bristle from virtually every pocket, and his calloused hands are curled up like a monkey's fists from years of manipulating them. The Purist tinker has a peculiar habit of talking to machines just as he would people, and considering his dour and militaristic comrades, one understands why.

**Mickey (Smart Hero 3/Tinker 7/Mech 5):** CR 15; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6-3 plus 7d6-7 plus 5d6-5; HP 39; Mas 8; Init +2; Spd 25 ft; Defense 22, touch 20, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +8 class, +2 equipment); BAB +6; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6+1, pistol butt), or +10 ranged (2d6, *mastercraft* Beretta 92F +2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Purists; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +11; AP 7; Rep +7; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 8, Int 15, Wis 10, Cha 15.

**Occupation:** Repairmen (Disable Device, Repair).

**Background:** Resurrector (Knowledge [Technology]).

**Skills:** Computer Use +17, Craft (electronic) +20, Craft (mechanical) +20, Craft (structural) +20, Demolitions +13, Disable Device +21, Drive +5, Investigate +8, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +22, Knowledge (Technology) +23, Repair +26, Research +9, Spot +5.

**Feats:** Advanced Electronics Discipline, Advanced Technology, Educated (Knowledge [Physical Sciences], Knowledge [Technology]), Gearhead, Junk Crafter [B&L], Master Artificer [F/MG], Master Mechanic [F/MG], Modern Firearms Discipline, Modern Vehicles Discipline, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic

## ENCLAVE OF THE LOST CHILDREN OF MAN

Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Smart Hero):** Savant (Repair), Exploit Weakness.

**Talents (Tinker):** Jury-rig +2, Tinkering, Tech Weapon, Tinkercraft, Jury-rig +4.

**Talents (Mech):** Mastercraft +1, Quick Repairs, Mastercraft +2, Improved Repairs.

**Possessions:** *Mastercraft* Beretta 92F +2, one box of 9mm ammunition (15), concealable vest, grey coveralls, rad tab, multipurpose tool, tech scanner [F/MG], tool belt.

### DR. BOB GREEVI

One of the more moderate Purists (like Mickey, the technician); Dr. Greevi finds it expedient to concern himself only with his delegated task - tending to the sick and injured. Though he's a seasoned scientist (with a background in medical science and disease research), Dr. Greevi does not share the ruthless drive that many of his peers in the scientific community do. He personally considers the efforts to create a bioengineered plague to be a terrible mistake, one that has the potential to backfire and wipe out the entire Enclave. Though he's voiced his opinion before, he was overruled by Dr. Archer and others like her, and as a result mostly keeps his opinions to himself these days.

Dr. Greevi was a personal friend of Dr. Corinne Harris, and considered her to be an expert in the field of microbiology, a scientist with few peers. He continues to quietly curse Colonel Westgate and the other Purist citizens for exiling her and her party after they were exposed during their first expedition to the surface.

Dr. Greevi is a short, chubby, cross-eyed bald man who is forced to wear ridiculous glasses that magnify his eyes almost three times over. He is almost never

seen without a surgeon's smock. He has developed a nervous tick from the immense pressure of his job, and from the increasingly radical attitudes of his fellow Purists.

**Dr. Greevi (Dedicated Hero 10/Medicine Man 2):** CR 12; Medium-size humanoid; HD 10d6+10 plus 2d6+2; HP 54; Mas 13; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 17, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +6 class); BAB +8; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6-1, pistol butt), or +11 ranged (2d6, *mastercraft* Beretta 92F +2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Purists; SV Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +12; AP 6; Rep +6; Str 8, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 12.

**Occupation:** Healer (Craft [pharmaceutical], Treat Injury).

**Background:** Resurrector (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences]).

**Skills:** Computer Use +10, Craft (pharmaceutical) +20, Diplomacy +3, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +6, Knowledge (Behavioral Sciences) +15, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +18, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +8, Knowledge (Technology) +17, Listen +5, Research +8, Spot +5, Treat Injury +26.

**Feats:** Alertness, Combat Medic [F/MG], Educated (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences], Knowledge [Technology]), Endurance, Heroic Surge, Iron Will, Medical Expert, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Quick Treatment, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Surgery.

**Talents (Dedicated Hero):** Healing Knack, Healing Touch 1, Healing Touch 2, Skill Emphasis (Treat Injury), Faith.

**Talents (Medicine Man):** Ancient Drugs, Minor Medical Miracle.

**Possessions:** *Mastercraft* Beretta 92F +2, one box of 9mm ammunition (15), white lab coat, grey

coveralls, rad tab, bioagent sensor, power beltpack, ready syringe (stimshot A).

## 144. REDONDO BEACH COMMUNITY HOSPITAL (EL 2)

*An old medical complex sits here, its buildings crumbling under the sun. The remnants of an old flag, now just ragged tatters, flap from a rusted flagpole on top of the structure. Large holes in the building seem to indicate it came under heavy attack during the Fall.*

One of several large medical facilities in the Los Angeles area, Redondo Beach Community Hospital was quickly evacuated by law enforcement and emergency services personnel when word of the invasion spread through the city. Located close to what military authorities designated a "high risk" area, most of the patients were removed before the first shelling of the city.

When the enemy pushed inland, they took the medical center and set up their own field hospital here, using the complex's services, machinery, and supply of medicines to treat their own wounded coming in from the front. The enemy continued to use the hospital until it came under attack by helicopter gunships, which were effective in blowing large holes in the building, destroying the generator providing power to the complex, and devastating the medical center's parking lot which was being put to use as an *ad hoc* repair facility for enemy armored vehicles.

Outside of the building, in the lot, are the burned-out remains of two BMP-3s and two T-72 main battle tanks. All of these were destroyed by missile fire and cannot be salvaged.

The interior of the building proves to have



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been taken over as a field hospital. Several dozen stretchers litter the main lobby and cafeteria areas; the upper levels were taken over for emergency surgery. A strange green mold covers much of everything, and to get to the top levels one will have to walk through corridors lined with the stuff.

**GM's Note:** The *mold* is mildly toxic, letting off spores if disturbed (or tread upon). Any character not protected from airborne contaminants (i.e. an NBC suit or gas mask) must make a Fortitude save at DC 21 or become afflicted with a terrible itch and periodic wheezing fits. Until that character receives treatment (Treat Injury DC 15) she suffers a -2 to all attack rolls and skill checks.

**Treasure:** While the building suffered heavy damage in the strike, a search of the upper levels will nonetheless uncover some useful medical supplies, including 1d2 diagnostic scanners, 2d10 doses of hemochem, 2d20 ready syringes, 2d10 doses of stimshot A, and a 20% chance of 1 healing pack. None of the medical devices have any power sources, however. There is also a suite of two regen tanks in the building, but one of these was destroyed in the attack on the hospital. The other lacks the considerable power required to operate it (PCs somehow supplying power to the building could potentially get the regen tank back online, however, with adequate Repair checks).

In the lot outside, a Search check at DC 31 will net the PCs a multipurpose tool and a deluxe mechanical tool kit.

### 145. LOMITA POLICE STATION (EL 0)

*It looks like the fighting for this ancient city swept quickly through this particular area, as up ahead you see an old police station, largely intact. You'd expect a structure like this to have*

*been ransacked, but it looks to be in relatively good repair.*

This old police station - and the whole neighborhood - was overrun by enemy forces during the fighting for the city, and subsequently forgotten. It has never been ransacked.

This building features three entrances including the normal public entrance in front (*Main Entry*), the typical *Jail Entry*, and an underground garage. All entrances to this station are *locked*, requiring a stage IIIC identity card to enter. If the wrong card is used on any of the three entrances, or the locks are tampered with, an alarm is triggered in the building (though this activates no other defenses). Inside the police station proves to be mostly empty, its interior rooms (on two levels) gathering dust.

**GM's Note:** Though abandoned, the police station might make an ideal hideout or stronghold for the party; the doors are easily secured and the windows are heavily barred. The most interesting features of the building are indicated below:

**Garages:** This police station has an underground garage. There are 1d2+1 police cruisers here (treat these as Ford Crown Victorias); their contents can be determined by seeing the *Looting Police Cars*.

**Armory:** The police station has an armory on the first floor. The door is locked with a special mechanism that requires two separate stage IIIC identity cards to be inserted before it will open. The door is armored, preventing easy entrance. Inside, the PCs will find 1d10+2 Beretta 92F pistols, 1d3+2 Mossberg shotguns, 1d2 stun pistols, 1d10+2 stun batons, and 2d4 light rods. There will also be two boxes (30) of 9mm ammo for each pistol, 30 rounds of 12-gauge ammo for each shotgun, 2 power clips for each stun pistol, and 1 power backpack for each stun baton, plus 2d6 tear gas grenades. There are also

1d4+2 civil security suits stored in the armory.

**Police Robots:** Police stations before the Fall were assigned a complement of police to complement their human counterparts. Kept in small "bays" where they could be repaired, re-armed, and maintained, the robots assigned to this station were destroyed in the fighting for the city, after being re-programmed to fight. None remain.

**Offices:** It is obvious the personnel assigned to this station were involved in a number of mundane cases when the Fall swept the world. Characters searching these areas (and making a Search check at DC 28) may uncover a total of 1d2 evidence kits.

**WC:** There are two of these areas in the building. The area marked as the first floor *WC* is remarkable however. If the PCs search (no check required) they will find what appears to be a man-sized "hole" in the bathroom floor, surrounded by broken rock and loose dirt. This hole is actually part of the warrens dug by the Sightless Stalkers at Area #092. PCs foolishly investigating the hole will unwittingly be entering the tunnels of their domain (see Area #092 for details).

### 146. NESTING CLIFFS (EL VARIES)

*The rolling hills south of the city gradually turn into cliffs and boulder-strewn crags the closer one gets to the ocean. Here, where the sound of the surf thunders in your ears, is a broad open boulder field. Many birds can be seen nesting on the rocks, with nearly ten thousand nests sprinkled over the rocky landscape.*

This area marks the nesting area of thousands of sea birds, driven from the more built-up parts of the Necropolis over the centuries. As isolated as these rocky cliffs are from the city proper, the birds have

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come to thrive here.

There will be anywhere from 500 to 5,000 birds here when the PCs first intrude here. All of these creatures are mundane animals, and will generally flee at the party's approach. They face no danger here.

**GM's Note:** In particularly hard times *wild men* from the city will venture here, having learned that the nesting cliffs offer a ready supply of food for any creature willing to make the long journey. Every now and again a wild man or two will be spotted here, scaring a few birds with wild arm motions, and moving quickly to steal eggs from their nests. The terrified animals can do little but squawk and fly away, of course.

In addition to *wild men*, the Purists have also discovered this location, and also frequent it to gather up eggs (once thoroughly tested for bacteria, these eggs provide a rare luxury for the breakfast tables of these xenophobic holdouts).

If and when the PCs visit this site there is a 1 in 20 chance they encounter either **1d2 wild men**, or **5 Purist Soldiers (Patrol)** (but never both).

**Wild Men (1-2):** HP 18.

**Purist Soldiers (Patrol) (5):** HP 50.

### 147. ENVIRO-COMMUNE (EL 0)

*The tall grass growing here ripples with a strong ocean wind. A hill overlooks this area, giving a panoramic view of the ocean and bluffs to the west and south. Atop this broad hill stands a strange walled compound; instead of traditional ruined buildings, the wind-swept complex has a collection of hemispherical "domes", each comprised of fifty or more hexagonal panes of translucent white glass.*

Crowning a commanding hill in what was once the Rolling Hills Estates area, this bizarre compound appears to pre-date the Fall, but it looks nothing like the neighborhoods lying just a half mile down the hill.

The compound is surrounded by a tall wall (designed to keep vandals and pranksters out), with a front gate that still stands open. Inside are a cluster of hemispherical dome buildings, each designed to make the most use of solar heating and subterranean cooling - in effect, "greenhouses" fit for habitation.

**GM's Note:** In reality this site, including several dozen acres of prime real estate surrounding it was bought up by a small group of environmentally-minded activists a few years before the Fall. Together they built this somewhat isolated community to serve as a model of self-sufficiency and energy efficiency, making use of the era's cutting-edge building and agricultural technology. The founders (who also inhabited the commune in self-imposed exile) hoped it would serve as an example to others in their increasingly wasteful society, but they were quick to be branded as eccentrics and laughed into obscurity.

The enviro-commune existed right up until the Fall, and even now it stands almost exactly the way it was when it was abandoned right before the nuclear

war. If the PCs wander inside and search they will find silverware and plates still on the table, children's toys on the floor, books laid open in study areas, etc. - as if the inhabitants of the commune got up and left without a moment's hesitation...

**Treasure:** A search of the old commune uncovers lots of domestic tools and utensils, and even a few more remarkable finds. In the compound's large garage there is an intact electric-powered minivan (treat this as a Dodge Caravan), though all of the tires are flat and the vehicle's power cell is currently uncharged. Coils of heavily-insulated power cord run wild on the floor; these hook up to a small hydrogen power generator once used to recharge the commune's vehicles. Sadly, the generator no longer has any power stored in it (a Repair check, at DC 35, could get the generator running again, and with the addition of ten gallons of purified water, would produce enough power to charge the minivan to capacity).

The commune also has an old greenhouse garden (comprising one of the larger domes), in which only a few remnants of rotted vegetation remain of the once-abundant natural bounty. A cupboard here contains some 2d12 packets of assorted seeds, which are still useable, and could be used to plant a considerable field of edible pre-Fall crops outside of the city.

### THE COMMUNE AND PALOS VERDE

The industrious, long-sighted members of the unusual "enviro-commune" not only created that isolated compound, but were also responsible for stocking the secret shelter at the Palos Verde Coves (see Area #148). Living in an increasingly chaotic world before the Fall, they were smart enough to realize that a crisis of some kind was on the horizon. When word came that an invasion of the United States was imminent, they immediately fled the compound, taking their families with them and fleeing for their secret cave shelter as the first attacks erupted all over the West coast. It is not readily clear what happened to the inhabitants of the commune, as they apparently never made it to their shelter near the shores of the Pacific.



## ENCLAVE OF THE LOST CHILDREN OF MAN

The commune is also home to numerous strange and baffling gadgets and gizmos, which no longer function and whose purpose can't readily be determined. These include a handful of wind- and solar-powered devices and recyclers, and a rusted old composter used to create bricks of lam fuel out of organic garbage. *A few of these could be repaired at the GM's discretion; you can use this as an opportunity to introduce strange and unique gadgets into the campaign.*

### 148. PALOS VERDE COVES (EL 3)

*You've come to what seems to be the edge of the earth: from the rocky precipice of these cliffs the broad open ocean extends outwards in an endless expanse of turbulent waters. The sound of the surf lashing fiercely against the rocks at the foot of the cliffs is violent, thunderous, sending an icy spray several dozen meters into the air.*

*The wind here hits you head-on, as if trying to keep you away from the edge.*

The southern part of this peninsula is riddled with ancient coves, many of which are totally inaccessible except by boat or, for those who are properly equipped, by rappelling.

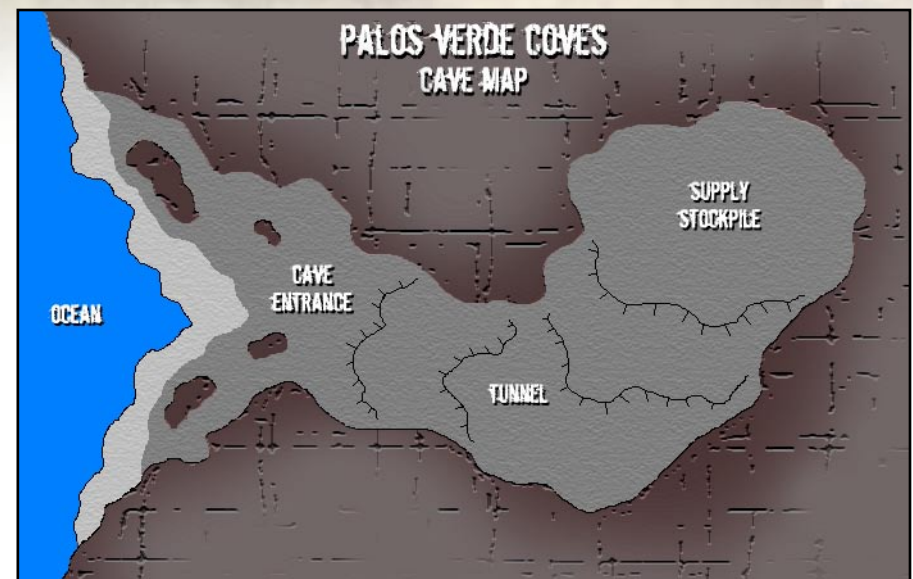
This hex marks the location of one such cove, which in particular hides the entrance to a large natural sea cave (see map). Accessing the cave can only be done by climbing down the almost vertical cliff face (i.e. rappelling), as it stands more than fifty feet above the surface of the ocean. This suggests that it is almost certain to be uninhabited.

A small outcropping of rock underscores the lip of the cave, allowing climbers to drop down to it before entering the cave proper.

The cave is rough and uneven, and gently slopes upwards for about twenty meters, where it terminates in a large cavern that echoes with the sounds of the sea. Inside this cool cavern the lights of the PCs will reveal an unexpected sight: huge stacks of sealed crates that rise all the way to the roof (more than twenty-five feet overhead), rusted oil drums, and large metal kegs, all covered securely in tarpaulin and plastic sheets to resist the harsh elements. A quick examination proves that this strange cache has never been discovered, though seagulls do nest in the cavern (near the entrance) during the day.

**GM's Note:** When the PCs enter they will disturb the seagulls, which will panic and take to the air, attempting to flee the cavern. All PCs in the cave (including the cave tunnel) must make a Reflex save at DC 21 or be pushed back 10 feet in the chaos, and an additional Reflex save at DC 21 to avoid being knocked prone. This sudden movement itself causes no real harm, but any character close to the edge of the cave mouth may in fact be pushed off as a result of being moved - whether or not she is knocked prone - falling 50 ft to the rocks below (damage in this case will be 5d6, with a DC 15 Reflex save for half).

**Treasure:** Assuming the PCs remain in the cave after the 'gulls fly away they can freely loot the cache to find the following: 180,000 cans of high-protein



vegetarian rations, 400 ready-meals (all "vegan" brands), and 80,000 gallons of water. The crates also contain six first aid kits, three survival kits, ten rad tabs, two autograpnels, five battery flood flashlights, a box of 25 fully-charged power cells, two emergency rafts, 700 halazone tablets, a portable petrol power generator (plus a ten gallon tank of fuel, though it is down to just one gallon due to leakage), fifty sets of camouflaged clothing, fifty heavy parkas (suitable for arctic weather), thirty light rods, and a small stash of weapons including five Ruger Service-Sixes and ten M16A2s, along with 500 rounds of .38S ammunition and 900 rounds of 5.56mm ammunition. *There is a 1 in 10 chance (rolled individually) that each of these weapons is no longer functional due to rust.*





## DOWNTOWN

*Downtown* is perhaps the most dangerous place in the entire Necropolis, graced by a haunted reputation well known by all other inhabitants of the ancient ruins. Though the Necropolis' tallest skyscrapers are clustered in this relatively small region, and would otherwise provide a tempting target for lone scavengers as well as city factions with dreams of conquest, stories abound about the twisted, malevolent inhabitants that are said to dwell here out of sight, hiding among the tallest buildings and in the darkest alleys.

Most communities in the city are in some fashion aware of the stories of the "Serpent Gods", a race of arrogant and xenophobic super-mutants that, according to tales, are serpentine in nature. Unlike the beastmen of the Broken Ones empire, however, they do not seem to be quite as savage, and unlike the insectoids of the Hive, they do not seem concerned about conquering the city. Since the first creatures of the Necropolis began to develop intelligence there have always been stories of the Serpent Gods, and their cool, dispassionate attitude towards the other races of the city, living at the heart of the old Downtown area and watching all with inhuman neutrality.

Over the years certain groups have tested the boundaries of what most current factions label "downtown", only to vanish completely or, in rare instances, return with terrible tales to tell. These reports tell of old ashen streets, the rusted remains of thousands of cars, towering buildings that cast deep shadows on the broad roads running in between, and of strange and mysterious sightings. Few of these reports are accurate, but momentary glimpses

of "serpentine things", or the momentary spotting of a "scaled horror" just as it moves out of sight, keep alive the legends that some race of monsters does, in fact, occupy the old heart of the Necropolis.

In reality there are two different groups living in the heart of the old city, though neither of these has anything to do with the other - especially if they don't have to. The first takes advantage of the "forbidden" nature of the downtown area. They consist of a large "army" of *hermavs*, a race of beings that have mutated into true hermaphrodites. Ashamed of their own shapes and hateful of all creatures who don't share their particular deformities, they have benefited from the mystique surrounding the inner city, living in the abandoned border regions where no outsider dares trespass. They are acutely aware that the Serpent Gods do in fact exist, and strictly keep outside of the Serpent Gods' true territory, living in the "no man's land" in between theirs and the frontiers of the outside factions (namely the Broken Ones). Here they have come to make a home, striking out on motorcycle from their secret stronghold to raid communities outside of the downtown area, as well as to scavenge and loot the many ancient buildings in their part of the city with impunity. Masters of their particular corner of the Necropolis, they despise all transgressors and defend their territory using violence, terror, and atrocity as their weapons.

The second are the true masters of the downtown area, the so-called "Serpent Gods". Descended from the animal experiments of the Zoogenic Corporation released during the Fall, these lethargic yet truly monstrous creatures came to make the cluttered and built-up heart of the Necropolis their home early



on. Comfortable among the shadows created by the towering skyscrapers, and able to easily slip into the sewers using old manholes and the escalators at subway stations, they found this part of the city more than suitable for their habitation. They have since guarded it jealously, using powerful weapons scavenged from the ancient battlefields throughout the Downtown area to slay all who transgress, while keeping to the darkness as suits their species.

## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Though the Downtown area of the Necropolis is essentially barren of the kind of life seen elsewhere, encounters should occur to enforce in the PCs the idea that this area is not a place here one can simply walk freely about.

Each time the PCs pass through a map hex that isn't detailed in the text, there is a chance of a random encounter. In this part of the city the chance is 1 in 6. Roll on the table below to determine the nature of a random encounter. Individual encounters are detailed in a separate chapter, *Random Encounters*.



**D20 Random Encounter**

|       |                         |
|-------|-------------------------|
| 1     | Quake!                  |
| 2-4   | Screamers               |
| 5-6   | Serpent God             |
| 7-8   | Corpses                 |
| 9-11  | Random Noises (Surface) |
| 12-13 | Drained Body            |
| 14-16 | Bats!                   |
| 17-18 | Hermavs                 |
| 19    | Herd Animals            |
| 20    | Weird Weather           |

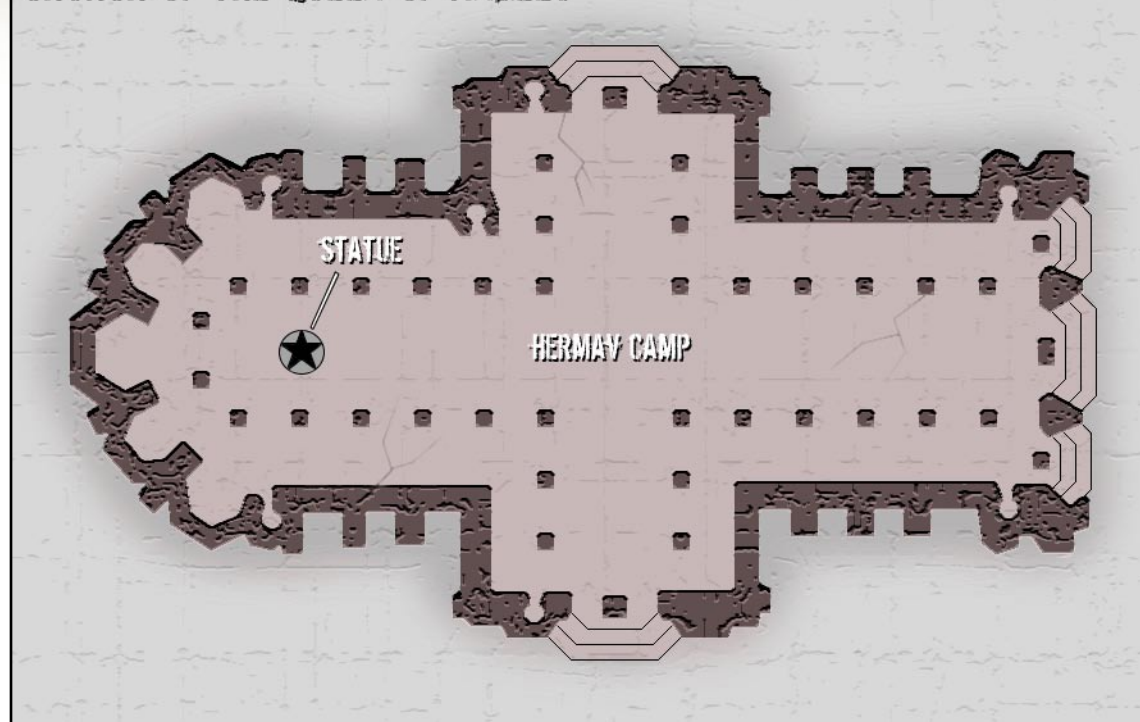
**149. CHURCH OF THE QUEEN OF ANGELS (EL 20)**

*You walk among some of the tallest buildings in the entire Necropolis, the titanic remnants of skyscrapers and sprawling corporate complexes. The streets are lifeless but certainly not barren; the rusted and burned-out wrecks of hundreds of cars and trucks block the streets for miles, leaving only narrow corridors in between. Junk, rubble, and sand from the periodic sandstorms that sweep the city has built up everywhere.*

*Up ahead a massive structure dominates the skyline, a great cathedral of dark foreboding stone with two sharp spires that rise loftily into the sky.*

The dominant feature of this hex is the Church of the Queen of Angels. This great cathedral, lying close to the heart of the city, was constructed during the heyday of the city to commemorate the 220th anniversary of its founding. Remarkably the Gothic structure still stands, its twin pinnacles contesting with the high-rises nearby for dominance of the skyline.

The Church of the Queen of Angels lies in a precarious spot sandwiched in some of the most

**CHURCH OF THE QUEEN OF ANGELS**

hotly-contested parts of the Necropolis. Skirting the edge of the forbidden territory of the legendary “Serpent Gods”, the cathedral marks the small but fiercely-defended domain of a large group of exceptionally savage *Hermavs*. These *Hermavs* have survived despite the odds stacked against them: the encroachment of the Broken Ones empire, the vile Serpent Gods in their jealously-guarded fortress at the heart of the city, and the mindless rogue spawn of that same race that prowls on the edges of the Pit of Horrors.

Despite being surrounded by potential conquerors, the *Hermavs* have made this part of the city their

own, and few contest it. Certainly no one in their right mind wanders here knowingly, as the depravations of their kind are legendary. And as if the stories of *Hermav* savagery weren’t enough, these *Hermavs* are said to be even more brutal, stealthy, and insane than most.

For years the *Hermavs* have used the Church of the Queen of Angels as their hideout; its placement in the built-up and congested city center, and imposing construction, appeal to their sense of isolation. The streets nearby, being crowded with the wrecks of countless vehicles, mean only men on foot (or motorcycle, as they themselves travel) can reach their

refuge with ease.

The boundaries of the Hermavs' territory is ringed with poles, each mounting the head of some beast the Hermavs have slain - ophidian creatures from the Pit of Horrors, Broken One soldiers, rusted and battered androids, and lone scavs who wandered foolishly too close to the heart of the city. These stand as a warning of the fate of all who intrude on their domain.

The cathedral itself has been defiled over time, covered in lewd graffiti and spray paint. The great doors were knocked off long ago to let motorbikes in, and the interior of the place is less of a church and more the tribal gathering place of a pack of savages.

Towering over the entire interior of the cathedral is an impressive statue of the Virgin Mary, standing nearly twenty feet tall and elevated on a platform behind the altar. At one time natural sunlight pouring through the stained glass would give this immense statue and aurora of color, but now the windows are boarded up and the marble statue is only illuminated by the torchlight of the church's current Hermav occupants.

The statue has seen better days, and the Hermavs live in total ignorance of its ancient symbolism. They have mockingly "dressed it up", using aerosol cans to paint the lips red, the eyes a gaudy blue, and decorating it with random splashes of color and hanging it with strings of silver tinsel and bare-bulbed lights. They've also put a handmade crown on the statue's head, and some kind of wooden "scepter" has been balanced in its open right hand.

A few of the Hermavs have come to revere the statue, as it appears to be trampling a *serpent* underfoot - which the Hermavs associate with some kind of triumph over the Serpent Gods. As such, offerings of treasure (the glitteriest loot taken by the Hermavs during their raids and scavenging forays)

## THE CANE OF CYRUS

The Cane of Cyrus does in fact exist - it's just been lost for over two centuries among the ruins of the Necropolis. Given as a gift to the legendary gangster Cyrus before the Fall, it was crafted at great expense and was intended to show the final supplication of all Cyrus' rivals in the major cities of the American West. Though he still stood at odds with many of the insubordinate gangs of the East Coast, with the Cane Cyrus became the first real "leader" of America's violent and reprehensible gang underworld.

The Cane looks like a fashionable walking stick, adorned with a polished gold knob shaped like a jackal's head. Obviously the Cane has no supernatural powers, but it is so recognized by raider types that its very presence has an actual power over their kind. The bearer of the Cane of Cyrus is essentially believed to be the inheritor of Cyrus' pre-Fall gang "empire", and to many gangs such a bearer is to be accorded respect and hospitality - if not outright worship.

To the bearer of the Cane of Cyrus, it imparts the following benefits:

- The bearer of the Cane of Cyrus receives a +6 conditional bonus to his Reputation when dealing with raiders (including members of the Raider prestige class, as well as the Ganger prestige class from *Metropolis Rho: Urban Decay*).
- If the character has the Leadership feat, his Leadership score is increased by +2 (though cohort and followers must now be exclusively raiders or raider-type NPCs).
- In addition, the bearer of the Cane of Cyrus receives a +4 circumstance bonus to Bluff, Diplomacy, and Intimidate checks with raiders.
- The bearer may use the Intimidate skill with unique benefits as well: against raiders, any successful Intimidate roll affects 10 raiders per point of Cha bonus (minimum 10).
- The Cane also has other benefits not covered here, and are left to the GM's devices. Foremost is the fact that as a symbol of the Ancient gangs, the bearer of the Cane has a very real chance of getting raiders to listen to his orders, obey his commands, and follow him as their new world "messiah".

have been laid out at the statue's feet.

**Significant NPCs:** The leader of the clan of Hermavs living in the Church of the Queen of Angels is a particularly powerful member of their deformed and degenerate kind, a master tracker and skilled warrior-chief named by her followers "Diana the Huntress", after the beautiful but vengeful goddess of the hunt from ancient Greek mythology (who, according to legend, often killed men for merely looking at her). An emotionless killer, Diana has risen to lead the gang through her own skill both as a

combatant as well as a commander. She has mastered the techniques of pack fighting and psychological warfare that have allowed her gang to carve a stable niche from this most frightening part of the city.

Diana is a terrible creature to behold, resembling a staggeringly beautiful woman, breasts exposed through her ornate armor, but having both sets of male and female genitals. She leads her men from the back of a thundering 'cycle, her deep, masculine voice often mistaken for the growl of a lion.



**Diana the Huntress (Mutant Fast Hero 3/ Charismatic Hero 2/Horde Warrior 2 [B&L]/ Raider 7):** CR 14; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+9 plus 2d6+6 plus 2d10+6 plus 7d10+21; HP 113; Mas 16; Init +7; Spd 30 ft; Defense 30, touch 23, flatfooted 27 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +10 class, +7 equipment); BAB +12; Grap +14; Atk +16 melee (1d8+2, *mastercraft* longsword +1), or +11 ranged (2d12 plus *special*, sonic rifle (NLW)); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, adrenaline surge; AL Queen of Angels Clan; SV Fort +12, Ref +13, Will +6; AP 7; Rep +6; Str 14, Dex 17, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 18.

**Occupation:** Predator (Intimidate).

**Background:** Resentful (Survival).

**Mutations and Defects:** Adrenaline Control, Aberrant Deformity.

**Skills:** Balance +6, Bluff +8, Climb +6, Disguise -2, Drive +11, Gather Information +8, Hide +8, Intimidate +19, Jump +8, Knowledge (Current Events) +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +10, Listen +5, Move Silently +8, Ride +5, Sense Motive +4, Spot +5, Survival +10, Tumble +5.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Frightful Presence, Improved Initiative, Pack Tactics [B&L], Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Quick Draw, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Track, Weapon Focus (longsword).

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Coordinate.

**Talents (Horde Warrior [B&L]):** Flank Attack +1d6, Shared Glory.

**Talents (Raider):** Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains +2, Horrifying Kill, No Survivors.

**Possessions:** Chainmail shirt, sonic rifle (NLW),

power backpack, *mastercraft* +1 longsword, two doses of stimshot B, battle cycle.

In addition to Diana, there are **42 hermavs** in the “gang” centered at the cathedral, all of them dangerous warriors. The hermavs live on the edge of two great empires (the Broken Ones and Serpent Gods), and are thus bloodthirsty fighters; they are equally deadly whether sneaking after an unwitting opponent, fighting with swords while mounted on their motorcycles, or attacking in a large group where their pack tactics can come into play.

**Diana the Huntress:** HP 113.

**Hermavs (42):** HP 55.

**Treasure:** The Hermavs keep their treasures arrayed around the statue at the center of the cathedral, as if laid out in some kind of “tribute”. These treasures include two sonic rifle Bs, three power backpacks, a power clip, a box of 2d4 scented candles, an old boom box (broken), plus random rolls on the following tables: 1d4 *Junk*, 1d2 *Useful Stuff*, 2d4 *Consumables*, 1 *Juju*, 1d2 *Armor*.

Among the other treasures is a unique item the Hermavs recovered in the recent past as they scrounged through the ruins of the city. This item is currently being “held” by the statue of the Virgin Mary, the “scepter” mentioned above.

The scepter is in fact the Cane of Cyrus (see nearby sidebar), an Ancient-era artifact and a potent symbol to Cyrus’ raider descendants on the Twisted Earth. Found by servants of the raider prince Kruel the Conqueror (see the chapter on *Dead City* for more on this once-great leader), the scepter was lost during that community’s destruction by the Hive. Several of Kruel’s most trusted warriors were sent to whisk the Cane away and hide it during the fighting, but like the rest of Kruel’s people, they vanished mysteriously, apparently killed by unknown inhabitants of the

Necropolis.

Remarkably the Hermavs have no idea of the Cane’s real worth or history, and regard it as they would any other treasure (albeit one that is quite pretty and fitting of their “queen”). The Cane can be removed easily from the statue’s hand, assuming the PCs can reach it...

## 150. PALACE OF ANCIENT KINGS (ELVARIES)

*Rising above the dead silence of this area is a monumental structure that must have once been magnificent against the Necropolis skyline. A skyscraper of brilliant white stone, tipped by a unique pyramid top, this grand facade seems to suggest a place of great importance to the Ancients.*

Known today as the “Palace of Ancient Kings”, this building was formerly Los Angeles City Hall. Recognizable from many movies in the pulp era of classic detective films, City Hall’s distinctive construction made it a landmark of L.A. right up until the Fall. Its grandiose architecture continues to give it a majestic air that has not been lost on the city’s inhabitants.

Today City Hall is an abandoned ruin. Spray-paint and graffiti covers virtually every bare wall on the exterior and interior of its lowest levels, both from pre-Fall era vandals and from more recent inhabitants of the Necropolis ruins. Like most skyscrapers in the city the windows were blown out by the detonations over the city, and through these holes early vandals were able to slip into the building and wreak a great deal of havoc inside. Badly damaged, it would be fit to be condemned in a more normal age.

The interior of this “palace” is spacious and

intimidating. A vaulted Byzantine rotunda still awes those who first enter the place, drawing an intruder's attention away from the gang symbols scrawled on walls to the golden dome overhead. Natural sunlight filters through cracks (and gaping holes) in the walls and ceiling during the day; large swarms of varo bats often nest in the mid- to upper-levels of the great building when the sun is up, fluttering out in great packs as sun as the sun sets.

The old palace is largely empty, having been ransacked long ago. However, hermavs from the *Church of The Queen of Angels* (Area #149) come here periodically, since the great building lies close to their domain. The hermavs come here on motorcycles, driving into the building itself and riding their cycles up the grand marble stairways and into the old courtrooms. Mostly they come here merely to drink, shoot up, or add to the vandalism already staining the place. The hermavs have marked the "palace" as part of their territory (anyone familiar with the hermavs' symbols will spot them here), and will not take kindly to transgressors...

**GM's Note:** If and when the PCs visit this place there is a 1 in 6 chance a group of hermavs will either already be in the building, or will show up after the PCs go inside. In either case the group will consist of **1d8+3 hermavs**, mounted on battle cycles. There is a 10% chance that each hermav will be intoxicated (treat as *shaken*) when present, but if they spot the PCs they will immediately attack, fighting to kill and/or capture the PCs. Captives will be taken back to the *Church of The Queen of Angels* (Area #149). If the hermavs lose one-third their number they will flee, hoping to return to Area #149 for reinforcements. They will return, with twice their number, to hunt the PCs down and exact their vengeance...

The upper three or four stories of this towering skyscraper are home to a huge colony of **1,000 varo bats**. The hermavs never go high up in the building for fear of disturbing these creatures who, while no threat individually, can overwhelm a man when the entire colony is stirred.

**Hermavs (4-11):** HP 55.

**Varo Bats (1000):** HP 1.

**Development:** Any hermavs killed here should be deducted from the total number of warriors in the community at Area #149.

## 151. THE GREAT LIBRARY (EL 17)

*A massive edifice stands here, casting its deep shadow over dark streets littered with the rusted remains of cars and buses. Ornate statues of bronze, covered in patches of verdigris, bear the proud countenances of pureblood humans from the ancient world, and stand like sentinels at each of the buildings towering arched entrances.*

This location is something of a legend in the ruins of Los Angeles, the so-called "Great Library of the Necropolis". Once the city's municipal public library, this ancient building was all but lost in the chaos of the Fall. In later years, when the Serpent Gods arose and made any transgression into the heart of the city an idiotic prospect, the library - and its contents - were forever snatched from the hands of potential discoverers.

Though no one has seen the ruins of the library in hundreds of years (save for the individual described below), stories persist among a few of the Necropolis' communities that the structure does in fact exist. No one exactly remembers where, and since the Serpent Gods still seem to hold sway over the city's heart, no one has dared try to find it in over a generation.

**GM's Note:** Though it has effectively been "lost", the Great Library is still very much intact, having only suffered cosmetic damage in the Fall, and minor vandalizing in the few years afterwards before the last inner city inhabitants fled the rise of the Serpent Gods. The building, in all its foreboding might, stands almost untouched since the last days of humanity.

Should the PCs discover this lost site they will at first find it to be eerily abandoned. None of the factions lays claim to the surrounding area, so unless the PCs have drawn the attention of the Serpent Gods they may find this place an ideal refuge - at least until they meet the current resident (see below). Three stories tall, with an equal number of sub-basements, the old library complex is one of the greatest archives of human culture and knowledge left on the Twisted Earth. What's most remarkable, however, is the fact that almost everything remains *undamaged* inside.

Entrance to the old library requires the use of a stage IC identity card; the old doors were built to withstand tampering, and thus will be difficult to batter down. Though the lights inside no longer work, an old alarm system still remains, dispensing *knockout gas grenades* into the vestibules whenever the inner entryways are tampered with. Windows do exist high up on the second and third stories, but these are heavily barred (all of these are a testament to the anarchy running rampant in the twilight era of man).

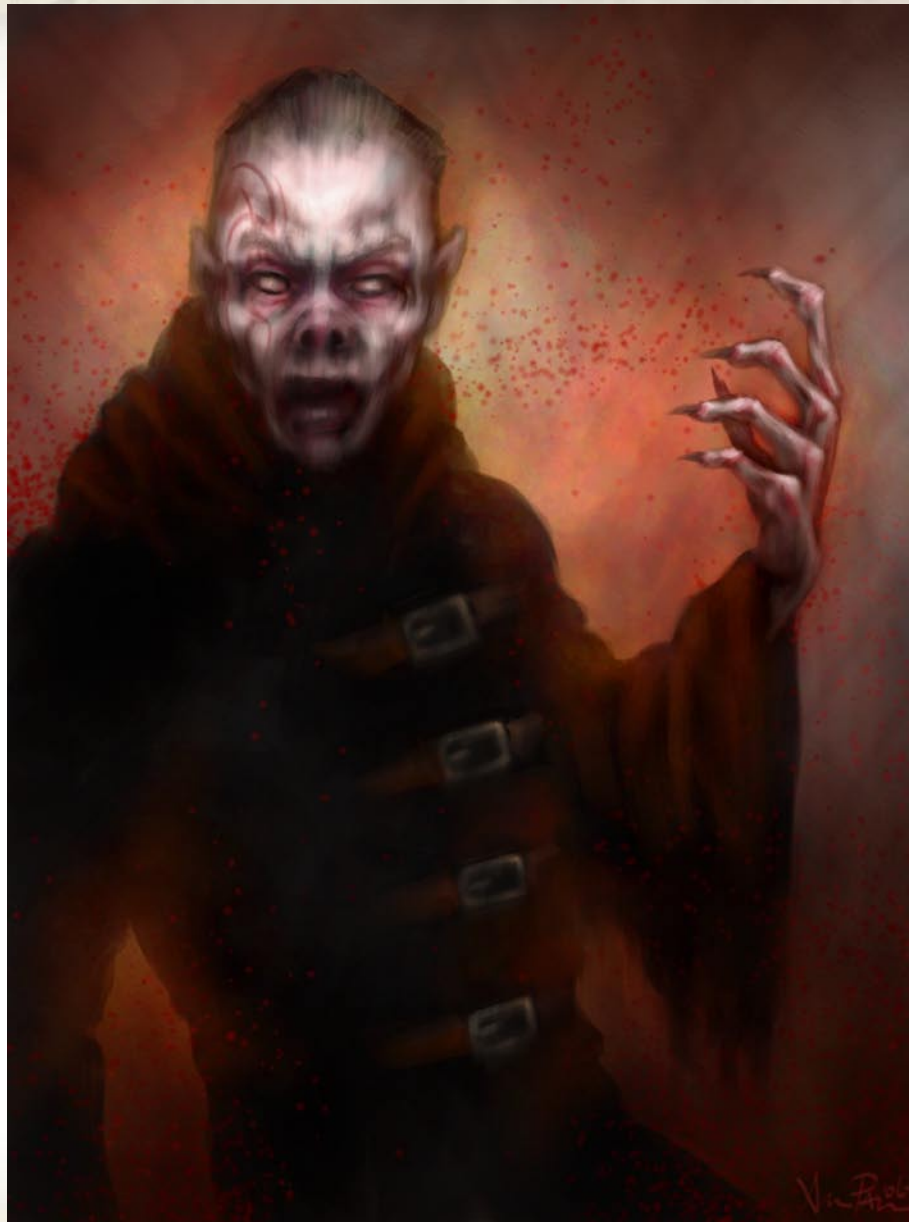
**Significant NPCs:** Unbeknownst to the other creatures living Downtown, there is a real menace living here, a man - or creature rather - named Tobit 13:2. Formerly the leader of the Brethren expedition that came to the city (but was destroyed by a strange illness; see the *Cave of Eternal Life* at Area #072), Tobit 13:2 now lives in the complex of



sub-basements and steam tunnels beneath the monumental library. During the day he rests in the cool darkness underground, but at night, when the varo bats from the *Palace of The Ancient Kings* flutter off into the sky, he emerges secretly to walk the streets of Downtown under the light of the moon.

Tobit is currently obsessed with ascertaining the nature of his “illness”, having seen what happened to his comrades at the pool at Area #072. He too drank from the pool’s waters, but before he changed he used the mysterious syringe they had found in an old attaché case (see Area #072) out of desperation. He managed to survive and escape from his comrades, but days later found that something has changed him as well, albeit in a different fashion. He has undergone a slow transformation, though not into a *zombie*, but rather into a kind of creature he had only heard of in ancient legends: Tobit has slowly metamorphosized into a *vampire*.

Almost immediately burned by the light of the sun, Tobit fled to the shadows to avoid his destruction. He eventually came to make his lair here, in the darkness of the Great Library. Here he has a large building in which to hide during the day, access to the surface to explore at night, and even escape routes to the sewers beneath the city (in fact he used the sewers to



enter the building without triggering its alarms).

Tobit has begun experimenting with his own body in an attempt to discover the extent of his transformation. He has already found himself vulnerable to sunlight, and obsessed with acquiring fresh blood to consume. Despite being a member of the Brethren he has a logical, rational mind, and dispels any notion of the supernatural; he believes his affliction is purely a byproduct of the interaction of the algae in the pool at Area #072 and the mysterious chemical he injected himself with. Not one to believe in legends, he has so far ignored the fact that he finds himself repulsed by mirrors, exhibits the ability to displace his weight to climb almost sheer surfaces, and has a newfound empathy with bats, rats, and other nocturnal creatures.

Already an albino (like many Brethren), Tobit 13:2 has more reason than ever to be afraid of the light. Cloaked from head to toe in a tattered black robe, Tobit sticks to the shadows and seldom leaves the Great Library except at night. Only the sight of his pale, slim-fingered hands, tipped with long yellowed fingernails, prove he is more than a shadow, as he keeps his hood over his head at all times to cover his bone white eyes and icy-palored face. Tobit has become a peerless hunter and explorer, and in his nightly wanderings he has learned much of the Downtown area, including the location

## VAMPIRES?

*The Ruin At The End Of The World* hints at the supernatural, but *vampires*? Area #151 describes a *vampire*, in the form of the afflicted Brethren leader Tobit 13:2. However, if you feel the supernatural has no place in your campaign, there are two quick and easy solutions. First off you can merely assume his transformation is a physical disease, not a supernatural affliction. In such a case he will maintain certain aspects of the *vampire* template at your discretion, while you can do away completely with those abilities or weaknesses that are too fictitious for your tastes (such as a weakness for holy symbols, as well as the ability to assume an alternate form, energy drain, etc.). Alternately you can dispense with his vampirism altogether, and instead assume that while his followers were turned into *zombies* by the pool at Area #072, perhaps Tobit merely went *insane* as a result of drinking its poisoned waters. Now merely *believing* himself to be a vampire, he has convinced himself that he is vulnerable to sunlight, mirrors, garlic, etc. In such a case do away with his Hermav thralls, and simply play without the vampire traits shown in his stat block.

of the *Bernard Megaplex* (Area #160), the location of various Serpent God sentries, and of the large gathering of Hermavs at the *Church of The Queen of Angels* (Area #149).

As a follower of the Brethren Tobit 13:2 was a man of genius intellect, but one who's cocky arrogance got him into trouble. Sent on this expedition as punishment for agitating one of the Prophets who lead the Brethren, Tobit found his exile to be an amusing attempt at getting rid of him. He had no inclination of dying on the trip, or of being killed in the Necropolis, and though he has faced a setback with the deaths of his companions, he has gained so much more from the experience! He continues with his plan to build up enough strength to make the trip back to San Francisco, and hopes to one day leave the Necropolis altogether and return to his Brethren.

Tobit 13:2 is dangerous. He no longer laments the loss of his companions, or even cares for his original mission. He has become obsessed with his newfound "powers", and is beginning to concoct far-reaching plans for his return to San Francisco...

**Tobit 13:2 (Vampire Mutant Dedicated Hero 4/Brethren Follower 10):** CR 16; Medium-size Undead; HD 4d12 plus 10d12; HP 91; Mas 0; Init +6; Spd 30 ft; Defense 26, touch 20, flatfooted 24 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +8 class, +6 natural); BAB +13; Grap +18; Atk +19 melee (1d10+5, claw), or +15 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +17/+17/+12/+7 melee (1d10+5, 2 claws); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, blood drain, create spawn, domination (DC 10 + 1/2 HD + cha mod), energy drain, alternate form, children of the night, damage reduction 15/+1, fast healing 5, gaseous form, cold and electricity resistance 20, spider climb, +4 turn resistance, darkvision 60 ft., weaknesses, albinism; AL none; SV Fort +9, Ref +10, Will +9; AP 8; Rep +7; Str 20, Dex 14, Con 0, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 19.

**Occupation:** Academic (DW) (Knowledge [History], Knowledge [Twisted Earth]).

**Background:** Resentful (Survival).

**Mutations and Defects:** Claws x3, Albinism x3.

**Skills:** Bluff +12, Climb +13, Craft (structural) +9, Craft (writing) +10, Hide +18, Intimidate +10, Jump

+11, Knowledge (Arcane Lore) +10, Knowledge (Current Events) +10, Knowledge (History) +11, Knowledge (Tactics) +10, Knowledge (Technology) +10, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +10, Listen +18, Move Silently +18, Navigate +5, Search +17, Sense Motive +10, Spot +18, Survival +21.

**Feats:** Alertness, Cleave, Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Deadly Trap-Maker [B&L], Dodge, Great Fortitude, Guide, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Rend, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Sunder, Track, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (claws).

**Talents (Dedicated Hero):** Skill Emphasis (Survival), Empathy.

**Talents (Brethren Follower):** Trap Making 1d6, Technology Prohibitions, Technology Destroyer +1, Trap Making 2d6, Smite Technology, Technology Destroyer +2, Trap Making 3d6, Technology Sunder, Technology Destroyer +3, Trap Making 4d6, Divine Damage.

**Possessions:** Filthy robes, stage IC identity card, ready syringe (empty), maps of various Downtown locations.

Tobit recently visited the *Palace of The Ancient Kings* and encountered a small group of Hermavs vandalizing the place. Using persuasion (unknowingly bolstered by his *Domination* ability) he managed to turn these Hermavs into mindless thralls, who he has brought back with him to the Library. He uses these dominated creatures as his guardians (and to feed from); if the PCs uncover his lair they will likely meet these zombie-like individuals first, buying Tobit enough time to either prepare a defense, or escape into the sewers. If the PCs manage to pursue Tobit underground, he is certain to attract a horde of rats that will surge forth to tie the party down. In



addition, he has trapped the numerous sewer tunnels leading towards the library (each of these traps does 4d6+4 damage, and were created using his *Trap Making* class ability and *Deadly Trap-Maker* feat), making pursuit of him underground that much deadlier.

**Tobit 13:2:** HP 91.

**Hermavs (3):** HP 55; these hermavs do not have *battle cycles*.

**Treasure:** The interior of the Great Library is massive, filled with books and other arcana of the ancient world. Literally tens of thousands of volumes exist here, lining wall shelves and virtually every space imaginable.

How do you handle so much knowledge? First off, there's a lot of junk in the library; worthless magazine archives, children's books, books that fall apart when disturbed, etc. As a result, for every six hours spent in the Great Library, allow each character to make just one roll on the *Lost Knowledge* table (dispense with inappropriate results). You can also substitute individual roll results for a book, newspaper article, microfilm cartridge, electronic disk, or any other form of Arcanum you can think of. Everything the PCs find should have some value (50 to 500 cp); in rare cases more valuable Arcanum may be found, such as technical manuals, books filled maps of the city, medical texts, etc., which will have values appropriate to their usefulness.

Ultimately the question of treasure should boil down to how much the PCs can carry. The Great Library has literally *tons* of books, and the PCs can't possibly hope to take it all. And while the markets outside of the city are starved for the kind of knowledge that will help rediscover the secrets of technology and even Ancient culture, not everything in the library pertains to these lofty goals, or would even prove *interesting* to these practical-minded

buyers.

