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THE LAST GOD

V1.0

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Welcome to *The Last God,* the final installment of a three-part series that began with *Against the Wastelords,* continued with *The New World Order,* and now culminates in a dark and deadly descent beneath a long-forgotten desert town to uncover the terrible secret behind its shadowy past.

The Last God is a complete adventure for the *Darwin's World 2nd Edition* roleplaying game. This scenario is the conclusion of a campaign series in which the PCs, originally hired to defend the Three Towns Alliance of Bazaar, Dry Fort, and Spilunk, found themselves recruited at gunpoint into the service of a cruel raider kingdom. After rising in the ranks of the raider prince Kyren's Wastelord army, the PCs helped save the people of his empire from the onslaught of a great new enemy—the New World Order, brainchild of a phenomenal and unique creature whose identity remained unknown.

In *The Last God,* the PCs rally their strength and prepare to face one of the greatest challenges of their lives. They must venture to the small, seemingly insignificant town of Center at the far side of the San Luis Valley in southern Colorado, and uncover an unmentionable Ancient-era enemy that has remained hidden for over two centuries…

GETTING INVOLVED

The Last God is best suited for a group of four to six characters of 8-10th level. An average party of this size should have accumulated enough experience during the previous installments of this series to reach 8th level. Unlike the preceding two adventures, *The Last God* is not intended to be played as a stand-alone adventure. Much of the information here (including the introduction and the two optional endings) ties in closely to events that took place in earlier parts of the campaign. Thus, it is not suggested that you run this as a "one-shot" adventure. If choose to do so, you should assume the PCs were involved in the earlier conflict (either as slave soldiers or regular members of the Wastelord army), and fill them in accordingly with information from *Against the Wastelords* and *The New World Order*. Be sure the characters are of the appropriate strength, however, before running this scenario.

In addition to these requirements, characters will benefit from possessing ranks in Diplomacy, Disable Device, and Search. The ability to understand the Ancient language will also be useful. Finally, some skill in Computer Use, Knowledge [technology], and Repair will be essential for success.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

The Last God picks up where *The New World Order* left off, at the end of an epic war against a mysterious army of zombies. But the PCs have little time to rest and recuperate in the aftermath of the battle; on their triumphant return to the Wastelord fortress, the raider-prince Kyren sends them out to locate the suspected base of the "Enemy" and end once and for all the threat it poses to the world of men.

The conflict at the heart of *The Last God* revolves around this desperate attempt to put an end to the machinations of the dreaded mastermind behind the New World Order—an entity that calls itself the "Last God." A single goal drives the PCs through this adventure: find a way to destroy the Last God, or failing that, trap it within the town of Center and postpone its inevitable spread across the Twisted Earth.

The Last God is, or was, an advanced genetically-engineered biological weapon developed by the Ancients. *The New World Order* provides an in-depth history of the Last God (also known as the "XBM," or *experimental biological macro-organism*), describing its evolution from a simple weapon into a sentient—and quite insane—entity with a will of its own. That adventure also details the creature's master plan: to build an army outside the walls of its prison with enough strength to destroy the remaining quarantine androids keeping the Last God trapped in place.

Player characters who successfully completed that adventure fought the army of this sentient bio-weapon and destroyed its "generals," entities known as *node mothers*. These abominations were extensions of the XBM itself that allowed the Last God to project its telepathic control over great distances. With the destruction of the node mothers, the PCs thwarted the Last God's plans to infect the entire valley and build a "super-army" with which to overthrow its android jailers… but their job is not finished. Whatever created the army, whatever "thing" was behind the hideous disease that turned men into zombies, has to be put to rest. Only when this inhuman threat is completely eradicated will the people of the San Luis Valley finally breathe a sigh of relief.

In *The Last God,* the PCs are sent to Center to investigate the town, where they learn why and how an entire Wastelord army was wiped out trying to destroy the source of the infection. The PCs must find out what is going on and take the appropriate steps to deal with the menace.