In the end, use your judgment when deciding how much Arcanum the PCs will find, and how much of this will actually prove to be of worth to the potential buyers beyond the city.

## 152. RECORDING STUDIO (EL 0)

*The streets here are built up with tall buildings on each side; billboards line the sides of skyscrapers, their curious advertisements having faded and their rainbow of colors bled away.*

*Trash lines the streets where it has collected over the years in the gutters.*

*A tall building nearby has one of the largest signs of all, depicting an enormous gold record that towers over the street like an ancient monument.*

The building here is an old abandoned recording studio, one of several producing some of the most popular music in the years running up to the Fall. An L.A. landmark, this particular recording studio was host to some of the hottest names in the music industry during its heyday, a heyday that ended with the eruption of the Final War, and was consumed in the worldwide chaos that followed.

As the PCs approach this tall building they find the large tinted entryway to have been shattered in the anarchy of the Ancients' last few days; spray-paint covers the exterior of the building, and other parts appear to have been deliberately smashed or even burned by poorly-aimed Molotov cocktails. Some of the graffiti seems eerie and foreboding in its message: the numbers "666" and "13" are prominent, along with barely-distinguished phrases like "the demons come" and "the jackal".

Inside the PCs find what must have once been a

multi-million dollar studio, complete with executive offices on the lower levels, technician's areas, sound rooms, and the recording studios proper. There is even a subterranean parking garage for the VIPs that came here to record their newest albums, reachable by stairwells or elevator (no longer functioning), and barred from the streets by electrically-operated floor-to-ceiling barriers.

The entry area and reception appears to have been overrun in the chaos of the streets, and bears much of the same vandalism as the exterior of the studio: black leather furniture overturned, slashed, and smashed, ornate and futuristic pieces of sculpture cracked and lewdly painted over. Numerous framed photos on the wall depict famous superstar musicians of the time, including top-grossing rappers, though many of these have been torn down, smashed, and defaced.

It is obvious the recording studio was thoroughly ransacked prior to the Fall, and in the years since, but a prolonged search of the old building will uncover some strange - if ultimately worthless - finds. In one of the studios the PCs will find a sound stage and booth set up as if they were being used to mix a record right up until the building was abandoned. The mixer contains a new CD (or to be precise, a CD that was being made at the time of the Fall), which if played back contains a startling soundtrack, a cooperative effort between several leading rappers of the time and someone referred to on the track by the single name "Cyrus". Remarkably the rap doesn't speak of violence, but instead appears to be some kind of "plea" to the public at large for "peace" and "brotherhood" in "these times of crisis". This "Cyrus", whoever he is, joins in the rap with a powerful, commanding voice, and at one point the other musicians give him the microphone allowing him to take over the song. He speaks to a long-dead

audience as if imploring them with the charisma of a world leader, telling them to lay down their arms, stop killing one another, and to prevent something he vaguely refers to as “the Coming”.

**GM’s Note:** What happened here in the days before the Fall will never be truly known. In reality the mysterious gang messiah, Cyrus, came here in a last-minute attempt to curb the irreparable damage he and his “followers” had done in the service of Zoogenic Corporation - and the Blessed 13. Somehow Cyrus found out about the prophecy of the Blessed 13 and, even more remarkably, found reason to believe they might actually *succeed* in their goal. Realizing his mistake Cyrus hoped to use his persona and the fame of three leading rap artists (who also happened to be former members of his gang and thus owed him their loyalty) to put out an underground album that, if things had gone right, would have hit the streets and found their way into every major radio station across the country the very next day. On the record Cyrus literally *commands* his legions of gang followers to stop their campaign of terror “before it is too late”, shying away from referring to the End of Days and the Blessed 13 but obviously using every last bit of influence to try and halt the spiral of anarchy that he had instigated, all in the name of Ronald Bernard.

Cyrus’ would-be message never made it out; it remains here, recorded on a single disc, still in the recording machine where it was made. It is unclear what happened, but apparently the studio technicians working to get the album ready simply vanished before it was complete.

**Treasure:** In the parking garage beneath the studio the PCs find a number of non-functioning vehicles, but the most remarkable is a sleek black stretch limousine with a jackal hood ornament (Cyrus’ personal vehicle, though the PCs may not make the

connection) parked in a VIP space. The vehicle seems to be in good condition considering its age, but if the PCs search it they find it has been deliberately *sabotaged* under the hood. A Repair check (DC 20) plus the expenditure of 120 cp in spare parts will get it running again. Sitting in the driver’s seat in an envelope (placed there as if he had intended someone to find it) is a cryptic, handwritten note which reads: *“Limo’s not working so going to the Church of Angels on foot. Gonna pray for the people of the world. It’s in His hands now. - C”*

### 153. LOS ANGELES TIMES (EL 0)

*The streets here, like elsewhere downtown, are deafeningly silent. Scraps of paper float by on the ethereal wind, funneled by numerous skyscrapers and other tall buildings in this district.*

*Up ahead you see the ruins of a large building that seems to have burned down even before the Fall. Wooden barriers have been placed around the building, and many of the lower levels have been shored up. The building’s ground floor is now covered in graffiti.*

This large modern newspaper campus was the victim of a suspicious arson in the weeks just prior to the Fall. This fact seems obvious to even an untrained searcher, as fire department cordon tape encircles much of the property, along with wooden barriers with signs telling people to keep out.

Spray painted on a handful of these barriers are crude upside-down pentagrams, the numbers “666”, and strange sigils that seem to defy ready interpretation.

**GM’s Note:** Though the truth is lost to antiquity, the prestigious Los Angeles Times employed a

particularly daring reporter who, just before the Fall, was working hard on an unbelievable story about corruption, conspiracy, and Satanism, implicating a number of powerful and influential world figures. Whoever this intrepid investigator was is unknown, and any warning he hoped to get to the general public was apparently erased when the building was put to the torch by unknown arsonists.

The ruins of the old newspaper building are barren, filled only with ashes and burnt beams.

### 154. MURDER SCENE (EL 3)

*Several skeletons lie strewn about this alley, still wearing the tattered remains of expensive clothing. Bullet holes pit and crater the brick wall nearby, which has been spray painted with a curious upside-down five-pointed star. Faded writing on the wall bears an even stranger message: “The Jackal betrayed his children but they will claim their birthright as the Kings of Tomorrow nonetheless.”*

There are six skeletons here, scattered among a few empty garbage cans, brittle and ready to disintegrate at the slightest movement. It is not clear who these men were, or why they were killed here.

A small group of **ravens** rabidly defends this site for no apparent reason. They will aggressively strike out at anyone who comes too close (including attempting to search the skeletons).

**GM’s Note:** This unassuming alleyway marks the spot where the notorious gangland messiah “Cyrus” was gunned down by mysterious assailants in the hours before the Fall. Returning on foot from a midnight session at a nearby recording studio (since his limousine had been secretly sabotaged; see Area #152) where Cyrus was working feverishly on a



secret project, he and his entourage of bodyguards were ambushed as they attempted to make their way down an alley towards the distant *Church of The Queen of Angels* (Area #149). All six men were killed within seconds of realizing they had stepped into a trap.

**Ravens (13):** HP 1 (see *d20 Modern*).

**Treasure:** The bodies of three of the four skeletons still have firearms either in concealed holsters on their bodies, or lying close by where they dropped them when they were struck dead. These weapons consist of two TEC-9s (each with a full box of 9mm ammunition) and a maser pistol (with a power clip missing one charge). One of the skeletons also wears a concealable vest, though judging by the bullet hole in its skull, it apparently wasn't able to save his life.

## 155. SHOPPING DISTRICT (EL 10)

*Rows of fancy shops once populated this area, with designer names brazenly posted on glowing signs over old department stores and clothing boutiques. Broken glass litters the streets now, along with the rusted remains of expensive cars - and thousands of brittle skeletons.*

This area is eerie during the day, seemingly lifeless and barren. The PCs are free to explore the vast complex of buildings, finding smashed-out windows and the wreckage of cars that seem to suggest this area was the scene of violent looting during the Fall. Most of the stores are clothing stores, so most finds will be restricted to upscale clothing and jewelry - little of practical value.

By night this place comes alive, however - or so to speak. Living in the darkness of many of these old stores are a number of *night terrors*, zombie-like

creatures that are in fact merely the animated corpses of Ancients given life by a parasitic ooze. Sensitive to sunlight, the night terrors hide in old storerooms, basements, and elevator shafts during the day, and emerge at night to hunt for prey.

**Night Terrors (23):** HP 21.

**GM's Note:** It is possible that during the day the PCs might stumble upon individual night terrors, or even small groups, while indoors. While the night terrors will certainly try to kill characters who stumble into them in the dark recesses of a building, they will not pursue party members outdoors, at least while the sun is still up...

## 156. CHINA TOWN (EL 15)

*The shadows cast by buildings on either side of the street are deep and dark. Anything could be hiding in them.*

*This place looks like an ancient slum, but one with a definite foreign accent. Ornate oriental buildings rise above congested alleys, their peeling green arches and elegant temple-style roofs standing in stark contrast to the abandoned adult movie theatres and tiny corner markets on virtually every street. Lost Asian script can be seen on fading billboards, and on rusted signs over old shops. A huge bronze dragon, long and serpentine, with lolling tongue and sharp claws, stands atop an arch marking the gateway to this part of town. Like a guardian from the ancient world it leers down at you with malicious eyes.*

*This area is eerie, but you can't put your finger on what it is that makes you say that. Just then you sense movement out of the corner of your eye. But when you turn, there is nothing there...*

This area marks the "gateway" to the Acropolis, at least from the south. The Serpent Gods use the built-up city streets and towering buildings here to hide themselves from transgressors, while also keeping an eye out for intruders.

Normally two Serpent Gods (a **medusa** and an **ophidi**) will be present here, observing the street leading up to the Dragon Arch. One of the Serpent Gods (the medusa) will be reclining in the shadow of the great bronze dragon itself (on top of the arch), and is thus easily mistaken for just another ornate decoration. When it spots the PCs (which it certainly will once they arrive), it sluggishly slithers away, vanishing out of sight before the PCs catch a glimpse of it...

**GM's Note:** This area is barren, the old shops abandoned long ago and looted in the intervening years. The Serpent Gods drove out all other competitors over a century ago, and as such dust (and rust) has settled over much of everything.

**Development:** Once the PCs are spotted the Serpent God medusa atop the arch will slither away. 100 yards away, down a nearby alley, another Serpent God (the ophidi) awaits, having finished his patrol of a separate quarter. The two will come together, and briefly exchange information on what was seen. They speak together for several minutes (PCs with extremely acute hearing might hear a strange susurrus of "rasping hisses" echoing through the streets all around, at your discretion), before arriving at a bizarre wager: the one who first saw the PCs (the medusa) agrees to deal with them, while the ophidi climbs to a vantage point in a nearby skyscraper to hide and watch. If the medusa wins the fight against the party, the ophidi loses the wager and agrees to take over guard duty for a few hours, allowing the medusa to feed and rest comfortably with a belly-full of adventurers.

If the medusa *loses* to the PCs, however, it agrees to allow the ophidi to eat it once it's dead!

If the PCs succeed in killing the medusa, the ophidi will wait until the party is gone before slithering down from its hiding place (eight stories up) and, gloating over winning the wager - and ignoring the fact that the PCs have slipped past - proceed to devour the corpse of its fellow Serpent God!

**Serpent God Medusa (1):** HP 161.

**Serpent God Ophidi (1):** HP 195.

## 157. DODGER STADIUM (EL 0)

*A huge coliseum stands here, its cracked stone baking under the sun. Old cars lie rusting in the humid heat, yet other than a few flies buzzing around your nostrils the silence is deafening.*

The ruins of Dodger Stadium were abandoned long ago, and few have ever returned since the Fall. Too close to the domain of the Serpent Gods, the old stadium stood as it was during the time of the Fall for many years, only recently being re-discovered by the hermavs from the *Church of the Queen of Angels* (Area #149). The hermavs came here looking for supplies and took what was of use to them, before moving on. Before they left they vandalized much of the old stadium, leaving miles of graffiti and gang markings in the parking garages, lower levels, and even on the seating inside the stadium. They haven't returned since, and the stadium is thus abandoned once more.

PCs coming here will find nothing of value left, though the stadium itself is large and sprawling enough to make it an ideal place to lure pursuers and lose them in the maze of garages, locker rooms, and underworks.

## 158. DOWNTOWN BATTLEGROUND (EL 16)

*Solemn skyscrapers rise on all sides here, but the street is a scene of utter chaos and destruction. The asphalt is pitted with artillery craters, and the burned and rusted remnants of advanced military vehicles lie strewn about like discarded toys. Hundreds of skeletons lie strewn about; either civilians caught in some ancient slaughter, or the remnants of the armies that once waged a bitter contest for control of the city.*

This area was the site of one of the key battles for the city, which ultimately led to its fall into enemy hands. The scene is a telling one, with several destroyed tanks (from both sides of the conflict) facing off against each other, and countless skeletons.

A single **Serpent God ophidi** dwells nearby, resting just inside the shadowy interior of a blast hole made in the second-story of a skyscraper facing the battleground. This Serpent God is alert, and will watch the PCs with patience, observing what they do and how they carry themselves.

### SERPENT GODS AND INTRUDERS

Downtown is an eerie place. Mostly because it's quiet, but also because of its reputation as the "domain" of the Serpent Gods. But characters coming here expecting to find an industrious faction like the Hive or Broken Ones will only find empty streets, hollow highrises, and abandoned skyscrapers by the dozen. Where, then, are these lofty "Serpent Gods"?

The Serpent Gods, though enormously powerful by conventional standards, are a race crippled by their own sense of racial superiority. Drowned in their own self-worship, most simply laze about, spending their days and nights basking in the cool shadows (they abhor the heat), roused to action only to defend their "acropolis" (the central Downtown area, in specific, the streets and buildings clustered around the monumental *Bernard Megaplex*).

Though lethargic, the Serpent Gods possess powerful technology, both scavenged from the ruins and left to them as a legacy by their creators. When they decide to fight, they do so decisively, mustering powerful artifacts long thought lost during the Final War.

Even the lowliest caste of Serpent God is extremely intelligent by human standards, and as a result even the lowest-ranking sentry is arrogantly confident in its own superiority, even to a fault. But believing the other inhabitants of the city to be beneath them, and certainly little threat to them on a one-on-one basis, they seldom see the need in raising the alarm, for example, or calling for reinforcements. This could be a potential weakness the PCs could exploit.

Confident they can easily destroy anyone who stands against them remarkably an individual Serpent God is often willing to engage its foe(s) in conversation before the inevitable opening of hostilities. Almost "genteel" in manner, these wicked monstrosities amuse themselves by confusing their prey with riddles and philosophical contemplation, before eventually growing tired and engaging for the kill.



Once the PCs are square in the middle of the battleground, it speaks. Its voice, deep and rasping, carries across the silent battlefield, echoing off of the walls of the skyscrapers. The creature speaks almost in riddles; it playfully describes the battle that might have taken place here hundreds of years ago, conjuring up an imagined scene of great valor and desperation against an “insurmountable enemy”. It then slyly wonders how long the defenders held out, and then begins to dwell upon how terrible it must have been for them to see defeat coming, knowing that all their efforts had been futile.

All this time the Serpent God remains hidden. Attempts to pinpoint its location will be difficult (its voice echoes weirdly here and the nearby buildings have many holes in which a creature such as it could hide). Eventually, once it has pondered out loud the futility of resistance, even in a heroic struggle with the most worthy goals, it asks the PCs directly - “Do you think you’ll fare any better?”

With those sinister words it slithers out of its hole and attacks. It will fight to kill the PCs, but if it drives them off it will not pursue them (unless their retreat is merely a ploy, in which case it will go after them to finish them off), instead returning to its lair to continue its deep contemplation of the cruelties of the city’s wartime history...

**Serpent God Ophidi (1):** HP 195, also has 1d2 photon grenades.

**Treasure:** The Serpent God has not “defiled” this place, seeing honor in the struggle these warriors played out against one another. As a result, a search of the battlefield will uncover 1d2+1 *Rare Military Weapons*, as well as an additional 550 cp worth of spare parts (salvageable from the ruined vehicles).

## 159. SUBWAY ENTRANCE (EL 15)

*Old rusted escalators descend underground here. Old perfume and fashion advertisements decorate the walls of the tunnel going underground; most are defaced with graffiti.*

*At the bottom of the escalators lies a subway station, long abandoned. It is quite dark here, with only weak sunlight finding its way down here from the surface world above.*

A particularly large and powerful Serpent God *medusa* dwells here just out of sight of the PCs. Reclining just inside the subway tunnel that leads to the station, the enormous serpent is cloaked in the darkness that the tunnel provides. It has a clear view of the subway platform, however, and will be able to watch the PCs as they descend the escalators into the underground.

When the PCs reach the platform, allow each to make a Spot check at DC 19; if they succeed they see, momentarily, the slightly luminous gleam of the Serpent God’s eyes in the darkness, before it slithers forward to engage them.

**Serpent God Medusa (1):** HP 161.

**GM’s Note:** The tunnel here leads directly towards the *Megaplex Terminus*, beneath the *Bernard Megaplex* (see Area #160). Because of its importance to the Serpent Gods, the sentry here will not hesitate to fight the PCs, though they may try to negotiate with it. Confident that it can kill them, if the PCs supplicate in front of it and flatter it (calling for Bluff or Diplomacy checks, at your discretion), it may deign to allow them to retreat without dying for their “transgression”. However, under no circumstances will it be fooled, and if the party tries to head off down the subway tunnel it will certainly attack.

## 160. BERNARD MEGAPLEX (EL VARIES)

*Towering buildings reach into the sky all around this area, each one the playground of the Ancient masters who once ruled this city - and half the world over through the manipulations of their merchantile empires - from the isolated sanctums far overhead. The particular complex ahead seems to have been the domain of a powerful corporation, each of its three skyscrapers sequestered around a large plaza whose vast empty space seems to give the place an air of eerie isolation...*

### PLAZA (EL 18)

*As you get nearer, it appears the plaza isn’t as empty as you first thought. The white concrete of the plaza gleams brilliantly in the sun, but a slight depression up ahead - in which is situated a huge post-modern sculpture of colossal proportions - contains the serpentine shapes of almost two dozen enormous, snake-like beings, apparently lounging in the bizarre monument’s shadow.*

The skyscrapers that make up the Bernard Megaplex are all situated around Bernard Plaza, an architectural wonder meant to fill in the void between the Megaplex’s lofty structures. A vast field of brilliant white concrete, the plaza’s expanse is broken only by silvery benches (and garbage receptacles), and an enormous circular fountain more than 50 ft wide, from which rises a colossal, stylized sculpture of stainless steel, molded to resemble the Zoogenic Corp. logo. At one time waters cascaded from this monument into the fountain below, but now it, like the empty fountain, is dry.

If and when the PCs approach the Bernard

Megaplex from the surface they find the plaza inhabited by no less than **22 Serpent Gods** (10 medusa, 10 ophidi, and 2 naja) the entirety of the group lazing about under the searing sun. If the party is spotted they eagerly slither forward and gather to watch, like spectators in an arena. The analogy is quite accurate, for the gathering of Serpent Gods will surround the PCs in a rough circle (perhaps 100 ft in diameter), preventing them from escaping, their low hisses becoming more excited as each moment passes.

Once they have the party encircled **2 Serpent God ophidi** will emerge to fight the PCs while the others watch with gleaming, bloodthirsty eyes. However, the match is a fair fight; if the PCs defeat their “challengers”, the Serpent Gods - though disappointed - will slither back to their more comfortable positions, and let them pass!

**Serpent God Medusae (10):** HP 161.

**Serpent God Ophidi (10):** HP 195.

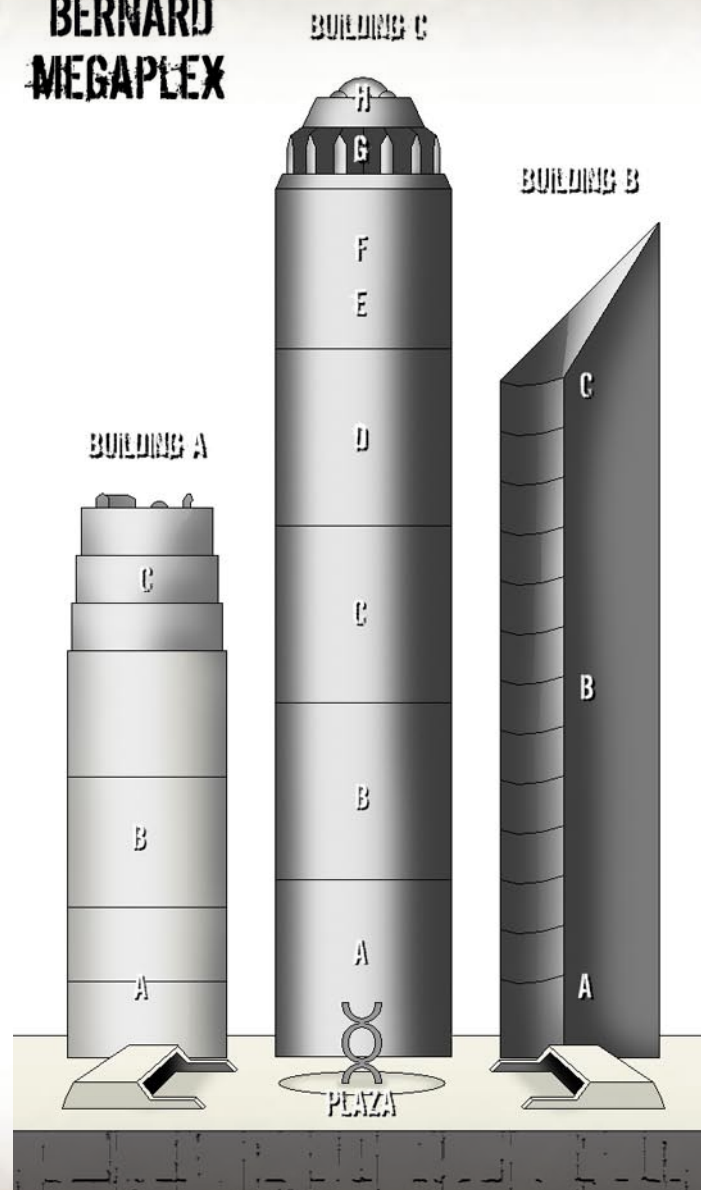
**Serpent God Naja (2):** HP 237.

## BUILDING A - CORPORATE COMMUNITY (EL VARIES)

*A magnificent structure entirely walled in silvery glass rises on this side of the main plaza, burnished by the sun and years of scouring sand storms. Much of the glass on the upper levels is gone, no doubt blown away in the nuclear firestorm that struck the city centuries ago.*

Building A of the Bernard Megaplex was reserved almost exclusively for the civilian recreation and leisure of the corporation’s employees. The first several stories of the building comprise a multi-level “mall”, complete with over seventy different shops and specialist boutiques, escalators and glass elevators, two

## BERNARD MEGAPLEX



daycares, emergency security stations on each level, an on-site clinic, and even a series of interconnected fish ponds with a waterfall cascading five stories down into an artificial lake in the mall’s main mezzanine.

## A. Mall (EL 19)

The mall is eerie and desolate now, having been ransacked during the Fall and later by the Serpent Gods. But the mall looks relatively the same, with old dusty mannequins looking out storefront windows, enormous decorative pots now filled only with dead plants, and the coppery glitter of pennies in the tepid, murky ponds. The old neon signs are no longer lit, but the flash of advertising banners and window stickers makes it hard to spot movement in the darkness of the empty mall (-2 to all Search and Spot checks).

Living in the mall are a number of Serpent Gods, who prefer the cool, spacious interior to the overly hot plaza outside. The **3 Serpent Gods** live separately in different parts of the mall (one in an old clothing outlet, one in the food court, and one curled up like a giant cobra in the algae-clogged pool at the top of the dry waterfall), using the non-functional escalators to slither between each level. Though they are usually not within sight of each other, sound carries well in the mall so that they are likely to be aware of any intrusion by PCs. At the very least they will know when one of their number is attacked (due to their racial *Telepathy*). As such, if one Serpent God attacks or is attacked, a second Serpent God will arrive in five rounds; and the third five rounds after that.

**Serpent God Ophidi (3):** HP 195.

**Treasure:** Though this vast mall was looted over the years, there is still the potential for finds



among the old shops and boutiques. Each successful Search check at DC 38 will uncover either 1d2 rolls on the *Junk*, *Useful Stuff*, *Clothing*, *Consumables*, *Lost Knowledge*, or *Civilian Weapons* table. Discard any results that seem inappropriate to a “mall” setting.

### B. Movie Theatre (EL 15)

*Building A* also features a three-theatre cinema on one of several upper levels, which is now dark and dormant. There is a 20% chance that a single **Serpent God medusa** will be here, reclining in the darkness of the theatre, when the PCs enter *Building A*. Combat will draw this Serpent God to the commotion in the same manner as those described above (it will show up with the last Serpent God on round 10 of combat).

**Serpent God Medusa (1):** HP 161.

### C. Upper Levels (EL 0)

The upper levels of *Building A* were reserved for mall administration offices, storage, and maintenance equipment. All of these levels can only be accessed from the mall proper at one of two secure elevators (and adjoining stairwells), the doors to which each require a stage IIC identity card to open. The elevators no longer have power, but the stairs are accessible. Ultimately, however, the upper levels prove to be rather empty (stationery, old furniture, food long rotted in small cubicles, etc.). Still, PCs could access the higher levels of the building to hide out, if they need to rest or simply observe the other buildings while remaining unseen.

#### ELEVATORS (SIDEBAR)

Enormous elevator shafts rise up into each of the Megaplex’ three towers. Most of the elevators plummeted and crashed into the sub-basements long

ago; those that remain are rusted firmly in place, and have no power.

The Serpent Gods use the shafts regardless, being able to slither up and climb with little difficulty, not unlike tree boas and other snakes of the past. PCs will have a more difficult time, but luckily the old stairwells are usually not very far from the elevators.

### BUILDING B - CORPORATE LIVING (EL 0)

*The second largest of the three buildings in the complex, this skyscraper looms high above you, its sleek black exterior resembling a chisel aimed at heaven. It is hard to gaze towards the top, as the light catches off of broken windows far overhead, blinding the unprotected eye.*

There are numerous super-luxury apartment buildings in the downtown area, each reserved for the high society elite of the Ancient world. Now these megalithic skyscrapers are empty, mostly due to their proximity to the heart of the city. Of all these buildings, one stands out above the others, the *Corporate Living* building of the Bernard Megaplex (or “Building B”), a previously posh building owned by the Zoogenic Corporation and used as high-scale housing for many of its corporate employees here in Los Angeles. One of these was Ronald Bernard himself.

### A. Lobby (EL 0)

This enormous space occupied most of the first level of the building, with elevators (and emergency stairs) providing access to the levels above, as well as the basement garages. A large security desk sat here to assist the building’s inhabitants, with a nearby media lounge where residents could relax and watch television from a bank of no less than 24 plasma screens. The media lounge also had a high-scale bar

and restaurant attached, though like the rest of this area, these features are dusty and abandoned.

**Treasure:** A search here might find 1d2 rolls on the *Junk* table, as well as dropped suitcases, discarded newspapers, children’s toys scattered about, and even a skeleton or two - testament to the panic that consumed the corporation’s personnel when the Fall came and they rushed to flee the city (this could be seen as evidence that most of Zoogenic’s employees were oblivious to the corporation’s real activities).

### B. Apartment Blocks (EL 0)

A map of the Bernard Megaplex’s upper levels is not given here, since most of it is empty, as the lesser corporate staff panicked and fled taking their belongings with them when the city came under attack. Basically these upper levels are all very much the same, containing apartment after apartment ranging from corporate middle-class to upscale elite suites higher up in the tower. Searches of individual rooms (each requires a stage IIC identity card to enter) may uncover many minor finds, however, given time and patience - use your discretion here.

In addition to individual domiciles there is a daycare in the building, as well as work-out rooms, two separate running tracks (on the 10th and 15th floors; each runs along the exterior of the building, right up against the windows, providing joggers with a 360 degree view of the city from up high), and even an Olympic-sized swimming pool (now empty).

### C. Top-Level Apartment (EL 0)

Of particular interest is the penthouse apartment at the top of the *Building B*: the personal residence of Ronald Bernard, the CEO of Zoogenic Corporation. This top-level sanctum requires a stage IIIC identity card to open (the door is still intact and operating on an internal battery; the PCs could break it down,

however). Once inside the PCs find a model of Ancient elegance and luxurious design; a wide open series of rooms, interconnected by large corridors, with dozens of massive windows looking out onto the city (as with other skyscrapers in the area, the PCs could use this place as a lookout tower to see nearby sites, at the GM's discretion). A huge kitchen and dining room, three separate bedrooms, well-appointed bathrooms, a private physical fitness room with state-of-the-art equipment (now rusted), etc.

However, the suite's expansive parlor - where Bernard held parties as well as hosted private gatherings of close associates - provides the most striking scene. This tall chamber, still adorned with high fashion chairs of chrome and black leather, is completely dominated by a singularly massive painting covering one entire wall; once lit by lights sunk into the ceiling far overhead, now much of the painting is cloaked in darkness. If the PCs have brought lights, they illuminate the enormous painting and reveal its twisted beauty.

The painting is at first overwhelming due to its size (20 ft tall and 15 ft wide), and its bizarre impressionistic imagery. Human form, motion, and the passage of time seem to be portrayed simultaneously in the grandiose piece of art, yet painted with dark colors it is a macabre and dizzying vision to say the least. It is also quite unusual in that it consists of two separate images, one on the right, and one on the left, split down the middle. The left hand side depicts in wild forms a futuristic city where nothing of Nature can be seen; only cars, oily smoke from colossal manufactories, and towering buildings that blot out the sky - not a brushstroke of green anywhere to be seen. In this gray and dismal landscape a gathering of thirteen crowned kings wearing long black robes walk single file towards the center of the painting, which depicts a mansion on

top of a hill, surrounded by an elaborate maze. The door of the mansion is open presenting a featureless black void, and as the first of the 13 men stoops to enter this black hole, on the far side of the panel a stream of half-man, half-beast monstrosities pour out the other side. Their part of the painting is a mirror image of the first, but depicting decayed and abandoned skyscrapers, with ivy and other vegetation crawling over the husks of cars and city buses. The feral creatures depicted include a stylized lion-man, an insectoid thing, a fish-like creature with vague humanoid features, and an enormous snake sprouting many other serpents from its body like the mane of

the mythical *medusa*.

Framed in brass beneath the huge painting is a plaque that simply reads: "Porte de Treize".

**Treasure:** In addition to possible finds in other apartments in the megaplex, the PCs can search Bernard's apartment for valuables. A Search check at DC 28 will find 2d4 doses of *tailored narcotics* in the bathroom. A Search check at DC 41 will find a hidden safe in his private office (Disable Device DC 40 to open it); it contains numerous stacks of papers (financial records that have no value today), and \$1 million in cash - now useless. Oddly, a small box here also contains an ornate silver ring

#### RONALD BERNARD - WHO WAS HE?

Ronald Bernard is long dead, but his legacy - and determination to see the Blessed 13's goals to fruition - still remain in the city, made manifest by the Broken Ones, Serpent Gods, Hive, and Skaels. But the PCs could uncover glimpses of this remarkable man, in books, magazines, and even newspaper articles published at the time, right up until the Fall itself.

According to most sources, Ronald Bernard appeared out of nowhere, the inheritor of a small fortune who turned his inheritance into a multi-billion dollar corporation over the course of only a few years. A bioengineering pioneer and financial genius (one Forbes article the PCs might find will describe him as an "entrepreneurial god" - evidence of how well he was perceived), he not only made himself rich, but he made those who trusted him, and supported him, rich as well, often beyond their wildest dreams.

Zoogenic Corporation, though veiled behind a screen of secrecy that initially drew concerns, went out of its way to portray itself as a benevolent force in the world. Humanitarian projects overseas fed hundreds of thousands, employed countless more, and scoured the world for ways to preserve natural resources and the world ecology. Several articles go in-depth to describe Ronald Bernard's admitted fascination with and dedication to animals, which he is quoted to have called "the true victims of the industrial age". A sort of superstar environmentalist, Bernard strove to educate the public on the importance of animals, both out of his own perverse adoration of beasts (which he ultimately sought to elevate as the masters of planet Earth), as well as to mask the true activities of his bioengineering corporation, which was known worldwide for collecting animals from all parts of the globe for "classified projects".

In the end the few scraps of Arcanum the PCs find on Ronald Bernard will only present him in the light that he himself created: an artificial image of himself that he sold to the public, and one that the public bought up with ignorant relish.



shaped like the head of a goat (the ring dates from the 1800s and was in fact owned by a pioneer of the Satanist religion whose name is now forgotten; though intricate, the ring's value so long after the Fall is dubious), and a piece of paper on which Ronald Bernard's signature is evidently scrawled in blood. By all accounts the paper appears to be some kind of contract with the Devil, offering the "souls of the human race" - himself included - in exchange for avenging the "perversion of the natural order". The bizarre document does not explain what this means.

### **BUILDING C - CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS (EL VARIES)**

*The tallest building in the city, this magnificent building - seemingly encased in walls of silver - rises high into the sky. Something about the building seems...foreboding.*

The tallest building in the city, the Zoogenic Corporation's headquarters rise five stories above the next tallest building (the U.S. Bank Building, elsewhere downtown). Dwarfing the other buildings in the Megaplex by several stories, the building has a curious architectural style, setting it apart from all the rest.

This building was the heart of Zoogenic Corp's worldwide financial and bioengineering "empire" during the period before the Fall. Other buildings like it (but not as sophisticated or large) existed in several major capitals across the globe, but it was here that the corporation's main operations were planned, administered, and coordinated.

#### **A. Lobby (EL 18)**

This place is an enormous lobby and visiting area, not unlike the lobby of *Building B*, but at one time with a more business-oriented feel. Now the place is a dusty and abandoned place, though there are

signs the place has been visited regularly. Enormous serpentine tracks trail through the dust and sand carried in from the outside - most of the lower-level windows and glass walls were blown out long ago, leaving the lobby exposed to the elements - along with miscellaneous junk piled here for no apparent reason.

The place looks almost like an archaeological dig site now, and in fact it is, in a sense; the Serpent Gods returned to this building years ago and have been meticulously examining the buildings contents, architecture, and interior workings ever since. It was through their examination of the building that they learned much about the Zoogenic Corporation's involvement in the genesis of their race (and the other races of the Necropolis), and of the lost vault beneath the corporate headquarters building (more on this later).

The lobby is guarded by **3 Serpent God ophidi** at all times. These creatures will likely be forewarned of the PCs' presence in the Megaplex because of their *Telepathy* trait (any previous encounters with Serpent Gods will have drawn their attention). The three sentries are somewhat less lethargic than others of their species, acutely aware of this building's importance to their racial quest for perfection. Any outsiders spotted here will immediately be attacked. Reinforcements will arrive via the elevator shafts from the *Admin Offices* (Area C, below) in 5 rounds. 1-4 Serpent Gods will arrive each round until a total of 40 have slithered down to join the battle!

**Serpent God Ophidi (3):** HP 195.

#### **B. Corporate Offices (EL varies)**

Most of the ten lower levels of the corporate headquarters building are taken up by floor after floor of administrative offices, including secretarial pools, printing centers, mailrooms, meeting rooms, etc.

Today these levels are occupied by numerous Serpent Gods, infesting the place like a lethargic, scaly pestilence. If the PCs search these levels they are bound to find small groups of Serpent Gods making their odorous dens among the old auditoriums and elevator lobbies.

Unless they've already been roused to action by the *Telepathic* trait of their kind (any combat in the *Lobby* will likely have drawn these reinforcements down), most of these creatures will merely watch the PCs or engage them in arrogant, indifferent conversation. Curious as to how the PCs got here without being detected, they are quite surprised by the party's capabilities. Assuming the PCs don't immediately attack, there is even a good chance the Serpent God(s) in question will refrain from fighting - and even answer the party's questions.

Use this as a chance to role-play the sickening lethargy and bizarre mindset of these powerful creatures. Once it gets its information from the party, it will agree to answer any questions they pose it. But of course it will give its answers in riddles (which it finds amusing; it hardly cares if the PCs get frustrated as a result).

An individual Serpent God generally knows about every part of the Megaplex, as well as the disposition of Serpent God forces. It won't be afraid to reveal such information either, being quite confident in their race's superiority. It may even suggest the PCs go kill "so-and-so", a fellow Serpent God that the current individual simply dislikes, and give its tacit "approval".

If the PCs stick to asking about the building, they may learn much. The Serpent God will reveal information on the express elevators to the museum and the observatory, and even suggest the party go there and "read the manuscript" (alluding to the Villaneuve Manuscript, but saying nothing more; see

the nearby sidebar for more on this text) if they want to “know more”. It will not, however, talk of the *Labs* or of the *Megaplex Terminus*, since these two areas are quite sensitive to the race of Serpent Gods.

**Serpent Gods, various kinds (1-4 per floor):** HP varies.

### C. Computer Mainframe (EL 0)

This high-security area was once the communications hub of the Zoogenic Corporation during the time of the Ancients, but it has since fallen into disuse. At one time data from Zoogenic Corp. offices all over the world was sent and decrypted here, providing additional information and raw statistics (from experiments conducted overseas) for the corporation’s secret bioengineering projects here in the city.

EMP from the nuclear blasts over the city fused most of the delicate electronics kept here; making the majority of the stuff absolutely useless, but by that time the corporation had already completed its secret work, so it didn’t matter.

The mainframe level is empty now; those computers that weren’t damaged were taken apart by the Serpent Gods over the years as spare parts for other projects, including the revitalization of the *Labs* (see below).

### D. Labs (EL 20)

About mid-level in the tower, several stories of the building are taken up by the remnants of several top-security genetic laboratories. Here, in ancient times, scientists working for the corporation - in compartmentalized secrecy - perfected genetic splicing technology, without much knowledge of what exactly that technology was going to produce. In addition to chemical and genetic laboratories, incubator clinics and test animal disposal

crematoriums, prototype electronics and genetic manipulation machinery were experimented with and perfected here. Most of the data and finished prototypes were moved from this building to the various secret Zoogenic Corp. facilities throughout the city (Areas #042, #067, and #123) where the actual work of splicing human and animal genes took place.

Though once protected by advanced security systems and keycard locks, the Serpent Gods “excavated” these musty rooms long ago, and learned much about their ancestry. It is here, among these labs, that the Serpent Gods came to understand their origins (along with evidence pieced together from other sources, such as in the *Archives*), and give life to their racial quest to create the perfect being.

The lab complex occupies six stories altogether, not a space of which the Serpent Gods have wasted. What was once a sterile environment, however, is now dark and dank; the awful odor of these creatures (and the rotting remains of their rare failed breeding programs) pervading the air of the multi-level facility. But using computers stolen from all over Downtown, as well as equipment left here during the Fall, they have recreated a super-advanced genetic laboratory here, despite the squalor that seems to follow their ugly species wherever it goes. Here, the smartest of their already highly-intelligent race work restlessly on their morbid creations; over the years they have created the various sub-species of their race (as detailed in the chapter, *New Creatures*), with only a few minor “speed bumps” along the way (namely the odd misshape resulting in the creation of “Horrors”).

Though they have dispensed with the old electronic security systems, this place is crawling with Serpent Gods, both workers, guardians, and scientists. PCs coming to this level are certain to be discovered quite early (sentries and workers dwell in the unlit

hallways leading to every stairwell and elevator), and their intrusion so close to the vital heart of the Serpent God breeding program will not be tolerated. Their species’ *Telepathy* will draw others as well, so even if the PCs manage to overcome the first few guards more and more Serpent Gods will pour from the labs to destroy the PCs that it will seem an unwinnable situation.

**Serpent Gods, various kinds (50):** HP varies.

### E. Archive (EL 0)

Located above the *Labs*, and accessible by an express elevator from the *Admin Offices* and *Computer Mainframe*, is the corporate “archive”, a sort of “library” where data and information on the corporation’s various holdings and projects worldwide were stored. Huge computers filled with archived digital data, as well as actual physical hard copy, were stored in this air-conditioned vault for the duration of the building’s life before the Fall. A complete staff of 30 individuals (including a *coordinator droid*) were on call here at all times, accessing data from storage as it was requested, either here at the home office or from overseas offices. On a daily basis the information going in and out of this place could range from financial figures on a new property being developed in Malaysia, to the genetic “map” of a squirrel’s DNA.

Since this important data storage center required constant communications, the computers here were provided a secure Intranet connection (accessible only at Zoogenic Corp. facilities), or with a sophisticated (and encoded) microwave communications system.

The Archives are still in use by the Serpent Gods, who over the years have unlocked the secrets of their past through studying the data here. Coming to realize Ronald Bernard’s true goals, as well as



their genetic relationship to the other species of the city, the Serpent Gods have found it wise to preserve this electronic “library”. *Some day, when the Hive and Broken Ones and Skaels are capable of understanding, they will use this information to prove that they all share the same genetic legacy, and were intended to work as one to conquer the world!*

#### F. Corporate Lounge (EL 0)

Just one of several rooms on this level, this room was forgotten by the Serpent Gods - though its contents once served as an important bit of evidence leading them to the Vault beneath the *Megaplex Terminus* (see below).

The old room is almost forgotten now, collecting dust. Old equipment lies scattered about, where the early serpent Gods broke into the chamber with crude tools, to gaze upon the corporate lounge’s frescoes with wide-eyed awe. Cobwebs lace their way throughout the room, and PCs will have to bring their own lights, but if they do they will be able to see what it was that provided the Serpent Gods with the key to finding the Vault beneath the tower.

The walls of the large opulent chamber (now in a state of decay) were painted with painstaking detail, but the imagery seems totally out of place for a corporate lounge. First off the style seems late medieval, like something that belongs in a museum. The wall-to-wall fresco depicts the night sky, filled with 13 unusually prominent red stars, under whose light the entire landscape of the Earth is aflame. Cities, towns, and villages burn and the inhabitants appear to be dying in droves at the hands of many armies. Among the ranks of soldiers bearing the flags of different nations, little winged demons can be seen smiling with glee as they lead the armies of the world into battle against one another. Where the people

#### THE VILLANEUVE MANUSCRIPT

Dating from the 1750s, the Villaneuve Manuscript was long considered a fake by collectors of 18th century occult lore. Allegedly written by one of the earliest Satanists, the manuscript’s prophetic verses were said to have been inspired by visions induced during the author’s torture at the hands of Church authorities. Though he survived and was ultimately saved from the flames (due the changing attitudes of Europe towards the belief in witchcraft), the author went on to found a cult known as the “Porte de Treize”, more often called the “Blessed 13”, whose sole task was to prepare the world for their version of the much-prophesized “End of Days”.

The manuscript details a bizarre prophecy of the future, which according to the author would occur more than two hundred years after his lifetime. It speaks of a breakdown of governments worldwide, of chaos and anarchy, and a time when “man returns to his place beside the beast” - apparently a foretelling of the abhorrent violence that was to become a hallmark of pre-Fall society. The prophecy speaks of three key events that will pave the way for the apocalypse. These include the rise of someone referred to as “the Jackal”, a man “from the gutter” who will rise to worldly power, and whose great charisma will bring about an era of violence unrivalled in human history, a time when “men will be afraid to leave their homes, for fear death is walking the streets”. In exchange for his complicity the Jackal ensures that his “children” will become the inheritors of the post-apocalyptic earth, forming “vast armies” led by “violent kings” whose reign of terror will shape the wasteland for generations (a stunning similarity between these “vast armies” can be seen in the raider gangs of the wasteland, beyond the Necropolis).

Once the world “runs red with blood” - a result of this era of violence - the successful mating of man and beast must be undertaken, representing the ultimate sacrilege of spurning God’s gift to humanity (in which God made man superior to the animals of the Earth). As the progeny of this perversion are let loose upon the world, thirteen “blessed men” of great power and influence must willingly take their lives in a suicidal ritual in a “city named after benevolence, a city of angels”. Once this ritual act is completed, “true evil” will enter the world and bring about the Earth’s conclusion.

The manuscript goes on to provide tantalizing glimpses of what the World After will be: a vast lifeless desert where only the Jackal’s cruel and twisted descendants hold reign, and cities that have become jungles where all manner of “beastmen” thrive. In time these half-man, half-beast abominations will come to recognize the impotence of God and rise up to take the world as their own in one final act of defiance against the Creator’s master plan.

have already been slaughtered and the cities reduced to ash, bestial half-man, half-beast creatures appear to emerge from the shadows to feast happily on the bodies of the dead. *One of each of these bestial*

*racess - serpent, lion, insect, and fish - appear to go underground beneath a great tower, where as one they open a great door, from which shines a brilliant white light...*

## G. Museum (EL 0)

This two-level museum, just below the observatory (and reached via an express elevator from the *Lobby*), was apparently a small public institution, set up by the corporation as a donation to the city. The museum is apparently a sort of zoological museum, but with a strange emphasis on showing the correlation between animals and how they were alternately feared, worshipped, hunted, and driven extinct by the human race. A large part of the museum was dedicated to preserving relics of animistic, animal-worshipping religions from tribes of New Guinea to the natives of the Amazon, the Eskimos to pre-Christian European cults - and many of these artifacts remain. Examples include statues, figures, pottery, and even ceremonial masks depicting the serpent deity Wollunqua of the aboriginal Warramunga, Ario the bear-goddess of the ancient Celts, the wolf-headed Khanukh of the Tlingit people, the lion god Yaghuth of the pre-Islamic Arabs, etc.

Displays contain old pagan artifacts, prehistoric cave paintings, and in one large central glass case, a strange text (see *The Villaneuve Manuscript* sidebar nearby). The Serpent Gods have left this telling text in its protective case, knowing that someday it might be needed to prove the cooperative destiny of all the Necropolis' races.

## H. Observatory (EL 0)

The uppermost level of *Building C* was given over to a public observatory, ostensibly gifted to the city as a charitable donation. The observatory gave a 360 degree view of the city from the tallest building in L.A., and was equipped with standard quarter-fed observation telescopes, and even a privately-maintained astronomical telescope administered by a small staff of Zoogenic Corp. scientific personnel (who ostensibly used the telescope here for civilian projects in conjunction with researchers at CalTech, but there is no evidence

to suggest they ever worked with anyone outside the corporation). A small public planetarium and auditorium sits on this level as well, and an educational media center where visitors to the corporation's headquarters could be treated to an informative show about the heavens.

A search here will uncover mostly junk, such as information pamphlets describing what viewers can see from this height, to brochures listing the times of the next planetarium show (the PCs are a bit late, having missed the last show by 200+ years). Old film reels, if played, show a somewhat typical educational movie about the planets and the solar system, but with an eerie emphasis on how astronomy - and astrology - was long viewed as a vessel for prophecy in the ancient past. The film doesn't make any specific references, but it does mention that "some groups" monitored the stars for the "right signs" to exact their "patiently-woven plans"...

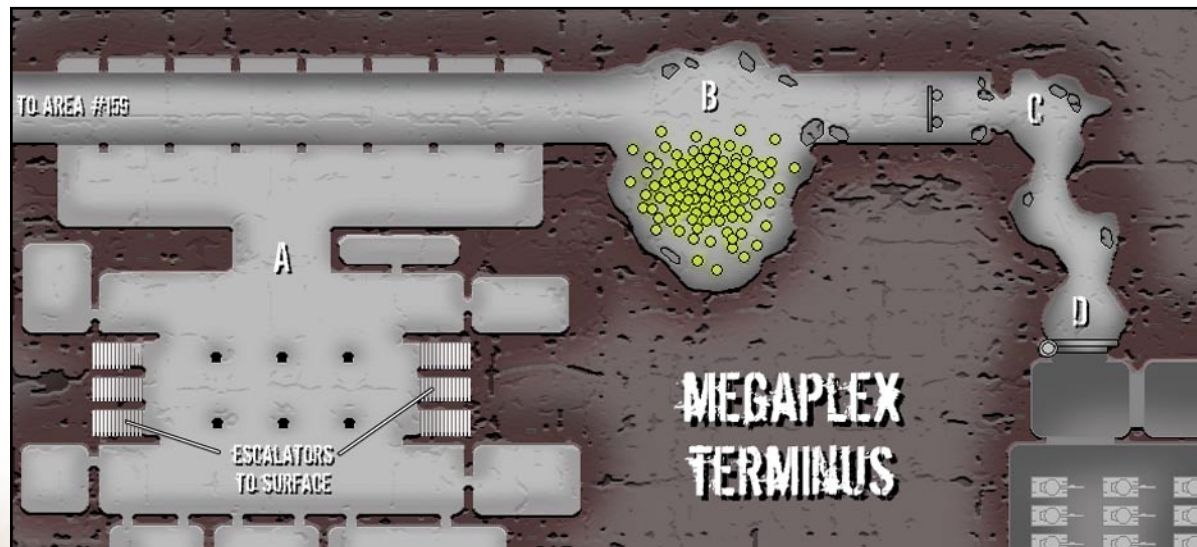
## MEGAPLEX TERMINUS (EL VARIES)

*Your descent into this dark place has only been met by the drifting of motes of dust past your lights, and a thick, stale odor of...reptiles.*

*Coming to the end of the passage you came by, you see an ancient subway platform, so huge that it extends well out of sight and into the darkness. Train tracks run perpendicular to the platform, and vanish into enormous tunnels on either side.*

Beneath the Bernard Megaplex lies the "Megaplex Terminus", a subway station built by the corporation to provide its employees and staff easy access to the city's public transportation system. The fact that the corporation warranted its own station is evidence of its power at the time of the Fall, as well as the sheer number of workers employed at the site at its height.

The Megaplex Terminus can be accessed from the





conventional subway station entrance (i.e. escalators) facing the Plaza, as well as from elevators in the sub-basement garages of each of the three Megaplex towers. These elevators (and stairwells) are clearly marked, as civilian employees and their families regularly used them to reach the subterranean subway station to take the train all over the city. The elevators are no longer working (they've fallen and smashed at the bottom of each shaft), but the stairwells remain accessible.

#### A. Main Platform (EL 0)

The subway station of the Megaplex Terminus is one of the largest in the city, capable of accommodating four separate subway trains and over 1,000 people. The main platform once had its own gift shop, restaurant, waiting lounge, and visitor center (where a collection of androids, all fake smiles and sunshine, walked among the crowds informing visitors incessantly about the ultra-modern technology of the Megaplex, the conveniences of its "self-contained mall", and the amazing wonders Zoogenic Corporation was performing in the name of furthering science), but these were ransacked and abandoned long, long ago.

This area is empty.

#### B. Egg Chamber (EL 20)

Not far from the *Main Platform* is a large cavern, hollowed from the subway tunnel over the years by the Serpent Gods. The odor of scaly things is so strong here that any non-Serpent God must make a Fortitude save at DC 13 or be overcome with

sickness, losing 1d6 points of Strength for 10 rounds.

The cave itself is lit by a weak collection of orange and green light rods scavenged from the city, as well as corium lanterns taken from scavs and others who wandered too close to the Downtown area. The lights illuminate a vast clutch of several dozen, man-sized "eggs", each an ugly yellow leathery sack nestled against another of its kind in the dim radiance of the lanterns.

These eggs comprise the current generation of Serpent Gods, which are close to hatching. Though powerful, the Serpent Gods are relatively few in number, but they replenish their losses (those that die of *extreme* old age) with hatchlings every few decades.

Serpent God guardians move through the egg chamber regularly, both to guard the eggs and to keep an eye out for hatchlings. Any egg that hatches prematurely tends to give birth to a Horror, which is quickly rounded up before it can harm the other eggs, and taken to be expelled at the *Pit of Horrors* (see Area #086). Also, because the form of the Serpent God is a complex creation, other eggs sometimes fail to hatch at all. The Serpent Gods have become adept at recognizing which eggs contain dead embryos, and workers regularly snatch these with staff-like tongs and remove them, to be eaten by the rest of the Serpent God community. After all, waste not, want not...

**Serpent God Ophidi (6):** HP 195.



**THE VAULT**

What does the vault beneath the Bernard Megaplex contain? Ronald Bernard spent his whole life planning to fulfill the prophecy of the Villeneuve Manuscript, creating a world where animals would rule, retaking the planet and erasing the mistakes of humankind. A sort of “nihilistic environmentalist”, he and the other members of the “Blessed 13” sunk vast resources into making this bizarre dream come true.

The vault can therefore be said to contain all the tools necessary for their progeny to do just that: conquer the Earth. With a budget that exceeded even some second-world nations, Zoogenic Corporation was able to buy up vast stocks of arms, ammunition, advanced equipment, and cutting-edge war machines to ensure that their “children” would have all the tools they needed to fulfill their destiny.

So what does this amount to, in game terms? That’s up to you. The contents of the Zoogenic Vault are not likely to be discovered during the party’s lifetime. The current state of the various factions of the city, and their inability to get along, will see to that. The vault is nigh impregnable; not only is it well-defended by the Serpent Gods, but Ancient-era construction techniques make it impossible to burn/burrow/blast into. But here are some ideas - a battalion of tanks, armored cars, humvees with machineguns and missile launchers; an armory of lasers, gauss rifles, and anti-tank weapons; artillery and rocket artillery; energy shields and magnetic shields (no powered armor; Bernard knew his children would have inhuman forms, so only these harness-like shields would work for them); and vast reserves of ammunition, power cells, and fuel. All of these artifacts would have been meticulously preserved, to last the hundreds and hundreds of years it would take not only for their progeny to mature into their current forms, but also to make peace with one another and realize their communal destiny. Dehumidifying machines would have leached all moisture from the vault’s air. Plastic covers would sheath the interior of the vehicles, and seal entire crates of weapons. Tape on every glass surface would prevent breakage. Tires would be deflated, fuel tanks drained, and hydraulic fluids and gasoline stored in huge, separate reserves to prevent settling, accumulation, and rust. All in all, this vast armory would be designed to give the “Blessed 13’s” chosen descendants the capability to expand across the globe.

**C. Excavation (EL 18)**

The subway tunnel leading from the Megaplex Terminus ends here, at what appears to be the end of the track. However, the brick wall here appears to have been deliberately broken open in the past, its entire face disassembled brick by brick; even an old dusty bulldozer sits nearby, abandoned once the wall was broken down. The artificial opening is lit by corium lanterns and light rods (replaced regularly when they run out), not unlike the *Egg Chamber*, and a rough tunnel can be seen extending off into the

darkness.

During the time of the Ancients this was, to most observers, the end of the ‘Terminus subway line. No one ever came here except for city subway workers, and they never noticed anything unusual.

Unbeknownst to these workers, however, before the subway was completed Zoogenic Corporation used this last stretch of line to construct a secret vault deep beneath the earth. Using contractors sworn to secrecy, the corporation hollowed out a tremendous void in the bedrock, accessed via a

massive portal (see below). The tunnel leading to this vault was sealed up as soon as it was completed, and soon forgotten.

The Serpent Gods re-discovered the sealed tunnel years ago, following clues found in the Bernard Megaplex. Using hand tools, jackhammers, and even construction equipment (like the bulldozer still sitting nearby) they smashed through the old wall and located the tunnel, finally finding the way to the Vault itself.

**GM’s Note:** There is a 25% chance that **2 Serpent God ophidi** will be here, on guard. They will attack anyone they detect coming near the excavation.

**Serpent God Ophidi (2):** HP 195.

**D. Vault (EL 19)**

At the end of a huge rough tunnel stands a truly massive portal of solid tungsten - by all appearances, a bank vault door as large as a small building, and wide enough for a yacht to pass through. Small boulders lie about, debris collected from past earthquakes and from the excavation by the Serpent Gods. Old tools (a steam-powered rock bore, an entire dump truck, and many picks and shovels) lie strewn about here. Light rods of various dim and unfitting colors light the scene, their multi-hued radiance glimmering weakly off of the burnished black metal of the giant door. A single electronic keypad, shielded by a metal panel from falling debris, sits at roughly head level on the rock wall beside the door.

This vault comprises the “great secret” of the Zoogenic Corporation. Constructed at the order of Ronald Bernard and his fellows in the “Blessed 13”, the vault was to give their inhuman creations the articles they would need to conquer the post-apocalyptic world.

The Serpent Gods discovered the existence of the



Vault through finds in the Bernard Megaplex, and came here in search of it. Though they scoured the sewers fruitlessly for years for any sign of the vault, they eventually returned to this site and, bringing heavy equipment scavenged from the surface into the subway, broke through the walls here.

Finding the vault door the Serpent Gods tried to open it, but ultimately their efforts proved futile. But, in a testament to their genius, they were eventually able to figure out how the lock mechanism operated, and what means were needed to bypass it. Unfortunately, they do not currently meet the strict prerequisites the lock requires, and have since given up trying to open it. They still guard the vault door, however, knowing that its contents will someday prove invaluable.

**GM's Note:** The locks on the vault will only open with a harmonic synchronization of the biorhythms of a living sample from each of Zoogenic's proto-progeny; in other words, a living member of each race of the Broken Ones, Serpent Gods, Skaels, and Hive must be present - and work in unison - for the doors to open. The Serpent Gods figured this fact out long ago, and as a result are keeping the vault's existence entirely quiet. Seeing the other factions of the city as far too barbaric, the Serpent Gods patiently await the day that they and their "cousins" can come together and open this lost treasure.

A group of **3 Serpent God ophidi** guard the exterior of the portal at all times. They are charged with defending it against all intruders. Unlike some other Serpent Gods, they take their duties seriously.

**Serpent God Ophidi (3):** HP 195.



## SEWERS

The sewers of the Necropolis comprise virtually their own “city”, its streets - sewer passages and flooded tunnels - winding chaotically just beneath the surface of the city above.

In the years since the Fall these sewers have become home to a number of creatures, not to mention the vast packs of ghouls who have had a presence in the Necropolis since the first decade or so after the nuclear war. Other monsters have also come to make the sewers their home, however, including beasts who shun the sun, or find the hunting much less dangerous here than on the surface (after all, above ground predators must contend with the likes of mutagons and heap turtles).

The sewers presented here and depicted on the sewer map only represent a small portion of the actual complex of tunnels and passages beneath the city. Since virtually every street in the city has a tunnel, not all can be detailed due to space limitations. But they certainly do exist. Some may have collapsed due to cave-ins and tectonic activity, while others are simply forgotten. Feel free to expand the encounter locations described here with others of your own design.

*In addition to actual sewers, the old Los Angeles subways are integrated here as well. Together they make a maze of passages and tunnels beneath the city surface.*

## GENERAL DESCRIPTION

In general the locations beneath the Necropolis consist of *sewer tunnels*, *sewer chambers*, *subway tunnels*, and *exits*. Most of these are made from concrete; some date to when the city was first founded, and others represent newer additions over the generations leading up to the Fall.

### SEWER TUNNELS

The typical *sewer tunnel* is 30 feet in diameter. A ledge, anywhere from 2 to 5 feet wide, runs at the halfway mark of the tunnel, intended to allow maintenance workers to move along a given channel (these also provide a convenient place for rats to live and breed). A “channel” describes the sewer water flowing through a given tunnel. The water level of a given sewer channel will be anywhere from 10 to 20 feet deep, though on average it will be only 13-15 feet deep (as such, the water level below the ledge will be anywhere from a foot down to obscuring the ledge itself).

Characters moving or fighting on a sewer tunnel ledge may be called on to make Reflex saves or Balance checks at the GM’s discretion to avoid falling in (the DC should be relatively low, such as 10-12). This should only occur to heighten tension or provide excitement during an encounter, not to bog down mundane movement or travel over great distances. Falling into sewers may have other effects as well; see the *Sewer Hazards*.

### SEWER CHAMBERS

*Sewer chambers* mark points where sewage is intended to gather (to be treated, filtered, or distilled), or to be channeled to a deeper level of the system. Chambers can range in size, shape, and dimensions; square rooms, spherical rooms, columnar rooms,

hexagons, and octagonal sewer chambers are not unknown. Most are fed by numerous sewer tunnels entering either at the same level, or at varying heights (i.e. one spills sewage like a waterfall, another provide entrance near the surface of the sewer waters, and another feeds sewage underwater completely).

Chambers make an ideal home for sewer-dwelling creatures, since they provide space to rest, nest, and eat.

### SUBWAY TUNNELS

In addition to sewer tunnels the old underground is riddled with *subway tunnels*, part of the ancient mass-transit system that once served the greater Los Angeles area. These tunnels often connect directly to the sewers themselves (via a confusing network of maintenance ducts).

Subway tunnels can be assumed to be identical to sewer tunnels with a few exceptions. First, subway tunnels are all dry, so there is no danger of falling in, or having to swim through a flooded area. Second, they have flat floors instead of being cylindrical in shape, and train tracks run in both directions along the floor of every subway tunnel. These old tracks are rusted, but lack any power, so there is no danger to PCs walking along them.

### EXITS

Considering this region represents the old city sewers and subways, exits are never far away. In game terms, at least one exit from the underground should be available in every hex. Manholes on city streets, maintenance hatches inside old buildings and basements, and old subway stations provide ready access to the surface, and unless you have reason to keep them underground, PCs needing a quick escape are generally in luck.



# SEWER MAP



## THE RUIN AT THE END OF THE WORLD



If you want to prevent the PCs from jumping in and out of the underground, however (for example to evade trouble), you can always arbitrarily limit access to the surface by requiring Search checks to find an exit, Climb checks to reach a manhole at the top of a shaft, and even a Strength check to unjam the manhole/hatch once they've gotten to it. You can go further as well. Perhaps a car was parked over the manhole, preventing it from being opened at all. Or a subway station was sealed closed by a past cave-in...

## SEWER HAZARDS

In addition to encounters with sewer-dwelling creatures, the sewers themselves can provide hazards to PCs moving underground. Judge each case on an individual basis, but by and large the biggest hazard (besides monsters) will be the sewer water itself.

A character falling into a sewer tunnel may make a Reflex save at DC 12 to avoid ingesting any sewer water (alternatively you can resort to using the normal rules for drowning). On a failed check the PCs swallows some water, and runs the risk of contamination. Roll below to determine the nature of the contamination:

| D20   | Contamination                 |
|-------|-------------------------------|
| 1-8   | None                          |
| 9-12  | Parasitic infestation (DC 16) |
| 13-14 | Cholera (DC 13)               |
| 15-16 | Low-grade pollutants (DC 13)  |
| 17-18 | Industrial waste (DC 17)      |
| 19-20 | Deadly chemicals (DC 20)      |

## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Random encounters in the Sewers are relatively infrequent, due to the sheer fact that the tunnel systems are quite vast and complex. However, living

creatures do dwell in the darkness here, and PCs navigating these dank and wretched warrens run the risk of encounters with the dangerous inhabitants of the sewers.

Each time the PCs pass through a map hex that isn't detailed in the text, there is a chance of a random encounter. In the sewers the chance is 1 in 12. Roll on the table below to determine the nature of a random encounter. Individual encounters are detailed in a separate chapter, *Random Encounters*.

| D20   | Random Encounter      |
|-------|-----------------------|
| 1-2   | Sewer Infernum        |
| 3-4   | Rat Dog Scouts        |
| 5-7   | Sewer Scribblings     |
| 8-10  | Strange Spoor (Sewer) |
| 11-13 | Random Noises (Sewer) |
| 14-16 | Sewer Ghouls          |
| 17-18 | Sewer Pursuit         |
| 19-20 | Glowing Tunnels       |

## 161. OILY AREA (EL 1)

*The water level has gradually increased, and now the ledge you were walking on seems to give way. You'll have to swim from here on, but the smell of oil is suffocating - this water doesn't look safe to navigate...*

The PCs will have to swim through these tunnels if they plan on continuing. However, the water is thick with oil from industrial waste. Though it's not acidic, it will hamper movement (all Swim checks are made at a -4 penalty). In addition, any character ingesting the water (or drowning) will have to make a Fortitude save at DC 13 as if exposed to *low-grade pollutants* (see *Darwin's World 2nd Edition: Campaign Guide*). Finally, items immersed underwater may be ruined, at the GM's discretion.

## 162. SLIME (EL 0)

*A terrible stench arises from the waters here, which appear to have congealed into a greenish jelly near the surface. The current of the sewer can be seen moving swiftly along underneath this pliant, mucus-like surface.*

The strange mucus here is a product of lingering pollution and rotting organic matter. But while it is moist, sticky, and slimy, it poses no threat to living creatures.

The mucus is remarkable, however, for it can be used by Skaels (and other aquatic races) to coat their entire bodies, preventing them from suffering damage from exposure to air. The Skaels are unaware that this substance exists, but would be quite happy if a party were to tell them about it (and perhaps show them where they can harvest it). If the slime were to fall in the hands of the Skaels, it might provide them with the impetus to begin exploring the shores of the Necropolis, and perhaps even further inland...

There is enough slime here to coat 2d20 Medium-sized humanoid creatures. The slime build-up here will replenish itself (up to the same random amount) one month after being exhausted.

## 163. SEWER EXIT (EL 0)

*Light filters in from small holes in the manhole above.*

This site is rather unexceptional, looking like any other exit to the surface. It is in fact remarkable, however, because this manhole emerges inside the android-controlled *Impound Yard* (Area #063). The manhole will open inside the actual yard, between two stockpiled vehicles, so that if the PCs emerge they will actually be unseen.



## 164. RAIDERS UNDERGROUND (EL 10)

*Up ahead you see the dim light of a torch.*

The light the PCs spot comes from the torch carried by the **ghost raider elite** leading a small group of his fellows through the sewers in this area. Though not normally considered a sane thing to do - due to ghouls - the ghost raiders fled to the sewers after a swarm of bug flyers found their camp in the ruins and attacked from the sky. Forced to abandon their vehicles, the ghost raiders escaped underground and have been traveling in the sewers to avoid further Hive attacks.

When the ghost raiders spot the PCs they will immediately open fire, as they are on edge and frightened. If the party takes cover and tries to communicate, the panicked men will retreat in the opposite direction - they will not try to deal with the party at all.

**Ghost Raider Elite (1):** HP 36 (down to 24).

**Ghost Raiders (3):** HP 22.

**Treasure:** In addition to their normal gear these ghost raiders also carry a crowbar and shovel with them, while their leader carries a slightly bent golf club (used as a melee weapon).

## 165. GARBAGE CHAMBER (EL 0)

*Your lights illuminate a flooded chamber here, where the waters of the harbor lap against the bare stone walls. All sorts of debris appear to have washed in from the ocean, collecting against the far wall in a tangle of seaweed. Two tunnels lead out; one towards the ocean, and one into the sewers.*

Over the years this sewer chamber (flooded to about eight feet) has become clogged with debris coming in from the sea, largely due to the fact that the grate at Area #055 is not always securely closed. This debris makes swimming difficult in the chamber (-2 penalty to all Swim checks).

**Treasure:** The debris clogging the chamber consists of seaweed and old fishing nets washed in from the harbor. Searching through this mess will uncover 1d3 old tires, 1d2 empty jerry cans, 2d10 dead and rotting fish, and a small intact rowboat with 1d2 oars inside.

This latter item could be freed from the sludge and used to navigate the flooded tunnels of the sewers, and if the PCs stick to navigating the channels, could even use the boat to reach virtually any part of the sewers.

## 166. EXPLORERS (EL 5)

*Your beam of light catches sight of movement up ahead. In your light a trio of hideous scaly creatures is brightly illuminated, creeping slowly and quietly up the passage towards you. The large fish eyes of these creatures narrow from the light, and they hiss hatefully with a malevolent, whispered voice.*

A small group of Skael scouts recently discovered the Harbor Sewer at Area #055, and decided to explore within. Like pioneers in a strange new world, the Skaels are on edge, unsure of their new surroundings, and frightened from the strange sounds they've heard echoing through the vast complex of tunnels.

When the PCs appear the Skaels have a 50% chance of fleeing in the opposite direction. If they don't, they will instead attack as an instinctive reaction. They will not surrender.

**Skael Scouts (3):** HP 22.

**Treasure:** The scouts carry with them an assortment of "fascinating" objects they have found in the sewers, which they hope to take back to their prince. These items include a skull, a sewer worker's safety helmet, a large halogen light bulb, several bent automobile license plates, and 1 roll on the "Magic" Items table.

## 167. CAROUSEL (EL 9)

*The silence of the tunnels - broken only by the sound of running water and the distant squeak of rats - is suddenly disrupted by a strange, haunting music. Some kind of pipe organ breaks the quiet, its eerie sound echoing weirdly off the tunnel walls, distorting its carnival tune as it finds its way to where you stand...*

A chamber in the sewers has been turned into a clever trap by a resident gang of ghouls. The music luring the party here comes from a full-sized circus carousel (i.e. "merry-go-round"), taken piece by piece from the surface and re-assembled here painstakingly by the ghouls.

When and if the PCs take the bait, they enter this chamber to find the carousel moving, its horses rearing, its lights pulsing and flashing, and its distorted mirrors reflecting their images in wild and fantastic ways. Organ music, created by the antiquated circus machine, emanates from the contraption itself, and is almost deafening here.

The ghouls use the carousel to draw fools to their deaths. Drawn by the eerie music, and awed by the sight of so large (and unfitting) a contraption here in the sewers, their victims usually let down their guard long enough for the ghouls to move in and trap them in the cavern, before moving to attack.

The ghouls will spring their trap 1d2 rounds after the PCs enter the cavern. They will pour in from hidden niches, side tunnels, and from the main tunnel itself (moving in from behind the party to prevent escape). The massed pack will attack in two waves; each consisting of half the total ghouls. The first wave will retreat if one-third their number is killed, only to join the second wave. The second wave will muster forth two rounds later, and will fight until all of their number is killed.

**Necropolis Ghouls (18):** HP 12.

**Treasure:** The ghouls have stashed the loot from past victims in a nearby tunnel (Search check DC 27 to locate). This loot consists of a blood-stained tactical vest, night vision goggles, a power cell, 1d6 rolls of toilet paper, an iron strongbox (open and empty, no key), and 1d2 rolls on *Table 9: "Magic" Items*.

## 168. LOST WASTE DUMP (EL 7)

*Up ahead you see something unusual. A metal door stands here, blocking the passage. The sewer water runs underneath this sealed doorway, channeled through a tight grating just below the surface of the water.*

These doorways (one on each side of the chamber), despite their age, are sealed tight so the PCs will have to crack one of them open to go beyond.

Inside the PCs find a large cavernous chamber (almost 60 ft wide on all sides), which has been sealed since the time of the Ancients. An "island", created by the sewer waters running around it, sits in the middle of the chamber, stacked high with row upon row of corroding black metal barrels. The waters here have turned a sulfurous yellow,

apparently from toxic fluids leaking from these barrels.

The water here is contaminated, and anyone ingesting or coming contact with the water will be subject to the effects of *industrial waste* (see *Darwin's World 2nd Edition: Campaign Guide*).

Living in the waters, however, is a large animate byproduct of this secret illegal waste dump, a creature spawned when a unique combination of chemicals in the sewer waters and waste tanks came together. The creature - a **blob** - has lived here for over one hundred years, feeding off of the rare rat finding its way into the chamber.

Once the PCs open one of the doors to this chamber, there is a 50% chance the blob will move (silently and unseen underwater) to attack them and devour them. Otherwise the creature will remain hidden and instead swim out of the chamber, free at last. It won't attack the PCs now, but they very well may encounter it later (perhaps as it attacks another creature in the sewers).

**Blob (1):** HP 96.

**Steel Doors (4):** Hardness 10, HP 90.

## 169. DEEP WATERS (EL 11)

*A huge splash, followed by another, then another, echoes through these tunnels.*

This part of the sewers is home to a giant sewer croc and her two young, which have still to reach maturity. Highly territorial creatures, these creatures have become unusually aggressive since the larger sewer croc at Area #170 chased them out.

Desperate for food, the three crocs hunt together. The larger croc will lead the attack on anyone encountered in the tunnels, while the other two either

provide support, or if conditions are right, come in from the sides or behind to prevent their prey from escaping.

The mother croc is a **giant sewer croc**, while the two young should be treated merely as **2 huge crocodiles**.

**Giant Sewer Croc (1):** HP 102.

**Huge Crocodiles (2):** HP 59 (see *d20 Modern*).

## 170. WATERFALL (EL 14)

*The chamber up ahead thunders with the crash of a subterranean waterfall. Looking in you see a tumultuous pond of rancid sewer water filling half the cylindrical cavern, churned by a swiftly-flowing waterfall from another flooded sewer tunnel emptying in from high up on the opposite wall. Other circular tunnel leads off into darkness. A sickly brown moss covers virtually everything, and where it doesn't, slick and slimy stone peeks through.*

This huge sewer chamber marks a point where the tunnels converge to drain waters deeper into the system. Because of this water volume, and the fact that the sewage comes from all over, the PCs actually see items floating on the surface of the water, as well as being washed ashore to be trapped in the thick moss.

Roll 1d2+1 times on the *Junk* table to determine what the PCs see when they initially enter the room. Note, however, that an **advanced giant sewer croc** makes this large chamber its home, as it has come to use the waterfall's "thunder" to mask the sounds of its movement (when a creature its size dives into the water, it usually makes a splash loud enough to warn anyone within a few hundred yards).



**Advanced Giant Sewer Croc:** CR 14; Gargantuan mutated animal; HD 17d8+68; HP 144; Mas 19; Init +1; Spd 20 ft, swim 40 ft; Defense 13, touch 7, flatfooted 12 (-4 size, +1 Dex, +6 natural); BAB +12; Grap +35; Atk +21 melee (2d10+17, bite), or +21 melee (2d8+17, tail slap); Full Atk +21 melee (2d10+17, bite), or +21 melee (2d8+17, tail slap); FS 20 ft by 20 ft; Reach 15 ft; SQ acid resistance, aquatic, diseased bite, improved grab, low-light vision; AL none; SV Fort +14, Ref +11, Will +6; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 34, Dex 12, Con 19, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 2.

**Skills:** Hide -4 (+0 when submerged), Listen +5, Spot +5.

**Feats:** None.

The enormous scaly creature will watch anyone entering the waterfall chamber from its hiding place (just beneath the water) for 1d2 rounds, before eventually deciding to attack.

**Advanced Sewer Croc (1):** HP 144.

**Treasure:** At the bottom of the flooded chamber, 30 ft underwater, is the body of an adventurer killed by the giant sewer croc as he tried to navigate the sewers in an attempt to go under the ghoul-infested parts of the city. The croc has the adventurer's corpse pinned under some heavy debris (a tree trunk), but if the PCs dive they will discover it, and be able to dislodge it - and loot it.

The adventurer's corpse is clad in lazab armor (currently crusted in goop, but can be cleaned), and has a rotting leather holster with a slightly-damaged weapon in it (roll on *Table 15: Rare Military Weapons* to determine what the weapon is; it will require a Repair check, DC 25, to fix). Unfortunately the weapon's power source was lost and washed downstream. The corpse also has a small medicine

pouch that still contains three doses of stimshot B, a dose of filter dose, and a single ready syringe.

## 171. UNDERDOGS (EL 7)

*Dim light filters in through a sewer grating far overhead, perhaps an exit onto the surface of the city. But here, in the sewers, the manhole cover seems distant, out of reach.*

*As you enter this large chamber to the sound of lapping water, you are startled as two, then four, then six intensely glowing eyes light up the darkness. Apparently something lives here, and it has noticed your transgression...*

This sewer chamber is home to a small group of **3 seers**. These awful canines, having been driven away from the lair of the pit creature (at Area #117), have made a new home here, dragging kills from other parts of the sewers here to feast on. Territorial, they leap at the chance to kill the intruding PCs - and add to the carcasses already rotting amid the heaps of garbage.

**Seers (3):** HP 27.

**Treasure:** Refuse from the street outside collects in this sewer chamber, drawn through the sewer grate by rare rains. Collecting in huge heaps of rotting vegetable matter, newspaper, and other garbage, this junk may have a few articles worth scavenging. Roll 1d3 times on *Table 1: Junk* to determine what trash has accumulated here.

In addition to these, the seers have killed three ghouls, whose corpses lie here half-eaten. Among these bodies can be found a bone great club, a necklace made from intricately-carved human fingerbones (worth 25 cp as a trade item), and a single juju potion (heals 1d4+2).

## 172. THE THING (EL 8)

*A terrible smell wafts down the dark sewer tunnels.*

When the PCs come here they are 75% likely to bump into a small hive of **1d2+2 Medium-size monstrous cockroaches**. Though normally aggressive, the creatures live on the outskirts of a sewer system that is now home to a far more dangerous creature, an *advanced slime mole*.

The slime mole evolved from some poor creature that fled to the sewers after the Fall, dying of radiation. Giving birth before passing away from terrible burns, its progeny (and their progeny) have been born progressively more and more deformed and mutated over the years.

The slime mole is a simple carnivore that will attack anything and everything it senses in its domain. It normally feeds on giant cockroaches, but it will move to devour other prey as well.

**GM's Note:** The creature lives partly-submerged in the highly-toxic waters of these sewer tunnels, and as such has developed an ability similar to *tremorsense* (allowing it to sense vibrations in the water out to 1,000 feet). This highly specialized sense allows it to detect approaching prey long before they perceive it.

If it detects intruders the slime mole will swim to its prey's location, and use its reach to grapple an opponent on the overhead ledges, drawing her into the water so that she takes damage from the mildly corrosive waters (inflicting 1d4 points of acid damage per round from immersion; splash damage is 1d2) while they fight. It will not pursue prey further than 1,000 feet from its original starting position, however, so it is possible to get away from this monstrous beast.

**Medium-Size Monstrous Cockroaches (3-4):** HP 13.

**Advanced Slime Mole (1):** HP 126.

**Treasure:** The slime mole doesn't appear to have any treasure, but if the PCs cut its belly open they will find a strange item inside - a myoelectric arm [F/MG], which it acquired after biting off some poor adventurer's exposed limb. The cybernetic arm is still in good condition, and even still grips a flashlight (standard model, though the power cell is dead).

## 173. ACID WASTE (EL 1)

*The waters here churn with an unnatural yellow color, and biting vapors rise from the calm surface of the sewage channel.*

These tunnels have collected an inordinate amount of acid waste dumped illegally underground during the time of the Ancients. The waters are now highly acidic, and any creature being splashed or falling in risks being horribly burned.

**GM's Note:** The acid here is considered Potent, and thus a splash will inflict 2d6 points of damage, while total immersion (i.e. falling in) will inflict 2d10 points of damage per round.

In addition, the fumes here are toxic as well. Characters moving through the area must make a Fortitude save at DC 15 or take 1 point of temporary Constitution damage. A second save 1 minute later must be passed to avoid taking another 1d4 points of Constitution damage.

## 174. POISONED WATERS (EL 8)

*A heavy chemical stench rises from the sewer waters here.*

These tunnels are generally uninhabited, even by rats - though the PCs may be chased/followed here by other creatures living in the sewers. The reason so little life thrives here stems from the ruins *above* (an old industrial sector of the city), from which *cyanide* - once used in industrial manufacturing - has filtered through the ground to contaminate the waters here.

**GM's Note:** A pair of mirror oozes live in this area, and will be attracted by the sound of intruders. They will move to attack as soon as they detect the party.

**Mirror Oozes (2):** HP 60.

**Development:** Assuming they can avoid the mirror oozes the PCs will be alright, at least as long as they don't fall into the water. If a character tries to swim (or falls in the water during the combat), however, she must make a Reflex save at DC 12 or ingest some of this deadly poison. The DC for cyanide is 16 (initial damage 1d6 Con, secondary damage 2d6 Con).

## 175. BLACK RIVER (EL VARIES)

*The tunnels ahead seem to whisper with a chilling susurrus of quiet sounds. The stone of the sewers turns black, and seems to move with a life all its own. Floor, walls, and ceiling resemble a blackish river, shifting constantly...*

These tunnels have become home to an enormous mass of monstrous cockroaches, who find the conditions here favorable for laying eggs. The 'roaches thrive here, clinging to floor, walls, and ceiling alike, covering almost every bare inch of stone in a sea of shiny black carapaces and a forest of long, hairy legs.

If the cockroach colony detects the party some 3d6 will scuttle forth to attack the party (they will also

pursue the PCs if they flee); the remainder - some 50 total - will remain where they are, too busy with other things to give the party's transgression much notice.

**Medium-Size Monstrous Cockroaches (3-18):** HP 13.

**Treasure:** Once the cockroaches are dealt with the PCs will find an old crate, marked "Sewer Maintenance", in a niche along the tunnel. The crate contains 10 unused light rods.

## 176. OOZE CAVERNS (EL 15)

*An awful chemical smell fills these tunnels, the air in which seems dead and stale. It is unnaturally quiet here; the chittering sound of rats, which is constant elsewhere underground, is strangely absent.*

The sewer tunnels and chambers in this area are filled with the abnormally-large mass of a **terrestrial effluvium** (see *The Vast Ooze*, Area #089). Entire tunnels are taken up by the bizarre entity, whose presence covers this hex and those hexes bordering it.

The terrestrial effluvium encountered here is detailed under Area #089. If the PCs are traveling underground they will encounter it here, in these tunnels, in all its terrible might. Of course, unlike encounters with the terrestrial effluvium on the surface, the PCs will be able to kill the creature if they attack it here, in its lair.

## 177. HAUNTER IN THE DEPTHS (EL 5)

*Eerie noises echo through these wet, dripping sewer tunnels - it sounds like the slow methodic gasp of a bellows...or perhaps the labored breathing of some unseen beast.*



This hex is “haunted” by a horribly mutated monster known as a “Pit Creature”. Irradiated during the Fall and given bizarre gigantism and an unnatural streak of longevity, the *pit creature* was at one time merely a stray animal living on the streets of the city. During the nuclear attacks on the city the creature was forced underground by the citywide fires, where it slowly mutated among dark sewer tunnels into something awful.

The pit creature continues to thrive in the sewers where it has lived ever since, feeding off of rats and the rare humanoid intruder. Utterly mad, the pit creature lurches around with its heightened senses always drawing it to its next prey.

The pit creature is rarely seen by its victims until it’s too late (check its Hide versus the party’s Spot checks). Wild men and ghouls wandering into this area have, on occasion, seen the thing’s deformed shadow cast against sewer walls as it slithers after some poor victim, and thus have come to believe the sewers here are “haunted” by some terrible monster. And of course, they’re right.

**Pit Creature (1):** HP 73.

**Treasure:** The pit creature has amassed some junk from the sewers, which it keeps in its lair, hidden off the main sewer tunnel (Search check DC 21 to find it). Its “treasure” consists of a mousetrap, 1d2 hubcaps, an entire car bumper (with license plate attached), 2d10 soda cans, 1 roll on *Table 5: Lost Knowledge*, and 1d2 rolls on *Table 9: “Magic” Items*.

## 178. TRAPPED SCREAMER (EL 4)

*Light from the surface shines dimly down an irregular hole in the ceiling here, apparently where the roof of the sewer tunnel collapsed,*

*causing a small sinkhole. Rubble from the collapse covers the entire floor of the sewer tunnel, amidst which can be seen old possible mannequins, torn and shredded articles of high-fashion clothing, and other goods. Looking up through the hole you see the interior of an old department store, its roof fallen away in places, providing a modicum of light to see by.*

This site marks a ready exit from the sewers and to the surface. However, since the opening is 30 feet overhead, the PCs will have to find some means of getting to it if they want to escape.

When the tunnel collapsed years ago in an earthquake, a *screamer* wandering inside the old department store fell in. It has been trapped here ever since. The creature wanders the nearby sewer tunnels, so there is only a 1 in 6 chance that it will be nearby (if it is, alter the description above to note the shrill shrieking screamers always emit). If the creature is near it will sense the party’s presence, and come here to try and trap them. It will fight until destroyed.

**Screamer (1):** HP 26.

**Treasure:** The formation of the sinkhole drew down with it much of the department store’s interior. Mannequins, clothes, and old sporting goods litter the rocky floor of the cavern. PCs searching (requiring 30 minutes - time enough for the screamer to return from the nearby tunnels) will uncover 1d2 dart pistols, 2d4 darts (no poison), a broken auto-grapnel (which can be repaired with a Repair check at DC 15, plus the expenditure of 55 cp in spare parts), a pair of gravity boots (no power source), 1d4 instant pillows, and 1d4 articles of *Clothing*.

## 179. RAVENING HOUND DEN (EL 7)

*The usual current of the sewer channel slows here, where large clumps of rotting matter (some large and buoyant enough to walk on) seem to clog the sewer arteries in all directions. The squeak of rats echoes throughout this local complex, and the smell of wet fur is almost as overpowering as the odor of feces.*

A den of ravening hounds exists in this area, in an old sewer chamber that has almost completely clogged with moss and solid debris swept downriver by the current. This enormous “cork” has created a small island of rotting vegetable matter and other refuse, which the ravening hounds can rest on during the day.

The ravening hounds originally came to the sewers from the surface, but they’ve found the darkness of the old tunnels much more to their liking than the hot streets overhead. Furthermore, the abundance of rats, ratbites, and rat dogs means they’re never far from a reliable food source. Because they’ve been here so long the ravening hounds have adapted somewhat to the darkness, and can use their scent to detect foes without penalties due to the overall stench of the sewers.

**Ravening Hounds (7):** HP 13.

**Treasure:** Though the ravening hounds do not collect treasure *per se*, the sewer tunnel blockage here has caused all sorts of stuff to become stuck as it floats downriver. As such, a search of the rotting vegetable matter and waste (while not a desirable task) will uncover a tire iron, a spray paint can, and 1d2 *Junk*, 1 *Useful Item*, 1 *Clothing* (soiled and rotten), and 1d2 *Consumables*.

## 180. LARVA CAVERN (EL VARIES)

*A terrible and unnatural smells assaults your nostrils as you enter this dark cavern. Your weak lights illuminate a sight that is beyond terrifying: over one hundred humanoid creatures, men, women, and even children, lying pale and unmoving like flies trapped in a web of hardened mucus strands, some partially encased, others completely covered in a thick shell of translucent slime...*

In this hex is a large cavern hollowed out by the activities of the Hive over the past few years. This abscess has been transformed by the industrious burrowers of the Hive into their own twisted version of a “hatchery”, bringing surplus captives from the surface bughills to remain until they’re ready to hatch.

The cavern is filled with 114 separate paralyzed and insensible creatures, in the form of humanoids (ghouls captured by Hive parties, ruin pickers and scavs lost while wandering through the city, wild men snatched up by bug flyers, etc.) and other mammals brought here by Hive bugs. A virtual “warehouse” of still-living hosts, these creatures lie bloated, pale, and seemingly dead, but slight movement in their extended bellies suggest something lives within each of them.

**GM’s Note:** When the party comes here there is a 20% chance that **1d3 Hive larvae** will have already hatched. These will move to attack the PCs for their next meal.

There is also a 75% chance that they stumble on a party of Hive bugs, waiting for larvae to hatch and take to any of the surface bughills via their underground warrens. This party will consist of **3d4 mutant bugs**, which will attack the party immediately to defend the hatching larvae and the

remaining hosts.

**Hive Larva (1-3):** HP 13.

**Mutant Bugs (3-12):** HP 17.

**Treasure:** Though most of the hosts here are recent captives, there are corpses and skeletons here from past victims as well. One of these was a Foundation soldier was captured during the Foundation’s war against the Hive. The soldier died long ago, but the biomechanical *targeter* in his skull could still be salvaged. A search of the rotting corpses and the heaps of bones (requiring a Search check at DC 33) will uncover it.

## 181. FUNGUS CAVERN (EL VARIES)

*A strangely fragrant odor emanates from this cavern, which proves to have some modest light of its own. Weak colors seem to glow from enormous patches of furry fungus growing on the walls, from overhead stone stalactites, and in countless niches. Even the floor is covered in a vast “carpet” of the shaggy stuff, which almost seems to shiver as you come near.*

This site is a large natural cavern, created by aberrant tectonic strain during the Fall. This cavern is lit by a strange form of phosphorescent fungus, which grows in abundance all over the moist wet rock. The fungus is harmless, but does provide a prolonged light source if harvested (it glows a different color depending on what time of year it is collected; icy blue, sickly green, nauseating yellow, or fluorescent pink). Such fungus will continue to provide weak illumination (as a torch) for 1d3 months.

Large tunnels lead into the cavern, from which an awful stench - the smell of *insects* - continually pours in. The cavern was discovered by the Hive years ago and continues to serve their purposes, providing light

sources for their bug hill communities. The fungus grows naturally here, and as a result the insects find it expedient to return here and harvest the stuff at regular times. The tunnels leading out of this cavern lead to the Hive’s “underground highways” beneath the city (see Area #025 for details).

**GM’s Note:** There is a 1 in 10 chance that the PCs will stumble on a small party of foraging Hive bugs while they are here. This foraging party will consist of **2d4 mutant bugs**, which will attack the party immediately to defend “their” cavern.

**Mutant Bugs (2-8):** HP 17.

## 182. TRAPPED TRAIN (EL 0)

*Your lights illuminate an old subway car sitting idly in this tunnel, rusted firmly to the tracks. Gang symbols cover the car’s exterior in a patina of wild and psychedelic colors. You see that the rest of the train extends out of sight.*

The subways all around the city were frozen when power was severed by the initial bombardment of the city during the invasion of Los Angeles. This subway train came to a stop here, deep underground. Though panicked, the occupants managed to form a party and struck out into the tunnels in an attempt to find a way to the surface. Their fate is unknown.

**Treasure:** The PCs can search the train, since the rear emergency exit hangs open. Inside they find a tight and confining corridor and numerous seats; a total of three cars comprise the entire train.

The PCs will find a single corpse on the train, propped up on a seat. A bundle of wires can be seen through the skeletal ribcage (a pacemaker), and a gold wristwatch on its wrist (though the power cell is dead, the watch is in perfect condition). Nearby is a first aid kit, its contents emptied onto a nearby seat



but otherwise intact.

A Search check at DC 16 will find another first aid kit in the front of the train, and three fire extinguishers (one in each car). There is also a 20% chance of finding 1d2 finds from *Table 17: Dead Bodies* as well.

## 183. SECOND TRAPPED TRAIN (EL 4)

An abandoned subway train exists in this area, but it has become home to a large colony of ratbites over the years. Though the pack nests in the train, individual ratbites are likely to be encountered well before wandering PCs stumble upon their lair.

The ratbites scurry about through the old subway tunnels, often great distances from their lair on the old train. A typical encounter will involve a single ratbite scampering out of the darkness, drawn by flashlights/torches/lanterns. The creature, chirping excitedly, hops from one foot to the other, getting the party's attention before scampering off again. As the party proceeds this encounter will repeat one or two times, with one or two additional ratbites each time, until at last a large gathering (perhaps half the entire pack) will emerge to stampede the intruders and tear them limb from limb!

**Ratbites (20):** HP 4.

**Treasure:** The ratbite lair is teeming with the vicious little critters, but unable to appreciate "treasure", they've left the contents of the train relatively intact. A Search check (DC 16) of the train will uncover two first aid kits and three fire extinguishers (one in each car). There is also a 20% chance of finding 1d6+3 finds from *Table 17: Dead Bodies* scattered throughout all three train cars.

## 184. HOMELESS REFUGE (EL VARIES)

*Your lights illuminate the old subway tunnel ahead, but right off it sits an old construction site, just off the tracks. The rotting remains of a few old tents, a scattering of cardboard boxes, and even one or two small shacks made from scrap sheet metal, sit in this miserable niche. It looks like a small "village" of some sort, long forgotten since the time of the Ancients.*

This place served as a refuge for the most desperate homeless during the time of the Ancients, particularly those suffering from incapacitating illnesses (such as AIDS), severe drug addiction, or being hunted by the law for one crime or another. Built by the homeless in the old subway tunnels, the refuge was something of a tiny village, with tents and shacks where the homeless could sleep safely at night, or visit by day to purchase drugs from the terminal junkies living here full-time.

**GM's Note:** The old refuge is abandoned now, though there is a 50% chance that when the PCs visit here, **1d4 Necropolis ghouls** will be present, sifting through the wreckage in a futile effort to find something to gnaw on. If they detect the party (without themselves being noticed) they will try to set an ambush; otherwise they will merely fight until half their number is killed before fleeing down the opposite subway tunnel.

Necropolis Ghouls (1-4): HP 12.

**Treasure:** The ground here is still littered with broken glass from smashed beer bottles (and syringes), chicken bones, empty tin cans, and yards and yards of crumpled, rotting newspaper (often used by the homeless as extra insulation for their coats and pants). A search will turn up 1d4+1 *Junk*, 1d2 *Consumables*, 2d3 ready syringes (50% chance that

a given needle is used, and thus anyone using it has a chance of contracting a *lethal STD* by using it; see *Darwin's World 2nd Edition: Campaign Guide*), 1d4 hits of heroine, 2d4 hits of crack, and a cache of 2d10 hits of tailored narcotics and 3d4 bottles full of beer and cheap whiskey.

In addition, one of the small shacks contains an old bum's journal, which can be found with a Search check at DC 16. This journal's contents, written in a variant of Gutter Talk (its author didn't know how to read and write very well), tell a strange story of life in the sewers, and offer an abundance of information. For most of the book the author merely writes about finding his next meal, pines about not having enough money to get a "fix", and even describes crimes he's witnessed - burglaries, murders, and rapes. He includes descriptions and directions to sites he's seen, including the *Lost Waste Dump* (Area #168), and the *Lost Arena* (Area #190).

He goes on to speak about his nightmares, and the fears among the homeless population about the increase in violence among the city gangs, which have driven many of them to underground camps like this for safety from the streets above. He speaks of a man named "Cyrus" being behind the rise of violence in the criminal underworld, but beyond that gives no details.

After the writer reveals he has contracted AIDS, the journal's contents become more sentimental - and paranoid. The writer fills up several pages sketching friends among the homeless community; here the PCs see crude but loving sketches of old men, diseased youths, and women of various ages, and even the young son of one of the camp's transient, teenage mothers.

After these sketches, the man's entries become fragmentary and seemingly nonsensical. He speaks about other homeless people "vanishing", including

one or two of his closest compatriots. All of them were seen in the company of a well-dressed man, who contacted them and apparently offered them a great deal of money to go with him. None returned. On the last page he sketches out a strange symbol, but gives no explanation why (the symbol is the corporate logo of Zoogenic Corporation, which he observed on the mysterious man's jacket; in fact this man was "recruiting" homeless people with monetary incentives to secretly become test subjects for the corporation's genetic splicing experiments; all of these men and women were to become the progenitors of the race now known as the "Serpent Gods", and as a result were never seen again).

## 185. GANG CACHE (EL 0)

*A small maintenance shaft leads off of the subway tunnel here. Wooden planks and trash block part of the passage, but there appears to be a small "room" beyond. But first you'll have to clear the blockage.*

Beyond the blockage (which can be cleared simply by dismantling the wooden planks) is a small room, once used to store emergency lighting (wire-fed, hand-carried sewer lights still sit on racks). However, during the time of the Ancients a local street gang also used the chamber to store illegal drugs and weapons, shoring up the passage to keep their "stash" safe. It was never discovered.

**Treasure:** The former owners of this stash kept a cardboard T.V. box here, which is still filled with 2d20 bags of cocaine (each bag's contents might be worth 500 cp). In a few other boxes are to be found 1d3+1 light rods, 3d4 ready syringes, a 2d3 cigarette lighters (random fuel remaining), 1d2 TEC-9s (each with two full boxes of 9mm ammunition). There is

also a spare roll of duct tape, and a box of regular cigarettes (2d4 smokes left inside).

## 186. MISCHIEVOUS RUNTS (EL VARIES)

A group of **1d2+1 wild men** innocently plays at this location in the sewers, naive to the potential threats of this "new and exciting" world they've discovered underground (namely ghouls and giant sewer crocs). Having recently come down via an open manhole they discovered, they're making a ruckus and exploring without any knowledge of the danger they're in.

The wild men are as curious as they are alert, however, and they will likely sense the party well before the party senses them. If this is the case the wild men will use stealth to remain hidden, shadowing the PC for several hours, observing them from a distance. Every now and again it is possible the PCs catch a glimpse of their pursuers (though the wild men carry no light, the shadows cast by fungus-filled caves might allow the party to spot them - and perhaps even mistake them for ghouls!) as they travel.

The wild men are only curious, and won't attack the PCs, though they may slip into the party's camp at night and play with any shiny objects left out in the open (or that they may have observed during the day; they're not above going through the party's backpacks to find interesting stuff to play with). Bold enough to enter the camp and sit among the sleeping PCs, the wild men will scream and run if any of the party members wakes up, dropping anything they took as they scamper off into the darkness.

Eventually the wild men grow bored. Once the party passes more than six hexes from this location the wild men will turn back and return to this spot.

**Wild Men (2-3):** HP 18.

## 187. INJURED WILD MAN (EL 1)

*The sound of an injured creature echoes weakly through the tunnels here.*

The sounds drawing the PCs to this area come from an injured **wild man**, who fell into the sewers through an old, open manhole, and became lost. Eventually the poor creature came here and stumbled onto a trap set up by the Purists; though intended to ensnare ghouls (who are known to use the sewers as "highways"), the bear trap-like device has snared the wild man and it is slowly dying of blood loss.

If the PCs approach the trapped wild man the injured, insensible creature will panic (thinking they're ghouls or worse), and will begin trying to bite off its own leg to get free. Every round it inflicts damage to itself trying to get free; if reduced to 1 hit point or lower from its own attacks it is considered to have "succeeded", and will limp away at half speed.

If the PCs stop the creature before it succeeds in biting off its own leg, or otherwise soothe it, subdue it, or free it before amputation becomes necessary, the creature will become "attached" to the PCs.

From this point on the wild man will follow the party wherever it goes (even if they try to chase it off), trying to repay the favor in its own primitive way. It will sneak out at night and hunt, coming back into camp to leave food (rats) at the feet of its "saviors". It will stand guard over them from the shadows, alert for any sign of danger. When they travel, it will scout up ahead, taking all the risks for them, and warn them of approaching enemies by screeching and pounding furiously on its own head!

**Wild Man (1):** HP 18 (down to 6 hit points).



## 188. SEWER WORKERS (EL 14)

*The sounds of work echo from up ahead.*

If the PCs investigate the sounds they find a large group of mutant bugs, along with a single giant tank bug, busily at work digging new tunnels to expand their underground network of “highway” passages.

The insectoids are so busy at their work that they take a -4 penalty to their Listen and Spot checks when the PCs appear. However, if they do notice the party they will move to capture them, and take any prisoners to Area #180 to be infested with larva.

**Mutant Bugs (10):** HP 17.

**Giant Tank Bug (1):** HP 168; armed only with improvised melee weapons.

## 189. LIGHTS IN THE DEEP (EL 6)

*Dark, crystal-clear water pools here made stagnant and still by some blockage or cave-in deeper in the sewers. The ledge you walk on is several inches below the surface, and the water is uncomfortably cool.*

The sewer tunnels here are blocked up due to a cave-in resulting from the meltdown at the *Lost Corium Mine* (Area #134) more than 200 years ago. This has caused water to back up, flooding the deeper sewers and even raising water levels as far up as this point.

The waters at this point aren’t radiated, but deeper down radiation from the mine has seeped through the rubble and polluted the waterway. This has given rise to a breed of strange creatures that now live in the flooded tunnels - *life lampreys*.

Sooner or later, as the PCs pass this point, they will wander close to a small school of these insidious monsters. When the lampreys spot the PCs they will dart into cover, so that their glow doesn’t give them

away, hoping the PCs miss them and either go for a swim, or fall in. If the PCs manage to spot them, they see only eerie “glows” darting about under the surface of the dark sewer water, with an erratic pattern not unlike a dancing firefly.

If the PCs enter the water (not unlikely, since the ledge begins to slant downwards and to progress the party will first be ankle-deep, then knee deep, then eventually shoulder-deep in the waters), the lampreys will strike out from the darkness of the deep waters to attack.

**Advanced Life Lampreys (5):** HP 28.

## 190. LOST ARENA (EL VARIES)

*This looks like a huge empty chamber, lit by grates high up on the roof. A “pit” sits in the middle of the chamber, though it is currently empty. It is dry here, unlike elsewhere in the sewers, but the stink is still considerable.*

This sewer chamber was used illegally during the time of the Ancients by Asian gangs for illicit “gladiatorial games” - illegal death matches between two contestants, upon which an entire underground industry of heavy betting thrived. In addition to dog fighting and cock fights, human contestants - drawn from desperate, down-on-their-luck members of the Asian community (and the homeless community in general) - also competed here for sizeable cash prizes, with one fighter living (and getting enough cash to buy the next hit of crack), and the other being dumped unceremoniously into the sewers.

The arena fell into disuse with the Fall, but the ghouls of the Necropolis know of its existence and sometimes come here for bloodthirsty entertainment. On rare occasion a person captured by the ghouls is spared becoming their next dinner, and is instead

taken here to fight another captive (or alternatively thrown into the pit to combat a pack of *rat dogs*) to the death. The ghouls seem to go rabid for this type of entertainment, and as such a ghoul leader (from any of the ghoul communities in the city) may feel pressured to keep a captive alive to be killed here to sate his people’s bloodlust!

**Development:** When a match is being held here a large congregation of **50+ Necropolis ghouls** will be present, even ghouls from rival communities. Like the festivities at *Ghoul Town* (see Area #040), these gatherings are considered “neutral territory”, and infighting is rare.

## 191. MUTAGON EGG (EL 5)

*The sound of running sewer water echoes in this chamber. Light peeking through the tiny holes of a manhole cover overhead provides the only illumination, but in these thin beams of light can be seen a small series of cascades, leading deeper into the sewer system. Clumps of rotting vegetation have clogged near the edge of the cascade, where a large yellowish egg is perched, seemingly forgotten.*

The egg is a mutagon egg, lost when an angry male mutagon rampaged through a female’s domain after being “spurned”. The egg fell down a sewer hole and into the waters of a tunnel, and has washed up here.

The mutagon egg is intact, though large (it’s roughly the size of a Volkswagen beetle) and heavy. The PCs might try dislodging it, but doing so has just as much chance of causing it to get washed downstream as towards the nearby ledge. Even if they do corral it close to shore, the prospect of lifting it would be formidable (it weighs 500 lbs. plus).

The egg is nowhere near hatching, and the **baby**

**mutagon** inside will require 1d4+4 months before it is ready to emerge. If the PCs crack the shell (it has hardness and hit points equivalent to a strong wooden door) the creature will emerge prematurely and attack anyone nearby; use the statistics below.