THE LAST GOD

In its life before the Fall, the Last God was known simply as XBM-06, the sixth in a series of identical macro-organisms created in the secret labs beneath the San Luis Valley. Designed to be true "nation killers," the XBM weapons (designed under the code name "Project Bloom") were intended to be transported to their targets (usually large population centers) via ICBM, deploy, and immediately begin infecting. The XBM's unique biological properties allowed it to accomplish its mission with monstrous efficiency: by infecting victims with a small bit of its own mass—a tiny piece of biological "goo" also known as a "biomass"—it could assume complete control over the unfortunate creature. Infected humans (and even animals) were transformed into mindless carriers of the biomass who could spread the infection to others—and as the biomass spread, the XBM's sentience expanded with it. Because each infected creature contained a piece of the XBM's mass and consciousness, the infection could spread exponentially through its "seedlings" (its term for the infected creatures under its control). The manner in which the XBM spread

its consciousness through infection also meant that it could not be destroyed in a single strike—once it had dispersed into various hosts, killing any single host would not kill the whole entity. Every last infected creature contained a piece of its psychic hive-mind; the XBM could not be completely destroyed until every last infected creature was killed.

The XBM had other properties as well. It had the ability to create specialized thralls to digest organic matter and integrate it into the XBM's main biomass, adding to its mass so that it could physically *grow*. It could also create node mothers, special psychic "broadcasters" of its will that served to extend its awareness and control over entire regions.

During the Fall, something went terribly wrong at Center. Initial attacks on Denver caused a power fluctuation that, combined with an innate flaw in the stasis fields containing XBM-06 in the production building, allowed the entity to escape. Though on-site security and emergency response teams attempted to contain the outbreak before it could reach the outside world, the XBM proved too clever to be bottled back up so easily. Spreading its contagion to the scientists and security forces it had already trapped, it managed to sneak some of its thralls through the hastily-erected quarantine and to the surface.

The battle to keep the XBM's thralls from escaping was desperate and brutal. A catastrophic accident occurred when soldiers in the underground tunnels, firing on an advancing wave of zombie-like *shamblers*, accidentally damaged a subterranean housing containing a vast store of experimental diseases. The release of airborne viruses from the damaged housing triggered a series of automated alarms that released nerve gas into the surface town of Center. Those who were not killed in battle or by infection perished from the accidental release of this "cloud of death."

Despite the death of every human on site, the androids that were part of Project Bloom managed to hold the quarantine long enough for reinforcements—a force of soldier androids—to arrive. This reinforcement led to a stalemate in the ongoing battle between the XBM and its "jailors," and the XBM retreated underground.

A special team from the Center for Disease Control was immediately dispatched to the facility to find out what had happened and, if possible, find a solution. Unfortunately, the Fall had come, and between the chaos of war and the growing power of the XBM, none of these specialists survived long enough to accomplish their mission. A few managed to flee and were never heard from again; others remained in the facility to the very end, hoping to destroy the XBM—but these too met with horrible fates.

Over the next two hundred years, the robots of the special android unit (the 303rd Military Police) managed to maintain the quarantine despite numerous attempts by the XBM to break free. In time, without new thralls or any way to increase its mass, the XBM realized it was fighting a losing battle. It retreated into solitude deep below the Center facility, waiting the day it might uncover a new way out.

As time went on, the XBM began to change… to go

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insane. Consumed by delusions of godhood, it began to believe it had a special mission on this earth: to escape its prison and spread itself to all life on the planet, to care for the creatures it infected… to become "God."

A few years ago the XBM—now calling itself the Last God—managed to break free of its prison by infiltrating the CenterNet, a special virtual network connecting the buildings, computers, and automated systems of the Center facility. Clever manipulation of the CenterNet caused a power failure at the *Reactor*, allowing the Last God to send a number of thralls through the *Air Filtration Center* and out into the desert.

The effect of that momentary loss of power is detailed in full in *The New World Order*. A handful of escaped thralls managed to spread the XBM's infection to a tribal village in the hills. From there they started to wage war against the Wastelords, a growing raider empire that had

PLASTIGLASS AND DOORS

Throughout the Center facility are walls and windows made of a glass-like material known as "plastiglass." Plastiglass is an advanced polymer designed during the time of the Ancients, used extensively in industrial and scientific sectors. It is actually a development of military *plastex* (the same substance used to make super-advanced armors during the time of the Fall), and resembles transparent glass. Plastiglass' rigid composition makes it ideal for use as a barrier in windows or even as entire walls.

Plastiglass is extremely strong and does not shatter when struck. It is almost entirely bulletproof, does not melt, and can withstand extreme temperatures and drastic pressure changes. Even more interesting is plastiglass' ability to absorb physical blows by flexing like hard rubber; it instantly snaps back into place without so much as a minute vibration (and without distortion).