**Baby Mutagon:** CR 5; Medium-size mutant beast; HD 6d10+30; HP 63; Mas 20; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 22, touch 11, flatfooted 21 (+1 Dex, +11 natural); BAB +4; Grap +9; Atk +9 melee (2d6+8, bite); Full Atk +9 melee (2d6+8, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ breath weapon (as a normal *mutagon*, but with a 15 ft cone and inflicting only 3d8 points of damage), burst of speed, night blindness; AL none; SV Fort +10, Ref +6, Will +4; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 20, Dex 13, Con 20, Int 2, Wis 15, Cha 10.

**Skills:** Listen +7, Spot +7.

**Feats:** Power Attack.

The baby mutagon may be tamed, at your discretion, but keep in mind what a mature mutagon might mean as a mount or pet for a party - it will certainly develop an appetite that demands constant feeding!

**Baby Mutagon (1):** HP 63.

## 192. TUNNEL LEADING TO STATION (EL 15)

*A subway tunnel leads northwest from here. In the distance you can see what appears to be a long-abandoned subway station.*

This hex simply marks the point where the sole underground tunnel leading into the heart of the Serpent Gods' domain connects to the greater labyrinth of sewers and subways (see map).

If the PCs follow this tunnel northwest they will eventually arrive at Area #159 (see Downtown), where a single Serpent God awaits, guarding this tunnel. Area #159 is described as a surface location; hence it is not shown on this map. See Area #159 for details.

## 193. TERMINUS UNDERGROUND (EL VARIES)

This hex simply marks the location of the *Megaplex Terminus*, an underground subway terminal described more fully under Area #160. This location (Area #193) is only included here to give the GM a point of reference underground.

## 194. SEWER EXIT (EL 0)

*The sewer tunnels here rumble with the sounds of the surf. Apparently you are near an exit to the ocean.*

This area marks the location of a sewer exit in the vicinity of Redondo Beach. The sewer exit itself is hidden among boulders that slipped down the ocean cliffs in a landslide several years ago, and is thus almost impossible to see from outside (Search check DC 35). However, someone moving via the sewer tunnels will be drawn here by the sound of the surf, the smell of rotting seaweed, and the eventual sight of light pouring in the algae-choked tunnel grate.

**GM's Note:** Opening this grate requires a Strength check at DC 25.

## 195. HIVE A TUNNELS (EL VARIES)

*The sewer tunnel you were traveling along seems to have turned into a rough passage, carved by alien hands. The smell here is terrible, and sporadic patches of luminous fungus growing on the walls give you only a weak light to go by.*

These passages are part of the underground tunnel system constructed by the industrious insectoids of the Hive. These tunnels are marked with a thin grey line on the Sewer Map.

This specific hex marks the spot where *Hive A's* (Area #025) lowest passages descend and join up with the greater the tunnel system. PCs navigating this hex may find a way to the surface, but it will be through the warrens beneath Hive A (see Area #025 "L"). As described under Hive A, there is a good chance these tunnels will be inhabited by patrols of wandering Hive mutant bugs.

## 196. HIVE B TUNNELS (EL VARIES)

*The sewers thunder with roaring water, and droplets cascade from leaking rusted pipes running like vines up and down the tunnel walls and hanging from the sewer roof. A terrible smell is carried on the waters, and in the air, and an ugly greenish light illuminates the tunnel passages from strange growths of fungus nestled among the pipes.*

This hex marks the location where the underground highways of the Hive connect to *Hive B* (Area #027) on the surface. In this area the Hive made good use of the existing sewer tunnels, so many of the passages are actually man-made (with concrete walls, lead pipes running along the tunnel roof, etc.).



**GM's Note:** There is a 2 in 6 chance that when the PCs pass through this hex they will stumble upon a party of **2-5 mutant bugs** and a single **giant tank bug** en route to a burrowing work site elsewhere in the Sewers.

**Mutant Bugs (2-5):** HP 17.

**Giant Tank Bug (1):** HP 168.

## 197. HIVE C TUNNELS (EL 1)

*Strange fluttering noises echo through these rough tunnels.*

This hex marks the location where Hive-constructed passages (burrowed from the bedrock) connect the sewer system to *Hive C* (Area #029).

**GM's Note:** The “fluttering noises” heard by the PCs come from a few errant **varo bats** that have found their way into the sewers from the Hive above ground. These animals are lost and confused, and will eventually fly past the PCs in their search for a way back to the surface. When they do, the animals will attack the party out of confusion, but after 2 rounds will flee altogether.

**Varo Bats (4):** HP 1.

## 198. HIVE D TUNNELS (EL 5)

*The sewer tunnels here appear to have collapsed in places. Dust covers everything, along with a strange slime. As you proceed the ceiling creaks and more dust falls...*

This hex marks the location right beneath *Hive D* (Area #031), which was destroyed by the Androids. The tunnels largely collapsed as a result of the battle that took place there.

PCs looking for access to the surface here do so at great risk. A navigable passage leading from the Sewers up through the underworks of the old hive can be located with a Search check at DC 25, but each time the PCs roll (whether they succeed or not) there is a 1 in 10 chance that the entire tunnel system here collapses, sealing them under tons of rock. If this is the case, each member of the party will take damage as if a *Colossal* object had fallen on them (see *Table 7-10: Damage from Falling Objects of d20 Modern*), and will likely be pinned - permanently - unless they can make the DC 50 Strength check needed to escape!

## 199. HIVE E TUNNELS (EL 14)

*Strange noises can be heard coming from the bedrock of this tunnel passage...*

This hex marks the location right beneath *Hive E* (Area #034), which is currently under construction. As the PCs arrive, a large work crew of Hive ‘bugs will be on the verge of burrowing into this tunnel passage, connecting the underworks of Hive E with the “underground highways” that will connect the bughill to others all across Hive territory.

**GM's Note:** If the PCs remain and listen, the sounds get louder. After a full minute has passed the sound is easily identifiable as “digging” - by something presumably quite large. If the PCs remain, after five minutes the ‘bug work crew finally breaks through. In a cloud of dust and falling rocks a single **giant tank bug** burrows through, followed by a team of **20 mutant bugs**, armed with hammers, chisels, shovels, and pickaxes (and all of them wearing work helmets with flickering headlamps)!

When the bugs break through they will be surprised by the PCs (give the PCs a surprise round in which to act), but once they are able to act will immediately move to attack the party.

**Giant Tank Bug (1):** HP 168.

**Mutant Bugs (20):** HP 17; armed only with improvised melee weapons.

## 200. ANDROIDS (EL VARIES)

*A strange noise can be heard in the rock above.*

This simply marks the area where the Androids are attempting to burrow into the sewers (see Area #060) in their hunt to eradicate the ghouls native to the area. The “strange noise” the PCs hear is that of the jackhammers being used to penetrate the rock and make a passage.

**GM's Note:** If the PCs stay here the androids will eventually break through (when exactly is up to you; it could be minutes or hours later). See Area #060 for details on the androids poised to pour through into the sewers. Though the PCs aren't ghouls the androids will target them just the same, hoping to clear them from the tunnels.

## 201. HARBOR EXIT (EL 0)

*Up ahead you see murky light coming from a sewer grate.*

This marks the point where the Harbor Sewer (Area #055) goes underground. On this side of the grate the tunnel is unguarded, but a **mirror ooze** lurks in the waters outside - and will attack anyone coming out (see Area #055 for details).

## 202. TUNNELS TO GHOUL TOWN (EL VARIES)

*The tunnels here are rough and winding, worked by inhuman hands. The tunnels must run just beneath the surface, for dry tree roots dangle down from the tunnel ceiling, and the floor of the passage is littered with the decaying remains of old coffins...*

These tunnels eventually lead beneath Ghoul Town (Area #040), and are used frequently by the ghouls of that enclave to avoid being hunted down by the Hive. During the night these tunnels are likely to be empty (the ghouls can move unseen in Ghoul Town, and will thus be present on the surface), but by day any party moving through these tunnels is certain to stumble upon at least one group of ghouls cringing and hiding among the twisting passages - or else hunting for prey. Roll below to determine the nature of the ghoul pack:

| D6  | Ghoul Pack  |
|-----|---|
| 1-2 | 1d6 <b>Necropolis ghouls</b>  |
| 3-4 | 1d6 <b>Necropolis ghouls</b> plus 1 <b>Necropolis ghoul veteran</b> |
| 5   | As 3-4 above but with an additional 1d6 <b>Necropolis ghouls</b>    |
| 6   | As 5 above but with an additional <b>Necropolis ghoul veteran</b>   |

**GM's Note:** Any ghouls slain here should be deducted from the total population listed under Area #040.

## 203. TUNNELS OF THE BURROWERS (EL VARIES)

*The tunnels seem to stretch on forever. But the smell of rot and decay is getting progressively worse in this area.*

This part of the sewers is the domain of the Burrowers (see Area #080), a tribe of ghouls that has managed to survive by sticking, by and large, to the sewers. Unlike other sewer ghouls, that are confined to the old sewer system, the Burrowers have learned to dig tunnels of their own to navigate the underground and reach places not normally accessible to their kind.

The Burrowers spend most of their time underground, so the PCs are likely to stumble onto their kind among the warrens. Jealous and paranoid, the Burrowers will attack any intruders on sight. Roll below to determine the nature of a given Burrower encounter:

| D6  | Ghoul Pack   |
|-----|--|
| 1-3 | 1d6+3 <b>Burrower ghouls</b>                                 |
| 4-5 | 2d6+6 <b>Burrower ghouls</b>                                 |
| 6   | As 4-5 above plus <b>Krakkak Bonesnapper</b> (see Area #080) |

**GM's Note:** Any ghouls slain here (including Krakkak Bonesnapper) should be deducted from the total population listed under Area #080.

## 204. PESTILENT ONES DEN (EL VARIES)

*The subway tunnel here leads towards a gloomy light ahead - an exit to the surface. Rat droppings litter the tracks of the tunnel, and your lights catch glimpses of the furry rodents skittering off at your approach. Their numerous squeaks echo eerily in the dark.*

The tunnel here leads to an ancient subway station, which provides access (via powerless escalators) to the surface - the exact spot is shown on the surface map as Area #084.

The subway station itself is the primary den of the Pestilent Ones, a weak tribe of ghouls that has an unusual affinity for rats and rat dogs.

**GM's Note:** The Pestilent Ones will be surprised by the PCs if they arrive here from underground, since they have set up their defenses (pits and other traps) to catch intruders from the surface. As such the PCs will have automatic surprise if they approach from the tunnels.

PCs arriving at the subway station will find the entire camp of Pestilent Ones (**43 Necropolis ghouls**) on the main platform, their numerous tribe members dwelling in the gloomy darkness, gnawing on old bones and chittering to their pet rats. If they come to detect the PCs the tribe will be roused to the defense of their community, however, and will chase the PCs for their next meal.

*See Area #084 for more on the Pestilent Ones.*



### 205. SECRET TUNNEL (EL 0)

*A concrete tunnel leads off in both directions here. Pools of water have collected here and there, and the dripping of water can be heard echoing in the distance.*

This tunnel, once a secret passage constructed by the Zoogenic Corporation, connects Areas #123 and #124 via a straight underground tunnel, wide and high enough for a large vehicle to drive down. A branch off of the tunnel (see map) leads to the sewers, but this side passage is blocked by a heavy steel grate, requiring a Strength check at DC 30 to remove (though it can be smashed as normal). An old security system once alerted guards at both Area #123 and #124 if the grate was tampered with, but this system no longer functions.

**Steel Grate (1):** Hardness 10, HP 120.

### 206. UNDERWORLD (EL VARIES)

This hex marks the location of the *Underworld of the Sightless Stalkers* (Area #092), accessible from the surface as well as the sewer tunnels as shown on the Sewer map (these tunnels connect to Area #092 [A]). For a more detailed look at the *Underworld of the Sightless Stalkers* see Area #092.



## FACTIONS OF THE NECROPOLIS

The Necropolis is (and was) home to many noteworthy “factions”, or rival communities all hoping to take control of the city for themselves. Whether in the form of creatures native to the city, or outsiders come to pick over the ruins like vultures, the constant battles of these factions created the current landscape of the city today. These Necropolis factions are introduced below.

### ANDROIDS

*“CRACKLE, BUZZ...They’re all over us! This is General Tucker...I repeat, General Tucker...of the Cartel! We were moving into this strange compound when...BUZZ...BUZZ...(THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE, LASERS, AND ROCKET-FIRE)...Dear God, we’re under attack! We made a mistake...a horrible mistake...Came upon a dark bunker...The buttons...they turned the power on, ALL the power ON...metal machines...BUZZ, CRACKLE...metal machines came alive...(SOUND OF HEAVY MACHINEGUNS, HUMANS SCREAMING)...they started attacking as soon as they came online...(ANOTHER SCREAM, AND A LOUD EXPLOSION)...we’ve got no way to escape...send reinforcements...send more men! Send everything you’ve got!”*

The Androids are a relatively minor faction in the Necropolis, despite their overwhelming presence in the south, in the Los Angeles Harbor area of the city. Remnants of a pre-Fall effort to create cheap

soldiers for the Final War that was shut down when the city seemed close to falling into enemy hands, the Androids - an entire legion - remained dormant in a forgotten factory complex when, by chance, a small party of foraging scouts from the Cartel (see below) stumbled onto the site. Oblivious to what the complex was, the scouts accidentally turned on the computers of the facility and brought the factory up to full power. Almost immediately androids began marching out of the factory (and its underground storage vaults), still operating with their last instructions: to maintain peace in the city and eradicate any threat to the standing order of martial law.

The Androids were single-handedly responsible for driving the Cartel from the city, and in recent years have done battle with the insectoid hordes of the Hive. The Androids have secured most of the harbor area, but for some unknown reason have begun dedicating resources to spreading their area of control south of the city in the vicinity of what used to be Camp Pendleton (Camp Pendleton is not described in this book, nor are the androids’ reasons behind this strange shift in their existing mission; these details are left up to the individual GM). Despite this the Androids remain a grave threat to survivors in the Necropolis, enforcing strict control over their part of the city and either killing or “detaining” anyone they find wandering through the ruins. Inhuman masters, the Androids have no desire for peace with the other factions (whom they consider no better than animals, since in fact most of them are descended from just that), and are generally given a wide berth.

**General Attitude:** The Androids have a simple robotic drive to purge the city of all combatants. Unable to recognize the descendants of the human race (i.e. mutants and beastmen) as legitimate “citizens”, they attack everyone and everything on

sight. Though they appear to have the potential to destroy the other factions, the Androids seem busy with a mysterious project at Camp Pendleton, a long-forgotten site many miles south of the Necropolis.

Faction Territory: Los Angeles Harbor.

**Faction-Specific Locations:** Confinement Center (#056), Scrap yard (#057), Android Base Complex (#059), Sewer Entrance (#060), Power Pipeline (#061), Recycled-Organics Plant (#062), Impound Yard (#063), Jetty (#064), Android Way station (#065), Androids (#200).

### BROKEN ONES

*How far the Broken Ones had come. Once dying of hunger on the hills overlooking the city, they now occupied the great monuments erected by the Ancients in their time of glory – huge theaters fit for the entertainment of thousands – and wore clothes of the finest silk and animal skins. Above them billowed the war-banners of the Broken One Empire – a great green claw surrounded by a shroud of blood. Soldiers of the great Broken One army, a mix of elephant-men, bird-men, and countless other varied shapes and forms, clad in gleaming armor, stood proudly to defend their great leader, Klaww The Beast-Master, and his vision for their people’s future!*

Second only to the Hive in numbers and strength, the Broken Ones dominate the western part of the city. It is here, under the shadow of the Hollywood Hills, that these strange descendants of both man and animal came to create an “empire” of their own, modeling its great structures and wicked society after the decadent Romans depicted in aging movie reels scavenged from the ruins by their forefathers. Believing themselves to be the inheritors of a great



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

destiny, the Broken Ones are a race of *beastmen*, a relatively new phenomenon on the Twisted Earth. Though their origins are shrouded in mystery (there are many legends, but most are quite fantastic), these creatures all apparently share the traits of some base animal - whether it is wolf, lion, elephant, or other beast - and human. And much to the dismay of those who would deny them their “right” to rule the ruins of the Necropolis, they seem to possess the strengths of both species: animal ferocity...and human cruelty.

The Broken Ones are ruled by a great emperor named Klaww the Beastmaster, a Promethean figure in their own legends who brought the scattered tribes of mutant animals together into one mighty empire. Teaching them how to use weapons, craft armor, and defend themselves, he created not only a society for his “children”, but also a civilization where before there had been none. Though he ages, Klaww is immortalized in the hearts and minds of his followers (beastmen of all species), and in his name the Broken Ones march relentlessly to war against all who would stand in the way of their racial vision of conquest.

**General Attitude:** Little more than savage animals just a generation or so ago, the Broken Ones have evolved in leaps and bounds to become fully intelligent creatures capable of realizing a perverse racial destiny: to conquer. The Broken Ones are a highly militaristic and bloodthirsty society who revere the violent beast that lives within all of their kind.

**Faction Territory:** Domain of The Broken Ones.

**Faction-Specific Locations:** City of The Broken Ones (#093), Hills of The Broken Ones (#094), Village Ythra (#095), Village Tamaris (#096), Village Mansu (#097), Village Horeak (#098), Village Varia (#099), Village Golgarus (#100), Oracle (#101), Artillery Firebase (#105), Broken Ones Camp (#109), The Old University (#111), Slave Quarries (#117),

Fort Lox (#125), Fort Kishar (#126), Fort Mogo (#127), Fort Jugal (#128), Temple To The Serpent Gods (#129).

**Non-Twisted Earth Alternative:** This book makes extensive use of the intriguing “beastman” race as presented in *Beastmen* (by Charles Rice), personified by the bestial empire of the Broken Ones. Even if you don’t find this particular race to your liking, perhaps a bit too “fantastic” for your post-apocalyptic games, consider for a moment the idea of the Necropolis being a unique location in your world where such bizarre creatures can and do exist, an isolated “reserve” where the impossible is possible due to the city’s unique conditions. Like the Twisted Earth’s version of King Kong’s remote island (or more accurately, its “island of Dr. Moreau”), the Necropolis has become a place where the seemingly fantastic is in fact very real.

*If you don't have the Beastmen supplement, you can easily replace the beastmen in this sourcebook (as personified in the Broken Ones) with **moreaus** from d20 Modern. Note that all Broken Ones correspond to the “Overt” version of the moreau race.*

## CARTEL

*The Cartel had been crushed by the overwhelming might of the Android army. It is ironic that the very people who re-awakened the Androids would be their first victims, and even more ironic, that those who the Androids would come to destroy in the name of “peacekeeping” were perhaps humanity’s last best hope. Believers in equality among the races, the Cartel provided the best and only hope for civilization in the ruins of Los Angeles.*

*But for the Cartel, life goes on. The desert*

*is once more their home, and the affair of the Necropolis colonization will soon be forgotten...*

The Cartel, a major trading house known throughout the wastelands of the West, came to the Necropolis in 2263, the same year that the Foundationists mustered an expedition to the fabled city. The Cartel came here for different a reasons, however. A newly-established “power”, the Cartel sought to go to the Necropolis to open up new markets; surely, their leaders thought, some survivors existed in the old city, and at least some of these survivors would recognize the value in trade. Hoping to find natives in the old city they could deal with (and extort if need be), the Cartel came here in the pursuit of *profit*.

The Cartel was not initially unsuccessful, and through their tireless efforts they constructed a stronghold and several outposts. Coming into the eastern Reaches, they found only a dead cityscape with few creatures to oppose them. Falsely emboldened by the quiet, the Cartel began bringing colonists over the mountains, who established a fledgling colony in the stronghold’s shadow.

While the Cartel did make a temporary trade agreement with the rat people of the Reaches (see *The Village of The Rat People*), their drive for colonizing the Necropolis and opening trade with its suspected inhabitants was ultimately doomed to failure. With only a foothold in the ruins, they were at the mercy of stronger forces. When scouts uncovered the *Android Base Complex* and mistakenly activated the factory there, they sealed their people’s fate. In only a matter of days a veritable army of androids poured out of the complex and, marching relentlessly, destroyed the Cartel colony bit by bit. In the end the Cartel decided to cut its losses and abandon the colony, deserting their stronghold and leaving any surviving colonists

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

behind in their retreat. They have never returned.

**General Attitude:** The Cartel were crafty merchants who came to the Necropolis with the intention of securing trade with the “natives” of the city, in a manner not unlike other successful expeditions to trade with tribal folk across the wasteland.

**Faction Territory:** None (formerly the Reaches).

**Faction-Specific Locations:** Cartel Outpost (#001), Lost Merchant Caravan (#002), Abandoned Homestead (#003), Free Range (#004), Ruined Homestead (#005), Farm (#006), Village of The Rat People (#010), Sanctuary (#011).

**Non-Twisted Earth Alternative:** If you aren't using the Cartel or the Twisted Earth setting in your campaign, the Cartel is easily replaced by virtually any post-Fall movement of your design, though any especially devious (and ruthless) merchant house or similar trade organization would be most appropriate. But since the Cartel no longer exists in the city (save for a few holdouts scattered in pockets in the Reaches), the Cartel's role is really not that important to the setting.

## FOUNDATION

*Despite having retreated beneath the earth in their labyrinth of bunkers and passages, despite having collapsed the only exits to the surface, the relentless, cold-blooded, and unified efforts of the Hive prevailed. A passage to the Foundationists' underground fortress had been excavated. Through the first collapsed tunnels a force of at least one hundred mutant bugs came pouring, under the command of one of their alien hive minds, their sheer bulk causing the rest of the subterranean complex to shake and rumble. Emergency lighting switched on after one of the*

*'bugs cunningly severed the power connections somewhere in the tunnels. Now the only light bathing the faces of the women and children cowering for shelter in the crowded corridors was a deep red glow from the complex's emergency lights...*

The Foundationists (a militaristic reconstructionist group from the north) came to the Necropolis in 2263, hot on the trail of the Cartel merchants who had openly declared their intention to colonize the city and establish trade with any possible inhabitants they might find. Desperate to tap this enormous city's almost certain supply of lost artifacts, the Foundationists mounted an expedition of their own in the hopes of saving anything from the past that might otherwise fall in Cartel hands.

The Foundationists were ultimately unsuccessful in their drive into the city. Though they established outposts and a small fortress, they soon came into conflict with the Hive, which was growing at an alarming rate just to the south. Though the Foundationists attempted to secure a pact with the Raiders of Kruel the Conqueror (see *Raiders*), their plan was discovered by the Hive (whom the Foundationists thought were merely mindless bugs) and as a result major conflict erupted.

In the end the Foundationists were driven out of the city, their colony destroyed and most of the civilians slaughtered. Only a handful of Foundationists escaped the fiasco, taking with them tales of the giant mutant bugs and their seemingly unstoppable hordes. To this day the Foundation refuses to return to the Necropolis, effectively writing off the entire ruins of Los Angeles as a lost cause.

**General Attitude:** The Foundation seeks to rebuild the America of the past, by collecting, studying, and resurrecting the lost technologies of

the Ancient world. To this end they train endlessly to fight those who would destroy technology or use it for any other means, seeing themselves as the sole body capable of rebuilding the United States the way it was.

**Faction Territory:** None (formerly Pasadena).

**Faction-Specific Locations:** Foundation Outpost (#068), Lost Foundation Fortress (#069), Arboretum (#074), Crash Site (#076).

**Non-Twisted Earth Alternative:** The Foundation is intimately detailed in the book *The Foundationists*, but if you don't have this product (or don't plan to use anything from the Twisted Earth setting) the Foundation is a group that is easily replaced, since after all it no longer has a presence in the city. Remnants of the Foundation may be found at certain locations; you can simply replace these with relics of any advanced society that tried to re-conquer the city but ultimately failed.

## GHOULS

*The ghouls have retreated cautiously underground to weather the storm; beneath the city streets in collapsed sewer tunnels, in damp rotten passages, they wait. Gnawing on old bones and hunting for rats to feed their feverish hunger, they patiently wait for their inevitable return to the surface...*

At one time ghouls were s numerous as wild men in the Necropolis, with the former hunting the latter - and all other inhabitants - without fear. Over time the presence of the ghouls diminished, first with the rise of the Serpent Gods (who drove the ghouls from the heart of the city), then with the expansion of other groups. Eventually the ghouls of the Necropolis came together as one great “horde”, infesting the



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congested streets, decrepit buildings, and rancid sewers in what is now known as the “Domain of The Flesh Eaters”. Led by a great ghoul known only as the “Putrid Leader”, the ghouls saw in the organization of the other city factions the only means of survival. Not wanting to be driven to the fringes like the wild men they once shared the city with, the Putrid Leader and his minions attempted to carve a niche of their own, and strike fear into the hearts of the other factions.

The ghouls didn’t count on the dedication of the city’s others factions. Used to prey that could only muster sticks and stones to fight them, the ghouls had little better than bone clubs and javelins to fight their enemies. It is to their credit that they ranged freely in their part of the city for years, striking real terror into the hearts of the Purists (who were so horrified by the idea of a ghoul enclave next door that they created a “no man’s land” of traps and minefields to keep them out) and the Raiders. But while they confidently terrorized these communities, the growing might of the Hive was unimpressed. Once they destroyed the Raiders of Kruel the Conqueror, the Hive swept through the ghoul domain slaughtering everything in their path. Though their Putrid Leader attempted to mount a valiant defense, using cunning tactics and the broken terrain to their advantage, the ghouls inevitably fell to this superior enemy, their one charismatic leader killed in the final stand. Literally driven underground, the ghoul enclave shattered into many tribes, and any hope of unity and conquest was forever dashed.

Today ghouls still thrive in the city, but they are a mere fraction of their former numbers and power. There are several individual tribes now (including the Burrowers, Ghoul Town, the Pestilent Ones, Ulgar’s Tribe, and others), all of which constantly fight each other - and anyone else who crosses into their

territory. The largest ghoul concentrations still exist in the *Domain of The Flesh Eaters* despite the Hive’s conquest of the region, as well as in the *Sewers* (where ghouls have always retreated in times of trouble). The ghouls of the city live one step ahead of extermination, hunted as they are by all other groups.

**General Attitude:** Ghouls are survivors, in the Necropolis as in elsewhere on the Twisted Earth. Ghouls are savage predators who feed off the flesh of other humanoid creatures, often delighting in eating their prey alive as it screams. The ghouls of the Necropolis have become stealthier than most of their kind due to being hunted almost to extinction by the Hive, and now lie scattered in small warring tribes all across the city. Though forced into the shadows, they are still bold hunters.

**Faction Territory:** None (formerly Domain of The Flesh Eaters).

**Faction-Specific Locations:** Raider Stockade (#015), Ghoul Town (#040), Ghoul Hideout (#078), Tribe of The Burrowers (#080), Ulgar’s Tribe (#082), Pestilent Ones (#084), Foreboding Ruin (#106), Carousel (#167), Homeless Refuge (#184), Lost Arena (#190), Tunnels to Ghoul Town (#202), Tunnels of The Burrowers (#203), Pestilent Ones Den (#204).

### HIVE

*Simply put, the Hive had been victorious. Their former enemies, the human Raiders and Foundationists, had fallen like toy soldiers under their concerted might. After massive battles, and relentless assaults, these communities had seen their last isolated fortresses crumble, their forces either killed outright or hunted down to the last among the nearby ruins.*

*The Hive’s underground breeding chambers echoed with dozens and dozens of screams, as men and women alike, along with crying children, were impregnated in turn and encased – alive – in mucus-lined honeycombs until the larvae within them could incubate.*

*Nothing could stop the relentless growth of the Hive. Nothing.*

For the longest time the entities that would come to be known as the “Hive” existed beneath the streets of the Necropolis. Believed by other communities in the ruins to be descended from the roaches and other bugs that once infested the poorest neighborhoods of the city, these creatures - through exposure to radiation or chemicals released during the Fall - were believed to be mindless monsters.

The reality will probably never be known by the other inhabitants of the Necropolis, though in truth the origins of the Hive are just as twisted up in the secret projects of the long-dead Zoogenic Corporation as the Broken Ones, Skaels, and Serpent Gods. But whatever their origins, the Hive, like these other growing powers, has ambitions that preclude any realistic attempts to co-exist.

Long content to dwell in the sewers, which they themselves expanded upon without so much as alerting the surface-dwelling factions, in recent history the Hive’s numbers exploded, running almost out of control. Without the normal predators to hunt them and keep their population under control, the insectoid “mutant bugs” were able to dominate their particular ecological niche. Taking over their part of the city came easily, first underground, then on the surface.

Slowly the bugs began to push out other competitors, including ghouls and other humanoid creatures standing in the way of their expansion.

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Unlike many groups who considered enemies as an obstacle, the Hive seemed attracted; almost *delighted* by the tribes and holdouts it came upon. In truth the reason was sinister; using these captives as “incubators”, mutant bugs implanted live larvae in the bodies of victims paralyzed by their poison. Kept sequestered in their lairs, after a few days the larvae inside would mature, eating their way out of the horrified victim until he perished, then harvested and raised to join the ever-growing numbers of the Hive populace.

With this steady increase in population came a geometric increase in the intelligence and sentience of the entire Hive, no doubt in part to the “hive mind” phenomenon that seems almost unique to their “faction”. Linked by the node-like “hive minds” (enormous psychic insect creatures that magnify and transmit the mental thoughts of the entire community, like psionic coordinators and switchboards), the Hive has developed true intelligence far faster than nature ever intended for the insects of its creation. And yet while they have learned to use tools and even understand the intricate and often contradictory notions common to humanoid creatures, they are still alien in their own thoughts and concepts. Detached from the traditional ideas of humanity and pity, they proceed with their almost “obsessive-compulsive” need to expand, build, and consume - without remorse. These creatures understand the value of technology, but do not care for the consequences. They pursue new developments rabidly, putting their new-found technical skills to use disassembled and copying virtually anything and everything they find among the ruins: weapons, vehicles, gadgets, and even bizarre curios that have no use so far in the future. They understand the need to acquire resources to feed their growing population and colonization efforts, but do not stop to reflect what

their expansion might mean to their neighbors, who recoil in fear at their perceived inhuman onslaught.

For all that has been said, the Hive is an ever-changing force, almost one giant living entity - one mind, but thousands of bodies. It is learning and adapting, taking in data and experiences and efficiently putting these to work perfecting itself. Over a series of a few short years the Hive’s mutant bugs have gone from thinking like common insects to developing the technology to duplicate and produce weapons, armor, and even advanced gadgets. They successfully splice technology with their own hideous bioengineering, creating servitor races of giant beetles that serve as shock troops and walking artillery platforms. They breed subspecies of their own race for specific purposes and roles, administering to their creations the ability to create sonic shock waves or the ability to fly as easily as a doctor might prescribe an aspirin.

**General Attitude:** The Hive is an enigma, seeming on the exterior to be an inhuman and alien force motivated solely to build. Ravenous to acquire knowledge at any cost, and to continue developing their blooming intellectual capabilities, they are often judged as monsters merely because of their methods of reproduction. It remains to be seen, however, how they would deal with someone who tried to make peaceful contact, as they might be quite willing to trade for the benefit of their race.

**Faction Territory:** The Hive.

**Faction-Specific Locations:** Hive A (#025), Desolation (#026), Hive B (#027), Bug Bridge (#028), Hive C (#029), More Desolation (#030), Hive D (#031), Burning Buildings (#032), Hive E (#034), Dying Tank Bug (#037), Traffic Jam (#038), Arboretum (#074), Larva Cavern (#180), Fungus Cavern (#181), Sewer Workers (188), Hive A Tunnels (#195), Hive B Tunnels (#196), Hive C Tunnels

(#197), Hive D Tunnels (#198), Hive E Tunnels (#199).

## PURIST ENCLAVE

*There was silence in the Purist community as the Preacher, long-time spiritual leader of the enclave, said a few final words over the bodies of two young women – two women whose anemic and weak bodies betrayed the starvation that had eaten them from within. His voice, usually strong and fierce and full of rousing hellfire, seemed somehow lost now, as the winds began to pick up over the sanctified gravesite chosen to embrace their remains.*

*After only fifteen minutes, the Preacher’s sermon was cut short by a few members of the community scientists, who had been watching impatiently nearby. It was time to go back in – staying outside any longer would risk further exposure to radiation. With a mixture of silent dismay and forlorn, the grim-faced Purists lined up and began to move back towards the Ark, that cold and claustrophobic hole in the ground...*

The “Purist Enclave” of the Necropolis is a small but determined faction that stubbornly holds out at the far southwestern end of the peninsula. Unlike the Broken Ones, Serpent Gods, Hive, and Watchers, the Purists share no common ancestry, or common destiny. Holdouts from the past, the Purists are an entire community of pureblooded humans who survived the holocaust in a deep secret bunker, only to emerge generations later to find a world ravaged by the Final War.

With their backs to the ocean, the Purists have slowly expanded and secured a niche of their own. Their shelter established long ago by ex-military



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outcasts who foresaw the coming “doomsday”, they brought with them to the surface an arsenal of weapons, armor, and ammunition that made them a force to be reckoned with. Still nurturing military tactics from long ago, the radical Purists have managed to purge their part of the city of ghouls, and create a vast “dead zone” of traps, minefields, and secret sniper hides where nothing from “outside” can get in.

Having built their “wall”, the Purists have turned their efforts to establishing themselves more firmly on the surface of the city. At the same time they watch and listen to the sounds of the city. Isolated as they are, they have only ever dealt with the ghoul menace (from the Enclave of The Flesh Eaters), and have come to believe that they will find no friends beyond their borders.

Yet while they are faced with a tremendous hill to climb, the Purists believe it is their destiny and duty to re-establish the human race on the surface of the world. Not only do they fear ghouls and the recently-discovered Broken Ones, but they *revile* them. The population of the Enclave seethes at the idea that these diseased, degenerate creatures could hold such power in the city, and they plot patiently for the day that they can strike out and conquer the Necropolis in the name of Humanity.

**General Attitude:** Descended from militant survivalists who went underground to escape the destruction of the Fall, the Purists still have a paranoid and xenophobic attitude. This attitude is made worse by the evidence of mutation and rampant chaos in the Necropolis, which they see as signs that peace cannot be had with the other inhabitants of the city. Crusaders fighting to re-establish the human race, they will not tolerate mutants of any kind.

**Faction Territory:** Enclave of The Lost Children of Man.

**Faction-Specific Locations:** No Man’s Land (#131), Radio Tower (#139), Fallout Shelter (#140), Slaughter Scene (#141), Water Treatment Plant (#142), The Ark (#143), Nesting Cliffs (#146).

## RAIDERS

*They say that in Dead City, the shadows are alive. Every now and then a scav will claim he saw people living out there in the ruins, ghostly savages who paint their bodies and keep to the shadowy places. They claim these savages were once part of a raider “empire” that at one time ruled all of Dead City, but was destroyed and its people driven into hiding.*

The Raiders came to the Necropolis not only to make a new home, but to create a legend. Led by the ambitious raider prince Kruel the Conqueror, they fled the deserts to the east and dared the dangers of the city to create an “empire” where the violent ways of the raider would rule. Followed by hundreds of raiders from the wasteland who saw in him the potential for a new way of life away from their usual nomadic existence, in his brief time in the Necropolis Kruel came to control most of Dead City, carving out a bloody niche of his own.

Though some say Kruel was drawn to the Necropolis for other reasons (reasons revolving around a mysterious legend concerning an infamous pre-Fall ganglord that once lived in the city, which according to stories had an object that could unite the raider gangs of the wasteland), no one will ever know if this was true. Kruel was able to build a stronghold among the ruins and fight on equal terms with the ghouls that skirted his domain, but in time his armies came into contact with the Hive. Unlike the Foundationists, who were far better equipped to deal

with such a menace, Kruel’s raider empire crumpled like paper under the Hive’s onslaught. While they fought bravely and even effectively for the first few weeks, eventually Kruel’s raiders were unable to grapple with the sheer numbers of fighters mustered by the Hive horde, and were defeated in a final battle at their stockade at the heart of Dead City.

Today the Raiders are gone; Kruel died in the battle for his stronghold, some say locked out of a fortified bunker by his own harem girls - and left to die in a ball of fire as he tried to claw his way through the steel door. The truth will never be known. But it is also said that some survivors of the Raiders still exist in the city, driven almost to complete extinction by continued ghoul raids and the regular sweeps conducted by Hive patrols through Dead City. These survivors, known as “Ghost Raiders”, have become almost mythical masters of stealth and camouflage, moving unseen through the miles of desolate cityscape. Legend has it that these former raider warriors were all driven insane by the loss of their empire and the slaughter they witnessed, and continue to live like “ghosts”, preying off of lone travelers and scavs who dare to delve too deeply into the heart of Dead City.

**General Attitude:** The Raiders were brave settlers of the Necropolis, coming to a place that tradition dictated was forbidden to the inhabitants of the wasteland. But for all their bravery they were eventually defeated and their fledgling empire destroyed. Their survivors, the “Ghost Raider” bands that live each day in hiding, are predators who use stealth and hit-and-run tactics to attack weaker groups and take whatever they need to survive.

**Faction Territory:** None (formerly Dead City).

**Faction-Specific Locations:** Raider Stockade (#015), Sharkey’s Auto Repair (#016), Golden Dragon (#017), Ghost Raider Tribe (#018), Angel

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Stadium (#020), Uncovered Find (#021), La Mirada Police Station (#087), Raiders Underground (#164).

### SERPENT GODS

*The enormous serpent remained hidden at its post, fanning itself from the dry heat with a parchment fan held in its tail. Like others of its kind the creature preferred to stay still and lurk in the shadows, merely watching the small group of unwitting humans walking across the street below its concealed perch. It observed them with only a passing interest, despite the fact that they were now wandering into the “Acropolis”, the domain of these serpent overlords. With arrogance the Serpent God turned its nose away and continued to fan itself, unconcerned by their intrusion. After all, humans certainly weren’t a challenge - and so what kind of amusement would it get from slithering forth to attack?*

The Serpent Gods are a race of bioengineered “crossbreeds”, blending particular traits of the human species and snakes. Their racial history is intertwined with the true history of all the bestial races of the Necropolis. The serpent gods were the deliberate creations of the enigmatic Zoogenic Corporation, whose founder, Ronald Bernard, was a madman of endless resources who saw the corruption of the planet Earth by modern humanity as a crime against all that Nature had intended. Spurning the status quo of the “illegitimate” world he was forced to live in, including the organized religions of the day, he discarded the conventional secularism of the day and dabbled secretly in Satanism, in particular an obscure branch of that dark religion that dated to the 1700s. A lifelong advocate of weird pseudo-science (which often made him the ridicule of established scientists),

he spent his entire life working towards the fulfillment of a long-forgotten Satanic prophecy, first divined in the 18th century by a nameless “prophet”.

Putting his multi-national corporation’s assets to use Ronald Bernard patiently set the stage for the fulfillment of the cult’s bizarre doomsday prophecy. Though he himself was prone to relying on bizarre spiritualism and rituals to divine his next move, the core of well-paid (and equally insane) scientists he brought to his corporate labs in Los Angeles were nonetheless experts in the fields of genetic science. Working with a budget in the billions of dollars, these men were able to make Ronald Bernard’s vision come true.

Through a long-buried process these scientists were able to successful pair off human and animal genes to create hybrid species that shared both the traits of man, and of beast. In these creatures Ronald Bernard saw the fulfillment of the 18th century prophecy that predicted man would one day be the ruin of himself, issuing in a return of animal kind’s reign over the Earth.

Possessed by his own belief in the supernatural Ronald Bernard willingly killed himself (along with twelve other members of the “Blessed 13” who shared his vision) in a ritual that coincided with the deliberate release of Zoogenic Corporation’s experiments onto the streets of Los Angeles. In the chaos this release of hundreds of test animals was almost overlooked, as a Great Enemy was just now landing its armies all over the coasts of America. Soon, nuclear war would erupt, cleansing the Earth of humanity’s domination. Though many of his beloved creations would die in the nuclear firestorm, enough survived amid the wreckage of the Necropolis that, in only a few generations, they would rise to become the city’s masters.

In the end Ronald Bernard’s prophecy came true

due to the outbreak of war and the disintegration of human civilization, but whether his timing was merely coincidence, or came to fruition through powers invisible to man, is open to speculation.

The serpent gods, like other the creations of Zoogenic Corporation, evolved into their current form only after many, many years living in the city. But unlike the other races spawned from the proto-progeny of Zoogenic Corporation’s laboratories, the Serpent Gods recognize their ancestry, their origins, and the truth behind their creation. They recognize Ronald Bernard’s dream, and his intention for them to conquer, and work to bring his vision to completion. They have yet to share their knowledge with the other factions of the city, but some day they will, when they are ready...

**General Attitude:** The Serpent Gods are content holding the Downtown area (which others have come to call the “Acropolis of the Serpent Gods”) and simply observing the evolution and development of the other creations of Zoogenic Corporation. Huge, powerful, and technically skilled, they are quite dangerous even for large and experienced groups. But arrogant to the point of folly, they are afflicted with a crippling sloth, though in general they will still move to kill anyone who would dare intrude into the heart of the city.

**Faction Territory:** Downtown.

**Faction-Specific Locations:** China Town (#156), Downtown Battleground (#158), Subway Entrance (#159), Bernard Megaplex (#160), Tunnel Leading to Station (#192), Terminus Underground (#193).





## RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

While there are over 200 different adventure locations detailed in this book, *random encounters* truly bring to life the danger of the Necropolis. Living between the sheltered settlements and beyond the boundaries of the city's various factions are many monstrous creatures, roaming the urban ruins like fleeting shadows. Encounters with these creatures, as well as the armies and patrols from the various Necropolis communities, serve to make travel of any kind in the city a hazardous undertaking.

Random encounters are organized by region throughout *The Ruin At The End Of The World*, but the actual details of these encounters are listed here, for ease of reference.

### ANDROID CUTTER (EL 6)

*This encounter can take place either in the harbor proper, or along the shores of the Los Angeles harbor area.*

The PCs encounter a small motorized cutter makes its way through the waters. Onboard can be seen a trio of androids, armed and scanning the area for signs of "trouble". The androids and their boat come from the *Jetty* at Area #064.

The androids on board the cutter will fire on the PCs as soon as they are spotted, and will chase them if need to be apprehend them. Any PCs taken captive will have their boat impounded at the *Jetty* at Area #064, and themselves taken to the *Confinement Center* at Area #056.

**Security Androids (3):** HP 20.

### ANDROIDS ON THE MOVE (EL VARIES)

As the PCs travel through the ruins they come close to a formation from the Android enclave on the move. The Androids regularly patrol the ruins in their area, and the movement of their larger formations (heralded by the tramp of dozens of metal feet) can be heard for dozens of blocks.

If the PC investigate, they will come across a neat formation of **20-60 security androids** moving in formation through the ruins, in the manner of some pre-Fall "V-Day parade". For every ten androids there will be **1 low-level command android**, and for every three low-level command androids there will be **1 high-level command android** (minimum of 1 per formation).

There is also a 1 in 6 chance that a given android formation will be accompanied by **1 combat walker**, which will be clearly visible by people on the ground well before the foot soldiers are.

**Security Androids (20-60):** HP 20.

**Low-Level Command Android (2-6):** HP 51.

**High-Level Command Android (1-2):** HP 73.

**Combat Walker (0-1):** HP 106 (page 57, *Metal Gods*).

### ANDROID PATROL (EL 6)

As the PCs wander the ruins allow them to make a Spot check at DC 22. If they succeed they will not be surprised by this encounter.

Up ahead the PCs stumble upon a desolate intersection, littered with the ruins of old cars and garbage swept about from all over the Necropolis basin. In the intersection stand three unusual "men" - tall and lanky humanoids that seem to be literally made from a shiny and reflective metal. All of them appear identical, like living metal skeletons. Their faces are bleak featureless masks that have only tiny

slits for eyes and mouth - no nose.

Each of these "men" carries a rifle in hand, and they seem to be scanning the nearby buildings for some unknown purpose.

**GM's Note:** The characters have stumbled into an android patrol, currently patrolling the ruins on their bizarre mission to "keep the peace" and enforce "martial law". As a result they will open fire on the party if they detect the PCs, pursuing them until either they are destroyed or the PCs are killed. For more on the android enclave see Area #059.

*There is a 1 in 4 chance that the patrol will be motorized; if this is the case, each android will be mounted on a Honda TRX400FW.*

**Security Androids (3):** HP 20.

### AURORA UNUSUALIS (EL 0)

*This encounter will only occur at night, but it will be clearly visible throughout the city.*

This encounter represents a night-ling event. For one full evening the night sky over the cityscape lights up with coruscating bands of color - an *aurora*. Unheard of in this part of America before the Fall, the display is a product of strange radiations from the Final War.

The aurora causes no real harm, but its appearance generates enough ambient light that every location in the city is effectively illuminated to a moderate degree (as if lit up by a night-long fireworks display). In addition, it is considered a portent by many of the more primitive inhabitants of the city, and will adversely affect their attitudes as a general "unease" and "paranoia" sweeps through their communities.

For 1d6+1 days after an aurora is sighted over the city all Tribal communities will have an Unfriendly or Hostile attitude towards strangers and outsiders, due to the lingering fear that the aurora was a sign of

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disaster. PCs visiting such communities (even ones where they've previously made peaceful contact) will find gates closed, doors shut, and neither shelter nor help.

### BATS! (EL 0)

This encounter will only take place Downtown or in the Hive sector of the city.

At dusk, as the last vestiges of sunlight slip below the horizon casting the entire cityscape in shades of deepening gray, the party sees literally *hordes* or **varo bats** taking to the air, heading out to hunt all across the city. An enormous, living cloud, the bats obscure the last rays of the sun as they rise into the sky over the Necropolis.

The varo bats fly at high altitude, but in the dimming light are clearly visible, at least for a few minutes. They do not attack PCs (or anyone else on the ground), but the PCs might be able to take note of where the bat-like creatures came from - either the *Palace of Ancient Kings* (Area #150), or *Hive C* (Area #029) - depending on where the PCs currently are. If the PCs are seeking varo bats for any reason, this will give them a direction to follow.

### BOAT ADRIFT (EL VARIES)

This encounter will only occur if the PCs have somehow acquired a boat.

As the PCs row/motor along, out of the fog comes a small watercraft, apparently adrift. Though the PCs might ready against a suspected attack, the boat does in fact prove to be abandoned, and drifting on the harbor currents.

If the PCs board the boat they find it to be in bad condition, rusting and leaking. However, a search of the craft's hold might uncover some interesting

finds at your discretion. Examples might include the skeletal remains of the Ancient skipper and crew, or perhaps the leathery corpses of 2-3 adventurers (who apparently commandeered the boat but died of radiation sickness), or even a panicked **wild man** who somehow got on the boat when it was closer to shore and is now stranded out to sea!

Other finds might include old treasures, including 1-2 rolls on the *Junk*, *Useful Items*, *Civilian Weapons*, or *Vehicle Contents* tables.

### BUGS ON THE MOVE (EL VARIES)

As the PCs move through the ruins they hear the strange tramping of alien feet. Assuming they proceed towards the source of the sound, they come across a massed formation of Hive insects on the move - a veritable army!

The bug army will consist of **10-30 swarm bugs**, **1d6+4 mutant bug guardians**, **2d4 thunder locusts**, **1d3+1 giant tank bugs**, and **1d3 giant firebugs** - obviously a force not to be fooled with. Luckily for the PCs, however, this army is off on a mission, and has no time to investigate every last sound (though if the PCs are *seen*, that's a different story).

Unless the PCs are spotted the marching troupe of bugs will wind their way through the ruins until they're eventually out of sight. They are most likely marching off towards the frontlines with the Broken Ones, but they could just as easily be heading off to a nearby bughill to add to the garrison there.

**Swarm Bugs (10-30):** HP 17.

**Mutant Bug Guardians (5-10):** HP 41.

**Thunder Locusts (2-8):** HP 13.

**Giant Tank Bugs (2-4):** HP 169.

**Giant Firebugs (1-3):** HP 85.

### CAVALRY PATROL (EL VARIES)

A small patrol of Broken Ones cavalry is scouting this area of the ruins, dangerously close to where the party is. The PCs will need to hide to avoid being spotted; if they are, the Broken Ones will immediately attack to "defend the empire"!

PCs captured by the Broken Ones will be bound and taken to the nearest fort (or, if the Broken Ones' capital is closer, to that twisted citadel instead). Captives can expect to become slaves, either to be sold to domestic Broken One owners, to the gladiatorial stables at *Village Mansu* (see Area #097), or even caged as "animals" in the Broken Ones' "bestiary" in their capital!

**Broken Ones Cavalry (5-12):** HP 74.

### CORIUM PROSPECTORS (EL 10)

As the characters move through the ruins roll Listen checks both for them and the men they encounter: corium prospectors from *Den* (see Area #008). A large band of well-armed and wary 'prospectors is moving through this area, looking for signs of lost corium lodes in the city, as well as anything else of value to take back to their wretched little trading outpost. Whether or not the 'prospectors detect the PCs, depending on the reputation the PCs have made themselves at Den the men may have widely differing attitudes towards them.

If the PCs have yet to visit Den, there is a 50% chance the 'prospectors try to ambush them, hoping to steal any corium they have as well as other items of value to sell. Otherwise the 'prospectors merely make wary contact, offering to trade and/or lead the party back to Den. If the PCs have already been to Den, the 'prospectors probably recognize them; if the PCs fared well there, the 'prospectors do not attack, and offer to trade a few of the items they've found



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on this particular foray (roll 1d2 *Junk* and 1d2 *Useful Items*). If the PCs broke any laws or were chased out of Den, the ‘prospectors immediately attack.

**Corium Prospectors (8):** HP 26.

*Note that if the PCs are in the company of settlers from Sanctuary, the corium prospectors attack automatically, regardless of the circumstances (they view Sanctuary as a rival community).*

### CORPSES (EL 0)

The PCs come across a number of dead bodies among the ruins. Unlike the thousands of skeletons in the streets, these bodies appear recently killed (perhaps within a few days, or even hours). The nature of this “encounter” can vary, depending on what part of the city the PCs happen to be in. For example, the PCs might find the remains of ruin pickers killed in an ambush by Ghost Raiders; mutants killed by xeno scouts of the Purist Enclave; the skeletons of an entire party slaughtered by the enigmatic Serpent Gods as they tried to cut through Downtown; or a group of adventurers killed by whatever creature(s) dwells at the nearest encounter area.

Whatever the ultimate nature of the corpses, the encounter should give the PCs an idea of what killed them. For instance, if this encounter is rolled when the PCs are in the *Downtown* area, there will be signs pointing either to the Hermavs or the Serpent Gods as the killers. *A Survival check (DC 20) may reveal other clues at your discretion (such as how many attacked, what kind of weapons they used, how long ago, etc.).*

In any event, a search of the bodies is not likely to turn up anything more than perhaps 1 roll on the *Junk, Trade Goods, Scav Attire, or Survival Gear* tables.

The intention of this encounter is to indicate to the

PCs that they have wandered into the domain of a given faction or local group. Use this encounter to give them a small amount of information on what lives in the area, without them having to actually encounter said faction face-to-face. This encounter can be especially lifesaving for parties that have wandered into an area whose EL is well beyond their abilities.

### DAR SHARKS (EL VARIES)

As the PCs pass through the harbor, allow them to make a Spot check to notice a number of “fins”, cutting through the waves, following their progress. A pack of 1d4+4 *dar sharks* has noticed the party and will pursue them, hoping they go overboard, at which point they will attack *en masse*.

The dar shark pack will not pursue the party into a *Severely* radiated hex.

**Dar Sharks (5-8):** HP 16.

### DRAINED BODY (EL 0)

This encounter at first seems to be the same as the *Corpses* encounter - the PCs find a body (or small group of bodies) among the ruins. The dead, in this case, could either be a small group of Hermavs or perhaps a lone scav or adventurer who wandered too far downtown. The body appears unnaturally white and eerily rigid, and is only now beginning to decay. An examination of the corpse reveals a savage bite mark on the neck, from which the body’s blood appears to have been completely *drained*...

Though the PCs will probably not realize this, the drained body is a victim of the mysterious individual living at the Great Library (see Area #151). The body should provide evidence that some horrible blood-sucking “creature” lives Downtown, but whether the

PCs conclude it is the work of the Serpent Gods or some other denizen is entirely up to them!

### FLYING BUGS ATTACK! (EL 13)

At some point as they pass through this area the party hears a distant buzzing that quickly gets louder, evidence of unusual Hive activity. Before the party can flee they come under attack by a large group of Hive flyers, swooping in from the sky above.

The Hive is currently working on the construction of a new bughill in the city (see Area #034), and in addition to mutant bugs and tank bugs on the ground moving earth and junk to build it, flyers have been dispatched all over to find food and supplies for the workforce assembled to construct it. The Hive flyers have spotted the PCs and intend to put the party members to good use!

The flyers will attack as a swarm, hoping to tie down each of the PCs so that they cannot flee or fight back effectively. Once they have the PCs occupied more flyers will descend and attack a random PC, grappling her and carrying her off into the sky. Moments later they subdue her through their *poison*, so that she doesn’t wriggle free and fall to her death.

If the PCs are unable to stop the flyers they will whisk the captive character off to Area #034, where she will be interred in one of hundreds of honeycomb cells in the highest parts of the half-constructed ‘hill, before being sealed in with wax and mucus. Assuming their venom took effect, while here the captive will be unconscious, while the Hive goes about its construction efforts.

The party will have 1-2 days to follow the flight path of the Hive flyers, ascend the towering ‘hill, and free their captured comrade. If they don’t succeed, at the end of this time the wax walls will be brought down and the character will either become food for

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hungry mutant bugs, or the host for a wriggling Hive larvae!

Bug Flyers (12): HP 18.

### FRIENDLY SCAV (EL 4)

The PCs are approached by a friendly *scav* as they make camp in the ruins. Eager to prove he's no enemy, the scav holsters his weapon and approaches with caution. If the PCs allow the scav entry into their camp, he immediately tries to strike up a conversation with them. Though it's obvious he's soliciting, the man may have some items of interest to the party, and he's certainly eager to trade.

The scav will trade virtually anything he has, except for his weapon and at least 1 day worth of food and water (he'll need them to survive). Everything else is fair game. In addition to his equipment the scav will have a random number of finds for sale. To determine what these items are, roll 1d4+3 times on the table below, then consult the appropriate table for each.

| D10 | Table                   |
|-----|-------------------------|
| 1-2 | Table 1: Junk           |
| 3   | Table 2: Useful Stuff   |
| 4   | Table 3: Clothing       |
| 5   | Table 5: Lost Knowledge |
| 6   | Table 6: Juju           |
| 7   | Table 8: Trade Goods    |
| 8   | Table 9: "Magic" Items  |
| 9   | Table 10: Survival Gear |
| 10  | Table 17: Dead Bodies   |

If there's too much for one man to realistically carry, then he's stashed it somewhere nearby and can lead the PCs there to get it. In addition to items, the scav may also have information to offer, if the PCs think to ask. In exchange for some corium (or trade goods), the scav may be able to direct the PCs to the

settlement of *Den* (Area #008), or *Sanctuary* (Area #011). He may also know of other sites, at your discretion.

**Scav (1):** HP 52.

**Development:** There is a 1 in 10 chance that the scav, though well-meaning, carries *lice* or some other parasite on him. PCs doing any sort of deals with him must make a Fortitude save at DC 15 or contract the vermin (roll this in secret so the PCs don't know what's going on). If the PC in question does become infested, she suffers a -1 penalty to all attack rolls, skill checks, and attribute checks until she receives medical treatment from a skilled physician.

### GHOUL BAIT (EL VARIES)

This type of encounter will only occur close to Hive territory.

Through the ruins the PCs hear the panicked screaming of some garbled humanoid creature. If they investigate they find a malnourished, green-skinned ghoul literally *nailed* to a post, its ankles hobbled deliberately by a powerful hammer blow (to prevent it from escaping if it somehow manages to pull itself from the post). In horrible pain, the ghoul doesn't scream from its injuries, but rather in fear.

This "trap" was set up by *Ulgar's Tribe* (see Area #082), using ghouls from rival tribes in the area, captured in their raids, as bait. The ghoul victim, injured and close to death, is intended to attract mutant bugs from the nearby Hive, who will be drawn by the sound of a potential new "host" for their young.

When the PCs appear a band of Ulgar's ghouls will be watching from hiding. Expecting Hive bugs, they will hesitate, not knowing whether to attack or not. If the PCs move on quickly (without disturbing the "bait"), they won't attack. Otherwise they will

eventually seize the opportunity for a "free meal", and attack by surprise.

**Necropolis Ghouls (6-12):** HP 12.

### GHOUL TRAP (EL VARIES)

This type of encounter will only occur close to the Purist Enclave, in the region surrounding their community where the purebloods have set up literally thousands of traps to keep the ghouls to the east at bay.

As the PCs navigate the ruins they wander in the vicinity of one of these traps. In this case the trap is a *snare*, designed to hook a ghoul's leg and hurl it into the air, trapping it there, while letting off bells and chimes to scare any other ghouls away. In time, a Purist patrol would find the ghoul and, if it wasn't already dead, kill it and reset the trap.

Because of their fear of the Broken Ones the Purists seldom leave their compound these days, though many of their traps are still set. In addition, the ghouls have learned where many of these traps are, and now use them *themselves*. The ghouls have learned to hide nearby until a snare is sprung, before emerging to devour the still-living captive as he hangs helplessly in the trap!

Pick a random PC and have her roll a Reflex save at DC 20 or become entangled. When this occurs, bells go off signaling the trap has been sprung. On the next round, 3d6 ghouls will emerge from the nearby ruins to hopefully feast; the PCs will have to fight (with one less party member, since she'll remain trapped unless they cut the rope) them off.

**Development:** Any PC who is snared must make a second Reflex save at DC 20 or lose whatever she is carrying. In addition, if she is cut free she will fall 20 feet to the ground and suffer the appropriate damage.

**Snare Trap:** Reflex save DC 20 or be entangled,



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second Reflex save DC 20 to drop items; will also be suspended 20 feet off of the ground. No damage.

**Necropolis Ghouls (3-18):** HP 12.

### GHOULS (EL VARIES)

As the PCs travel during twilight, or perhaps as they explore an old building (looking for loot or perhaps just a place to shelter), they find they've stumbled into the hunting grounds of a small pack of ghouls. It is quite possible, however, that the ghouls notice the PCs first, so compare Listen and Move Silently checks to see who gets the jump on whom.

The ghouls will immediately attack the PCs, hoping to overwhelm them. If they cannot, they will gang up on 1-2 party members, trying to incapacitate them and drag them off to be eaten. The ghouls will not flee as a group; since they care little for their fellows; individual ghouls will only flee if brought to below one-fourth their starting hit points.

**Necropolis Ghouls (2 per PC):** HP 12.

### GLOWING TUNNELS (EL 0)

The PCs wander into a series of unexplored tunnels that have become home to a luminous form of fungus. Like a dry moss, this phosphorescent mold provides ample light in various alien shades to the maze of tunnels in the area - negating the need for artificial light sources.

The fungus here is identical to the fungus described under Area #181, and knowledge of the location's existence would be of great value to the Hive (who haven't discovered this lost pocket of fungus yet). Like the fungus at Area #181, this mold can be harvested to serve as a prolonged source of illumination.

### HAND-FROM-HEAVEN (EL 1)

As the PCs wander through the ruins they hear a piercing shriek from a bird soaring far overhead. A hawk seems to be circling near them, and after a time it appears they are being watched by the creature. Perhaps it is guarding a nest nearby...

The animal is in fact a **hand-from-heaven**, an almost legendary creature that offers a boon in exchange for good deeds (see *New Creatures*). The animal won't attack the PCs (keeping its distance by staying aloft), but if they happen to leave it food, or try to befriend it in another way, they may earn its admiration (see the creature's description in this book for an idea of what might suffice).

Use this encounter as a way of setting the party up for an unexpected "helper", in the form of the hand-from-heaven. The creature can serve as a scout (returning and acting nervous if it sees danger up ahead, for example), or as a means of delivering needed supplies or items (ammo, rad-purge shots, etc.) into the PCs' hands just when they need it.

**Hand-From-Heaven (1):** HP 4.

### HERD ANIMALS (EL VARIES)

The PCs come across a clearing in the ruins where a small herd of animals (3d6 in number) is currently grazing. The animals (which can be anything you the GM decide, from regular herd beasts to mutated variations of your own creation) will be wary of the party, but unless they come within 30 feet the animals will remain where they are, content to feed. If the PCs come close, or make sudden motions, the entire herd will stampede in the opposite direction.

**Herd Animals (3-18):** HP 37 (see *d20 Modern*).

### HERMAVS (EL VARIES)

As the PCs navigate through the streets or search through a building, they encounter a pack of 6-11 *hermavs* from Area #149 moving through the region. Since the PCs wander too close to their "domain", the *hermavs* (assuming they notice the PCs) will strike at them immediately to teach them a "lesson".

If the PCs are outdoors the *hermavs* will be mounted on motorcycles; otherwise they will be on foot, constituting a scavenging party that just happens to be combing through the same building the PCs are in. Since every last resource in the city is hotly contested, they won't hesitate to attack the party on sight.

**GM's Note:** The *hermavs* will fight until 1/3 their number is killed before retreating to the cathedral at Area #149, before returning with three times their number in reinforcements. Mark off any *hermavs* killed from the total listed at Area #149.

**Hermavs (6-11):** HP 55.

### INDUSTRIAL ROBOT (EL 4)

The clang of metal feet echoes through the ruins. Taking cover the PCs spot a large metallic beast rumble by, its spindly arms burdened with heaps of rusting scrap metal. The robot seems oblivious to their presence, and marches off towards some distant destination.

The creature, an **industrial robot**, is en route from the *Scrapyard* at Area #057, carrying metal sheets and/or parts for the android factory at Area #059. Programmed to ferry materials, it will avoid combat at all costs, though it won't drop its cargo in the process. It will fight to defend the scrap metal by bashing anyone who gets in its way.

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The PCs could easily follow the robot to Area #059, as it is too simpleminded to take the precaution of shaking pursuers.

**Industrial Robot (1):** HP 51 (page 190, *The Metal Gods*).

### KILLER SCAV (EL 8)

At some point a solitary *scav*, wandering through the ruins looking for junk to scavenge, finds the trail of the PCs (or spots them from a distance). Determining not to return to his hideout empty-handed, he decides to follow them.

For the course of 1-2 days the scav shadows the PCs, always staying a respectable distance from them, fleeing if spotted and pursued. However, being an unscrupulous looter, he plans on getting *something* from the PCs before he goes away...

Eventually the scav will make his move, either sniping at the PCs with a gun to kill them off, or sneaking up and ambushing lone PCs who separate the group to steal their belongings. Alternatively, if by night he sees the party's camp guard fall asleep, he may even be so bold as to sneak into camp and steal their bags.

The scav will always focus his attention on the individual PC who carries the most valuable item (assuming he can see the item, of course), taking that first and then, only if he has the opportunity, taking other items of lesser value as appropriate. Determined to live, the scavenger will flee if discovered or if victory isn't assured.

**Scav (1):** HP 52.

### LITTLE THIEF (EL 1)

As the PCs camp, a small furry creature sneaks into their belongings and attempts to steal away with a random item (its up to you to decide which item, but just to confound the PCs, pick something they really rely on). The creature is a mundane ferret, which if detected (it has a Hide of +13) will flee - with the item - down a nearby alley, into a sewer drain, or into its burrow concealed in a nearby pile of rubble.

The object here is not so much the ferret, but getting the PCs to chase it. You can either use this encounter as a simple, amusing diversion, or perhaps as a lead-in to something more dangerous. If the PCs make a lot of noise chasing the little thief, they may attract other denizens in the area (ghouls, screamers, android patrols, etc.). Or, the ferret may inadvertently lead the PCs into the lair of something far more powerful - a *mutagon*, perhaps...

**Ferret (1):** HP 2 (see *d20 Modern*).

### LONE MUTT (EL 1)

The PCs encounter a miserable stray dog, which follows them everywhere, whining. The animal should be treated as a small dog (see *d20 Modern*). It will shadow the party wherever they go; even if they shoo it away or fire on it, it will eventually return, tail between its legs.

The animal attempts to endear itself to the party, not only because it is starving, but also because it is sick. In reality the animal was impregnated by a **Hive larva**, which is slowly growing inside it. Needless to say, the larva is close to reaching maturity, and will likely hatch as soon as the party lets its guard down...

**Small Dog (1):** HP 6.

### MINEFIELD (EL 2)

The PCs encounter one a *minefield*, either set long ago during the fighting for the city at the time of the Fall, or else by more recent factions. Originally intended to deny the enemy easy access through the area, the minefield continues to claim the lives of unwitting animals and the rare humanoid wandering haplessly through it.

As each member of the party passes through the current hex, roll 1d6; on a roll of 1 that member of the party steps on a mine and triggers it. Do not roll all at once, but instead start with the first character in line, then the second, then third, etc., allowing a periodic interval between each roll to simulate the scattered placement of the mines. If a mine is set off it does damage as a *fragmentation grenade*, except that no Reflex save is allowed for the character triggering it (he can't get out of the way). Other characters in the blast radius may make a save as normal for half damage.

Once a mine has gone off the PCs may attempt to walk more carefully to avoid setting further mines off. By doubling the time it takes to move through the hex any remaining characters may pass through without having to roll for more mine detonations.

### MIRROR OOZE (EL 5)

As the PCs motor across the harbor their movements attract the attention of a mirror ooze, submerged and swimming slowly through the water. Unable to catch a boat moving full speed (though if they're using a rowboat that's another matter entirely), it will nonetheless trail them, following them until either their boat comes to a stop, or they moor on the shore. Soon after the mirror ooze will emerge from



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the water (either climbing aboard the boat or simply slithering onto shore), moving to attack the surprised PCs.

**Mirror Ooze (1):** HP 60.

### OPEN WARFARE (EL VARIES)

This encounter should only take place on or near the frontier of one of the city factions, in specific where that faction's territory borders another's.

The silence of the city is disturbed by the thunder of open warfare. It's not a huge battle, perhaps merely a probing attack by one group or another to test its rivals next door, but the fighting is loud enough to be heard throughout the entire hex (and possibly in neighboring hexes, at your discretion). By the time the PCs arrive - if they're so bold as to investigate - the two opposing forces will already be in the middle of a pitched battle.

Depending on where this encounter takes place the forces involved will vary; use the chart below as a guideline:

| Region                     | Possible Sides            |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| Los Angeles Harbor         | Androids, Hive, Ghouls    |
| Domain of The Flesh Eaters | Hive, Broken Ones, Ghouls |
| Domain of The Broken Ones  | Broken Ones, Hermavs      |

Unless the PCs make themselves known the battle (between large forces; either remain vague about the actual numbers or come up with something reasonable) will play out in relatively short order, perhaps taking two to three hours. Eventually the rival forces will retreat to regroup. If the PCs return they may find a few items on the battlefield as night falls, at your discretion.

### PURIST FIELD TEAM (EL 11)

As the PCs wander through the heavily-damaged ruins, they accidentally stumble upon a team of pureblood scientists - and their soldier escorts - from the enclave at Area #143. The pureblooded humans are wearing full NBC suits as they take samples of biological life (insects, fungus, lichen, rats, etc.) to be taken back to the enclave for further studies. Since the soldiers are effectively on guard, they will be able to take 10s on their Spot and Listen checks to notice the party's approach.

Because the Purists are paranoid of all outsiders, the party's sudden appearance will cause them to open fire to defend themselves (especially if any of the PCs is an obvious mutant or beastman). As such the field team automatically fires when they spot the player characters, attempting to make a fighting withdrawal out of the area on succeeding rounds. They will not surrender, and will most likely be unwilling to communicate. If things go badly, the soldiers will remain to delay the PCs while the scientists escape.

**Purist Scientists (4):** HP 31.

**Purist Soldiers (Patrol) (2):** HP 50.

**Treasure:** In addition to biological samples for study, the Purists field team also has a 25% chance of possessing a pre-Fall map of this part of the city, given to them to help navigate the maze of rubble-strewn streets. Though no map is provided here, you as GM can easily generate a small map using the existing city map to hand out to the players with appropriate notations marking those sites that existed before the Fall. You can make the map as big or as small as you want, depending on how much information about the city you want to give them.

### PURIST PATROL (EL 12)

A patrol of well-armed and armored **Purist Soldiers (Patrol)** is sweeping meticulously through this hex, and come dangerously near to the PCs. Near enough that Hide and Spot checks (or Move Silently and Listen checks) are needed for the PCs to avoid being detected.

If the Purist patrol detects the party they immediately attack. They will retreat if two of their number are wounded, taking their injured members with them as they make an orderly withdrawal.

**Purist Soldiers (Patrol) (5):** HP 50.

### QUAKE! (EL VARIES)

Use this encounter as a means of reinforcing in the players' minds the instability of the city, bringing to life a sense that the Necropolis is a place on the verge of destruction, if not by the inhabitants then at the very hands of Nature itself.

There are two types of *Quake!* encounter, a mundane *tremor* and an outright *earthquake*. The two different types are detailed below; choose whichever seems most fitting or dramatic, as the case may be.

**Tremor (EL 0):** At some point as the PCs are walking, any animals present will begin to bark and whine. Seconds later the ground begins to shake, causing bits of cracked masonry to fall from nearby buildings, old signs to jiggle (and possibly fall over) - but nothing serious. The tremor lasts for 10-20 seconds before fading.

**Earthquake (EL 4):** This encounter begins like *Tremor*, above, except that the shaking of the earth soon becomes violent, picking up strength instead of fading off. When an earthquake strikes all characters must immediately make a Reflex save at DC 15 or be knocked *prone*, taking 1d2 points of damage. In

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addition, if the PCs are indoors there is a 50% chance that the structure they are in suffers a considerable collapse that inflicts 8d6 points of damage to everyone inside (Reflex save DC 18 for half damage), and *pins* them until they can be dug out. If the characters are outside when the encounter occurs there is no risk of being buried in a collapse, but falling debris from nearby buildings will threaten 4d6 points of damage (Reflex DC 18 for half), but there is no chance of being *pinned* by the rubble.

*This encounter should only ever occur once or twice during the party's visit to the Necropolis.*

### RADIO TRICK (EL VARIES)

Assuming the PCs have learned about the radio broadcasts of the Hermit at Area #132, and listen to their radio frequently, they receive a message over the airwaves early in the evening. The message is filled with static and obviously comes from a low-power source, perhaps not far from where the PCs are. A garbled, shaky voice comes over the airwaves. It pretends to be a frightened survivor (Sense Motive against the speaker's Bluff will recognize the voice is lying), hiding out from "monsters" that have been hunting it among the ruins. It tells its listeners that it is hiding out at a particular location (which happens to be near where the party is currently listening), and begs "someone - anyone" to come to its assistance.

In reality the speaker on the radio is one of a band of clever *ghouls* who, having heard the Hermit's voice on the airwaves, came up with a devious means of catching new prey, using a radio of their own to trick would-be saviors into walking into an ambush.

If the PCs follow the ghoul's directions they will be led to a darkened building where an entire pack awaits them. A light will be left on in an upper story window, but once the PCs go inside and start upstairs

the ghouls (who were hiding outside as well as in the basement) will enter the building behind them, preventing them from escaping. Once they have the PCs trapped, the ghouls move in for the kill, swarming up the stairwells after the party...

The ghouls are not above trying variations of this trick over and over again. Alternative lures include using a captured female human to scream for help on the radio (of course they will probably have eaten her by the time the PCs arrive), or even masquerading as a child to play on the PCs' sympathy (of course, such an attempt to pretend to be a child would result in a penalty to the ghoul's Bluff check).

**Necropolis Ghouls (5-14):** HP 12.

**Treasure:** The ghouls are not likely to have any real treasure, though at least one of them will have a portable CB radio and power cell.

### RANDOM NOISES (HARBOR) (EL 0)

Strange noises echo through the harbor, detectable by any PC making a Listen check at DC 12. Determine the exact nature of the noise by rolling on the table below.

| D20   | Noises  |
|-------|---|
| 1-3   | Sound of something swimming past boat           |
| 4-6   | Splash of water nearby                          |
| 7-9   | Splash of water in the distance                 |
| 10-12 | The groan of aging metal from a nearby wreck    |
| 14-16 | Sound of seagulls                               |
| 17-19 | Echoing animal call from shore                  |
| 20    | Something scraping along the bottom of the boat |

What the noises might mean for the party is entirely up to you. The noises can merely be atmospheric; a tool to raise tension and fear; or you can develop a simple roll on the table above into a full-fledged encounter. It's totally up to you.

### RANDOM NOISES (SEWER) (EL 0)

As the PCs travel through the sewers allow each character to make a Listen check at DC 12. Those who succeed hear strange noises, echoing through the sewer tunnels. Determine the exact nature of the noise by rolling on the table below.

| D20   | Noises   |
|-------|--|
| 1-2   | Gurgling from a nearby waterway  |
| 3-4   | Pattering of many tiny feet - rats?  |
| 5-6   | Rumbling; the sound of a distant cave-in   |
| 7-8   | Chittering noises that sound vaguely like inhuman voices                         |
| 9-10  | Gentle splash, as if something slid carefully and quietly into a nearby waterway |
| 11-12 | Splash of water, as if something "large" entered a nearby waterway               |
| 13    | Terrifying inhuman groans  |
| 14    | Sound of humanoid feet - coming close  |
| 15    | Sound of humanoid feet - running away  |
| 16    | Blood-curdling scream somewhere in the distance                                  |
| 17    | Gunshot(s) somewhere in the distance   |
| 18    | An animal's scream, cut short by a sudden splash of water                        |
| 19    | A splash, a scream, and an ungodly "roar"  |
| 20    | Someone/something banging on exposed sewer pipes (Morse code?)                   |

What the noises might mean for the party is entirely up to you. The noises can merely be atmospheric; a tool to raise tension and fear; or you can develop a simple roll on the table above into a full-fledged encounter. It's up to you.

### RANDOM NOISES (SURFACE) (EL 0)

As the PCs travel down the eerily-empty streets of the city, allow each character to make a Listen check at DC 12. Those who succeed hear strange noises,



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echoing down alleys and across the landscape of twisted ruins. Determine the exact nature of the noise by rolling on the table below.

| D20   | Noises  |
|-------|---|
| 1-3   | Moaning - wind blowing through ruins            |
| 4-6   | Unidentified animal call                        |
| 7-9   | Gunshot(s) somewhere in the distance            |
| 10-11 | Tribal drums echoing in the distance            |
| 12    | Hawk's piercing screech overhead                |
| 13    | Thunder - building collapsing nearby            |
| 14    | Smashing of glass store windows - nearby        |
| 15    | Sound of humanoid feet - coming close           |
| 16    | Sound of humanoid feet - running away           |
| 17    | Maniacal laughter                               |
| 18    | Vehicle engines - fading off                    |
| 19    | Blood-curdling scream somewhere in the distance |
| 20    | Monstrous roar                                  |

What the noises might mean for the party is entirely up to you. The noises can merely be atmospheric; a tool to raise tension and fear; or you can develop a simple roll on the table above into a full-fledged encounter. It's up to you.

### RAT DOG SCOUTS (EL VARIES)

The area the PCs have wandered in is currently being scoured by a group of ravenous sewer ghouls. Assisting them in their search for prey are a handful of rat dogs, which scout ahead of the ghouls, as well as down side passages and even behind them, looking, listening, and sniffing for any sign of something edible.

The PCs will stumble onto the rat dog scout(s) first. There will be **1-2 rat dogs**. Assuming the rat dog(s) detects the PCs, as soon as it gets to act it will begin to squeak loudly, before leaping on the prey, hoping to tie the character down until the ghouls arrive.

The **3-12 sewer ghouls** will rush to the sounds of the squeaking rat dog, arriving 1d6 rounds later. The total number of sewer ghouls should be divided in two; the first half will attack the party from the front on the opening round of combat, while the other half - using side passages and tunnels - will come up behind the party one round later.

**Rat Dogs (1-2):** HP 11.

**Sewer Ghouls (3-12):** HP 22.

### RAT SWARM (EL VARIES)

In this part of the city the rats are far more bold than elsewhere, having come to acquire the taste for human flesh from their ghoulish masters. As the PCs wander the ruins they cross paths with a massed swarm of **30 rats**; either picking through the garbage on a particular street, living in the shadowy ruins of an old building or basement, or simply pouring like a living river from a nearby manhole or sewer entrance.

The rats will move to attack the PCs on sight, and will continue until destroyed. During the combat there is a 1 in 10 chance that the sounds of battle draws the attention of a handful of **ghouls** (perhaps 2-5 total) as well, who will join the rats in attacking the party.

**Rats (30):** HP 1 (see *d20 Modern*).

**Necropolis Ghouls (2-5):** HP 12.

### ROPE WORM (EL 9)

The PCs pass through a field of broken stone, the remains of a large complex of structures that collapsed into rubble either in the Fall or from earthquakes since.

As the PCs pass through the field they attract the attention of a rope worm lurking nearby. The creature moves to attack the party while they are out in the open, hoping to take at least kill one of them

and drag her carcass underground to be devoured.

**Rope Worm (1):** HP 58.

### RUIN PICKERS (EL VARIES)

This encounter is similar to the encounter with the Friendly Scav. As the PCs make camp, or travel through the ruins, they spot a small group of "ruin pickers" - a small family of miserable mutant humans who live by picking over the ruins for food to eat, water to drink, and old discarded junk to wear or trade at places like *Den* (Area #008) and *Sanctuary* (Area #011).

The ruin pickers consist of a somewhat lean man, his disheveled wife, 1d3 sons, and 1d3-1 daughters. While the man and his wife are mature adults, roll 1d12+7 for the age (in years) of each child. The ruin pickers are a family, but operate like a well-run outfit in their day-to-day quest for food, shelter, and shiny bits that might fetch a good price back "in town".

The ruin pickers will approach the PCs on a friendly basis, offering to trade. In addition to their personal gear they will have a random number of finds for sale. To determine what these items are, roll 1d4+1 times on the table below, then consult the appropriate table for each.

| D10 | Table                   |
|-----|-------------------------|
| 1-3 | Table 1: Junk           |
| 4   | Table 2: Useful Stuff   |
| 5-6 | Table 7: Simple Food    |
| 7   | Table 8: Trade Goods    |
| 8   | Table 9: "Magic" Items  |
| 9   | Table 10: Survival Gear |
| 10  | Table 17: Dead Bodies   |

There is also a 20% chance that the husband is destitute enough to be willing to sell his wife and/or daughters to the PCs for a time, at a rate of 50 cp an hour.

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**Ruin Pickers (3-7):** HP 20.

**Development:** There is a 1 in 10 chance that the ruin pickers carry *lice* or some other parasite. PCs doing any sort of deals with the ruin pickers (including laying with them) must make a Fortitude save at DC 15 or contract the vermin (roll this in secret so the PCs don't know what's going on). If the PC in question does become infested, she suffers a -1 penalty to all attack rolls, skill checks, and attribute checks until she receives medical treatment from a skilled physician.

### SCAVENGING BUGS (EL VARIES)

The PCs hear the sounds of some unidentified creatures working busily in the ruins. If they explore the noise they come across a small group of mutant bugs from the Hive, hastily tearing apart the contents of an old building. Bugs can be seen stripping down rusted cars in the street outside, while more of the insects throw lamps, rotted clothing, and even entire spring mattresses out of fifth-story windows to other bugs waiting on the sidewalk below.

The bugs are busy with their scavenging and take a -4 to all Listen and Spot checks to notice the PCs. However, if they spot the PCs they immediately move to attack, hoping to capture the PCs and take them to the nearest bughill.

**Mutant Bugs (4-16):** HP 17.

### SCREAMERS (EL 9)

This encounter only occurs at night. As the PCs are wandering the ruins by moonlight they see distant glows up ahead, moving slowly through the rubble of an old building, though from this distance they can't tell if its torchlight, a campfire, etc.

If and when the party comes within 100 ft they begin to hear a high-pitched wailing "siren" (almost

high enough to crack glass), coming from the direction of the glows. The siren doesn't change or falter, but persists as a constant sound that assaults their ears.

The PCs have stumbled on a group of *screamers*, the radiated corpses of individual Ancients that have been reanimated by unknown forces to walk again. Mindless undead, the screamers walk the old city streets, attracted by the biorhythms of living creatures which they attempt to slay with their radiated attacks.

If the PCs are spotted the screamers will attack, and will pursue them wherever they go unless killed.

**Screamers (6):** HP 26.

### SERPENT GOD (EL 16)

Entering a small intersection the PCs hear the sounds of something *large* in the middle of feasting. They have a chance to take cover and see whatever is going on.

If the PCs get a good look they see a single Serpent God *ophidi* in the middle of the intersection, currently eating its most recently prey - a huge *mutagon*! This is evidence, if the PCs don't already realize it, that even a single Serpent God is a tremendously powerful foe!

The Serpent God probably won't notice cautious PCs, but if it does it will merely watch them with indifference, continuing with its meal. It will only fight if the PCs attack it. Uninterested in conversation, if the PCs make a nuisance of themselves by trying to communicate it is 50% likely to just finish its meal and wander off (otherwise it fires off a warning shot to get them "scurrying like rodents").

**Serpent God Ophidi (1):** HP 195.

### SETTLERS (EL VARIES)

The PCs spot a small group of men and women moving cautiously through the ruins. If the PCs approach peacefully these prove to be **settlers** from Sanctuary; if the PCs seem trustworthy, the settlers may be convinced to guide the party back to that village (see Area #011). If the PCs attack, or seem suspicious, the settlers open fire before trying to flee.

**Settlers (5-16):** HP 6.

**Treasure:** The settlers have little of value beyond their muskets. They are returning from a daily trip to one of their community's secret "gardens" located in the ruins of a large building in the vicinity. As such they are likely to have a number of baskets filled with fresh fruit and vegetables as well.

### SEWER GHOULS (EL 9)

The party comes dangerously near to a group of **6 sewer ghouls** prowling through the constricting tunnels in search of rats and other prey. Tougher and sneakier than normal ghouls, if these creatures detect the party they will move to ambush the PCs and take them by surprise.

Sewer ghouls always attack in a two-pronged fashion, with half their number attacking from the front and the other half from the rear. This way their surprised enemies can't escape (unless they leap into the sewer channel and swim away).

**Sewer Ghouls (6):** HP 22.

### SEWER INFERNUM (EL 1)

The tunnels the PCs are passing through have the odor of chemicals and gasoline. A buildup of debris and waste products has dammed a key junction somewhere down the line, bringing the flow of sewage to a halt. A silvery slick can be seen



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collecting in the stagnant sewer channels just a few feet from where the party stands on a slippery ledge.

The waters here are rich in oil, runoff from leaky cars on the streets above and from Ancient-era industry. The flammable waste has pooled here, poisoning the waterway and making it potentially ignitable.

Applying a source of flame to the waters in this area will light the water on flame. There won't be an explosion, but the fire will affect a 10-ft area (centered on where it caught fire), and spreads outwards at a rate of 10 ft. per round. Roll 1d4 and multiply the result by 10 to determine just how far the flames will spread.

The flames will mostly be restricted to the oily waters of the channel, but at your discretion the flames may creep up onto the oily ledges as well. The PCs are only in danger if they fall in the water with a lit torch in hand (it will cause the surface to ignite); otherwise the flammable waters might even prove to be beneficial (for instance, if they're being chased by a giant sewer croc).

### SEWER PURSUIT (EL VARIES)

This "encounter" will actually take place over the course of several hours, and perhaps even days.

At some point the party's movements will be detected by a sewer ghoul living in the tunnels the party just passed through. A cunning creature, the sewer ghoul remains hidden until the party passes, before shadowing them at a reasonably safe distance.

The sewer ghoul will follow the PCs through the sewers for hours; even days if it has to, always remaining far enough behind that though it remains out of sight, it can hear their movements, voices, etc.

If the PCs make camp, or stop to rest, it stays put until they are ready to move on again.

As it goes the ghoul quietly attracts other ghouls in the area to join in the "chase", until before they know it the party has a large group of sewer ghouls secretly shadowing them! Eventually, when the pack gets big enough, the sewer ghouls move to attack.

Though only one ghoul tracks the PCs at first, every hour there is a 50% chance that the pack grows by 1d2 additional sewer ghouls. When the number of ghouls in the pack equals three times the number of PCs (or if the PCs are detected trying to leave the sewers), the ghouls come pouring down the tunnels to swarm the party and devour them!

*For the PCs their best hope is to hear/spot the first ghoul tracker early on and deal with it before it attracts others of its kind. The longer they delay, the more ghouls they'll have to fight off!*

**Sewer Ghouls (1+):** HP 22.

### SEWER SCRIBBLINGS (EL 0)

If the PCs are bold enough to travel using the sewers of the Necropolis, they will find more than just ghouls and sewage-clogged waterways. Before the Fall a number of strange maverick groups called the sewers home, and many of these left graffiti and markers that now, after the Fall, provide a tantalizing glimpse at the past.

Whenever this encounter is rolled it indicates the PCs pass the remnants of old writings or spray-painted graffiti on the walls of a given sewer tunnel. Roll on the following table to determine what exactly the graffiti reads:

#### D12 Graffiti

|     |  |
|-----|--|
| 1-3 | Lewd messages, gang symbols, etc.                              |
| 4-6 | "The End Is Coming"  |
| 7   | "Be good to your pet; someday soon he'll be holding the leash" |
| 8   | "The Jackal Rises!"  |
| 9   | "Man's Reign Shall Be Torn Down By The Beast"                  |
| 10  | "Zephaniah 2:15"   |
| 11  | "Beware The Reckoning"   |
| 12  | "He Awaits The 13"   |

### SLAVE TRAIN (EL 16)

The PCs come across a slave train from the Broken Ones empire moving through the ruins. The slave train is moving from one village or site to another, and while in transit is under heavy guard.

The slave train consists of **1d10+20** humanoid **slaves** of the Broken Ones, being herded by **1 Lasher** per 10 slaves, plus **6 Broken One warriors** and **1 giant mutant beastman**, with the entire column being led by a single **Broken One elite**. There may also be **2-4 Broken One commons** in the slave train, distributing water to the slaves as they rest or serving as porters for the Broken One soldiers. The slaves are either laborers moving from one camp to another, or else they are carrying cargo as human mules; this cargo can range from stone blocks to scrap metal to rare treasures recently uncovered among the ruins (use your discretion).

The slave column is busy getting from point A to point B (wherever those might be, depending on where the encounter occurs), so they won't notice the PCs unless the party acts foolishly or deliberately makes itself known. If the PCs are discovered the Beastmen attack to drive them off; because they are so cowed the slaves will not fight to free themselves even if it appears the PCs have a chance of winning.

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However, if freed they will be grateful, though they have little to offer in compensation except the belongings of their former masters.

**Slaves (21-30):** HP 10.

**Lashers (2-3):** HP 29.

**Broken One Warriors (6):** HP 40.

**Giant Mutant Beastman (1):** HP 92.

**Broken One Elite (1):** HP 68.

### STARVING ANIMALS (EL VARIES)

The PCs spot malnourished animals shadowing them through the animals. The pack will consist of a random grouping of animals, as determined with a dice roll:

| D6  | Pack Type                             |
|-----|---------------------------------------|
| 1-2 | 3d6 small dogs (see d20 Modern)       |
| 3-5 | 2d6 medium-size dogs (see d20 Modern) |
| 6   | 2d4 wolves (see d20 Modern)           |

The animals will trail the PCs, hoping to pick up scraps of food left behind. After 1d4 hours they grow restless, however, and will attack any pack animals (or other animals) in the party's company. If driven off they stay at a respectable distance, but still follow.

That evening, when it gets dark, the animals will attack hoping to take what food they can. They attack the PCs only to scare them off and/or tie them down until one of their number can make off with a pack of food or a bundle of rations. They will not try to kill the PCs unless there is no other way to curb their starvation.

### STRANGE SPOOR (SEWER) (EL VARIES)

As the PCs navigate a sewer tunnel one of their number steps in the spoor of an unknown creature. Still fresh, its presence indicates the creature that left

it is still nearby...

Determine the nature of the creature that left the spoor on the table below.

| D8  | Creature             |
|-----|----------------------|
| 1   | 1d3+1 Wild men       |
| 2   | 2d3 Probing waddlers |
| 3-4 | 2d3 Sewer ghouls     |
| 5   | 2d3 Seers            |
| 6-7 | 2d10 Ratbites        |
| 8   | 1 Giant sewer croc   |

*Unless the PCs immediately turn back and go the other way, they will encounter the creature in question just 1d2 hours later.*

### STRANGE SPOOR (SURFACE) (EL VARIES)

As the PCs wander through the ruins one of their number steps in the spoor of an unknown creature. Still fresh, its presence indicates the creature that left it is still nearby...

Determine the nature of the creature that left the spoor on the table below.

| D8  | Creature  |
|-----|---|
| 1   | 1d3+1 Wild men  |
| 2-3 | 3d4 Toxic raccoons (page 141, Terrors of the Lost Paradise) |
| 4   | 1d6+2 Ravening hounds                                       |
| 5-7 | 1d4 Necropolis ghouls                                       |
| 8   | 1 Mutagon   |

*Unless the PCs immediately turn back and go the other way, they will encounter the creature in question just 1d2 hours later.*

### TRAPPED BUILDING (EL 2)

The PCs enter a building ostensibly to search (or looking for shelter), but soon find it to be one of several structures in the area deliberately trapped by the mysterious Hermit living at Area #132. Downright hateful of the ghouls that infest his part of the city, he has turned many potential shelters into deathtraps.

The interior of the building appears to contain a small storehouse of food - dozens of tins of canned food sit against the far wall in a heap (in reality most of the cans are empty, or filled with rocks). However, if the heap of cans is disturbed, a trap is triggered that detonates a cluster of three frag grenades, bound together by a coil of wire.

*Once the grenades have detonated, blowing the pile of cans clear away, a crude message can be seen scrawled on the wall: "Tek Dat Ya Gooly Bazzas".*

**Fragmentation Grenade Trap (1):** Disable Device DC 21, Search DC 21, three separate detonations for 4d6 damage each (burst radius 20 ft., Reflex save DC 15 for half).

### WALL CRAWLERS (EL VARIES)

This encounter takes place while the PCs are searching, or making camp. Drawn by the sounds of activity, or the party making camp, a group of **1d4+2 wall crawlers** approaches their position, inquisitive as to what the PCs are - and if they're edible. Wall crawlers only eat wild men, and once they realize the PCs aren't these wild inhabitants of the Necropolis they wander off.

However, if the PCs attack the wall crawlers, are few in number, or are especially wounded, the wall crawlers may attack, at your discretion.

**Wall Crawlers (3-6):** HP 22 (see *The Broken & The Lost: New Terrors*).



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### SKAEL BOARDING PARTY (EL VARIES)

This encounter will only occur if the PCs have somehow acquired a boat. The movements of their craft will have attracted the attention of Skaels from Area #053 or Area #054, who will try to board their craft and take the PCs by surprise as soon as they get the chance.

The Skael boarding party (consisting of 1-12 creatures) will emerge from underneath the party's boat probably when they are docked or at anchor, assuming themselves to be safe. The Skaels will wait until they think the PCs are either asleep, distracted, or split up, before using stealth to climb on board and attack from all sides. The Skaels will fight until two-thirds their number are killed before diving overboard and swimming deep to get away. If at all possible they may grapple individual PCs to try and drag them to a watery death beneath the waves.

**Skaels (1-12):** HP 20.

### SKAELS (EL VARIES)

This encounter will only occur if the PCs have somehow acquired a boat. The movements of their craft will have attracted the attention of Skaels from Area #053 or Area #054.

As the PCs row/motor along, allow each to make a Spot check vs. a small group of Skaels skulking just under the surface (the Skaels get a +4 bonus to their Hide checks for being underwater). The Skaels will observe the party and swim after them, keeping their distance but shadowing the party's boat. They will not attack or attempt to board the party's craft, being too cowardly, but the PCs may catch sight of them or hear them swimming after them when just out of sight.

The Skaels will only attack PCs who fall into the water or who might be left alone on the shore or sent

by herself to explore a shipwreck. When they do they attack as a group, and will flee if one of their number is killed.

**Skaels (2-6):** HP 20.

### UNUSUAL WILDLIFE (EL VARIES)

As the PCs wander the ruins they come across (or are hunted by) some form of unusual wildlife - tiger, gorilla, bear, etc. These creatures, certainly not native to this area in the world of the past, are descended from animals that escaped the L.A. Zoo during the chaos of the Fall. These animals now live wild and free, hunting among the desolate urban ruins as if it were their native savannah (or jungle). Some may be slightly mutated (two heads, additional limbs, fantastic coloration, etc.), but most are not. In game terms use the base statistics of their parent animal.

To determine what type of animal the PCs stumble upon, roll on the table below:

| D8  | Creature                |
|-----|-------------------------|
| 1-2 | Ape (see d20 Modern)    |
| 3-4 | Bear (see d20 Modern)   |
| 5-6 | Monkey (see d20 Modern) |
| 7-8 | Tiger (see d20 Modern)  |

### WEAPON ANIMATRON (EL 4)

This encounter will only take place within the Enclave of The Lost Children of Man.

The Purists have set up a number of weapon animatrons throughout their territory; while most numerous along their frontier, other similar devices dot the ruins all around their compound.

Each of these animatrons is fitted with an M-60 and 100 rounds of 7.62mm ammunition. They are usually quite cleverly concealed (and camouflaged), requiring a Spot check at DC 25 to notice - at least before it starts firing. Purist animatrons are programmed

to fire at anyone and anything passing within a 90 degree arc in front of them (xeno scouts and Purist patrols know where these animatrons are hidden and know how to approach them safely). An animatron will continue firing until its opponent is killed, passes out of range, or destroys it.

**Weapon Animatron:** HP 40.

### WEIRD WEATHER (EL VARIES)

The Necropolis is known for bizarre weather phenomenon, some of which is hazardous, and others downright deadly. Three types of "weird weather" are described here, the dust storm, sandstorm, and heat wave. Use whichever seems most dramatic to the current situation.

*Dust Storm (EL 1):* Because the streets and buildings of the Necropolis are covered in an unnatural dust from the nuclear attacks and ensuing fires that raged here centuries ago, the city is prone to frequent dust storms. This can happen at any time.

When a dust storm hits the stuff is picked up off of the streets and scoured off of nearby buildings, creating a blinding - and suffocating - dust cloud that covers anywhere from a few streets to an entire neighborhood (in game terms, an entire hex is affected).

A dust storm works in a similar fashion to sandstorms, except one cannot be predicted. In addition, anyone who can't make it to cover suffers only a single point of damage each round, and this damage is non-lethal. Creatures that do not breathe, or wear protective masks, do not take damage. Vision is reduced to 10 feet, but hearing is unaffected. The typical dust storm in the Necropolis lasts for only about 30 minutes.

At the end of a storm anyone who did not take cover will be covered in a layer of cloying grey dust,

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which smells and feels oily. This dust is unusually difficult to remove, requiring vigorous scrubbing and scouring.

**Sandstorm (EL 2):** Sandstorms are a particularly hazardous weather phenomenon in the Necropolis, just as they are elsewhere on the Twisted Earth. However, in the Necropolis the towering skyscrapers and congested maze of city blocks often channel the force of these storms, making them much more dangerous to those creatures living in the ruins. In addition, sandstorms in the Necropolis are often fed by weather conditions far larger than they appear, making storms that last for days, or even weeks, a common occurrence. As such, sandstorms are much feared by the inhabitants of the ruins; entire communities have been known to dry up, become abandoned, or even disappear under tons of accumulated sand as a result of a prolonged sandstorm.

A sandstorm encounter in the Necropolis pertains to all of the rules of a standard sandstorm (see page 172 of *Darwin's World 2nd Edition*). However, in especially built-up areas, the damage inflicted each round is 1d4, instead of 1d2. In addition, when determining the duration (in days) of a Necropolis sandstorm, if a 4 is indicated on the d4 roll, roll an additional d4 and add this to the first roll. Each time a 4 is rolled, roll again and add the indicated amount to the previous dice roll. It is thus possible to have sandstorms that last for weeks! In addition, unlike a *Dust Storm*, a *Sandstorm* encounter, if rolled, affects the entire city, not just a localized area.

Sandstorms lasting more than a week have one final effect that lingers even after the storm has faded. For 1d6+6 days after such a sandstorm, the PCs will not encounter any natural animals (e.g. dogs, wolves, etc.), as these creatures will have gone into hiding or starved to death during the storm.

**Heat Wave (EL 1):** For the course of 1d3 days the city is hit by a withering *heat wave*. During this time all creatures (PCs included) throughout the city are affected as follows:

Any strenuous activity undertaken during the day requires the character in question to make a Fortitude check at DC 12 or become *fatigued*. If the character is already *fatigued*, she instead becomes *exhausted*. This only occurs during the day, however; during the night time temperatures drop, reducing this risk to nil. Some creatures may be immune to this danger, at the GM's discretion.

In addition, water sources encountered in the ruins have a cumulative 25% chance of being dried up each day (you may want to alter the descriptions of individual sites if necessary to reflect the lack of water).

### WILD MEN (EL VARIES)

This encounter can, and probably will, occur more than once.

Wherever the PCs are they have been noticed by a small band of *wild men* living/resting/scavenging in the area. Curious but cautious, the wild men will shadow the PCs to observe them. They use their Hide and Move Silently skills to remain unseen, and will always hide if the PCs call out to them, fire at them, or pursue them. They will also flee if they have to.

The wild men will follow the PCs for 1d8 hexes on the city map before growing bored and giving up, disappearing into the ruins. They will never confront the PCs, but instead linger on the edge of their senses, creating an eerie sense of being followed, at all hours. If the PCs camp at night, the wild men camp nearby, without lights, with at least half their number watching the PCs until dawn, before moving out

again (note that the wild men will not pursue the PCs into areas that obviously risk their lives).

The wild men will only show themselves if the party suffers grievous losses after fighting another creature (or creatures). Sensing the party's weakness (perhaps after half their number have fallen), the wild men will converge to attack, hoping to kill at least one PC to drag him off into the ruins to find out if he's edible, and to steal the "shiny things" off his back...

**Wild Men (2 per PC):** HP 18.

### WILD MEN & ROBOT (EL 5)

The PCs are drawn to the sound of banging metal, and garbled screams. The sounds originate from a small "battle" taking place in the ruins nearby.

As the PCs watch they see an old **industrial robot** in the center of an intersection, flailing its arms about wildly, trying to get something off of its back. To their amusement the PCs see what is aggravating the robot: a trio of **wild men** have jumped on it, and are "bravely" trying to kill the "monster" with everything they have. One of the wild men is hooked around the robot's body and is trying to pry the metal plates off with its fingers; another is clinging to the arm like glue, trying to bite off the robot's fingers but only breaking its teeth in the process. The last wild man is on the robot's back, using a club made from a large bone to batter its "head" over and over again - to little effect.

These particular wild men have seen their tribe hunted almost to extinction by the Androids (who consider them "looters"). They are getting "vengeance" by ambushing any robots they come across. This is the first they've gotten their hands on, and they're finding it to be more than they can chew!

If the PCs sit and watch, eventually the wild men



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give up and run away. The robot, however, heads off towards Area #057 to join the work there.

### XENO SCOUT (EL 9)

This encounter will only take place in the vicinity of the Purist enclave.

As the PCs make their way through the ruins they pass within the field of vision of a hidden **xeno scout** from the Purist enclave. These elite stalkers are sent out by the Purists to patrol the frontier of their enclave, living on their own for days, even weeks at a time away from base, relying solely on their training and wits. Their orders are simple: kill anyone and anything they stumble upon. If the intruder(s) appears too difficult to kill by himself, the xeno scout has orders to slip away unseen and report the intrusion back at the base.

The xeno scout will be hidden, and is considered to have taken a 10 due to advanced preparation, as well as making use of nearby cover. Roll to determine what cover is available:

| D10  | Cover Available |
|------|-----------------|
| 1-2  | One-quarter     |
| 3-6  | One-half        |
| 7-8  | Three-quarters  |
| 9-10 | Nine-tenths     |

Assuming the xeno scout spots the PCs he will observe them for a while before deciding what to do; his actions will either be to start sniping the party from cover, or, if they seem too tough, will slip away and head back to base.

In the former case the PCs are in for a difficult game of cat-and-mouse. The xeno scout will fire at them, remaining in cover to benefit from his advanced class' increase to Hide checks and Defense. In the latter case the PCs will never even know they

were spotted, but 2d6 hours later a patrol of Purists will be sent to intercept them (for details on a Purist patrol, see the *Purist Patrol* encounter).

**Xeno Scout (1):** HP 61.



### RADIO MESSAGES

Anyone traveling through the *Los Angeles Harbor, Domain of The Flesh Eaters*, or *Enclave of The Lost Children of Man* regions of the Necropolis has a chance of stumbling onto one of the most bizarre “phenomena” of the city, in the form of the Hermit’s *radio messages*.

Living alone in the heavily-fortified compound of an old city radio station (see Area #132), the Necropolis’ resident “hermit” long ago learned how to turn on the transmitting tower to broadcast messages. Somewhat eccentric already, the old codger came to enjoy hearing his voice sent out over the airwaves.

The Hermit has long come to believe he lives in the city alone, isolated from intelligent human beings (except for ghouls, Broken Ones, and giant bugs - all of whom he rightfully fears), but he has never given up hope. He continues to use the transmitter tower to attempt to contact other sane holdouts in the city - the tower doesn’t have the range to reach beyond the Necropolis - but so far he has been unsuccessful.

Over time the Hermit has diversified his broadcasts, if for no other reason than to amuse himself. A given broadcast could contain any sort of message that suits the old man’s whimsy, sharing with anyone who happens to be listening a bizarre mix of weather reports, diatribes on his deepest thoughts, and even warnings about the movement

of ghouls and other mutant beasts he’s personally observed while out foraging for food. Mimicking the variety talk shows of the ancient past, the Hermit broadcasts periodically just to hear his own voice and remind himself that he isn’t dead.

### TUNING IN

Player characters in the ruins may actually pick up the Hermit’s radio broadcasts, at your discretion. If they have working radios, and just happen to be fiddling through the frequencies, they may “stumble” onto one of his broadcasts during the week. This can be used for more than just flavor (imagine their excitement and surprise at hearing a legible voice on the airwaves), but also to provide cryptic information and real warnings that could help them avoid potential party-killing dangers.

The Hermit broadcasts roughly once each week, though he’s learned to vary the timing of his broadcasts by a few hours. Personally terrified of ghouls, he is afraid they’ll somehow find a way to track his broadcasts down and find out where he’s transmitting from. As a result, his broadcasts have gotten shorter and shorter, but the hope of making contact with other survivors in the ruins is too tempting to stop altogether.

Sadly, the Hermit is unable to receive messages, so any attempt to contact him by radio will be unheard.

### ON THE AIR...

When and if the PCs catch one of the Hermit’s broadcasts you can choose a message from the following examples, or devise your own. Never use individual messages more than once.

- The Hermit warns of a recent *ghoul* sighting. Since he regularly slips out of his compound to scrounge

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for supplies in the ruins, he has learned to keep an eye out for signs of the passage of ghouls. He will report any evidence on the air, hopefully alerting other survivors to the movements of these “ghoulie bastards”.

- The Hermit gloatingly addresses any ghouls that might be listening, asking if they've "lost any recently". He is referring to the explosive traps he sets up throughout the ruins, hoping to blow up ghouls whenever possible (see the random encounter, *Trapped Building*). He continues to taunt the ghouls for a few minutes before going on to something else.
- The Hermit offers a commentary on the Hive's expansion in the city, and describes having observed, over the past few years, a number of "enormous anthills" being constructed in the eastern part of the city. He also offers this advice: "If you're new here, know this: we gotta BIG bug problem."
- The Hermit offers his prediction for the week's weather. Having lived in the Necropolis his entire life, the Hermit is actually 90% accurate with his predictions. *You can use such a broadcast as a way to warn the PCs of a coming heat wave, or a sandstorm, for example.*
- Following a tremor or earthquake (random encounter), the Hermit may go on the air to comment, and even suggest that “the city is doomed”, and that it is “slowly being reclaimed by the Devils beneath the earth”.
- Following the sighting of an aurora over the city, the Hermit may go on the air to share his non-scientific take on what the auroras are, and what they mean. His diatribe ranges from "the contrails of alien spaceships" to "evidence that the Earth was knocked out of its orbit by the Fall and is slowly being sucked into the Sun".

- The Hermit engages his listeners with an alarming, raving diatribe about having personally seen "fish-men" coming onto land by night along the shores south of the city. He's terrified of what these creatures might want on land, and if there are more of them. *This message may seem crazy to the PCs, but it not only alerts them to the presence of another group living in the waters off of the city, but it also gives a clue as to where the Hermit's hideout is located (near the ocean).*
- The Hermit sends out a general call to any survivors that might be listening. He arranges a location where they can go to make contact with him. He warns them, however, that since the ghouls learned to use the radio they've begun sending fake messages of their own, to lure people into traps. *If the PCs show up at the right place at the right time, the Hermit may or may not be present at your discretion, only emerging from hiding when he's sure they weren't followed. If the PCs make peaceful contact, the Hermit may take them back to his hideout where they can enjoy its safety and the old man's hospitality.*
- If nothing exceptional has happened all week, the Hermit resorts to merely playing one of hundreds of musical records around the old radio station.

Don't just stick to these scripted messages, however; the Hermit could easily report on things happening as a result of the party's actions. For instance, if the PCs have stirred up trouble with the Hive (causing them to mobilize bug flyers to chase after them), he will have spotted the inordinate number of bugs in the sky and will wonder aloud at what's going on. Similarly, if he hears explosions, or the sounds of combat (the result of the party doing battle anywhere in this part of the city), he will make it known someone's “kicking butt” in his weekly broadcast.



## GENERIC STAT BLOCKS

The generic stat blocks for various Necropolis denizens are presented in this chapter. Significant individual NPCs are to be found under the specific adventure location where they are encountered.

### BROKEN ONE CAVALRY

Elevated in the public eye, the horse riders of the Broken Ones legions are almost worshipped as the elite of the Warrior caste. Indeed, their specialized training, quickness in battle, and past record of wins against the Hive and other foes has brought their units much glory. The typical cavalryman is a proud and merciless warrior, but his fighting skill doesn't suffer from his arrogance.

**Broken Ones Cavalry (Wolverine Genotype Strong Hero 3/Guardian 6):** CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+9 plus 6d10+18; HP 74; Mas 16; Init +2; Spd 20 ft; Defense 22, touch 16, flatfooted 21 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +5 class, +6 equipment); BAB +9; Grap +12; Atk +13 melee (1d8+7, lance), or +11 ranged (2d8, black powder rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, adrenaline surge, claws, carnivore, reptile brain; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +2; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 12.

**Occupation:** Herdsman (Handle Animal, Ride).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Adrenaline Control, Bestial Genotype, Claws, Carnivore, Reptile Brain.



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

**Skills:** Climb +6, Handle Animal +5, Jump +6, Knowledge (Tactics) +7, Listen +3, Ride +11, Spot +3, Survival +2.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Ride-By Attack, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Spirited Charge.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (lance), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (lance).

**Possessions:** Lance, legionnaire's armor, black powder rifle, 12 rounds of shot, horse (and trappings).

## BROKEN ONE COMMON

A “common” is a beastman of the Broken Ones empire, a civilian and citizen. Attitudes and abilities generally vary, but the typical *common* is dedicated to his race and to seeing it dominate the ruins of the Necropolis in the near future. Like followers of nationalistic movements of the pre-Fall world, they are often willing to turn a blind eye to cruelty and injustice for the good of the whole. *The sample NPC shown here uses the Ape genotype, but every type of beastman genotype can be found among the ranks of the “commons”.*

**Broken One Common (Ape Genotype Strong Hero 4):** CR 4; Large humanoid; HD 4d8+8 plus 3; HP 29; Mas 15; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 13, touch 13, flatfooted 12 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +3 class); BAB +4; Grap +12; Atk +8 melee (1d6+5, sickle), or +4 ranged (by weapon); FS 10 ft by 10 ft; Reach 15 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, herbivore, muzzle; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +2; AP 2;

## LEGIONNAIRE'S ARMOR

The armor worn by soldiers of the Broken Ones empire varies depending on the particular beast-form of each warrior, but they are all fashioned with a similar look: a baroque covering of ornate plate, intricately covered in fluting and decorative frills designed to catch blood and gore. Though it is stunningly impressive, it also serves a more practical purpose: both as protection, as well as to ensure the individual Broken One soldier is never caught unarmed. Legionnaire's armor is often fitted with retractable claw bracers, as well as pop-up spikes concealed on elbows, feet, and knees. As a result, even when swarmed in close combat and his weapon taken from him, a Broken One's armor will provide him with the means to kill his foes.

The wearer of a suit of legionnaire's armor makes all unarmed attacks as if they were armed, and all damage inflicted is considered lethal. *Legionnaire's armor requires the Armor Proficiency (medium) feat.*

| Armor               | Type     | Equip Bonus | Nonprof Bonus | Max Dex | Penalty | Speed | Weight | Cost  | Craft |
|---------------------|----------|-------------|---------------|---------|---------|-------|--------|-------|-------|
| Legionnaire's armor | Tactical | +6          | +3            | +1      | -6      | 20    | 20 lb. | 2,250 | 25    |

Rep +0; Str 19, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Craftsman (Craft [structural], Handle Animal).

**Background:** Resentful (Ride).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Gigantism, Simian Deformity, Herbivore, Muzzle.

**Skills:** Climb +12, Craft (structural) +2, Diplomacy -2, Disguise -5, Gather Information -2, Handle Animal +3, Jump +6, Knowledge (Current Events) +1, Listen +3, Profession +3, Ride +3, Spot +3.

**Feats:** Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Endurance, Filthy, Great Fortitude, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Weapon Focus (sickle).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Extreme Effort.

**Possessions:** Sickle, filthy robes.

## BROKEN ONE ELITE

While many die in the savage legions of the Broken Ones, those that survive more than few battles quickly become seasoned veterans worthy of the title “elite”. These beastmen are ferocious fighters, instinct-driven killers who know no fear and put their experiences at war to good use butchering the enemies of the Broken One empire.

**Broken One Elite (Boar Genotype Strong Hero 3/Guardian 6):** CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 6d10+12 plus 3; HP 68; Mas 15; Init +2; Spd 20 ft; Defense 22, touch 16, flatfooted 21 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +5 class, +6 equipment); BAB +9; Grap +11; Atk +12 melee (1d12+6, greataxe), or +11 ranged (2d8, black powder rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, muzzle; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +3; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 8.

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Intimidate).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Hyper Olfactory, Serrated Dental Development, Loner, Muzzle.

**Skills:** Climb +5, Diplomacy -3, Disguise -6, Gather Information -3, Hide +3, Intimidate +10, Jump +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +9, Listen +5, Move Silently +3, Spot +5, Survival +6, Swim +5.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Cleave, Great Cleave, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (greataxe), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (greataxe).

**Possessions:** Greataxe, legionnaire's armor, black powder rifle, 12 rounds of shot.

### BROKEN ONE WARRIOR

Due to their continued patronage of gladiatorial games, and the constant pursuit of war and bloodshed, a savage warrior mindset has developed among the society of the Broken Ones. As a direct result of Klaww's violent rule, warfare has turned each individual warrior into a proud and ferocious fighting machine, eager to endanger his life to prove he is better than the next man - a testament to the fact that Klaww's inhuman policy (which continually stresses "survival of the fittest") produces far superior warriors than most communities in the Necropolis.

**Broken One Warrior (Wolf Genotype Strong Hero 3/Guardian 3):** CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 3d10+3 plus 3; HP 40; Mas 13; Init +3; Spd 20 ft; Defense 21, touch 15, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +4 class, +6 equipment); BAB +6; Grap +8; Atk +9 melee (1d8+4, longsword), or +9 ranged (2d8, black powder rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, carnivore, social animal; AL Broken Ones; SV Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +2; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 15, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Intimidate).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Hyper Olfactory, Serrated Dental Development, Carnivore, Social Animal.

**Skills:** Climb +5, Hide +8, Intimidate +6, Jump +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +5, Listen +3, Move Silently +4, Spot +3, Survival +4, Swim +5.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Bay of the Pack [REW], Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (longsword).

**Possessions:** Longsword, legionnaire's armor, black powder rifle, 12 rounds of shot.

### BUGMAN

The curious tribe of "Bugmen" live on the fringes of Hive territory. Unlike others who have grown to fear the Hive, the Bugmen instead rely on the insects as a food source, as well as for other things (such

as making weapons from their hardened shells).

The typical Bugman is a master of disguise, using his chitin armor to look like a *mutant bug* from a distance, both to strike fear into other tribals and to avoid being attacked by *bug flyers*.

**Bugman (Strong Hero 4):** CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+4; HP 22; Mas 13; Init +1; Spd 20 ft; Defense 19, touch 14, flatfooted 18 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +3 class, +5 equipment); BAB +4; Grap +6; Atk +7 melee (1d10+4, great club), or +5 ranged (1d6+2, sling); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Bugmen; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +0; AP 2; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 14.

**Occupation:** Slaver (Disguise, Intimidate).

**Background:** Tribal (Survival).

**Skills:** Bluff +4, Climb +5, Craft (structural) +3, Disguise +10, Intimidate +5, Jump +5, Survival +2.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Deceptive, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (great club).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Possessions:** Great club, chitin armor [REW], sling, 2d3 sling stones.

### BURROWER GHOUL

These unusual ghouls are specialists in digging, burrowing into the camps of their prey while they sleep.

**Burrower Ghoul (Mutant Strong Hero 3/Horde Warrior 2 [B&L]):** CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 2d10+2; HP 30; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 15, touch 15, flatfooted 13 (+0



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

size, +2 Dex, +3 class); BAB +5; Grap+8; Atk +8 melee (1d8+5, claw), or +7 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +4/+0 (1d8+5, 2 claws); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, darkvision, cannibalism, blindness in light; AL Burrowers; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +2; AP 2; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Predator (Move Silently).

**Background:** Tribal (Survival).

**Mutations and Defects:** Claws x2, Sensitive Sight, Cannibalism x2, Photosensitivity.

**Skills:** Climb +8, Craft (structural) +3, Hide +4, Jump +6, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Knowledge (Tactics) +2, Move Silently +8, Survival +6, Tumble +4.

**Feats:** Pack Tactics [B&L], Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Rend, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Weapon Focus (claws).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Horde Warrior [B&L]):** Flank Attack +1d6, Shared Glory.

**Possessions:** None.

### CALTECH HOLDOUT

No longer resembling the scientists and students they descended from, the lost holdouts beneath CalTech have become primitive and feral. They have never lost the advanced gizmos cached their by their ancestors, however, and many of them continue to use advanced weapons such as lasers.

**CalTech Holdout (Dedicated Hero 1/Fast Hero 1):** CR 2; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d6+1 plus 1d8+1; HP 11; Mas 12; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 16, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class); BAB +0; Grap +1; Atk +1 melee (1d6+1,

cleaver), or +2 ranged (2d12, laser pistol); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL CalTech; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +3; AP 1; Rep +1; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Craftsman (Craft [structural], Repair).

**Background:** Guardian (Knowledge [Technology]).

**Skills:** Craft (structural) +1, Hide +4, Knowledge (History) +2, Knowledge (Tactics) +2, Knowledge (Technology) +6, Listen +6, Move Silently +4, Repair +2, Spot +6, Survival +4, Treat Injury +4.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Dedicated Hero):** Skill Emphasis (Knowledge [Technology]).

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Evasion.

**Possessions:** Cleaver, laser pistol, power clip.

### CARRION KNIGHT

The Carrion Knights are a small community of primitive pureblood humans living in the western reaches of the city. Living on the fringe of the Broken Ones empire, the Carrion Knights have developed a hatred for beastmen and have dedicated themselves to “purifying” the city, to one day make it safe for humanity to rise again. The warriors of the tribe ride trained carrion raptors as steeds, and wear feathered headdresses that clearly identify them as the fighting elite.

**Carrion Knight (Strong Hero 3/Guardian 3):** CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 3d10+3 plus 3; HP 40; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 20, touch 16, flatfooted 18 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class, +4 equipment); BAB +6; Grap +8; Atk

+9 melee (1d8+4, battleaxe), or +8 ranged (1d6+2, sling); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Carrion Knights; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +2; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 13.

**Occupation:** Guide (Handle Animal, Ride).

**Background:** Tribal (Intimidate).

**Skills:** Handle Animal +4, Intimidate +3, Jump +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +2, Ride +9, Survival +3.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Primitive Technology, Ride-By Attack, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Track.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (battleaxe).

**Possessions:** Battleaxe, leather armor, heavy wooden shield, sling, 10 sling stones, one juju potion (1d4+2).

### CORIUM PROSPECTOR

Not well-loved wherever they go, corium prospectors are a rough and rowdy bunch who tear through new boomtowns like a tornado, following the desert trail wherever rumors of corium mother lodes take them. In the Necropolis they have come to make a home of their own, a decrepit and sheltered little town named “Den”.

**Corium Prospector (Mutant Strong Hero 4):** CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+8; HP 26; Mas 14; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 13, touch 13, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +3 class); BAB +4; Grap +7; Atk +8 melee (1d6+4, heavy pick), or +4 ranged (1d6+3, sling); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Den; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

+2; AP 2; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 13, Cha 12.

**Occupation:** Corium Prospector (Climb, Search).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Craft [structural]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Gamma-Ray Visual Sensitivity, Immune-System Abnormality.

**Skills:** Climb +6, Craft (structural) +2, Jump +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +1, Repair +1, Search +7.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Endurance, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Vulture, Weapon Focus (heavy pick).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Extreme Effort.

**Possessions:** Heavy pick, sling, 2d3 sling stones, corium lantern, 1d12 corium pieces.

## GHOST RAIDER

Survivors of the fall of the Raider enclave in the Necropolis, these savage men and women all descend from the fierce and psychotic vehicle-borne warriors of the raider-king's empire. Dispersed after the Hive destroyed their stronghold, they survive as scattered individuals, survivors, and in rare cases, as small "tribes" among the ruins.

**Ghost Raider (Mutant Post-Apocalyptic Hero 3/Ghost Raider 2):** CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8 plus 2d8; HP 22; Mas 10; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 15, touch 15, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +3 class); BAB +3; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d6+1, cleaver), or +5 ranged (2d8, black powder rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL none; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +3; AP 4; Rep +1; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 7.

**Occupation:** Predator (Intimidate).

**Background:** Radical (Drive).

**Mutations and Defects:** Multi-Faceted Eyes, Aberrant Deformity.

**Skills:** Craft (mechanical) +4, Disguise -8, Drive +10, Hide +7, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (tactics) +4, Listen +5, Move Silently +7, Navigate +7, Repair +10, Ride +3, Search +10, Spot +7, Survival +8.

**Feats:** Intuitive Mechanic, Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Track.

**Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero):** Necropoli Lore, Survival Sense.

**Talents (Ghost Raider [REW]):** Vehicle Tinkering, Shadow Vehicle.

**Possessions:** Black power rifle, 10 rounds of shot, cleaver, canteen, Yamaha YZ250F dirt bike.

## GHOST RAIDER ELITE

The most experienced ghost raiders have lost it all - the glory of their former empire, their grasp of technology...and their sanity.

**Ghost Raider Elite (Mutant Post-Apocalyptic Hero 3/Ghost Raider 5):** CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8 plus 5d8; HP 36; Mas 10; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 17, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +5 class); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d6+1, cleaver), or +7 ranged (2d8, black powder rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL none; SV Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +1; AP 5; Rep +2; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 8, Cha 14.

**Occupation:** Predator (Intimidate).

**Background:** Radical (Drive).

**Mutations and Defects:** Multi-Faceted Eyes, Aberrant Deformity.

**Skills:** Craft (mechanical) +4, Disguise -8, Drive +15, Hide +10, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (tactics) +7, Listen +2, Move Silently +10, Navigate +7, Repair +10, Ride +3, Search +10, Spot +4, Survival +8.

**Feats:** Intuitive Mechanic, Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Track, Vehicle Dodge, Vehicle Expert.

**Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero):** Necropoli Lore, Survival Sense.

**Talents (Ghost Raider [REW]):** Vehicle Tinkering, Shadow Vehicle, Cheap Repair, Banshee Wail.

**Possessions:** Black power rifle, 10 rounds of shot, cleaver, canteen, Yamaha YZ250F dirt bike.

## GIANT MUTANT BEASTMAN

In recent years the Broken Ones have begun to notice an increase in freak births, born with gigantism and "ogriish" traits. Though far stupider than the average feral beastman, these giant mutants often grow to tremendous size and strength. Chained, collared, and even outfitted in oversized armor, these huge brutes are typically used by the Broken Ones to spearhead their armies. Enormously tough, they unquestioningly march into the fray while the packs of lesser beastmen advance behind them, smashing obstacles that lie in their army's path. *The giant mutant beastman shown below is based on a rhinoceros genotype beastman, but other kinds are common as well.*



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

**Giant Mutant Beastman (Ogrish [REW] Rhinoceros Genotype Tough Hero 4/Strong Hero 6):** CR 12; Huge Giant; HD 4d10+16 plus 6d8+24 plus 3; HP 92; Mas 19; Init +0; Spd 15 ft; Defense 20, touch 14, flatfooted 20 (-2 size, +0 Dex, +6 class, +6 equipment); BAB +8; Grap +23; Atk +15 melee (1d10+10, great club), or +7 ranged (by weapon); FS 15 ft by 15 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, horns, quadruped; AL none; SV Fort +11, Ref +3, Will +3; AP 5; Rep +2; Str 24, Dex 11, Con 19, Int 6, Wis 10, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Intimidate).

**Background:** Resentful (Survival).

**Mutations and Defects:** Aberrant Horn Development, Bestial Genotype, Gigantism, Loner, Quadruped.

**Skills:** Climb +9, Craft (structural) +0, Hide -8, Intimidate +10, Survival +2.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Cleave, Endurance, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stomp [REW], Sunder, Toughness, Weapon Focus (great club).

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Remain Conscious, Second Wind.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash, Advanced Melee Smash.

**Possessions:** Great club, legionnaire's armor, chains.

## HERMAV

The hermav living in the Church of the Queen of Angels (and prowling much of the Downtown area) are a ruthless and malevolent faction, secretive holdouts who have managed to survive through

merciless raiding and pillaging. Murderers and despicable rapists, they never willingly leave their victims alive to tell the tale.

**Hermav (Mutant Fast Hero 4/Horde Warrior 5 [B&L]):** CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+4 plus 5d10+5; HP 55; Mas 13; Init +3; Spd 30 ft; Defense 23, touch 21, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +8 class, +2 equipment); BAB +8; Grap +8; Atk +8 melee (1d8, longsword), or +7 ranged (2d12, sonic rifle B); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, adrenaline surge; AL Queen of Angels Clan; SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +5; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 11, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 15.

**Occupation:** Predator (Intimidate).

**Background:** Resentful (Survival).

**Mutations and Defects:** Adrenaline Control, Aberrant Deformity.

**Skills:** Balance +10, Bluff +7, Climb +4, Disguise -4, Drive +12, Hide +10, Intimidate +12, Jump +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +3, Listen +6, Move Silently +10, Pilot +5, Ride +4, Repair +3, Spot +6, Survival +6.

**Feats:** Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Mounted Combat, Pack Tactics [B&L], Personal Firearms Proficiency, Primitive Technology, Ride-By Attack, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Track, Vehicle Expert.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1.

**Talents (Horde Warrior [B&L]):** Flank Attack +1d6, Shared Glory, Flank Attack +2d6, Improved Feint.

**Possessions:** Leather armor, sonic rifle B, power backpack, longsword, two doses of stimshot B, battle cycle.

## HIGH-LEVEL COMMAND ANDROID

High-level command models possess numerous upgrades that separate them from their low-level cousins, and have the tactical acumen of an experienced battlefield officer. Masters of the battlefield, an individual high-level command android often exhibits the leadership ability and strategic sense of the best human generals of the ancient past.

**High-Level Command Android (Android Charismatic Hero 6/Strong Hero 2/Soldier 4):** CR 12; Medium-size Android Construct; HD 6d10 plus 2d10 plus 4d10 plus 7; HP 73; Mas 0; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 24, touch 18, flatfooted 22 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 class, +6 natural); BAB +8; Grap +10; Atk +10 melee (1d6+3, rifle butt), or +12 ranged (3d12+2, pulse laser rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ android traits, reduce cover on ranged attacks, loud; AL Androids; SV Fort +7, Ref +9, Will +6; AP 6; Rep +3; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 0, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 15.

**Occupation:** Security Android (Intimidate, Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Features and Deteriorations:** Armor Plating x2, Targeting Computer, Damaged Voice Synthesizer, Loud, Weak Joints.

**Skills:** Bluff -2, Computer Use +2, Demolitions +4, Diplomacy -2, Intimidate +14, Knowledge (Tactics) +16, Listen +3, Move Silently -4, Navigate +8, Perform -2, Search +4, Sense Motive +5, Spot +7.

**Feats:** Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Civil Authority [F/MG], Burst Fire, Combat Martial Arts, Frightful Presence, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Hard-Eyed, Heroic Surge, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Urban Warfare [F/MG].

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Coordinate, Inspiration, Greater Inspiration.

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash.

**Talents (Soldier):** Weapon Focus (pulse laser rifle), Weapon Specialization (pulse laser rifle), Tactical Aid.

**Possessions:** Pulse laser rifle, control rod, power clip, power backpack.

## HORROR

The “horrors” of the Necropolis are a race of ghastly former experiments created by the mysterious Serpent Gods, discarded like old toys by their former masters. Each of these serpentine monstrosities has a passing resemblance to a humanoid, giving rise to legends that they were, at some point, captives of the Serpent Gods who were turned into these mindless cannibal “things” for some bizarre reason. It is unclear what the Serpent Gods are trying to create, though these beings are certain to have been a disappointment, rejected as they were for their defective physical forms.

*This stat block was originally presented in The Broken & The Lost: Tribes of The Twisted Earth.*

**Horror, Tough Hero 2:** CR 2; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d10+2 plus 5; HP 18; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 10 ft; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +2 class); BAB +1; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d3+2 non-lethal plus *poison*, unarmed), or +3 ranged (1d6+2, acid excretion); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, acid attack, poison; AL Horrors; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +1; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 6, Wis 12, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Predator (Hide).

**Background:** Tribal (Move Silently).

**Mutations and Defects:** Acid Excretion Glands, Neurotoxin Sting, Atrophied Cerebellum (Int),

Ophidianism [B&L].

**Skills:** Balance -4, Climb -3, Escape Artist +4, Hide +5, Jump -4, Listen +3, Move Silently +5, Spot +4, Survival +2, Swim -4.

**Feats:** Alertness, Filthy, Primitive Technology, Stealthy, Toughness.

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Robust.

**Possessions:** None.

## IMMORTAL RAIDER

The Immortals are cocky, self-sure raiders who believe it takes more than a few “ruin pickers” to take them down. Having only met scavs, scum, and a bunch of oversized bugs in the city so far, they are perhaps arrogant to a fault.

**Immortal Raider (Mutant Strong Hero 3/Raider 2):** CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 2d10+2; HP 30; Mas 13; Init +3; Spd 25 ft; Defense 22, touch 15, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +3 class, +7 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6+4, combat knife), or +9 ranged (2d6, Ruger MP-9); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, regenerate 2 hp per 10 minutes, night blindness; AL Immortals; SV Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +2; AP 2; Rep +1; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Predator (Intimidate).

**Background:** Radical (Drive).

**Mutations and Defects:** Accelerated White Blood Cell Activity, Night Blindness.

**Skills:** Climb +4, Drive +8, Intimidate +4, Jump +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +0, Repair +1, Survival +3.

**Feats:** Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons

Proficiency, Weapon Focus (Ruger MP-9).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Raider):** Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry.

**Possessions:** Ruger MP-9, one box of 9mm ammunition (32), tactical vest, combat knife.

## IMMORTAL RAIDER ELITE

The cream of the Immortals are their *elites*, seasoned killers who are formidable fighting opponents both in melee combat as well as in a prolonged firefight.

**Immortal Raider Elite (Mutant Strong Hero 3/Raider 2/Tough Hero 3):** CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 2d10+2 plus 3d10+3; HP 50; Mas 13; Init +3; Spd 25 ft; Defense 24, touch 17, flatfooted 22 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +5 class, +7 equipment); BAB +7; Grap +9; Atk +9 melee (1d6+4, combat knife), or +11 ranged (2d6, Ruger MP-9); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, regenerate 2 hp per 10 minutes, night blindness; AL Immortals; SV Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +3; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Predator (Intimidate).

**Background:** Radical (Drive).

**Mutations and Defects:** Accelerated White Blood Cell Activity, Night Blindness.

**Skills:** Climb +4, Drive +10, Intimidate +6, Jump +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +0, Listen +3, Repair +1, Spot +5, Survival +3.

**Feats:** Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Alertness, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Improved Autofire, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (Ruger MP-9).



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Raider):** Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry.

**Talents (Tough Hero):** Remain Conscious, Second Wind.

**Possessions:** Ruger MP-9, two boxes of 9mm ammunition (64), tactical vest, combat knife, one dose of stimshot B.

### LABOR ANDROID

These generic support models were programmed to perform all manner of tasks during the time of the Ancients. The Android movement in the Necropolis uses them to construct fortifications, transport raw materials to various work sites, and even repair and rebuild other damaged robots.

**Labor Android (Android Smart Hero 2):** CR 2; Large Android Construct; HD 2d10 plus 23; HP 34; Mas 0; Init -2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 8, touch 8, flatfooted 10 (-1 size, -2 Dex, +1 class); BAB +1; Grap +8; Atk +3 melee (1d6+3, metal baton), or -2 ranged (by weapon); FS 10 ft by 10 ft; Reach 15 ft; SQ android traits, DR 2/energy, loud; AL Androids; SV Fort +0, Ref -2, Will +3; AP 1; Rep +1; Str 17, Dex 7, Con 0, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Laborer Android (Craft [mechanical], Craft [structural]).

**Features and Deteriorations:** Advanced Materials, Behemoth, Telescopic Limbs, Damaged Voice Synthesizer, Loud.

**Skills:** Bluff -4, Computer Use +9, Craft (electronic) +7, Craft (mechanical) +10, Craft (structural) +12, Demolitions +7, Diplomacy -4, Knowledge (Civics) +7, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +7, Knowledge (Technology) +7, Move

Silently -8, Navigate +7, Perform -4, Repair +9.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Builder (Craft [mechanical], Craft [structural]), Gearhead, Toughness.

**Talents (Smart Hero):** Savant (Craft [structural]).

**Possessions:** Metal baton, technical scanner [F/MG], power cell, basic electronic toolkit.

### LASHER

The *Lasher* is a former slave who has surrendered to his lot in life and become a “trustee” in the Broken One hierarchy. Taking up the whip and scourge, he ruthlessly punishes his fellow slaves at the order of his Broken One masters. Most Lashers are despised by their fellow slaves, and when a slave revolt erupts, they are usually the first to be killed.

**Lasher (Strong Hero 4):** CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+8 plus 3; HP 29; Mas 14; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 13, touch 13, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +3 class); BAB +4; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d6+3, club), or +5 ranged (1d3+2, whip); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ varies; AL none; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +3; AP 2; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Slave (Handle Animal, Perform).

**Background:** Tribal (Survival).

**Mutations and Defects:** Varies.

**Skills:** Climb +4, Craft (structural) +3, Handle Animal +2, Intimidate +1, Listen +6, Perform +1, Profession +4, Sense Motive +4, Spot +6, Survival +4.

**Feats:** Alertness, Endurance, Exotic Melee Weapon Proficiency (whip), Great Fortitude, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Weapon Focus (whip).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Extreme Effort, Melee

Smash.

**Possessions:** Whip, club, loincloth.

### LOW-LEVEL COMMAND ANDROID

Far more intelligent than their soldier android cousins, those models designed for command duty are given a higher level of artificial intelligence, rivaling - and in many aspects surpassing - that of human beings. Though they are cold, emotionless, and uncaring, their calculating brains allow them to plot, re-plot, and adapt contingencies for the outcome of every possible situation they encounter.

**Low-Level Command Android (Android Charismatic Hero 4/Strong Hero 2/Soldier 2):** CR 8; Medium-size Android Construct; HD 4d10 plus 2d10 plus 2d10 plus 7; HP 51; Mas 0; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 22, touch 16, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class, +6 natural); BAB +5; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6+3, rifle butt), or +10 ranged (3d12+2, laser rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ android traits, reduce cover on ranged attacks, loud; AL Androids; SV Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +4; AP 4; Rep +3; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 0, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 15.

**Occupation:** Security Android (Intimidate, Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Features and Deteriorations:** Armor Plating x2, Targeting Computer, Loud, Weak Joints.

**Skills:** Computer Use +2, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (Tactics) +12, Listen +3, Move Silently -4, Navigate +5, Search +3, Sense Motive +4, Spot +6.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Civil Authority [F/MG], Combat Martial Arts, Frightful Presence, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Hard-Eyed, Iron Will, Urban Warfare [F/MG].

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Coordinate,

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

Inspiration.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash.

**Talents (Soldier):** Weapon Focus (EnTech M-50), Weapon Specialization (EnTech M-50).

**Possessions:** EnTech M-50 [R&U], control rod, power clip, power backpack.

## MERCHANT

Merchants are rare in the Necropolis, but like any dangerous frontier throughout human history, men seeking wealth will risk virtually anything - including their lives - in the pursuit of opportunities to make it rich. Most merchants in the Necropolis stick to places like Den, enjoying the comfort of a secure stockade while doing a brisk business with the locals.

**Merchant (Mutant Charismatic Hero 3/Trader 2):** CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+3 plus 2d6+2; HP 23; Mas 12; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +2 class); BAB +2; Grap +1; Atk +1 melee (1d6-1, rifle butt), or +2 ranged (2d8, sawed-off shotgun); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, immune to poison; AL none; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +5; AP 2; Rep +3; Str 8, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 15.

**Occupation:** Merchant (Knowledge [Business]).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Diplomacy).

**Mutations and Defects:** Superior Kidney Development, Syncope.

**Skills:** Bluff +12, Diplomacy +11, Disguise +6, Gather Information +14, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (Business) +10, Knowledge (Current Events) +3, Knowledge (Streetwise) +3, Perform +4, Profession (Trader) +6, Sense Motive +6, Sleight of Hand +2, Spot +6, Survival +3.

**Feats:** Deceptive, Personal Firearms Proficiency,

Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Silver Tongue, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Fast-Talk, Charm.

**Talents (Trader):** Ear to the Ground, Money Talks.

**Possessions:** Sawed-off shotgun, 2d6 rounds of 12-gauge ammunition, hand-made clothing, one dose of rad-purge shot, one dose of stimshot A, 2d12 corium pieces.

## MUTANT

Pathetic beings, “mutants” are physically and mentally retarded creatures who are used as slaves by merchants and the inhabitants of places like Den. Idiots with little sense to speak of, they are probably better off in the company of others (even those that abuse them); their only other alternative is to become prey to far less caring creatures in the city outside.

**Mutant (Mutant Strong Hero 1):** CR 1; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d8+2; HP 7; Mas 15; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 11 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +1 class); BAB +1; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d3+2 non-lethal, unarmed), or +2 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, cannot be flanked, extra arm; AL varies; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +1; AP 0; Rep -3; Str 14, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 6, Wis 12, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Slave (Climb, Perform).

**Background:** Feral (Hide, Listen, Move Silently).

**Mutations and Defects:** Additional Limb Development (Arm), Multiple Eyes, Atrophied Cerebellum (Int), Atrophied Cerebellum (Cha).

**Skills:** Climb +5, Hide +2, Listen +2, Move Silently +2, Perform +0, Spot +3, Swim +4.

**Feats:** Athletic, Endurance, Filthy, Forsaken, Low

Profile, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Extreme Effort.

**Possessions:** Rag clothes, 1d2 corium pieces.

## MUTANT BUG GUARDIAN

The typical *mutant bug guardian* of the Hive is a fearless fighter, not hesitating to lay its life down for the good of the many. Armed with knobby weapons created with organic parts, they skitter forward *en masse* to overwhelm the enemies of the Hive. They are equally at home fighting in the open as they are in the confined warrens of their colossal “bughills”.

**Mutant Bug Guardian (Mutant Bug Strong Hero 3/Guardian 1):** CR 5; Medium-size Monstrous Humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 3d8+3 plus 1d10+1; HP 41; Mas 13; Init +3; Spd 30 ft; Defense 21, touch 16, flatfooted 18 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +3 class, +5 natural); BAB +7; Grap +9; Atk +9 melee (1d6+4 plus *poison*, bite), or +11 ranged (2d12, acid rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ keen sight, hive mind, poison, tremorsense; AL hive, Hive; SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +5; AP 2; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 6.

**Skills:** Climb +6, Craft (structural) +5, Jump +6, Knowledge (Tactics) +6, Knowledge (Technology) +5, Listen +2, Navigate +2, Repair +5, Spot +2, Survival +4, Swim +6.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Room-Broom, Weapon Focus (acid rifle).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2.

**Possessions:** Acid rifle (same stats as sonic rifle), two power clips, two juju potion (1d4+5).



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

### MUTANT BUG THINKER

Unlike with other communities, the “thinkers” of the Hive are considered just as useful on the battlefield as they are the laboratory. Master scavengers, these highly-intelligent mutant bugs are often capable of figuring out Ancient devices, and employ them just as they would technology created by their own species. As a result they often lead massed formations of swarm bugs and mutant bug guardians into battle, putting their increased intelligence to good use.

**Mutant Bug Thinker (Mutant Bug Smart Hero 3/Fast Hero 2):** CR 6; Medium-size Monstrous Humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 3d6+3 plus 2d8+2; HP 42; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 35 ft; Defense 22, touch 17, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +5 class, +5 natural); BAB +5; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d6 plus *poison*, bite), or +8 ranged (2d12, acid rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ keen sight, hive mind, poison, tremorsense; AL hive, Hive; SV Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +6; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 6.

**Skills:** Computer Use +7, Craft (chemical) +9, Craft (electronic) +7, Craft (mechanical) +7, Craft (pharmaceutical) +7, Craft (structural) +9, Decipher Script +13, Demolitions +6, Disable Device +10, Hide +4, Investigate +7, Knowledge (Current Events) +5, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +6, Knowledge (Tactics) +6, Knowledge (Technology) +8, Listen +3, Move Silently +4, Navigate +6, Repair +6, Research +6, Search +6, Spot +3, Survival +2, Tumble +8.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Alertness, Builder (Craft [chemical], Craft [structural]), Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Mimic [B&L], Point Blank Shot, Room-Broom, Weapon Focus (acid rifle).

**Talents (Smart Hero):** Savant (Decipher Script), Plan.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed.

**Possessions:** Acid rifle (same stats as sonic rifle), two power clips, two juju potion (1d4+5), tool belt, multipurpose tool, tech scanner [F/MG], power backpack.

### NECROPOLIS GHOUL

Virtually every ruined city of the Twisted Earth claims an abundant population of *ghouls*, and the Necropolis is no exception. Here, however, the ghouls are often less feral, having developed a level of intelligence and cunning that makes them far more deadly than their more common kin in other cities.

*This stat block was originally presented in The Broken & The Lost: Tribes of The Twisted Earth.*

**Necropolis Ghoul, Strong Hero 1/Fast Hero 1:** CR 2; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d8+1 plus 1d8+1; HP 12; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 35 ft; Defense 18, touch 16, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class, +2 equipment); BAB +1; Grap +3; Atk +4 melee (1d10+3, great club), or +3 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, albinism, cannibalism; AL Ghouls of the Necropolis; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +1; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Predator (Hide).

**Background:** Tribal (Move Silently).

**Mutations and Defects:** Claws, Serrated Dental Development, Albinism, Cannibalism.

**Skills:** Climb +5, Craft (structural) +2, Hide +7, Jump +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +2, Move Silently +8.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Primitive Technology, Weapon Focus (great club).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed.

**Possessions:** Bone great club, leather armor.

### NECROPOLIS GHOUL VETERAN

Most ghouls are simple eating machines, moving stealthily in packs in hopes of ambushing prey, and then rushing forward to take their quarry through sheer force of numbers. A few ghouls rise above the masses, as experience teaches them to remain watchful and wary, thus making them more successful hunters, trackers, and killers.

*This stat block was originally presented in The Broken & The Lost: Tribes of The Twisted Earth.*

**Necropolis Ghoul Veteran, Strong Hero 3/Fast Hero 2:** CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 2d8+2; HP 28; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 35 ft; Defense 18, touch 18, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 class); BAB +4; Grap +7; Atk +8 melee (1d10+5, greatclub), or +6 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, albinism, cannibalism; AL Ghouls of the Necropolis; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +2; AP 2; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Predator (Hide).

**Background:** Tribal (Move Silently).

**Mutations and Defects:** Claws, Serrated Dental Development, Albinism, Cannibalism.

**Skills:** Climb +6, Craft (structural) +2, Hide +12, Jump +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +4, Listen +2, Move Silently +12, Spot +2.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Run, Stealthy, Weapon Focus (greatclub).

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed.

**Possessions:** Bone greatclub, leather armor.

### PALACE GUARD

Grotesque and hateful creatures, *hyena*-genotype beastmen comprise the elite “praetorian guard” of the Palace in the City of the Broken Ones. Sadistic and malevolent, these bloodthirsty beasts giggle excitedly as they wander the echoing halls of the Palace, keeping an alert eye out for intruders and would-be assassins. Loyal only to the Emperor, they delight in killing in his name.

**Palace Guard (Hyena Genotype Strong Hero 3/ Guardian 7):** CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 7d10+7; HP 63; Mas 13; Init +1; Spd 20 ft; Defense 23, touch 17, flatfooted 22 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +6 class, +6 equipment); BAB +10; Grap +12; Atk +13 melee (1d12+6, greataxe), or +11 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, darkvision, carnivore; AL Klaww the Beastmaster; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +4; AP 5; Rep +2; Str 15, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 16.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Intimidate).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Bestial Genotype, Claws, Sensitive Sight, Carnivore, Loner.

**Skills:** Climb +3, Hide +3, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (Tactics) +4, Listen +10, Spot +10.

**Feats:** Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Cleave, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple

Weapons Proficiency, Track, Unsettling Cackle [REW].

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (greataxe), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (greataxe), Defender +4.

**Possessions:** Greataxe, legionnaire’s armor, signal horn.

### PURIST CIVILIAN

Pureblooded humans, the civilians of the Purist Enclave are direct descendants of the Ancients, preserved from radiation and mutation by the “Ark”, their deep underground bunker in the south of the city. Most Purists are either trained to become soldiers or scientists, so those that fall between these categories are simply called “civilians”. These folk are typically members of the community who are lacking in either technical aptitude or physical fitness. Unable to contribute as fighters or thinkers, they are usually given menial labor duties.

**Purist Civilian (Post-Apocalyptic Hero 4):** CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+8; HP 26; Mas 14; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +3 class); BAB +3; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d6+2, farming tool), or +4 ranged (2d8, Remington 700); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Purists; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +2; AP 2; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Repairmen (Craft [structural], Repair).

**Background:** Resurrector (Knowledge [Technology]).

**Skills:** Computer Use +2, Craft (structural) +7, Knowledge (Technology) +11, Listen +10, Repair

+10, Spot +10.

**Feats:** Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Gearhead, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Troglodyte.

**Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero):** Conserve, Technologist.

**Possessions:** Remington 700, 2d10 rounds of 7.62mm ammunition, farming tool (shovel, hoe, etc.), breath mask, rad tab.

### PURIST SCIENTIST

Though most members of the Purist community are slated to become soldiers, and thus dispense with any formal education beyond military training, a small core of dedicated scientists keep their enclave alive despite the many dangers that surround their isolated stronghold. By and large these scientific minds are restricted to the underground laboratories beneath the compound, but every now and again they venture out to perform field research and take vital samples of the city’s bizarre mutated ecology. When they do, however, they are almost always accompanied by a bodyguard of alert soldiers.

**Purist Scientist (Smart Hero 3/Field Scientist 3):** CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+3 plus 3d8+3; HP 31; Mas 13; Init +1; Spd 20 ft; Defense 17, touch 13, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +2 class, +4 equipment); BAB +2; Grap +1; Atk +1 melee (1d6-1, pistol butt), or +3 ranged (2d6, Beretta 92F); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Purists; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +5; AP 3; Rep +2; Str 8, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Academic (DW) (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences], Research).

**Background:** Resurrector (Craft [chemical]).



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

**Skills:** Computer Use +11, Craft (chemical) +9, Craft (electronic) +8, Craft (pharmaceutical) +8, Decipher Script +5, Demolitions +10, Disable Device +10, Investigate +10, Knowledge (Behavioral Sciences) +5, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +15, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +8, Knowledge (Technology) +11, Repair +8, Research +12, Sense Motive +4.

**Feats:** Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Attentive, Cautious, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Smart Hero):** Savant (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences]), Plan.

**Talents (Field Scientist):** Smart Defense\*, Scientific Improvisation.

**Possessions:** Beretta 92F, one box of 9mm ammunition (15), NBC suit, smoke grenade, rad tab, PDA, power cell, first aid kit.

### PURIST SOLDIER (BASE)

The Purist cause is served by its elite cadre of *soldiers*, dedicated men and women who keep alive the military traditions of their forefathers through martial training and discipline. Caretakers of a proud tradition (many of the founders of the Purist enclave were ex-military personnel), in many ways the soldiers of the Purist enclave resemble pre-Fall soldiers, armed with surplus Ancient-era weapons and body armor, and rigorously trained in the tactics and techniques that made the armies of the Ancients the formidable forces they were. Individually these soldiers are certainly competent and tough, but when working as a unit they truly excel.

**Purist Soldier (Base) (Strong Hero 3/Soldier 4):** CR 7; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 4d10+8; HP 50; Mas 14; Init +3; Spd 25 ft; Defense 23, touch 17, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +4 class, +6 equipment); BAB +6; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6+3, bayonet), or +9 ranged (2d8+2, M16A2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Purists; SV Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +3; AP 3; Rep +0; Str 13, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Background:** Resurrector (Knowledge [Technology]).

**Skills:** Craft (structural) +0, Demolitions +1, Drive +5, Jump +3, Knowledge (History) +1, Knowledge (Tactics) +3, Knowledge (Technology) +2, Listen +3, Navigate +1, Repair +2, Spot +3, Survival +3, Treat Injury +2.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (medium), Combat Martial Arts, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Soldier):** Weapon Focus (M16A2), Weapon Specialization (M16A2), Tactical Aid.

**Possessions:** M16A2, two boxes of 5.56mm ammunition (60), bayonet, military combat suit, molotov cocktail, rad tab, first aid kit.

### PURIST SOLDIER (PATROL)

When required to leave their underground bunker on patrol the Purists insist their soldiers don *NBC suits* to protect themselves - and the Enclave's population

- from disease. Though an NBC suit pales in comparison to a *military combat suit*, these soldiers do what is required of them without complaint.

**Purist Soldier (Patrol) (Strong Hero 3/Soldier 4):** CR 7; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 4d10+8; HP 50; Mas 14; Init +3; Spd 20 ft; Defense 19, touch 15, flatfooted 18 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +4 class, +4 equipment); BAB +6; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6+3, bayonet), or +9 ranged (2d8+2, M16A2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Purists; SV Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +3; AP 3; Rep +0; Str 13, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Background:** Resurrector (Knowledge [Technology]).

**Skills:** Craft (structural) +0, Demolitions +1, Drive +5, Jump +3, Knowledge (History) +1, Knowledge (Tactics) +3, Knowledge (Technology) +2, Listen +3, Navigate +1, Repair +2, Spot +3, Survival +3, Treat Injury +2.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (medium), Combat Martial Arts, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Soldier):** Weapon Focus (M16A2), Weapon Specialization (M16A2), Tactical Aid.

**Possessions:** M16A2, two boxes of 5.56mm ammunition (60), bayonet, NBC suit, molotov cocktail, rad tab, first aid kit.

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

### RATMAN

The ratmen from the *Village of The Rat People* were once slaves in the empire of the Broken Ones, but they escaped to freedom long ago, making a home for themselves in the eastern reaches of the city. These simple survivalists are quite religious, but they have a favorable attitude towards humans (and humanoid mutants), and could be potential friends to the player characters.

**Ratman (Rat Genotype Fast Hero 2):** CR 2; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8+2; HP 11; Mas 12; Init +2; Spd 35 ft; Defense 16, touch 16, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class); BAB +1; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d6+1, club), or +3 ranged (1d6+1, javelin); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, muzzle, reptile brain; AL Ratmen; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +2; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 13, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Guide (Listen, Navigate).

**Background:** Tribal (Survival).

**Mutations and Defects:** Accumulated Resistance, Bestial Genotype, Hyper Olfactory, Muzzle, Reptile Brain.

**Skills:** Balance +7, Diplomacy -2, Disguise -5, Gather Information -2, Hide +11, Listen +6, Move Silently +9, Navigate +3, Survival +5.

**Feats:** Filthy, Infested Fur [REW], Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Track.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed.

**Possessions:** Club or cleaver, javelin.

### RUIN PICKER

Desperate, hungry, and filthy, the inhabitants of the Necropolis known as “ruin pickers” aren’t exactly looters, and not skilled enough to be called scav. Wandering in small groups (often an entire family), they barely get by through scrounging for junk and trading it to passerby. Often times they end up as little more than prey for the city’s many monsters and less scrupulous types.

**Ruin Picker (Mutant Post-Apocalyptic Hero 3):** CR 3; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6; HP 20; Mas 15; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 13, touch 13, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +2 class); BAB +2; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d6, machete), or +3 ranged (1d8, spear); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL none; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +3; AP 1; Rep -3; Str 10, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 12.

**Occupation:** Wanderer (Diplomacy, Navigate).

**Background:** Ritual Preservationist (Knowledge [Mutant Lore]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Multiple Stomachs, Aberrant Deformity.

**Skills:** Disguise -5, Hide +3, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +2, Listen +4, Move Silently +3, Navigate +6, Repair +1, Search +3, Spot +4, Survival +8.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Filthy, Guide, Low Profile, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero):** Necropoli Lore, Conserve.

**Possessions:** Spear, machete, rag clothes, 1d2 corium pieces.

### SCAV

The Necropolis scav is many things - a loner, wanderer, scrounger, forager, trader, diplomat, thief, and cutthroat. Whether he makes his living finding junk in the ruins and selling it to other Necropolis inhabitants, or simply murders those he crosses paths with for whatever they’re carrying, he is a person wise men never let their guard down around.

**Scav (Mutant Fast Hero 2/Post-Apocalyptic Hero 2/Scav 4):** CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8+4 plus 2d8+4 plus 4d8+8; HP 52; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 40 ft; Defense 24, touch 21, flatfooted 22 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +9 class, +3 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d6+1, machete), or +7 ranged (2d8, 5.56mm pipe rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL none; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +4; AP 4; Rep +0; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 16, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Corium Prospector (Search, Survival).

**Background:** Resentful (Navigate).

**Mutations and Defects:** Increased Movement, Pituitary Deformation.

**Skills:** Bluff +3, Diplomacy +1, Disable Device +2, Escape Artist +4, Gather Information +3, Hide +7, Knowledge (Streetwise) +3, Knowledge (Tactics) +1, Knowledge (Technology) +1, Listen +5, Move Silently +7, Navigate +6, Search +11, Sleight of Hand +5, Spot +5, Survival +12.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Dead Aim, Far Shot, Guide, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Primitive Technology, Radiation Sense, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Track.



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Evasion.

**Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero):** Necropoli Lore.

**Talents (Scav):** Scav Scan, Sneak Attack +1d6, Scav Survival.

**Possessions:** 5.56mm pipe rifle, 2d12 rounds of 5.56mm ammunition, machete, undercover vest, canteen, 1d2 days of trail rations, survival kit, 1d2 rad tabs, one dose of antitox, multipurpose tool, tool belt, 1d12 corium pieces.

## SECURITY ANDROID

The standard model of security android from before the Fall was designed to keep the peace against an increasingly agitated public that strained at the inevitable acceleration of government patrol over their lives. Though designed to subdue, the security android's heavy armor plating and integral targeting computer made it a force to be reckoned with. Many surviving models suffer from weakening joints due to advanced age, but they are still formidable adversaries, especially when assembled in formation. In the Necropolis they are nigh unstoppable.

**Security Android (Android Strong Hero 3):** CR 3; Medium-size Android Construct; HD 3d10 plus 7; HP 24; Mas 0; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 18, touch 14, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +2 class, +4 natural); BAB +3; Grap +5; Atk +6 melee (4d6+4, stun baton), or +6 ranged (2d8, Bushmaster M-17S); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ android traits, reduce cover on ranged attacks, loud; AL Androids; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +2; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 0, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 13.

**Occupation:** Security Android (Intimidate, Spot).

**Features and Deteriorations:** Armor Plating, Electrified Surface, Targeting Computer, Loud, Weak

Joints.

**Skills:** Intimidate +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +4, Move Silently -4, Spot +5.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Combat Martial Arts, Peacekeeper [MRh], Peacemaker [MRh], Weapon Focus (stun baton).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Possessions:** Stun baton, Bushmaster M-17S, two boxes of 5.56mm ammunition (60), power backpack.

## SETTLER

Many of the inhabitants of the sheltered community of Sanctuary were once colonists sent by the Cartel to try and settle the ruins of the Necropolis, only to have their efforts dashed by the many dangers of the city. Some settlers still cling to a treacherous existence here, coming together for mutual protection against the monsters that dwell outside their community's walls...

**Settler (Mutant Post-Apocalyptic Hero 1):** CR 1; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d8+1; HP 6; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 13, touch 13, flatfooted 11 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +1 class); BAB +0; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d6+2, cleaver), or +2 ranged (2d8, black powder rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL varies; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Herdsman (Navigate, Survival).

**Background:** Visionary Reinventor (Craft [structural]).

**Mutations and Defects:** Accumulated Resistance, Negative Chemical Reaction.

**Skills:** Climb +4, Craft (structural) +1, Hide +3, Listen +2, Move Silently +3, Navigate +2, Repair +1,

Search +1, Spot +2, Survival +4.

**Feats:** Armor Proficiency (light), Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

**Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero):** Necropoli Lore.

**Possessions:** Black powder rifle, 10 rounds of shot, leather armor, cleaver, 1d4 corium pieces.

## SEWER GHOUL

Although many ghouls choose to live in the sewers, "sewer ghouls" are members of the ghoul race who are particularly adapted to life underground. Sewer ghouls are even more feral than their typical cousins, and even among other ghouls are feared for their toughness, stealth, and insidious "human-wave" tactics.

**Sewer Ghoul (Mutant Strong Hero 2/Fast Hero 2):** CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8+2 plus 2d8+2; HP 22; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 35 ft; Defense 22, touch 18, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 class, +4 natural); BAB +3; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d6+3, claw), or +5 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, albinism, blindness in light, cannibalism; AL none; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +1; AP 2; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Predator (Hide).

**Background:** Tribal (Move Silently).

**Mutations and Defects:** Claws, Protective Dermal Development, Serrated Dental Development, Albinism, Cannibalism, Photosensitivity.

**Skills:** Climb +8, Hide +12, Move Silently +12, Survival +3, Tumble +4.

**Feats:** Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Pack Tactics, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency,

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

Slippery Foe [B&L], Stealthy, Track.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed.

**Possessions:** None.

### SIGHTLESS STALKER

The average Sightless Stalker is a terrifying opponent, emerging from the darkness in utter silence, draped in the stitched skins of past victims. Armed with a spiky, menacing club, the Sightless Stalker warrior brutally beats his opponents to death in a flurry of blows.

*This stat block was originally presented in The Broken & The Lost: Tribes of The Twisted Earth.*

**Sightless Stalker, Strong Hero 3:** CR 3; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3; HP 17; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 14, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +2 class, +2 equipment); BAB +3; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d6+5, club), or +5 ranged (1d6+3, javelin); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, blindness; AL Sightless Stalkers; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +2; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 6.

**Occupation:** Predator (Hide).

**Background:** Tribal (Listen).

**Mutations and Defects:** Hyper Olfactory, Nocturnal, Bizarre Pigmentation, Blindness.

**Skills:** Climb +5, Hide +8, Jump +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +2, Listen +7.

**Feats:** Armor Proficiency (light), Blind Fighting, Primitive Technology, Track, Troglodyte, Weapon Focus (club).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Possessions:** Club, three javelins, leather armor.

### SIGHTLESS STALKER ELITE

More experienced Sightless Stalkers comprise the “elite”, tribesmen who have learned to make deadly traps out of the only abundant resource in their lightless domain: bone and gristle. Many elites also use larger weapons, often including axes made from sharpened shoulder blades, with handles crafted from the stiffened spinal columns of humanoid prey.

*This stat block was originally presented in The Broken & The Lost: Tribes of The Twisted Earth.*

**Sightless Stalker Elite, Strong Hero 3/Tribal Stalker 3:** CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 3d10+6; HP 42; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 18, touch 16, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class, +2 equipment); BAB +6; Grap +9; Atk +10 melee (1d12+5, greataxe), or +8 ranged (1d6+3, javelin); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, blindness; AL Sightless Stalkers; SV Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +3; AP 1; Rep +1; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 6.

**Occupation:** Predator (Hide).

**Background:** Tribal (Listen).

**Mutations and Defects:** Hyper Olfactory, Nocturnal, Bizarre Pigmentation, Blindness.

**Skills:** Climb +5, Disable Device +8, Hide +8, Jump +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +2, Listen +10.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Blind Fighting, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Track, Troglodyte, Weapon Focus (greataxe).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Tribal Stalker [B&L]):** Trap Making 1d6, Wounding Blow, Trap Making 2d6.

**Possessions:** Greataxe, three javelins, leather armor.

### SIGHTLESS STALKER PRIEST

These malevolent madmen are the rulers of the Sightless Stalker, submissive only to the great witch doctor who presides over them all. Each of these mutants wears robes made from flayed human flesh, and strange headdresses with a humanoid skull mounted front, back, and on each side.

**Sightless Stalker Priest (Mutant Strong Hero 3/Charismatic Hero 5):** CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 5d6+5; HP 40; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 16, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d6+3, combat knife), or +9 ranged (1d3+1, whip); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, nocturnal, blindness; AL Sightless Stalkers; SV Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +3; AP 4; Rep +3; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 15.

**Occupation:** Demagogue (Knowledge [Mutant Lore], Knowledge [Theology and Philosophy]).

**Background:** Tribal (Listen).

**Mutations and Defects:** Hyper Olfactory, Nocturnal, Bizarre Pigmentation, Blindness.

**Skills:** Climb +5, Craft (structural) +4, Craft (visual art) +4, Craft (writing) +4, Hide +4, Intimidate +12, Jump +5, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +6, Knowledge (Tactics) +4, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +5, Listen +1, Move Silently +4, Tumble +5.

**Feats:** Blind-Fighting, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (whip), Frightful Presence, Iron Will, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Troglodyte, War Chant [B&L], Weapon Focus (whip).

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Coordinate,



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

Inspiration, Greater Inspiration.

**Possessions:** *Mastercraft* whip +1, combat knife, disgusting ceremonial attire, one juju potion (1d4+12).

### SIGHTLESS STALKER WITCHDOCTOR

The leader of the Sightless Stalkers is their *witchdoctor*, an insane mutant who claims to speak with the shadows and has power over life and death. The latter is certainly true, for this master of poisons is able to cook up all manner of insidious natural toxins to coat the barbs of his *mastercraft* whip.

**Sightless Stalker Witchdoctor (Mutant Dedicated Hero 3/Juju Doctor 7/Charismatic Hero 5):** CR 15; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+6 plus 7d8+14 plus 5d6+10; HP 91; Mas 15; Init +6; Spd 30 ft; Defense 20, touch 20, flatfooted 18 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +8 class); BAB +7; Grap +8; Atk +8 melee (1d6+1, combat knife), or +11 ranged (1d3+1 plus *poison*, whip); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, nocturnal, blindness; AL Sightless Stalker; SV Fort +12, Ref +6, Will +9; AP 7; Rep +7; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 15.

**Occupation:** Demagogue (Knowledge [Mutant Lore], Knowledge [Theology and Philosophy]).

**Background:** Tribal (Listen).

**Mutations and Defects:** Hyper Olfactory, Nocturnal, Bizarre Pigmentation, Blindness.

**Skills:** Climb +4, Craft (pharmaceutical) +12, Craft (visual art) +8, Craft (writing) +8, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +7, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +3, Knowledge (Tactics) +4, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +14, Listen +16, Sense Motive +1, Survival +5, Treat Injury +16, Tumble +5.

**Feats:** Blind-Fighting, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (whip), Frightful Presence, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Juju Medicine, Medical Expert, Primitive Poison Maker [B&L], Primitive Technology, Ritual Scarification [B&L], Shaman [B&L], Simple Weapons Proficiency, Troglodyte, War Chant [B&L], Weapon Focus (whip).

**Talents (Dedicated Hero):** Skill Emphasis (Craft [pharmaceutical]), Faith.

**Talents (Juju Doctor):** Juju Specialist +1, Brew Potion (DW), Expert Healer, Juju Mastery, Juju Specialist +2, Potion Mastery.

**Talents (Charismatic Hero):** Coordinate, Inspiration, Greater Inspiration.

**Possessions:** *Mastercraft* whip +1, three doses of curare, combat knife, disgusting ceremonial attire, necklace of assorted car keys (these go to the vehicles found at Area #090), two juju potions (1d4+12).

### SKAEL ELITE

The strongest Skaels are warriors of considerable skill, having survived the backstabbing and treachery of their people for more than few years.

**Skael Elite (Skael Strong Hero 3/Guardian 1):** CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8+2 plus 3d8+3 plus 1d10+1; HP 34; Mas 12; Init +5; Spd 20 ft, swim 40 ft; Defense 18, touch 14, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +3 class, +4 natural); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d4+3, claw), or +5 ranged (1d8+1, spear); Full Atk +6 melee (1d4+3, 2 claws), +5 ranged (1d8+1, spear); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ aquatic reliance, low-light vision, cold resistance 10, immunities; AL Skaels; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +3; AP 4; Rep +0; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 6.

**Skills:** Hide +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +3, Listen

+3, Move Silently +3, Spot +5, Survival +2, Swim +6.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2.

**Possessions:** Spear.

### SKAEL SCOUT

Skaels often send lone members of their kind to patrol the shores of the Necropolis, to keep an eye out for the activities of the “land-dwellers”, as well as to forage for food and other things not available underwater.

**Skael Scout (Skael Fast Hero 3):** CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8 plus 3d8; HP 22; Mas 11; Init +5; Spd 30 ft, swim 50 ft; Defense 19, touch 15, flatfooted 18 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +4 class, +4 natural); BAB +3; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d4+1, claw), or +3 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +4 melee (1d4+1, 2 claws), +3 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ aquatic reliance, low-light vision, cold resistance 10, immunities; AL Skaels; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +4; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 6.

**Skills:** Hide +7, Listen +6, Move Silently +7, Spot +6, Survival +3, Swim +4.

**Feats:** Dodge, Improved Initiative, Mobility, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed, Improved Increased Speed.

**Talents (Skulk):** None.

**Possessions:** None.

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

### SKY WATCHER

The backwards *Sky Watchers* are a curious group of xenophobes who have lived at the old observatory above the city in an unbroken line since the Fall. Though they are relatively poor fighters, they have developed stealth and talents of observation in place of martial skill.

**Sky Watcher (Mutant Fast Hero 2):** CR 2; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8+2; HP 11; Mas 12; Init +2; Spd 35 ft; Defense 16, touch 16, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class); BAB +1; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d6+1, cleaver), or +3 ranged (1d6+1, sling); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, poison; AL Sky Watchers; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +2; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 15, Cha 10.

**Occupation:** Academic (DW) (Decipher Script, Knowledge [Theology and Philosophy])

**Background:** Tribal (Spot).

**Mutations and Defects:** Accumulated Resistance.

**Skills:** Decipher Script +1, Hide +8, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +1, Listen +4, Move Silently +8, Navigate +1, Spot +8, Tumble +6.

**Feats:** Alertness, Primitive Technology, Remove Defect, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stargazer [B&L], Stealthy.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed.

**Possessions:** Cleaver, sling, 2d4 sling stones, 1d2 baubles.

### SLAVE

*Slaves* represent humanoids taken captive by one group or another in the city, and made to work either as slaves, soldiers, or even concubines. Slaves can be male or female, and usually have a great diversity

of physical traits due to the presence (or absence) of mutation. As such the statistics given here should only be considered to represent one example of a slave; feel free to use different statistics for slaves that might be more important to your campaign.

**Slave (Strong Hero 1):** CR 1; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d8+2 plus 3; HP 10; Mas 14; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 11, touch 11, flatfooted 11 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +1 class); BAB +1; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d3+2 non-lethal, unarmed), or +1 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ varies; AL none; SV Fort +5, Ref +0, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Slave (Handle Animal, Perform).

**Background:** Tribal (Survival)

**Mutations and Defects:** Varies.

**Skills:** Climb +4, Craft (structural) +3, Handle Animal +2, Listen +3, Perform +1, Profession +3, Spot +3, Survival +3, Treat Injury +3.

**Feats:** Alertness, Endurance, Great Fortitude, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Extreme Effort.

**Possessions:** Loincloth, leg irons.

### SNIPER ANDROID

While basic security androids were employed for a wide variety of grudge work, special models were also created by the Ancients to perform specific tasks. The androids of the Necropolis are known to field specialty “sniper androids”, security robots programmed with special SWAT training to take out potential adversaries at great range to reduce the chance of collateral damage. The Androids now use these as elite killers and invisible sentries.

**Sniper Android (Android Strong Hero 3/Soldier 3):** CR 6; Medium-size Android Construct; HD 3d10 plus 3d10 plus 10; HP 44; Mas 0; Init +3; Spd 30 ft; Defense 21, touch 17, flatfooted 18 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +4 class, +4 natural); BAB +5; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6+4, rifle butt), or +9 ranged (2d12+2, M-24); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ android traits, low light vision 30 feet, go wild 5%; AL Androids; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +3; AP 3; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 0, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 11.

**Occupation:** Security Android (Listen, Spot).

**Features and Deteriorations:** Armor Plating, Enhanced Photo Receptors, Infrared Photo Receptors, Speech Loop, Wild.

**Skills:** Bluff -2, Climb +6, Craft (mechanical) +2, Diplomacy -2, Jump +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +4, Listen +8, Repair +2, Search +2, Spot +12, Swim +4.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Athletic, Combat Martial Arts, Double Tap, Far Shot, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot.

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Soldier):** Weapon Focus (M-24), Weapon Specialization (M-24).

**Possessions:** M-24 [B&G], electro-optical scope, three boxes of 7.62 caliber ammunition (15), binoculars, walkie-talkie, power cell.

### TRIBAL WARRIOR

The tribal warrior presented here represents the typical warrior from the scattering of savage tribes dotting the Necropolis ruins. These cunning survivors often use *poison* to defeat more powerful opponents. Individual choice of weapons, feats, and skills may vary; if necessary; feel free to swap the ones shown below for ones of your own choosing.



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

**Tribal Warrior (Mutant Strong Hero 4):** CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+4; HP 22; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 15, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +3 class, +2 equipment); BAB +4; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d8+4, spear), or +6 ranged (1d6+2, javelin); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, phobia; AL varies; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +2; AP 2; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Slave (Handle Animal, Survival).

**Background:** Tribal (Hide).

**Mutations and Defects:** Hyper Olfactory, Phobia.

**Skills:** Climb +6, Handle Animal +3, Hide +6, Jump +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +8, Survival +7.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Endurance, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Ritual Scarification [B&L], Simple Weapons Proficiency, Track, War Chant [B&L].

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Possessions:** Spear, 1d3 javelins, leather armor, one dose of putrefied blood [B&L].

### TRIBAL WARRIOR ELITE

The veteran shown below represents a seasoned tribal warrior, one who has survived more than a few battles fighting for his tribe's survival in the ruins of the Necropolis.

**Tribal Warrior Elite (Mutant Strong Hero 4/ Guardian 2):** CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+4 plus 2d10+2; HP 35; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 18, touch 16, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class, +2 equipment); BAB +6; Grap +8; Atk +9 melee (1d8+4, spear), or +8 ranged (1d6+2,

javelin); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, phobia; AL varies; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +2; AP 3; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Slave (Handle Animal, Survival).

**Background:** Tribal (Hide).

**Mutations and Defects:** Hyper Olfactory, Phobia.

**Skills:** Climb +6, Handle Animal +3, Hide +6, Jump +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +8, Listen +4, Spot +4, Survival +8.

**Feats:** Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Endurance, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Ritual Scarification [B&L], Simple Weapons Proficiency, Sworn Enemy (any) [B&L], Track, War Chant [B&L].

**Talents (Strong Hero):** Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

**Talents (Guardian):** Defender +2, Weapon Focus (spear).

**Possessions:** Spear, 1d3 javelins, leather armor, one dose of putrefied blood [B&L], one juju potion (1d4+2).

### URBAN PACIFICATION ROBOT

Essentially scaled-down *military security robots*, these “civil defense” models were created during the time of the Ancients. They serve as potent weapons platforms intended to pacify public uprisings (i.e. “riots”), as well as to defend sensitive areas and keep them secure from being infiltrated, sabotaged, or overrun. To complete their mission they are armed with weapons ranging from non-lethal pacification devices to rockets capable of destroying light vehicles, as well as armor protecting against small-arms fire and IEDs.

**Urban Pacification Robot:** CR 9; Large Robotic Construct; HD 10d10+20; HP 75; Mas -; Init -1; Spd 40 ft.; Defense 23, touch 8, flatfooted 23 (-1 size, -1 Dex, +15 natural); BAB +7; Grap +16; Atk +11 melee (1d8+5, slam), or +9 ranged (1d6 plus paralysis, *stun pistol*), or +9 ranged (4d10, *hydra 70*), or +7 ranged (special, *net gun* [F/MG]); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d8+5, slam), or +9/+4 ranged (1d6 plus paralysis, *stun pistol*), or +9 ranged (4d10, *hydra 70*), or +7/+2 ranged (special, *net gun* [F/MG]); FS 10 ft. by 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Robotic Construct, Command Level (IVM), DR 10/-, Energy Resistance 10, Computer Link, Internal Power Source, Infrared Photo Receptors, Targeting Computer, Auto Reloading; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +2, Will -2; AP 5; Rep +0; Str 20, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

**Skills:** Computer Use +10.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Point Blank Shot, Remote Computer Link, Room-Broom.

### WAR DROID

*War droids* were designed to be the “generals” behind android and robot formations, leading entire armies with their super-advanced AI. Each was also a virtual “death machine” in its own right, equipped with an arsenal of powerful weapons. The war droid behind the Androids faction in the Necropolis is their sole leader, an ancient vehicle that is stuck on enforcing its last protocol: to maintain order. It is armed as a special variant, with *laser miniguns* [F/MG] replacing its normal ballistic weaponry.

**War Droid:** CR 16; Huge Droid Construct; HD 15d10+40; HP 123; Mas -; Init -1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 30, touch 10, flatfooted 30 (-2 size, -1 Dex, +20 natural); BAB +11; Grap +29; Atk +14 ranged (12d12, laser cannon), +14 ranged (4d10, *hydra 70*),

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

or +14 ranged (5d12, laser minigun), or +19 melee (2d6+10, slam); Full Atk +14 ranged (12d12, 2 laser cannons), or +14 ranged (4d10, 2 hydra 70s), +14 ranged (5d12, 2 laser miniguns), or +19/+14/+9 melee (2d6+10, slam); FS 15 ft. by 15 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Robotic Construct, Command Level (IVM), DR 10/-, Energy Resistance 10, Computer Link, Internal Power Source, Infrared Photo Receptors, Bio Sensor; AL Androids; SV Fort -, Ref +4, Will +7; AP 7; Rep +0; Str 30, Dex 8, Con -, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 10.

**Skills:** Computer Use +20, Demolitions +8, Disable Device +10, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (Tactics) +16, Listen +10, Navigate +10, repair +16, Search +8, Sense Motive +8, Spot +10.

**Feats:** Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Burst Fire, Improved Autofire, Multitask, Remote Computer Link, Strafe.

### WILD MAN

In the Necropolis *wild men* are even more agile than in other destroyed cityscapes, due in no small part to the unusual number of predators they must evade to stay alive. The sample wild man shown here reflects this with its levels as a *Fast Hero*.

*This stat block was originally presented in The Broken & The Lost: Tribes of The Twisted Earth.*

**Wild Man, Fast Hero 3:** CR 3; Small humanoid; HD 1d8 plus 3d8; HP 18; Mas 10; Init +2; Spd 30 ft, climb 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 17, flatfooted 15 (+1 size, +2 Dex, +4 class); BAB +2; Grap -2; Atk +3 melee (1d6, club), or +5 ranged (1d6, javelin); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ duck, spider climb; AL Wild Men of the Necropolis; SV Fort +1, Ref +6, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** None.

**Background:** None.

**Skills:** Balance +5, Escape Artist +5, Hide +9 (+13 urban ruins), Jump +1, Listen +3, Move Silently +7 (+11 urban ruins), Sleight of Hand +5, Spot +3, Tumble +5.

**Feats:** Alertness, Duck, Run, Stealthy.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed, Improved Increased Speed.

**Possessions:** Club, javelin.

### XENO SCOUT

Most xeno scouts in the Necropolis come from the Purist enclave, and include men (and rarely, women) who have been expertly trained in survival and stealth techniques. The duties of these soldiers (who comprise a unit known simply as “Team Foxtrot”) are simple: patrol the outer reaches of the Purist enclave’s territory, and kill anything and everything they encounter, to preserve the integrity of the Purist frontier. Like assassins and snipers, the elite soldiers are highly-determined individuals who know their efforts comprise the first line of defense for their sheltered community.

**Xeno Scout (Fast Hero 4/Soldier 2/Survivalist 1/Xeno Scout 2 [REW]):** CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+8 plus 2d10+4 plus 1d10+2 plus 2d8+4; HP 61; Mas 14; Init +7; Spd 30 ft; Defense 23, touch 20, flatfooted 22 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +9 class, +3 equipment); BAB +6; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d6, rifle butt), or +10 ranged (2d12+2, M-24); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Purists; SV Fort +6, Ref +11, Will +3; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 10, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 8.

**Occupation:** Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

**Background:** Resurrector (Knowledge [Technology]).

**Skills:** Balance +10, Climb +3, Hide +14, Knowledge (Tactics) +5, Listen +10, Move Silently +14, Navigate +7, Spot +10, Survival +8, Swim +2.

**Feats:** Double Tap, Far Shot, Improved Initiative, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Track.

**Talents (Fast Hero):** Increased Speed, Improved Increased Speed.

**Talents (Soldier):** Weapon Focus (M-24), Weapon Specialization (M-24).

**Talents (Survivalist):** Called Shot +1d6.

**Talents (Xeno Scout [REW]):** Kill Quickly Kill Quietly, Take Cover 1, Scout Sense 1.

**Possessions:** M-24 [B&G], three boxes of 7.62 caliber ammunition (15), binoculars, NBC suit, ghillie suit, rad tab, canteen, survival kit, one dose of antitox.



## NEW CREATURES

Each day the hollow ruins of the ancient Necropolis echo with the sounds of unseen beasts, battling against one other for every inch of territory like titanic dinosaurs of the prehistoric past. By night, nocturnal hunters shuffle through the darkness and pick over the remains of each day’s battling, or watch hatefully from hiding places throughout the rubble as passerby wander unwittingly through their domains.

This section details a collection of monsters that are generally only seen among the ruins of the Necropolis. As such most of these strange and unusual creatures are unique to this setting.



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

| New Creature        | CR   |
|---------------------|------|
| Varo Bat            | 1/10 |
| Hand-From-Heaven    | 1    |
| Hive Larva          | 1    |
| Rat Dog             | 1    |
| Skael               | 1    |
| Swarm Bug           | 1    |
| Dar Shark           | 2    |
| Food Bug            | 4    |
| Seer                | 4    |
| Thunder Locust      | 4    |
| Mirror Ooze         | 5    |
| Bug Flyer           | 6    |
| Super Ghoul         | 7    |
| Rope Worm           | 9    |
| Sewer Croc, Giant   | 9    |
| Firebug, Giant      | 12   |
| Tank Bug, Giant     | 12   |
| Hive Mind           | 15   |
| Serpent God, Medusa | 15   |
| Serpent God, Ophidi | 16   |
| Serpent God, Naja   | 17   |
| Ogrish (Template)   | *    |

### BUG FLYER

A relatively recent addition to the Hive's arsenal of bioengineered creations, "bug flyers" are a form of man-sized mutant insect capable of prolonged flight. 'Flyers are used extensively by the Hive as scouts, not just for war but also for finding materials they need (in abundance) to aid in their faction's continuing building projects. In addition to finding materials from high in the sky, 'flyers are strong enough to lift remarkably heavy weights (such as scrap metal, decaying furniture, etc) and carry them aloft for extended periods of time.

Bug flyers are dangerous not only because they can fly, but because they also carry an incredibly

potent poison that is transferred with their stinger. This poison allows flyers to incapacitate human-sized targets so that they can be taken back to a Hive "bug hill" to be impregnated as hosts for mutant bug larvae.

Bug flyers resemble large wasps, though they are usually a metallic blue, green, or gray in color, with a sparkly sheen emanating from their oversized insectoid wings. Huge emerald eyes adorn the creature's head, which have up to one hundred thousand facets apiece that give the 'flyer tremendous visual capabilities.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Bug flyers have the following Traits:

**Keen Sight (Ex):** Bug flyers have darkvision with a range of 60 feet and low-light vision.

**Hive Mind (Ex):** Bug flyers share a "hive mind" with members of the same species, as well as certain other mutant bugs employed as laborers, servants, or soldiers. If one is aware of danger, they all are. If one of them is not flat-footed, none of them are.

**Tremorsense (Ex):** A bug flyers can automatically sense the location of anything within 60 feet that is in contact with the ground or water.

**Immunities (Ex):** Bug flyers are immune to mind-affecting effects.

**Resistance to Massive Damage (Ex):** Bug flyers gain a +5 species bonus on Fortitude saves to negate the effects of massive damage.

**Poison (Ex):** A bug flyer injects poison into its victim with a successful sting. The victim must succeed on a Fortitude save (DC 17) or take initial damage (*paralysis* for 1 minute); a second Fortitude save must be made 1 minute later to negate the poison's secondary damage (*paralysis* for 1d2 days).

**Improved Grab (Ex):** To use this ability, the bug flyer must hit with its sting attack.

**Grappler:** Bug flyers receive a +8 racial bonus to Grapple checks.

**Bug Flyer:** CR 6; Medium-size Vermin; HD 4d8; HP 18; Mas 10; Init +4; Spd 40 ft, fly 20 ft (good); Defense 22, touch 14, flat-footed 18 (+0 size, +4 Dex, +8 natural); BAB +3; Grap +15; Atk +7 melee (1d4+4 plus *poison*, sting); Full Atk +7 melee (1d4+4 plus *poison*, sting); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ keen sight, hive mind, tremorsense, immunities, resistance to massive damage, poison, improved grab, grappler; AL Hive; SV Fort +2, Ref +7, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 18, Con 10, Int -, Wis 12, Cha 9.

**Skills:** Listen +8, Spot +8.

**Feats:** None.

**Advancement:** 5-8 HD (Large).

### DAR SHARK

These creatures appear to be relatively exclusive to the radiated waters off of the Necropolis. As such they are almost unknown, though the Skaels that share these poisoned waters have learned to fear them.

*Dar sharks* resemble natural sharks, except for aberrant horn growths and jutting bone spurs running the length of their bodies, which give it a tougher than usual hide. Most dar sharks are grayish in color, allowing them to blend in with the waters off the Necropolis, though dull black to light blue-gray colors are also not uncommon. They almost exclusively prowl the waters in packs, finding strength in their numbers. They have also developed a hunger for virtually anything they can fit in their powerful jaws, and have been known to eat discarded garbage - even metal - in the absence of meat.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Dar sharks have the following Traits:

**Aquatic:** Dar sharks move in water without making Swim checks and cannot drown in water.

**Constrict (Ex):** With a successful grapple check a dar shark may slowly squeeze the air out of its prey. Each round that it maintains the grapple it halves the number of rounds remaining that its prey can hold its breath underwater.

**Grapppler (Ex):** A dar shark receives a +5 species bonus to grapple checks.

**Immunities:** Having adapted to life in a harsh radiated environment, a dar shark is immune to *Moderate* radiation (as well as heat generated by radiation).

**Keen Scent (Ex):** A dar shark can notice creatures by scent in a 180-foot radius and detect blood in the water at ranges of up to one mile.

**Bonus Feat:** Dar sharks gain the bonus feat Sunder even though they don't meet the prerequisite.

**Dar Shark:** CR 2; Medium-size animal; HD 3d8+3; HP 16; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd swim 60 ft; Defense 18, touch 12, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 natural); BAB +2; Grap +8; Atk +4 melee (1d6+2, bite); Full Atk +4 melee (1d6+2, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ aquatic, constrict, grapppler, immunities, keen scent; AL none; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 1, Wis 12, Cha 2.

**Skills:** Listen +7, Spot +7, Swim +9.

**Feats:** Sunder.

**Advancement:** 4-7 HD (Large).

### FIREBUG, GIANT

Giant "firebugs" resemble enormous armored beetles covered in thick plate and bristling with bizarre sensory antennae, knobby appendages, and other

### HIVE "SPECIES"

The insectoid Hive dedicate their energies not just to the constant (some say mindless) task of building ever-larger structures such as their bughills, but also to the creation of new and dangerous breeds of insectoid creatures. Bioengineers with few equals, the bugs of the Hive are adept at genetic manipulation, creating many unique strains of giant insect to fill specialized niches in their bizarre ecology. Among these are giant beetles used as "tanks" as well as beasts of burden, enormous bugs that can belch forth streams of bio-plasma like enormous living flamethrowers, and ranks of specialized soldier bugs that are both quick to mature and quick to replace when they fall in battle.

The standard insectoid of the Hive is a **mutant bug**, as detailed in *Darwin's World 2nd EditionL Terrors of the Twisted Earth*. However, they have come to develop other bugs to complement their own strengths and bolster their weakness; these new bug "species" are detailed in this book.

protrusions whose purposes are all integral to its species' unusual ability: the spontaneous generation of biologically-produced *plasma*.

Giant firebugs were bioengineered by the cunning and evil minds of the Hive's scientist caste to enhance their effectiveness in war – wars which brought them into contact with enemies bearing superior weapons such as muskets, machineguns, and even more advanced arms. To counter the shortcomings of their materially-inferior race, the Hive modified a strain of giant tank bugs, to great effect.

The new species of giant bug is somewhat smaller than its predecessor, but each is capable of generating flaming goutts which they spit in a stream reaching well past one hundred feet. This fiery spittle is one of the most devastating attack forms known to man, mutant, or android in the ruins of the Necropolis.

Unlike giant tank bugs (which they now only vaguely resemble), giant firebugs are uniformly black in color, with glowing patches of mottling on their much broader, egg-shaped shells. This mottling in fact denotes thin parts of their armor, through which glows a coruscating rainbow of colors easily visible in dim light or darkness. This luminescence is a

biprodukt of the lingering energy present in all living firebugs.

In addition to their characteristic, colorful shells, bizarre whip-like antennae and elongated feelers (between which periodically crackles fountains of raw energy) clearly mark creatures of this type from their cousins.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Giant firebugs have the following Traits:

**Keen Sight (Ex):** Giant firebugs have darkvision with a range of 60 feet and low-light vision.

**Hive Mind (Ex):** Giant firebugs share a "hive mind" with members of the same species, as well as certain other mutant bugs employed as laborers, servants, or soldiers. If one is aware of danger, they all are. If one of them is not flat-footed, none of them are.

**Tremorsense (Ex):** A giant firebug can automatically sense the location of anything within 60 feet that is in contact with the ground or water.

**Immunities (Ex):** Giant firebugs are immune to mind-affecting effects.

**Resistance to Massive Damage (Ex):** Giant



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

firebugs gain a +5 species bonus on Fortitude saves to negate the effects of massive damage.

**Plasma Gout (Ex):** As a full-round action a giant firebug can generate a gout of energy. Once this ability is used the firebug must wait 1d3 rounds to use it again.

Note that variations in individual giant firebugs have shown that some gouts have different properties than others. A giant firebug's *Plasma Gout* will thus have one of two types of effects:

**Stream:** The plasma gout is propelled as a ranged touch attack with a range of 200 ft, doing 8d10 points of damage (half of this is fire damage, half is energy damage); no save.

**Glob:** The plasma gout affects a 10 ft diameter area (as a spread) and has a range of 200 ft, doing 8d10 points of damage (half of this is fire damage, half is energy damage). A Reflex save at DC 18 is allowed for half damage.

**Latent Electrical Charge (Ex):** Any creature within 5 ft of a firebug is automatically shocked for 2d8 points of electrical damage (Reflex save DC 15 for half). This affects the first creature to come within 5 ft, and continues to pose a danger on following rounds. However, only one creature is shocked per round, so if more than one creature is within 5 ft of the firebug, determine randomly who is affected.

**Giant Firebug:** CR 12; Huge Vermin; HD 10d8+40; HP 85; Mas 19; Init -1; Spd 20 ft; Defense 21, touch 7, flat-footed 21 (-2 size, -1 Dex, +14 natural); BAB +7; Grap +22; Atk +12 melee (2d6+7, slam), +4 ranged (8d10, plasma gout); Full Atk +12 melee (2d6+7, slam), +4 ranged (8d10, plasma gout); FS 15 ft by 15 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ keen sight, hive mind, tremorsense, immunities, resistance to massive damage, plasma gout, latent electrical charge; AL

Hive; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +7; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 24, Dex 9, Con 19, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 9.

**Skills:** Climb +9, Listen +4, Spot +4.

**Feats:** None.

**Advancement:** 11-14 HD (Huge).

## FOOD BUG

The “food bugs” of the Hive are huge wormy maggots, bloated and obese, that produce food for the entire colony. They do this by consuming waste materials and converting them into an edible substance. Specially adapted to this purpose, food bugs feed off of flesh, wood fibers, plastic, rubber, and even metals and chemicals, digesting these and excreting a thick caramel-colored mucus from their extended anuses that is collected and eaten by the other insects of the Hive. This grotesque goo has the consistency and taste of baby-food, and though visually the stuff seems repugnant, it is in fact highly nutritious to all forms of organic life.

Food bugs are not combative creatures, and are at the mercy of those that come across them. Because of this, they are often only found at the heart of a given Hive tunnel complex, protected by mutant bugs, traps, and other Hive servitors. If attacked they can only defend themselves by thrashing about, attempting to bite, or emitting a high-pitched squeal for help that is often deafening.

Food bugs appear to be huge, immobile “grubs”. Enormous and fat, they are uniformly pasty white in color; they do not appear to have eyes or other organs on the exterior, only a serrated circular mouth on one end and a bulbous, twitching colon on the other that perpetually oozes the edible, taffy-like slime. They typically attach themselves to each other in neat rows using a loosely-adhesive mucus, to make feeding more convenient.

## SPECIES TRAITS

Food bugs have the following Traits:

**Keen Sight (Ex):** Food bugs have darkvision with a range of 60 feet and low-light vision.

**Hive Mind (Ex):** Food bugs share a “hive mind” with members of the same species, as well as certain other mutant bugs employed as laborers, servants, or soldiers. If one is aware of danger, they all are. If one of them is not flat-footed, none of them are.

**Tremorsense (Ex):** A food bug can automatically sense the location of anything within 60 feet that is in contact with the ground or water.

**Immunities (Ex):** Food bugs are immune to mind-affecting effects.

**Resistance to Massive Damage (Ex):** Food bugs gain a +5 species bonus on Fortitude saves to negate the effects of massive damage.

**Scream (Ex):** As an attack action, a food bug can emit an ear-piercing shriek to summon assistance, audible out to 500 ft. Anyone within 20 ft of the food bug when it screams must make a Fortitude save (DC 18) or be *stunned* for 1d3 rounds.

**Food Bug:** CR 4; Large Vermin; HD 5d8+10; HP 32; Mas 14; Init -3; Spd 5 ft; Defense 10, touch 6, flat-footed 10 (-1 size, -3 Dex, +4 natural); BAB +3; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d8+4, bite); Full Atk +7 melee (1d8+4, bite); FS 5 ft by 10 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ keen sight, hive mind, tremorsense, immunities, resistance to massive damage, scream; AL Hive; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +4; AP; Rep; Str 18, Dex 4, Con 14, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 9.

**Skills:** Listen +8, Spot +2.

**Feats:** None.

**Advancement:** None.

### HAND-FROM-HEAVEN

The skies over the many dead cities of the Twisted Earth are said to be home to nothing but the howling wind, which pines night and day for the lost souls who died in these vast urban ruins during the Fall. But in some old necropoli the few long-term inhabitants know this is just a poetic myth; in reality creatures live in the sky just as they do among the ruins.

One of the more benevolent flying creatures of the old necropoli are known as “hands from heaven”, an equally poetic name for what otherwise appears to be just a typical hawk. In reality, however, these avians are anything but.

*Hands-from-heaven* are strange animals that are said to have an unusual level of intelligence, as well as what some superstitious folk call a “sense of honor”. It is said that if one treats a hand-from-heaven well (offering up gifts, for example, or merely refraining from shooting it with an arrow despite the hunger in one’s belly), these animals *remember*, and return the favor in times of need.

In truth these animals are smart, though in ways not normally noticeable. They resemble elegant hawks, and hunt, swoop, and soar as typical animals do. But a character who willingly and openly does a good deed for a hand-from-heaven will eventually find the favor returned. Typical “good deeds” might include leaving a portion of meat from a hunter’s kill for the bird’s stomach; offering something shiny for its nest; holding back on firing on the creature as it flies far overhead; or replacing its nest full of eggs, intact, once the hunter realizes it is in fact the nest of these benevolent creatures.

A hand-from-heaven will accept a gift by landing, then staring long and hard at the giver before flying off, as if memorizing her face. For the next few days (or even weeks), the hand-from-heaven will keep

a watch on the giver from the skies - often unseen, though its telltale screech marks its presence even when it’s gone from sight. The creature observes the giver and, after a time, returns with something - anything - it has seen elsewhere among the urban ruins (since these creatures fly, they see many places and things not visible from the ground, and thus know where many valuable or unique objects are hidden in their particular territory - water sources, lost treasure, etc.).

A hand-from-heaven’s “reward” is usually something useful to a given situation. For example, if it observes a character running out of water on a long trek, it might snatch a small canteen from somewhere distant and return, dropping it at the character’s feet. If she appears to be starving, it might hunt some small animal and bring her the kill to stave off death. But their rewards can be even *more* remarkable. A hand-from-heaven might drop an old power clip, or a box of ammunition, into a desperate character’s hand just as she runs out of ammo in a pitched battle. Swooping in from the sky, they are like miraculous saviors in times of crisis (hence their name).

Alternatively a hand-from-heaven’s reward might not be material; it could instead be an action. The hand-from-heaven might secretly keep watch over the character while she sleeps, letting off an ear-piercing shriek to wake her as predators approach her campsite while she sleeps. Other actions are possible as well. For example, if it sees a character trying to escape a horde of ghouls by entering a building - but is stopped by a locked door - the creature might fly in through an upper story window, find the keylock, and use its beak to open it from the other side. Or, if a foe is about to finish off a wounded character with a powerful coup-de-grace, the bird might fly in from nowhere and snatch the foe’s weapon from his hand!

Hands-from-heaven are rarely encountered, but

when they are it is considered good fortune. But once the creature returns the favor owed it will seldom be seen again by that individual.

Hands-from-heaven resemble large chestnut brown hawks, with long trailing feathers tipped white or black. Its eyes are a piercing silver, and its clawed talons somewhat enlarged for a bird its size, allowing it to carry modest-sized objects for a great distance.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Hands-from-heaven have the following Traits:

**Skill Bonus:** Hands-from-heaven gain a +8 species bonus on Spot checks in daylight.

**Bonus Feats:** Hands-from-heaven gain the bonus feats Improved Disarm and Strong Flyer.

**Hand-From-Heaven:** CR 1; Tiny mutated animal; HD 1d8; HP 4; Mas 10; Init +3; Spd 10 ft, fly 60 ft (average); Defense 17, touch 15, flatfooted 14 (+2 size, +3 Dex, +2 natural); BAB +0; Grap -9; Atk +1 melee (1d4-1, claw); Full Atk +1 melee (1d4-1, claw); FS 2 1/2 ft by 2 1/2 ft; Reach 0 ft; SQ none; AL none; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 8, Dex 17, Con 10, Int 2, Wis 14, Cha 10.

**Skills:** Listen +6, Spot +6 (+14 in daylight).

**Feats:** Improved Disarm, Strong Flyer.

**Advancement:** 2-3 HD (Small).

### HIVE LARVA

All forms of Hive insect (mutant bugs, bug flyers, tank bugs, and even hive minds) start as *larvae*, featureless, grub-like parasites that require physical development inside a warm, living host. Spawned by a Hive Mind, these larva are carried carefully by mutant bug workers to be placed inside victims of the Hive, usually humanoids and other warm-blooded mammals, where the larva can be allowed to grow.



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

When a Hive larva “hatches”, it does so by literally eating its way out of its host, “exploding” outwards in a stream of blood and half-chewed gore. The larva itself is born with tremendous strength and durability, being able to shrug off blows that would normally kill a mature mutant bug. This ability to seemingly ignore damage is eventually lost as the creature grows older, eventually metamorphosing into whatever specific breed of Hive bug its genes dictate.

A typical larva resembles a chunky, ropy worm, with numerous thin centipede-like legs (most of these wither and fall off as the creature grows). It has no eyes, using antennae to sense its surroundings, and a lamprey-like mouth with vicious fanged mandibles that allow it to burrow through flesh.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Hive larvae have the following Traits:

**Damage Reduction (Ex):** A Hive larva has damage reduction 5 against all forms of physical attack.

**Fast Healing (Ex):** A Hive larva heals 5 hit points per round until it reaches maximum hit points.

**Hive Mind (Ex):** Hive larva share a “hive mind” with other species of the Hive. If one is aware of danger, they all are. If one of them is not flat-footed, none of them are.

**Immunities (Ex):** Giant tank bugs are immune to mind-affecting effects.

**Metamorphosis (Ex):** Though a Hive larva begins life with the Vermin type, it may eventually transform into a Monstrous Humanoid (if it is fated to become a mutant bug or swarm bug).

**Resistance to Massive Damage (Ex):** Giant tank bugs gain a +5 species bonus on Fortitude saves to negate the effects of massive damage.

**Tremorsense (Ex):** A Hive larva can automatically sense the location of anything within

60 feet that is in contact with the ground or water.

**Bonus Feat:** Hive larvae receive the bonus feat, Improved Initiative, even though Vermin do not normally get feats.

**Hive Larva:** CR 1; Diminutive Vermin; HD 2d8+4; HP 13; Mas 14; Init +6; Spd 20 ft, burrow 5 feet; Defense 18, touch 16, flat-footed 16 (+4 size, +2 Dex, +2 natural); BAB +1; Grap +3; Atk +7 melee (1d6+2, bite); Full Atk +7 melee (1d6+2, bite); FS 1 ft by 1 ft; Reach 0 ft; SQ DR 5/-, fast healing 5, hive mind, immunities, metamorphosis, resistance to massive damage, tremorsense; AL Hive; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will -1; AP +0; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 14, Int -, Wis 9, Cha 3.

**Skills:** Listen +4, Survival +4.

**Feats:** Improved Initiative.

**Advancement:** None.

### HIVE MIND

The true masterminds behind the “Hive” are its *hive minds*, enormous insectoid “slugs” who act as living “psychic switchboards”. Essentially enormous brains, each hive mind serves as a central node for communication and the senses. It is unclear exactly how this phenomenon operates, but at the heart of it each hive mind is essentially a hub, tapped into every single insect creature in the Hive (from the lowest *food grub* to the *mutant bug* workers and *giant tank bugs* lumbering into battle). Able to share their senses, command them through telepathic thought, and coordinate with other Hive armies miles away, the hive mind’s amazing capabilities are truly mystifying.

The typical hive mind’s sheer size is tremendous, standing almost two stories high with a girth greater than an Olympic-sized swimming pool. A hive

mind looks like a gigantic viscid caterpillar, bloated beyond believable dimensions, carried along by hundreds of tiny bug legs running the length of its underside. Giant pores leak a slimy excretion all over its tumor-encased body segments, while a collection of ten or twelve spider-like eyes dominate its “head”. Great pink and green veins crisscross its entire body, making the entire creature look like a huge, mobile “brain”.

Though enormous, the hive mind is capable of sudden bursts of speed, allowing it to escape from immediate danger. Most hive minds dwell in deep caverns beneath Hive “bughills”, rarely emerging to see the light of day.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Hive minds have the following Traits:

**Burst of Speed (Ex):** Once every ten rounds the hive mind can generate a tremendous burst of speed, increasing its ground movement to 60 ft (base).

**Damage Reduction (Ex):** A hive mind has damage reduction 5 against all forms of physical attack.

**Keen Sight (Ex):** Hive minds have darkvision with a range of 60 feet and low-light vision.

**Hive Mind (Ex):** Hive minds share a “hive mind” with members of the same species, as well as certain other mutant bugs employed as laborers, servants, or soldiers. If one is aware of danger, they all are. If one of them is not flat-footed, none of them are.

**Tremorsense (Ex):** A hive mind can automatically sense the location of anything within 60 feet that is in contact with the ground or water.

**Immunities (Ex):** Hive minds are immune to mind-affecting effects.

**Psychic (Ex):** Hive minds are innately psychic, and are able to manifest abilities equivalent to the mutation *Neural Telepathy*.

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

**Resistance to Massive Damage (Ex):** Hive minds gain a +5 species bonus on Fortitude saves to negate the effects of massive damage.

**Bonus Feat:** Hive minds receive the bonus feats, Charm Person, Domination, Lie Detector, Mental Communication, and Psychic Interrogation, even though Vermin do not normally get feats. The DC to resist any of these abilities is 10 + half the creature's HD.

**Hive Mind:** CR 15; Gargantuan Vermin; HD 18d8+108; HP 189; Mas 22; Init -2; Spd 20 ft, burrow 10 ft; Defense 20, touch 4, flat-footed 20 (-4 size, -2 Dex, +16 natural); BAB +13; Grap +37; Atk +21 melee (2d8+12, slam); Full Atk +21 melee (2d8+12, slam); FS 20 ft by 20 ft; Reach 15 ft; SQ burst of speed, DR 5/-, keen sight, hive mind, tremorsense, immunities, resistance to massive damage; AL Hive; SV Fort +12, Ref +9, Will +11; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 35, Dex 6, Con 23, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 23.

**Skills:** Diplomacy +9, Listen +4, Sense Motive +4, Spot +4.

**Feats:** Charm Person, Domination, Lie Detector, Mental Communication, Psychic Interrogation.

**Advancement:** 19-23 HD (Colossal).

## MIRROR OOZE

Related to both the *blob* and *terrestrial effluvium*, the *mirror ooze* is a smaller form of ooze that seems to be far more abundant, especially in areas formerly taken up by vast industrial complexes. Resembling a pool of liquid metal, the mirror ooze is only found in the most polluted areas, where heavier elements used in pre-Fall manufacturing and production have changed the very nature of the environment.

The mirror ooze is an animate creature, though

when inactive it will often look simply like a highly-reflective pond. When it is roused to action - to consume nearby prey - it begins to shift and move, slithering towards its prey like a living mass of mercury.

The strange substance of a mirror ooze has corrosive qualities, burning flesh and even inorganic matter with equal potency. Thus, the area in which a mirror ooze lives often appears unnaturally deformed; metal objects lie about fused together, and even the earth seems corroded.

## SPECIES TRAITS

Mirror oozes have the following Traits:

**Acid (Ex):** A mirror ooze secretes a digestive acid that quickly dissolves organic material and metal. Any melee hit deals acid damage. A mirror ooze's acidic touch deals 40 points of damage per round to wood or metal objects. Armor or clothing dissolves and becomes useless immediately unless it succeeds at a Reflex save (DC 19). The acid cannot harm stone. A metal or wooden weapon that strikes a mirror ooze also dissolves immediately unless it succeeds at a Reflex save (DC 19).

**Blindsight (Ex):** A mirror ooze has blindsight with a range of 60 feet.

**Ooze:** Oozes are immune to mind-affecting effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, gaze attacks, visual effects, illusions, and other attack forms that rely on sight. Oozes are not subject to critical hits, flanking, or the effects of massive damage.

**Reflective (Ex):** Because of its mirror-like composition, any light-based attack (such as a laser beam or an optic emission) against a mirror ooze reflects off of it, doing no damage. In addition, any time such an attack is made against a mirror ooze the attacker must make a Reflex save at DC 19 to avoid the attack being reflected back at her and striking her

instead.

**Sonic Immunity (Ex):** Mirror oozes take no damage from sonic weapons or sonic attacks.

**Mirror Ooze:** CR 5; Large ooze; HD 6d10+27; HP 60; Mas -; Init -1; Spd 20 ft, swim 20 ft; Defense 8, touch 8, flatfooted 8 (-1 size, -1 Dex); BAB +4; Grap +12; Atk +8 melee (1d8+5 plus 1d4 acid, slam); Full Atk +8 melee (1d8+5 plus 1d4 acid, slam); FS 10 ft by 10 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ acid, blindsight, ooze, reflective, sonic immunity; AL none; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 21, Dex 9, Con 14, Int -, Wis 14, Cha 3.

**Skills:** Hide -5.

**Feats:** None.

**Advancement:** 7-9 HD (Large), 10-12 (Huge).

## OGRISH (TEMPLATE)

Though they aren't unique in this capacity, the *beastman* species on the Twisted Earth appears to introduce an inordinate number of freakish births with each passing year. These freaks often develop inordinate gigantism, taking on monstrous size, strength, and invulnerability - but at a cost to mental development and the neglecting of social traits.

"Ogrish" is a template that is most often seen among beastmen, indicating a particularly large, powerful - and stupid - member of the species.

## TEMPLATE TRAITS

"Ogrish" is a template that can be added to any humanoid of Medium-size or larger (hereafter referred to as the base creature). An ogrish creature has all the base creature's characteristics except as noted here.

**Size and Type:** The creature's size increases to by one step, affecting Defense, attack rolls, Grapple



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

checks, and Hide checks. Fighting space and reach are also altered as a result. See *Table 8:1: Creature Sizes of d20 Modern* for modifiers based on size. An ogrish creature's type changes to *giant*.

**Speed:** An ogrish creature's land speed decreases by 5 feet.

**Attacks:** An ogrish creature's unarmed attacks now inflict lethal damage. An ogrish creature may choose to inflict nonlethal damage, but doing so provides a -4 penalty to attack rolls.

**Abilities:** +6 Str, -2 Dex, +4 Con, -2 Int, -2 Wis, -2 Cha.

**Challenge Rating:** Base creature's CR +2.

**Level Adjustment:** +2.

### RAT DOG

The ghouls of the Necropolis are known to breed these disgusting animals, which by all appearances must be some monstrous evolution of the common rat. Grown to the size of a dog, these enormous, misshapen creatures also seem to play a role in ghoulish society similar to mundane canines in human cultures. Treated like pets by some ghouls, and trained to fight by others, these mangy, flea-ridden animals are always found wherever ghouls are, either as accepted members of the ghoulish pack or as pathetic stragglers following along in hopes of eating whatever its masters leave behind.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Rat dogs have the following Traits:

**Flea Cloud (Ex):** Any creature that comes within 5 feet of a rat dog must make a Fortitude save at DC 11 or suffer a -1 circumstance penalty to attack rolls and skill checks for the next 1d4 rounds. Ghouls (and *super ghouls*) appear to be immune to this effect.

**Keen Sight (Ex):** Rat dogs have darkvision with a

range of 60 feet and low-light vision.

**Scent (Ex):** This ability allows the rat dog to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

**Skill Bonus:** Rat dogs gain a +2 species bonus on Survival checks when tracking by scent.

**Rat Dog:** CR 1; Medium-size Mutated Animal; HD 2d8+2; HP 11; Mas 12; Init +2; Spd 40 ft; Defense 13, touch 12, flat-footed 11 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +1 natural); BAB +1; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6+3, bite); Full Atk +3 melee (1d6+3, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ flea cloud, keen sight, scent; AL none or owner; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 6.

**Skills:** Listen +5, Spot +5, Survival +1 (+3 when tracking by scent), Swim +5.

**Feats:** None.

**Advancement:** None.

### ROPE WORM

*Rope worms* are a peculiar menace of the Necropolis, and there is no reasonable explanation for how such strange entities came to be.

No one has ever actually seen a rope worm, other than the creature's "tentacles", long worm-like extensions that burst from the ground to grasp and tear at unsuspecting prey. These tentacles are universally described as black and oily, but it is unclear if these tentacles are the creatures themselves (as is commonly believed), or are merely the extensions of a burrowing main mass that has heretofore evaded being dug up and scrutinized. It is so far impossible to tell, as rope worms generally tend to flee when threatened by injury, preventing a carcass of any kind from being unearthed.

Whatever a rope worm really looks like, it is

nonetheless an insidious hunter, moving unseen - and unheard - under the earth, using advanced senses to find its surface-dwelling prey. When it chooses to attack it almost always takes its victims by surprise, its tentacles pushing through the ground to lash viciously at the target and tear her to ribbons. Those who are particularly unfortunate may even be drawn underground, never to be seen again...

### SPECIES TRAITS

Rope worms have the following Traits:

**Draw Underground (Ex):** A victim incapacitated (brought to zero or less hit points) through injury by a rope worm's tentacle grapple may be pulled underground by the creature as a full-round action. A creature drawn away in this fashion must check against suffocation as if *drowning*.

**Rend (Ex):** If the rope worm inflicts damage on a single victim for two rounds in a row, on the following round it may rend that victim as a free action for 4d4+8 points of slashing damage.

**Sensitivity to Pain (Ex):** A rope worm that loses more than two-thirds its starting hit points in a given encounter will emit a cacophony of high-pitched shrieks before fleeing, drawing its tentacles back underground. Victims currently being grappled by the creature will be released, and victims drawn underground will be "vomited" back to the surface.

**Tremorsense (Ex):** A rope worm can automatically sense the location of anything within 200 feet that is in contact with the ground or water.

**Wormy Tentacles (Ex):** When a rope worm attacks it throws out dozens of black tentacles that break through the soil and attempt to grasp anything within reach. All creatures currently within the rope worm's fighting space, as well as within the rope worm's reach, must make a grapple check each round, opposed by the grapple check of the rope

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

worm. If a victim is grappled, on the following round the rope worm may make another grapple check to inflict 2d4+4 points of bludgeoning damage.

**Rope Worm:** CR 9; Huge aberration; HD 13d8; HP 58; Mas 11; Init +9; Spd burrow 40 ft; Defense 13, touch 13, flat-footed 8 (-2 size, +5 Dex); BAB +9; Grap +25; Atk special; Full Atk special; FS 15 ft by 15 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ Draw Underground, Rend, Sensitivity to Pain, Tremorsense, Wormy Tentacles; AL none; SV Fort +4, Ref +9, Will +8; AP +0; Rep +0; Str 27, Dex 21, Con 11, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 4.

**Skills:** Hide +3, Listen +8, Move Silently +11, Spot +8.

**Feats:** Alertness, Improved Initiative, Run.

**Advancement:** 14-16 HD (Huge), 17-20 (Gargantuan).

## SEER

A *seer* is a rare inhabitant of the sewers beneath the Necropolis, most commonly restricted to the areas most adversely affected by the careless pollution of the Ancients. The animals are relentless predators, possessed of strange but deadly mutations that make them a much greater threat than their humble appearance would suggest.

A seer resembles a desiccated canine, its parchment-dry skin - bare and hairless - drawn so tight over its bones it seems truly skeletal. Looking like a mummified dog, the seer's eyes glow with a bright blue radiance that betrays not only the presence of a weak life force, but also its surprising power.

A seer hunts for food like any other miserable survivor on the Twisted Earth, but it has developed the ability to generate deadly beams of energy with its eyes. These beams shoot from the animal's

skeletal skull like brilliant blue laser pulses, burning flesh instantly on contact.

Seers only congregate in small packs and are generally quite lethargic, rarely wandering from a small, jealously-guarded "domain". Once an intruder is detected, however, the animals rise to pursue with a passion for the kill that closely mirrors human sadism.

## SPECIES TRAITS

Seers have the following Traits:

**Eyebeams (Ex):** Once per round as an attack action a seer may generate a laser pulse from its eyes as a ranged touch attack. This pulse has a base range of 100 feet and inflicts 2d12 points of energy damage on a successful hit. Alternatively, once per round the seer can deflect one light-based attack targeting it (such as a shot from a laser rifle) with a successful Reflex save (DC 20), but only if it hasn't used its eyebeams yet during the round.

**Scent (Ex):** This ability allows a seer to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

**Skill Bonuses:** Seers receive a +4 species bonus on Survival checks when tracking by scent.

**Seer:** CR 4; Medium-size mutated animal; HD 5d8+5; HP 27; Mas 13; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 14, flatfooted 12 (+4 Dex, +2 natural); BAB +3; Grap +4; Atk +5 melee (1d6+1, bite), or +8 ranged (2d12, eyebeams); Full Atk +5 melee (1d6+1, bite), or +8 ranged (2d12, eyebeams); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ eyebeams, low-light vision, scent; AL none; SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 12, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 7.

**Skills:** Hide +5, Listen +6, Move Silently +6, Spot +4, Survival +1 (+5 when tracking by scent).

**Feats:** None.

**Advancement:** 6-8 HD (Large).

## SERPENT GOD

Rivalled only by the Hive in their mastery of genetic science, the "Serpent Gods" have toyed with biological manipulation for generations, in a strange (perhaps even obsessed) quest to create the "perfect race". Possessed of vastly-advanced intellects, as well as a sense of superiority that borders on the most extreme form of racism, the Serpent Gods have worked tirelessly, and with endless patience, to distill the genetic work of their Zoogenic Corporation creators into what they perceive to be the ultimate evolution: the *perfect being*.

Through their genetic tampering the Serpent Gods have developed three primary "castes", tiers of varied breeds that all share some characteristic similar to their Ancient-era progenitors. Though many of their own creations are imperfect and are thus discarded (ending up as "Horrors"), enough are successful that they are permitted to live and develop into full-fledged Serpent Gods.

## SPECIES TRAITS

All Serpent Gods have the following species Traits in common.

**Darkvision (Ex):** All serpent gods have darkvision with a range of 120 feet.

**Fast Healing (Ex):** All serpent gods have fast healing, though the amount healed per round varies by breed.

**Frightful Presence (Ex):** A serpent god can unsettle foes with its mere presence. The ability takes effect automatically whenever the serpent god attacks or charges. Creatures within a radius of 30



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

feet are subject to the effect if they have fewer HD than the serpent god.

A potentially affected creature that succeeds at a Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 HD + serpent god's Charisma modifier) remains immune to the serpent god's frightful presence for one day.

On a failure, creatures with 4 or fewer HD become *panicked* for 4d6 rounds and those with 5 or more HD become *shaken* for 4d6 rounds. All serpent god breeds are immune to the frightful presence of their race.

**Longevity (Ex):** All serpent gods are possessed with an unnatural longevity, and barring death by injury, may live for 150 years or more.

**Tail Sweep (Ex):** A serpent god can sweep with its tail as a standard action. The sweep affects a half circle with a diameter of 10 feet, centered on the creature's rear. Creatures within the swept area are affected if they are one or more sizes smaller than the serpent god. The sweep acts as a bull rush, rolled individually for each creature in the area of effect, but instead of being pushed back creatures affected are knocked *prone*.

**Telepathy (Ex):** All serpent gods are mildly telepathic. When one serpent god senses danger, all serpent gods within 500 ft. become aware of which of their number is threatened, and in which direction to head to assist.

## MEDUSA

A Serpent God *medusa* resembles the greater breeds of that race: an elongated and winding serpent of unearthly size, covered in iron-hard scales with thorny barbs and protrusions, with six coiling and writhing tentacles sprouting from its body where a human's shoulders might be. Unlike the other breeds of Serpent God, the medusa's crown of

tentacles resemble actual serpents (sans eyes), with each ending in a fanged mouth. The medusa uses these serpentine tentacles to strike out at foes, each injecting the creature's withering poison on its victims. Because of this mutation it cannot generally manipulate objects or use manufactured weapons, and though their caste cannot contribute to the advancement of the race, they are still quite useful as powerful guardians.

## SPECIES TRAITS

Serpent God *medusae* have the following species Traits.

**Acid Spittle (Ex):** A serpent god medusa can use its multiple tentacle mouths to spit globs of acid at range. As a full attack action it may make 1d6 individual ranged attacks (divided among any number of targets), each with a range increment of 200 feet (and otherwise treated as a thrown weapon). These attacks are considered splash weapons (see *d20 Modern*), doing 3d10 acid damage on a direct hit or 2d6 acid damage to all creatures within 5 ft of the point of impact (no save).

**Fast Healing (Ex):** A serpent god medusa heals 3 hit points per round until it reaches maximum hit points.

**Poison (Ex):** The serpent god medusa's poison is delivered with any successful bite or tentacle bite attack. The Fort save DC is 31 (initial damage 2d6 Str, secondary damage 2d6 Str).

**Serpent God:** A serpent god medusa has the species traits common to all serpent gods.

**Serpent God Medusa:** CR 15; Gargantuan Aberration; HD 14d8+98; HP 161; Mas 25; Init +5; Spd 40 ft, climb 30 ft; Defense 30, touch 7, flat-footed 29 (-4 size, +1 Dex, +23 natural); BAB +10;

Grp +30; Atk +18 melee (4d6+12 plus *poison*, bite), or +18 melee (2d4+6 plus *poison*, tentacle bite); Full Atk +18 melee (4d6+12 plus *poison*, bite) and +18 melee (2d4+6 plus *poison*, 6 tentacle bites), or +7 ranged (1d6 acid spittle); FS 20 ft by 20 ft; Reach 15 ft; SQ acid spittle, darkvision, fast healing 3, frightful presence, longevity, poison, tail sweep, telepathy; AL Serpent Gods; SV Fort +13, Ref +5, Will +12; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 35, Dex 12, Con 25, Int 17, Wis 17, Cha 16.

**Skills:** Climb +18, Decipher Script +7, Hide -5, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +7, Listen +13, Move Silently +5, Sense Motive +9, Spot +13.

**Feats:** Constrict, Great Fortitude, Improved Grab, Improved Initiative, Improved Multiattack, Multiattack.

**Advancement:** 15-17 HD (Gargantuan).

## OPHIDI

The *ophidi*, though gargantuan, are neither stupid nor slow, possessed of a keen wit and genius-level intellect. An *ophidi* resembles an enormous snake of black or grayish-black color (the better to hide among shadows with) and tremendous length, with eerie and malevolent eyes that glow a lambent violet in the dark. The creature has no arms, but instead has six coiling tentacles that sprout from the main body where shoulder might be on a human. An *ophidi* uses these tentacles to manipulate its surroundings, as well as to operate objects normally intended for humanoids, such as weapons. *The sample serpent god ophidi shown below uses a typical sampling of weapons, but an individual creature's choice of weapons (and feats) may vary.*

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

### SPECIES TRAITS

Serpent God *ophidi* have the following species Traits.

**Fast Healing (Ex):** A serpent god *ophidi* heals 5 hit points per round until it reaches maximum hit points.

**Poison (Ex):** The serpent god *ophidi*'s poison is delivered with a successful bite attack. The Fort save DC is 31 (initial damage 1d6 Dex, secondary damage 1d6 Dex).

**Serpent God:** A serpent god *ophidi* has the species traits common to all serpent gods.

**Serpent God Ophidi:** CR 16; Gargantuan Aberration; HD 17d8+119; HP 195; Mas 24; Init +3; Spd 40 ft, climb 30 ft; Defense 34, touch 9, flat-footed 31 (-4 size, +3 Dex, +25 natural); BAB +12; Grap +31; Atk +19 melee (4d6+11 plus *poison*, bite), or +12 ranged (3d12, laser rifle), or +12 ranged (4d8, gauss automatic rifle), or +12 ranged (3d10, gyrojet rifle), or +11 ranged (10d6, M72A3 LAW), or +11 ranged (special, RPG-16); Full Atk +19 melee (4d6+11 plus *poison*, bite), or +8 ranged (3d12, 2 laser rifles) and +8 ranged (4d8, gauss automatic rifle) and +8 ranged (3d10, gyrojet rifle) and +7 ranged (10d6, M72A3 LAW) and +7 ranged (special, RPG-16); FS 20 ft by 20 ft; Reach 15 ft; SQ darkvision, fast healing 5, frightful presence, longevity, poison, tail sweep, telepathy; AL Serpent Gods; SV Fort +14, Ref +8, Will +13; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 32, Dex 16, Con 24, Int 18, Wis 16, Cha 16.

**Skills:** Climb +17, Decipher Script +8, Disable Device +8, Hide -3, Intimidate +11, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +8, Knowledge (Tactics) +8, Knowledge (Technology) +10, Listen +9, Move Silently +9, Repair +8, Sense Motive +7, Spot +9.

**Feats:** Exotic Weapon Proficiency (rocket launchers), Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative,

Multidexterity, Multiweapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (laser rifle), Weapon Focus (gauss automatic rifle), Weapon Focus (gyrojet rifle).

**Possessions:** Two laser rifles, one gauss automatic rifle, one gyrojet rifle, one M72A3 LAW, one RPG-16, two radiation grenades (for RPG), three power belt-packs, one box of gauss ammo (50), one box of gyrojet ammo (30).

**Advancement:** 18-20 HD (Gargantuan).

## NAJA

If the Serpent Gods have a “ruling caste”, the *naja* would be it; these massive serpent monsters are super-intelligent even by human standards. Their great size, awesome prowess, and powerful minds are the result of genetic engineering in the twilight era of the Ancients, from whence their race was first spawned. The *naja* have continued the work of their human forebears, obsessed and driven to continue creating life as if they were, in fact, actual gods. A *naja* resembles a tremendous snake with iron-gray hide, like thick overlapping sheaves of metal, and a ruff of thin tendrils with which it manipulates even the finest objects, such as computers and intricate devices. A *naja*'s head betrays its connection to the single individual who was behind the Serpent Gods' creation; though their individual faces are scaly, deformed, and snake-like, all *naja* seem to be identical *twins*, their distorted facial features vaguely resembling the eccentric, ever-grinning madman, Ronald Bernard.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Serpent God *naja* have the following species Traits.

**Fast Healing (Ex):** A serpent god *naja* heals 7 hit points per round until it reaches maximum hit points.

**Poison (Ex):** The serpent god *naja*'s poison is delivered with a successful bite attack, or whenever another creature comes into physical contact with it (such as when grappling or hit by an unarmed attack). The Fort save DC is 31 (initial damage 1d6 Con and 1d6 Wis, secondary damage 1d6 Con and 1d6 Wis).

**Serpent God:** A serpent god *naja* has the species traits common to all serpent gods.

**Serpent God Naja:** CR 17; Gargantuan Aberration; HD 19d8+152; HP 237; Mas 26; Init +8; Spd 40 ft, climb 30 ft; Defense 35, touch 10, flat-footed 31 (-4 size, +4 Dex, +25 natural); BAB +14; Grap +31; Atk +19 melee (4d6+9 plus *poison*, bite), or +15 ranged (special, blaster), or +15 ranged (5d10, HPM rifle), or +15 ranged (3d10, plasma pistol), or +14 ranged (8d6, plasma grenade); Full Atk +19 melee (4d6+9 plus *poison*, bite), or +11 ranged (special, blaster) and +11 ranged (5d10, HPM rifle) and +11 ranged (3d10, plasma pistol) and +10 ranged (8d6, 3 plasma grenades); FS 20 ft by 20 ft; Reach 15 ft; SQ darkvision, fast healing 7, frightful presence, longevity, poison, tail sweep, telepathy; AL Serpent Gods; SV Fort +16, Ref +10, Will +14; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 28, Dex 18, Con 26, Int 24, Wis 16, Cha 18.

**Skills:** Climb +13, Computer Use +17, Craft (Electronic) +13, Decipher Script +13, Disable Device +11, Hide -8, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +11, Knowledge (Earth & Life Sciences) +15, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +11, Knowledge (Tactics) +11, Knowledge (Technology) +15, Repair +19, Research +21, Sense Motive +7.

**Feats:** Gearhead, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Multidexterity, Multiweapon Fighting, Point Blank Shot, Room-Broom, Studious, Weapon Focus (blaster), Weapon Focus (HPM rifle), Weapon Focus (plasma pistol).



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

**Possessions:** Blaster, HPM rifle, plasma pistol, magnetic shield C, six plasma grenades, six minifusion cells, power backpack, multipurpose tool.

**Advancement:** 20-21 HD (Gargantuan).

### SEWER CROC, GIANT

There are many dangerous monsters living in the sewers of the world's lost necropoli, though most of these are smaller creatures, driven to the safety of this damp and awful underworld by more powerful surface predators. But there are other nightmare things living in the sewers, carryovers from ancient times when animals - like garbage - were dumped into the sewers to be forgotten and erased. Many of these monsters lived on, and with the accumulation of toxic waste and industrial sludge, grew enormous and mutated. Long after the Fall many such creatures continue to exist, evolving to become the underworld's top predators.

The *giant sewer croc* resembles an enormous crocodile of gargantuan size, with a scaly body ranging from a muddy brown to oily black, allowing it to hide particularly well in its environment. Deformities, such as extra eyes and vestigial legs, are frequently exhibited by these creatures (a product of their poisoned habitat). Webbing between the creatures' claws, and an iguana-like fin along the back and tail, allow it to swim swiftly and elegantly through tepid sewer waters - much to the surprise of those who might otherwise mistake it as slow and clumsy by its sheer size. Most dangerous of all, however, is the giant sewer croc's bite, for not only is its mouth ringed with jagged teeth - but it is also teeming with billions of toxic bacteria.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Giant sewer crocs have the following Traits:

**Acid Resistance:** A giant sewer croc ignores the first 10 points of damage dealt by acid.

**Aquatic:** Giant sewer crocs can move in water without making Swim checks and cannot drown in water.

**Diseased Bite (Ex):** A creature taking damage from a giant sewer croc's bite must make a Fortitude save at DC 14 or contract *hantavirus* (see *d20 Modern*).

**Improved Grab (Ex):** To use this ability, a giant sewer croc must hit an opponent of its size or smaller with its bite attack. If it gets a hold, the giant sewer croc grabs the opponent with its mouth and drags it into deep water, attempting to pin it to the bottom.

**Skill Bonus:** Giant sewer crocs gain a +12 species bonus on Hide checks when submerged.

**Giant Sewer Croc:** CR 9; Gargantuan mutated animal; HD 12d8+48; HP 102; Mas 19; Init +1; Spd 20 ft, swim 40 ft; Defense 13, touch 7, flatfooted 12 (-4 size, +1 Dex, +6 natural); BAB +9; Grap +32; Atk +18 melee (2d10+17, bite), or +18 melee (2d8+17, tail slap); Full Atk +18 melee (2d10+17, bite), or +18 melee (2d8+17, tail slap); FS 20 ft by 20 ft; Reach 15 ft; SQ acid resistance, aquatic, diseased bite, improved grab, low-light vision; AL none; SV Fort +12, Ref +9, Will +5; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 34, Dex 12, Con 19, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 2.

**Skills:** Hide -4 (+0 when submerged), Listen +5, Spot +5.

**Feats:** None.

**Advancement:** 13-18 HD (Gargantuan).

### SKAEL

This race of aquatic creatures has lived close to the California coast, specifically just off the ruins of Los Angeles, at least since the time of the Fall. Originally one of the more successful experiments of a pre-Fall bioengineering corporation, the *Skaels* were specifically bred as underwater workers intended for use in the construction of vast, interconnected undersea agro-domes and hatcheries off the American coast that, it was hoped, would bolster the dwindling resources of the American food industry.

With the Fall the fledgling progenitors of this dim-witted race managed to escape confinement and make their way to the sea. Over time they evolved due to the radiation of the waters off the Necropolis, and have become a ghastly degenerate species of cannibalistic sea predators. Luckily for most the Skaels have an apparent timidity and cowardice, and only come on land to hunt in rare circumstances. Even then, they are more likely to flee if they cannot ambush their prey - as well as outnumber them.

A Skael resembles a lanky humanoid covered in a slick and slimy skin with fine metallic blue scales. They have enormous fish-like eyes, the color of which runs from neon yellow to dead white. Certain members of the Skael race have large crests and bony ridges as well; these usually denote more powerful creatures, which often congregate in large tribes to prey on weaker members of their species.

### SKAEL CHARACTERS

Skael characters start with no background or occupation. They start with no Technology feat (similar to Feral) but receive the bonus feat outlined in the Skael Traits below. Skaels gain Hide, Spot, and Swim as permanent class skills. In addition, they

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

have the following racial ability modifiers: +1 Str, +1 Dex, -2 Int, -4 Cha.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Skaels have the following Traits:

**Aquatic:** A Skael moves in water without making Swim checks and cannot drown in water. A Skael can move freely between water and land at will, but exposure to air causes her to suffer 1d4 points of lethal damage each hour if she fails a Fortitude save (DC 17). This save is made at the end of each hour.

**Low-Light Vision:** A Skael can see twice as far as a human in starlight, moonlight, torchlight, and similar conditions of poor illumination. She retains the ability to distinguish color and detail under these conditions.

**Cold Resistance:** A Skael has cold resistance cold 10.

**Immunities:** Having adapted to life in a harsh radiated environment, a Skael is immune to *Moderate* radiation (as well as heat generated by radiation).

**Bonus Feat:** A Skael receives Stealthy as a bonus feat.

**Skael:** CR 1; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8; HP 9; Mas 11; Init +5; Spd 20 ft, swim 40 ft; Defense 15, touch 11, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +4 natural); BAB +1; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d4+1, claw), or +1 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +2 melee (1d4+1, 2 claws), +1 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ aquatic, low-light vision, cold resistance 10, immunities; AL Skaels; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 6.

**Skills:** Hide +3, Listen +3, Move Silently +3, Spot +4, Survival +2, Swim +3.

**Feats:** Improved Initiative, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy.

**Possessions:** None.

**Advancement:** By character class.

**Level Adjustment:** +1.

## SUPER GHOUL

Unique to the highly-survivable and adaptable ghoulish tribes of the sprawling Necropolis basin, the so-called new breed of “super ghouls” are a mutant strain of the common ghoulish that appear to have one unusual trait in common: a freakish form of *gigantism*.

Though their size already makes them exceptional, *super ghouls* are in fact far more removed from their fellows than their mere size suggests. In addition to being bigger and stronger, super ghouls are often highly intelligent, possessed with a cunning that goes beyond the usual animal hunting instincts of the typical ghoulish. Able to learn from enemies, and adapt their tactics, they have also been known to figure out complicated devices and, in some instances, even to read signs and discover how to reactivate and operate items of technology.

A super ghoulish resembles a monstrous green, blue, or grey-skinned mutant, gangly and misshapen, with bony limbs and appendages that seem to have grown at different speeds, resulting in a grotesquely disproportioned collection of body parts. Like most ghouls, super ghouls are sensitive to sunlight, but their luminous, yellow cat-like eyes are highly-adapted to the darkness to compensate. Super ghouls fight with tremendous strength in melee, and hurl rocks (or any other heavy object they can lift) with incredible force at range.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Super ghouls have the following Traits:

**Photosensitive (Ex):** A super ghoulish suffers from complete blindness in natural or bright light.

**Thermal Sight (Ex):** A super ghoulish’s eyes can sense lingering heat sources, even if just traces. This allows a super ghoulish to detect any living, warm-blooded creature within 60 ft, regardless of cover, concealment, or invisibility. In addition, this also provides the super ghoulish with a +8 racial bonus to Survival checks when attempting to track a living creature.

**Rock Throwing (Ex):** Super ghouls receive a +1 racial bonus to attack rolls when throwing rocks and other large and heavy objects. These throwing weapons generally have a base damage of 2d6, and a 10 ft range increment.

**Super Ghoul:** CR 7; Large Giant; HD 9d8+27; HP 67; Mas 17; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 10, flat-footed 13 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +4 natural); BAB +6; Grap +16; Atk +11 melee (1d10+6, greatclub), +7 ranged (2d6+6, thrown rock); Full Atk +11 melee (1d10+6, greatclub), +7 ranged (2d6+6, thrown rock); FS 10 ft by 10 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ photosensitive, thermal sight, rock throwing; AL none; SV Fort +9, Ref +4, Will +5; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 23, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 12.

**Skills:** Climb +8, Decipher Script +4, Hide +1, Jump +8, Listen +4, Move Silently +5, Search +4, Spot +4, Survival +6 (+14 when tracking).

**Feats:** Cleave, Power Attack, Track.

**Advancement:** By character class.

## SWARM BUG

A new breed of smaller insect has begun to appear in the Hive. Born in vast clutches of tiny eggs, they are possessed with a rapid metabolism which allows them to breed and grow quickly. These new soldiers are easy to generate and move quickly up to the front lines of the Hive’s frontier, marching for hours or



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days on end without tire. Their dexterity and innate intellect make them ideal for using more advanced ranged weaponry as well, dispensing altogether with natural attacks.

A typical *swarm bug* resembles a giant ant, with a chitinous carapace of deep crimson or cherry red color, as well as armored mandibles and antennae. Two enormous black eyes that glitter like crystal peer out from underneath an impressive armored horn adorning its head. Most swarm bugs carry the bioengineered weapons of the Hive into battle.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Swarm bugs have the following Traits:

**Keen Sight (Ex):** Swarm bugs have darkvision with a range of 60 feet and low-light vision.

**Hive Mind (Ex):** Swarm bugs share a “hive mind” with other species of the Hive. If one is aware of danger, they all are. If one of them is not flat-footed, none of them are.

**Tremorsense (Ex):** A mutant bug can automatically sense the location of anything within 60 feet that is in contact with the ground or water.

**Bonus Feats:** Swarm bugs receive the bonus feat, Advanced Technology, as well as Shot On The Run, even though they do not meet the prerequisite.

**Swarm Bug:** CR 1; Medium-size Monstrous Humanoid; HD 3d8+3; HP 17; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 40 ft, burrow 10 feet; Defense 18, touch 12, flat-footed 16 (+2 Dex, +6 natural); BAB +3; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d3 nonlethal, unarmed) or +5 ranged (2d12, acid rifle); Full Atk +3 melee (1d3 nonlethal, unarmed), or +5 ranged (2d12, acid rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ keen sight, hive mind, tremorsense; AL Hive; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +3; AP +0; Rep +0; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 9.

**Skills:** Balance +8, Climb +6, Jump +4, Hide +4, Listen +1, Move Silently +4, Search +3, Spot +1, Survival +1.

**Feats:** Advanced Technology, Futuristic Weapons Proficiency, Shot On The Run.

**Possessions:** Acid rifle (same stats as sonic rifle), power clip (2), juju potion (1d4+5).

**Advancement:** By character class.

### TANK BUG, GIANT

Gigantic creatures, these massive and bulky land titans are truly formidable members of the Necropolis’ most unusual (and feared) faction, the so-called “Hive”. Giant tank bugs have long served as mobile “fortresses” for the Hive, often moving in large formations, slow and methodically, through the ruins as the vanguard of Hive armies. Sometimes smaller mutant bugs will ride these giants, or build small “war towers” atop them to mount heavier weapons that only beasts of this size can carry for extended periods. Their sheer durability and powerful strength make them ideal as war mounts.

Giant tank bugs are colossal creatures of armored chitin, their entire domed bodies made of overlapping segmented plates that are literally harder than steel. Giant tank bugs are typically black, cola brown, or metallic gray in color, with glittering black eyes just barely visible in the front beneath rows of segmented head plating. Their hulking armor allows them to withdraw their more vulnerable appendages under layers of armor plate, in much the same manner as a turtle, if endangered by swarms of faster-moving enemies.

Giant tank bugs are slow, steady, and powerful. Generally only called on to fight in large-scale battles, they eagerly scuttle forward to attack by

smashing into an enemy’s ranks, or else simply rolling over masses of infantry to barrel through their lines.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Giant tank bugs have the following Traits:

**Keen Sight (Ex):** Giant tank bugs have darkvision with a range of 60 feet and low-light vision.

**Hive Mind (Ex):** Giant tank bugs share a “hive mind” with members of the same species, as well as certain other mutant bugs employed as laborers, servants, or soldiers. If one is aware of danger, they all are. If one of them is not flat-footed, none of them are.

**Tremorsense (Ex):** A giant tank bug can automatically sense the location of anything within 60 feet that is in contact with the ground or water.

**Immunities (Ex):** Giant tank bugs are immune to mind-affecting effects.

**Resistance to Massive Damage (Ex):** Giant tank bugs gain a +5 species bonus on Fortitude saves to negate the effects of massive damage.

**Giant Tank Bug:** CR 12; Gargantuan Vermin; HD 16d8+96; HP 168; Mas 22; Init -2; Spd 20 ft, burrow 20 ft; Defense 22, touch 4, flat-footed 22 (-4 size, -2 Dex, +18 natural); BAB +12; Grap +36; Atk +20 melee (2d8+12, slam); Full Atk +20 melee (2d8+12, slam); FS 20 ft by 20 ft; Reach 15 ft; SQ keen sight, hive mind, tremorsense, immunities, resistance to massive damage; AL Hive; SV Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +10; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 34, Dex 7, Con 22, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 9.

**Skills:** Climb +14, Listen +4, Spot +4.

**Feats:** None.

**Advancement:** 17-18 HD (Gargantuan).

## THUNDER LOCUST

“Thunder locusts” are a special breed of giant insect engineered by the Hive as highly-specialized warriors. They appear as giant locusts with powerful springing legs, thin membranous “wings” folded up behind them, and a hard chitinous carapace that is mottled gray and brown - allowing them to blend into the urban environment of the Necropolis.

Thunder locusts get their name from their ability to flutter their wings at a supersonic speed, creating a deafening pulse of powerful sonic energy that extends outwards from the creature. This pulse is strong enough to act as a long-distance signal, but up close it can also shatter glass, deafen, and even disrupt living tissue and cause severe physical damage.

Thunder locusts typically serve as special forces in Hive armies. Though able to kick powerfully with their spring-legs, thunder locusts prefer to leap right into an enemy formation and let off a sonic blast like a “living grenade”.

### SPECIES TRAITS

Thunder locusts have the following Traits:

**Keen Sight (Ex):** Thunder locusts have darkvision with a range of 60 feet and low-light vision.

**Hive Mind (Ex):** Thunder locusts share a “hive mind” with members of the same species, as well as certain other mutant bugs employed as laborers, servants, or soldiers. If one is aware of danger, they all are. If one of them is not flat-footed, none of them are.

**Tremorsense (Ex):** A thunder locust can automatically sense the location of anything within 60 feet that is in contact with the ground or water.

**Immunities (Ex):** Thunder locusts are immune to mind-affecting effects.

**Resistance to Massive Damage (Ex):** Thunder

locusts gain a +5 species bonus on Fortitude saves to negate the effects of massive damage.

**Sonic Blast (Ex):** As a standard action a thunder locust can generate a pulse of deafening sound to affect everything within 40 ft of it. This sonic blast inflicts 4d6+4 points of sonic damage. In addition, a Fortitude save (DC 17) must be made or those within the area of effect are *dazed* for 1d2 rounds. Even if the save is made, those in the area of effect are *deafened* for 1 hour. Once this ability is used the thunder locust must wait 1d4 rounds to use it again.

**Sonic Immunity (Ex):** Thunder locusts are immune to sonic damage and sound-based effects.

**Skill Bonus:** Thunder locusts receive a +8 racial bonus to Jump checks.

**Thunder Locust:** CR 4; Medium-size Vermin; HD 3d8; HP 13; Mas 10; Init +2; Spd 40 ft, fly 20 ft (poor); Defense 20, touch 12, flat-footed 18 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +8 natural); BAB +2; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d4+2, slam); Full Atk +4 melee (1d4+2, slam); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ keen sight, hive mind, tremorsense, immunities, resistance to massive damage, sonic blast, sonic immunity; AL Hive; SV Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 10, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 9.

**Skills:** Jump +10, Listen +6, Spot +4.

**Feats:** None.

**Advancement:** 4-6 HD (Large).

## VARO BAT

These abnormally large, furry bats are found throughout the eastern reaches of the Necropolis, where their species has managed to thrive despite the suffocating presence of the Hive, a faction whose very existence has driven many other creatures from the ruins. The *varo bat* manages to survive through

a unique evolutionary trait, having developed special glands that secrete an unusual “musk” that seems to overload the brains of Hive insects - effectively making the varo bat completely *invisible* to their senses. Other creatures could conceivably harvest this musk and use it to avoid bug sentries and patrols, or even to infiltrate Hive bughills to save abducted comrades...

While they are openly hunted in other parts of the Necropolis basin, the varo bat thrives in Hive territory since here there are virtually no predators to thin their numbers.

A varo bat resembles a large bat, but with pinkish membranes for wings and white, gray, or pink bodies that are often mottled with warts and irregular patches of discolored flesh. A varo bat’s entire head resembles an elongated snout, apparently lacking any eyes (though in reality two miniscule eyes do sit way back on the animal’s head, usually hidden behind two hooded, hairy lids).

### SPECIES TRAITS

Varo bats have the following Traits:

**Blindsight (Ex):** Varo bats can “see” by emitting high-frequency sounds, inaudible to most other creatures, that allow them to locate objects and creatures within 30 feet. Ultrasonic noise forces the varo bat to rely on its weak vision, which has a maximum range of 5 feet.

**Musk (Ex):** Varo bats are completely *invisible* to insectoid creatures of all kinds. Varo bat musk can be collected and re-used; a single bat’s glands have enough musk to affect one Medium-sized creature, but the musk loses potency 2d3 hours after being extracted from the bat’s body.

**Skill Bonuses:** Varo bats receive a +4 species bonus on Listen and Spot checks. These bonuses are lost if the varo bat’s blindsight is negated.



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**Vapors (Ex):** A varo bat lair often contains explosive methane vapors created by the accumulation of guano. An exposed flame has a 1 in 4 chance of igniting such a pocket, which explodes as an area effect equal to the size of the lair, inflicting 1d6 points of fire damage per 10 ft of space ignited (Reflex save DC 15 for half damage). *For example, igniting a 30 ft by 30 ft cave filled with varo bat guano would inflict 9d6 points of damage to everyone within.*

**Varo Bat:** CR 1/10; Diminutive mutated animal; HD 1/4d8; HP 1; Mas 10; Init +2; Spd 5 ft, fly 40 ft (good); Defense 16, touch 16, flat-footed 14 (+4 size, +2 Dex); BAB +0; Grap -17; Atk none; Full Atk none; FS 1 ft by 1 ft; Reach 0 ft; SQ blindsight 30 ft, musk, vapors; AL none; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +2; AP +0; Rep +0; Str 1, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 2, Wis 14, Cha 4.

**Skills:** Listen +9, Move Silently +6, Spot +9.

**Feats:** None.

**Advancement:** None.



## NEW TREASURE TABLES

Various encounter areas in the Necropolis call for random rolls to determine the treasure the PCs find while searching. No less than seventeen categories of generic treasure are cited in this book: *Junk, Useful Stuff, Clothing, Consumables, Lost Knowledge, Juju, Simple Food, Trade Goods, "Magic" Items, Survival Gear, Scav Attire, Armor, Civilian Weapons, Military Weapons,*

## FOR EASE OF REFERENCE

Just for ease of reference, the treasure tables in this book are listed in sequence after those presented in *Scav's Swag*, as follows:

| Table No. | Type                | Table No. | Type                  |
|-----------|---------------------|-----------|-----------------------|
| Table 1   | Junk [SS]           | Table 10  | Survival Gear         |
| Table 2   | Useful Stuff [SS]   | Table 11  | Scav Attire           |
| Table 3   | Clothing [SS]       | Table 12  | Armor                 |
| Table 4   | Consumables [SS]    | Table 13  | Civilian Weapons      |
| Table 5   | Lost Knowledge [SS] | Table 14  | Military Weapons      |
| Table 6   | Juju [SS]           | Table 15  | Rare Military Weapons |
| Table 7   | Simple Food         | Table 16  | Vehicle Contents      |
| Table 8   | Trade Goods         | Table 17  | Dead Bodies           |
| Table 9   | "Magic" Items       |           |                       |

*Rare Military Weapons, Vehicle Contents, and Dead Bodies.*

For *Junk, Useful Stuff, Clothing, Consumables, Lost Knowledge, and Juju*, use the tables presented in the RPGObjects GM supplement "*Scav Swag*"; this useful resource presents a more than adequate selection of random finds that are suitable for the Necropolis.

For *Simple Food, Trade Goods, "Magic" Items, Survival Gear, and Scav Attire*, use the tables presented under *Survivors In The Necropolis* (a separate chapter in this sourcebook intended to help players make characters from the Necropolis).

The categories of *Armor, Civilian Weapons, Military Weapons, Rare Military Weapons, Vehicle Contents, and Dead Bodies* are new to the Necropolis. The first four reflect the fact that a great deal of fighting during the Fall took place in the city. As such, many of these ancient artifacts still lay where they were dropped, or where their owners

were killed during the Final War. *Vehicle Contents* is a generic table intended to allow the quick generation of finds in old civilian cars, trucks, etc. (*police cars* and *ambulances* have their own "treasure tables"). Finally, *Dead Bodies* is intended to allow you to generate the contents of a given corpse on the street, but the items on this table are generally quite common finds, and possess little value.

Tables for determining finds of these types are included below.

## TABLE 12: ARMOR

Armor ranges from uniforms to actual protective gear. Use this table to determine what the corpses of dead soldiers might be wearing, or for other rare finds.

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| Roll  | Item   |
|-------|--|
| 01-03 | Riot shield  |
| 04-05 | Large shield - fireman's portable fire barrier; as <i>large shield</i> with fire resistance 10                               |
| 06-08 | Camo fatigues - no protective value  |
| 09-11 | Camo fatigues, with web belt; belt pouch contains 1d2 fully-charged power clips  |
| 12-14 | Camo fatigues, with web belt; belt pouch contains gas mask   |
| 15-17 | Camo fatigues, with web belt; belt pouch contains 1d2 ready syringes with 50% chance of stimshot A and 50% chance of antitox |
| 18-20 | Silvery nylon bodysuit; field scientist's worksuit - no protective value   |
| 21-23 | <i>Leather jacket</i> with spikes, studs, and chains, with large gang symbol displayed prominently on back                   |
| 24-26 | Easily-concealed civilian model kevlar vest - <i>light undercover shirt</i>  |
| 27-29 | "Urban Protector"-brand <i>pull-up pouch vest</i>  |
| 30-32 | Police-issue <i>concealable vest</i> for undercover work   |
| 33-35 | Police-issue <i>undercover vest</i>  |
| 36-38 | Camouflaged <i>light-duty vest</i>   |
| 39-41 | Police-issue <i>light-duty vest</i>  |
| 42-44 | WWII-era flak jacket - <i>tactical vest</i>  |
| 45-47 | Police-issue <i>tactical vest</i>  |
| 48-49 | Heavy vest with "SWAT" stenciled on back - <i>special response vest</i>  |

|       |   |
|-------|---|
| 50-51 | Heavy vest with "ATF" stenciled on back - <i>special response vest</i>  |
| 52-53 | Full-body armor with "SWAT" stenciled on back - <i>forced entry unit</i>  |
| 54-55 | Metal armor covered in gang symbols, feathers, and other primitive fetishes - <i>advanced metal armor</i>                   |
| 56-57 | White metal armor (Foundationists symbols) - <i>advanced metal armor</i>  |
| 58-59 | Metal harness belt - <i>energy shield A</i>   |
| 60-61 | Metal harness belt - <i>magnetic shield A</i>   |
| 62-63 | Glossy and shiny metal armor - <i>lazab armor</i>   |
| 64-66 | Standard-issue police patrol armor - <i>civil security suit</i>   |
| 67-68 | Private corporate security body armor - <i>civil security suit</i>  |
| 69-70 | Industrial acid-resistant coveralls - treat as <i>NBC suit</i> without NBC protection, but with acid resistance 10          |
| 71-72 | Airfield fire crew's fireproof suit - treat as <i>NBC suit</i> without NBC protection, but with fire resistance 10          |
| 73-74 | <i>NBC suit</i> - military issue with urban camouflage  |
| 75-76 | <i>Environment suit</i> - civilian suit; no internal oxygen supply but features an attachment for building-size air systems |
| 77-78 | Full-body armor with "SWAT" stenciled on back - <i>special security suit</i>  |
| 79-80 | Full-body armor with "Bomb Squad" stenciled on back - <i>special security suit</i>  |

|       |   |
|-------|---|
| 81-84 | <i>Military combat suit</i> with empty pistol holster   |
| 85-88 | <i>Military combat suit</i> with pistol holster containing a <i>laser pistol</i> with a full power clip                                   |
| 89-92 | <i>Military combat suit</i> with pistol holster containing a <i>gauss pistol</i> with a full clip and power clip                          |
| 93-96 | <i>Military combat suit</i> with power backpack - random charge   |
| 97-98 | Clear plastic body armor - <i>plastex</i>   |
| 99    | Unidentifiable jumble of parts; disassembled <i>Mk I Ares</i> powered armor - Repair check DC 30 + 650 cp in raw materials to fix         |
| 00    | Unidentifiable jumble of parts; disassembled <i>Mk I Hermes</i> powered scout armor - Repair check DC 30 + 650 cp in raw materials to fix |

## TABLE 13: CIVILIAN WEAPONS

All civilian weapons have a 25% chance of being found with 1 full box of ammunition (or in the case of powered weapons, the smallest size power source needed to power it).

| Roll  | Item              |
|-------|-------------------|
| 01-04 | Beretta 92F       |
| 05-06 | Calico M100       |
| 07-08 | Colt Double Eagle |
| 09-12 | Colt M1911        |
| 13-14 | Colt Python       |
| 15-16 | Dart pistol       |



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

|       |                         |
|-------|-------------------------|
| 17-18 | Derringer               |
| 19-20 | Desert Eagle            |
| 21-22 | FA Casull               |
| 23-26 | Glock 17                |
| 27-28 | Glock 20                |
| 29-30 | Hand stunner            |
| 31-34 | Ingram MAC10            |
| 35-38 | Pathfinder              |
| 39-43 | Ruger Service-Six       |
| 44-45 | S&W M29                 |
| 46-47 | SITES M9                |
| 48-49 | Stun pistol             |
| 50-53 | TEC-9                   |
| 54-55 | Walther PPK             |
| 56-57 | AR-7 Explorer           |
| 58-59 | Beretta M3P             |
| 60-61 | Browning BPS            |
| 62-63 | Calico Liberty 50       |
| 64-65 | Dart rifle              |
| 66-67 | M1 Garand [B&L]         |
| 68-69 | M1903 Springfield [B&L] |
| 70-71 | M4 Carbine              |
| 72-74 | Mossberg                |
| 75-76 | Remington 700           |
| 77-78 | Remington 1100 [B&L]    |
| 79-80 | Remington Streetsweeper |
| 81-84 | Sawed-off shotgun       |
| 85-88 | Uzi                     |
| 89-90 | Winchester 94           |
| 91-92 | Sentinel-6 [R&U]        |

|       |                       |
|-------|-----------------------|
| 93-94 | Dynaco DMP-500 [R&U]  |
| 95-96 | TechSport R-13 [R&U]  |
| 97-98 | TechSport PR-23 [R&U] |
| 99-00 | Freedom-56 [R&U]      |

### TABLE 14: MILITARY WEAPONS

All military weapons have only a 10% chance of being found with 1 full box of ammunition (or in the case of powered weapons, the smallest size power source needed to power it).

| Roll  | Item                |
|-------|---------------------|
| 01-03 | GSh-18              |
| 04-06 | Maser pistol        |
| 07-09 | MP-443 Grach        |
| 10-12 | PSM                 |
| 13-15 | Sa.23               |
| 16-18 | Skorpion            |
| 19-22 | AK-47               |
| 23-26 | AKS [B&L]           |
| 27-29 | AN-94               |
| 30-32 | Barrett Light Fifty |
| 33-36 | Bizon               |
| 37-39 | Bushmaster M-17S    |
| 40-42 | Dazzle rifle        |
| 43-45 | FN P-90             |
| 46-48 | HK CAWS             |
| 49-52 | HK G-3              |
| 53-56 | HK MP5              |
| 57-59 | HK MP5K             |
| 60-62 | HK PSG1             |

|       |                  |
|-------|------------------|
| 63-65 | Jackhammer Mk3A1 |
| 66-69 | M16A2            |
| 70-73 | M4 Carbine       |
| 74-76 | Maser rifle      |
| 77-80 | OC-14 Groza      |
| 81-84 | QBZ-95           |
| 85-87 | Ruger MP-9       |
| 88-90 | Steyr ACR        |
| 91-93 | Steyr AUG        |
| 94-96 | Steyr IWS-2000   |
| 97-00 | VSS Vintorez     |

### TABLE 15: RARE MILITARY WEAPONS

All rare military weapons have only a 10% chance of being found with 1 full box of ammunition (or in the case of powered weapons, the smallest size power source needed to power it).

| Roll  | Item                |
|-------|---------------------|
| 01-04 | Chainsword          |
| 05-07 | Energy pike         |
| 08-10 | Power sword         |
| 11-13 | Shock gloves        |
| 14-16 | Power Axe [F/MG]    |
| 17-19 | Blaster             |
| 20-22 | Flame pistol        |
| 23-26 | Gauss pistol        |
| 27-30 | Gauss submachinegun |
| 31-34 | Laser pistol        |
| 35-37 | Plasma pistol       |
| 38-40 | Atom gun            |

## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

|       |                                       |
|-------|---------------------------------------|
| 41-43 | Electro-saw thrower                   |
| 44-46 | EMP rifle                             |
| 47-50 | Gauss automatic rifle                 |
| 51-54 | Gauss rifle                           |
| 55-57 | HPM rifle                             |
| 58-60 | Infra-red rifle                       |
| 61-63 | Ion ray                               |
| 64-67 | Laser rifle                           |
| 68-70 | Meson cannon                          |
| 71-74 | Pulse laser rifle                     |
| 75-76 | Ramjet rifle                          |
| 77-78 | Sonic rifle - NLW                     |
| 79-80 | Sonic rifle B                         |
| 81-82 | UH radiation rifle                    |
| 83-84 | X-Laser                               |
| 85-86 | LSV [F/MG]                            |
| 87-88 | LV-94 [F/MG]                          |
| 89-90 | PSV-99 [F/MG]                         |
| 91-92 | DMP-2000 [R&U]                        |
| 93-94 | Patriot Systems & Tech PST-30P [R&U]  |
| 95-96 | Patriot Systems & Tech PST-2010 [R&U] |
| 97-98 | EnTech M-20 [R&U]                     |
| 99-00 | EnTech M-50 [R&U]                     |

### TABLE 16: VEHICLE CONTENTS

Sometimes it will be necessary to determine the contents of an abandoned vehicle. Use this table in just such a case.

*Note that not every abandoned vehicle will warrant a roll on this table. In fact, you may limit one roll on this table for every 10-50 vehicles encountered.*

| Roll  | Item   |
|-------|--|
| 01-03 | Road flares - 1d4 in number  |
| 04-05 | Penlight flashlight  |
| 06-07 | Camera - with 1 roll of film (roll 1-50 disposable, 51-75 35mm, 76-00 digital) |
| 08-09 | Trunk full of discount clothing - 2d4 complete sets                            |
| 10-11 | Trunk full of cigarette cartons - 240 cigarettes total (10 cp each)            |
| 12-13 | Rosary   |
| 14-16 | 1d100 coins, random kinds - between seat cushions                              |
| 17-18 | Stolen bags of money from pre-Fall bank heist - \$500,000 in cash              |
| 19-20 | Dog/cat carrying cage  |
| 21-22 | Leopard-skin seat covers   |
| 23-25 | Fuzzy dice   |
| 26-28 | Baby seat  |
| 29-30 | Bobble-head figurine   |
| 31-32 | Virgin Mary statue   |
| 33-34 | Cartons of rotted food - 1d10 in number  |
| 35-36 | Trunk full of newspapers   |
| 37-38 | Child's stuffed animal   |
| 39-40 | Zebra-striped seat covers  |
| 41-42 | Cigarette lighter  |
| 43-44 | Thermos  |
| 45-47 | Sunglasses - with case   |
| 48-49 | Tire repair kit  |
| 50-52 | Spare tire   |
| 53-55 | Car jack, manual   |
| 56-57 | C.B. radio   |

|       |  |
|-------|--|
| 58-59 | Basic mechanical toolkit   |
| 60-62 | First aid kit  |
| 63-65 | Standard flashlight  |
| 66-68 | Pack of 2d4 cigarettes   |
| 69-70 | Spare 5-gallon can of gasoline - full  |
| 71-73 | Spare 5-gallon can of gasoline - empty   |
| 74-75 | Garden tools - 1d3 assorted tools  |
| 76-79 | Chemical light sticks - 2d3 in number  |
| 80-82 | Emergency blankets - 1d2 in number   |
| 83-84 | Cardboard box containing 2d3 cans of preserved food  |
| 85-86 | Cardboard box containing 2d3 ready meals   |
| 87-88 | Cardboard box containing 2d10 1-liter bottles of water                                       |
| 89-91 | Random <i>Civilian Weapon</i> concealed in glove compartment or trunk - w/one box ammunition |
| 92-93 | Trunk full of stolen electronics (1 TV, 1d2 VCRs, 1d3 DVD players)                           |
| 94-95 | Trunk full of sealed plastic bags - 1d100 hits of marijuana                                  |
| 96-97 | Mapbook - map of local city  |
| 98-00 | Identity card (roll 1-75 stage IC, 76-00 stage IIC)  |

### TABLE 17: DEAD BODIES

Players will want to find something on the dead, and you can't get away with saying "every corpse has been looted" forever. This table is intended to allow you to quickly generate the contents of pockets, purses, etc. on a typical dead body.



## ADDITIONAL GM INFORMATION

Note that not every dead body will warrant a roll on this table. In fact, you may limit one roll on this table for every 50-100 corpses/skeletons encountered.

| Roll  | Item  |
|-------|---|
| 01-04 | Wallet - contains 1d100 dollars, badly rotted                             |
| 05-08 | Wallet - empty  |
| 09-12 | Pocket change - 1d20 coins  |
| 13-14 | Loaded dice - 1d2 in number   |
| 15-17 | Handbag or purse - contains 1d3 other rolls on this table                 |
| 18-21 | Key chain with 1d6 keys   |
| 22-25 | Wristwatch - broken and unrepairable                                      |
| 26-27 | Pocket mirror   |
| 28-29 | Gold tooth  |
| 30-31 | Necklace w/locket   |
| 32-34 | Necklace  |
| 35-38 | 1d2 earrings  |
| 39-40 | Fancy ring  |
| 41-44 | Wedding band  |
| 45-46 | Rusted bracelet   |
| 47-48 | Walkie-talkie - professional  |
| 49-50 | Lipstick tube   |
| 51-52 | Concealed weapon - random pistol, rusted and unrepairable                 |
| 53-55 | Rusted pocket knife   |
| 56-57 | Rubber bands - 2d6 in number  |
| 58-60 | Ballpoint pen - doesn't write   |
| 61-63 | Folded-up grocery list  |
| 64-66 | Hand-written directions - leads somewhere in city (GM's discretion where) |

|       |   |
|-------|---|
| 67-69 | Monogrammed handkerchief  |
| 70-71 | Broken hand stunner - unrepairable  |
| 72-73 | Unsmoked joint  |
| 74-75 | Hearing aid with half power cell  |
| 76-78 | Pair of eyeglasses  |
| 79-80 | Nail file   |
| 81-84 | Pack of cigarettes - 1d4 in number (10 cp each)   |
| 85-88 | Cigarette lighter - 1d4-1 uses left   |
| 89-92 | Cell phone - dead power cell  |
| 93-94 | High-pitched dog whistle - keeps normal dogs at bay for 1 rnd when blown as standard action |
| 95-97 | Brass knuckles  |
| 98-00 | Blackjack (treat as <i>slungshot</i> [B&L])   |

### USE YOUR CREATIVITY

The treasure tables presented here are relatively short compared to the ones in *Scav's Swag*. To prevent the re-occurrence of the same items over and over again, if you roll the same item twice either move the result up or down one step, taking the next item instead, or simply replace that find with one of your own creation. In this way the tables serve only as a preliminary source of finds, but become endless as you add your own artifacts to the list of possibilities.

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