Plastiglass is durable enough to keep even the largest biomasses in place. In most cases, the hardness of a plastiglass barrier is 15; hit points are 200/inch of thickness. Below are the statistics for typical doors in the Center facility:

- **Steel Blast Door:** Hardness 10, hit points 120, break DC 35.
- **Plastiglass Door:** Hardness 15, hit points 200, break DC 70.

begun to settle the valley beyond the walls of their original home (the former vault known today as Shelter City). By infecting every man, woman, child, and beast in the area, the XBM planned to build an army large enough to return and overwhelm the androids maintaining the Center quarantine.

Though oblivious to the insane plans of the true mastermind behind the recent war in the San Luis Valley, the heroes of the campaign managed to survive the war and even secure a costly victory. But the war isn't over. The PCs are now charged with venturing to Center and putting an end to whatever enigmatic threat dwells there… once and for all.

A CHANGING SITUATION

The Last God is a unique scenario in that there are essentially three possible adventure courses for the PCs to follow. First, the PCs may be lured like lambs to the slaughter into freeing the XBM from its prison in the *Production Building*. Another possibility is that they find out about the Last God's plans and attempt to thwart it themselves, earning its wrath. Finally, they can make contact with the War Droid at the *High School* and negotiate an alliance, securing the cooperation of its considerable android forces in their mission.

Despite these very divergent adventure paths, most adventure locations and events in this module remain the same and can be used unchanged, regardless of what the PCs have done or with whom they have chosen to ally. However, certain details of specific encounters may change depending on the PCs' actions and choices, as one side or another either chooses to aid or resist them. In such cases, the adventure location lists separate descriptions and instructions for the GM to use as appropriate:

Scenario A: *Scenario A* assumes the PCs have either made contact with the Last God and are following its directions (see the *Phone Call* sidebar), or have for one reason or another avoided provoking it into action. In this scenario, the Last God observes their progress and activities, but does not activate any systems or traps to hinder or harm them. This is a tenuous situation at best, as the Last God will eventually grow impatient and try to get them to release it; if its efforts at indirect coercion fail, it grows hostile and the scenario switches to *Scenario B*.

Scenario B: *Scenario B* assumes the PCs have refused to release the Last God (see *Area 116*) and have angered it. In this scenario, the Last God manipulates certain adventure locations if and when the PCs pass through in an effort to harm, harass, or kill the party to prevent them from succeeding (or escaping).

The GM should use *Scenario B* once the Last God realizes that the PCs are set on destroying it, assuming the PCs show no willingness to negotiate or be "converted."

Scenario C: *Scenario C* assumes the PCs have allied with the android forces maintaining the quarantine (by negotiating with the War Droid). In *Scenario C,* all robots and androids still under the War Droid's direct control will allow the PCs to pass unhindered, and will even assist them (within reason) if the PCs request help (and if the situation calls for it). Note that this does *not* apply to robots and androids controlled by the Last God, or to robots and androids otherwise out of contact with the War Droid.

In *Scenario C,* the Last God reacts to the PCs as it would in *Scenario B* unless otherwise noted.

DEVELOPMENTS

This adventure is much more "free form" than its predecessors, meaning that there is no set course for the PCs when they first arrive at Center. The most likely course of events begins with the PCs investigating the outskirts of town, finding traces of the massacred Wastelord army, and encountering the potentially hostile androids that still hold the town. What happens next depends on the PCs; they may simply attack the androids, or they may avoid contact with them altogether, continuing their investigation into the mystery of Center. If they take the stealthier approach, they may eventually gather enough clues to realize that the androids are potential *allies*, and that a shaky truce may be in both parties' best interests.

THE ALL-SEEING XBM

While there are a number of set encounters detailing the Last God's efforts to contact the party through computer consoles located throughout the facility, these only *outline* its attempts to lead the PCs to its prison in the *Production Building*. While these efforts may be enough to draw in truly witless characters, the GM may need to change the Last God's strategy if the PCs wander off the path—or begin to wisely question its motives.

Keep in mind that the Last God tries to follow and monitor the PCs at all times, moving through CenterNet locations one by one to find them and using the facility's complex system of surveillance cameras to track their progress through the facility. It tries to keep the PCs in sight at all times. If the PCs move to areas it cannot see through the cameras, it waits patiently, hoping they wander back into view (by entering a room with a surveillance camera), trigger alarms, stumble upon hidden thralls (which act like "windows" for the Last God, since the XBM can see through their eyes as if through a camera), or are discovered hacking into the CenterNet themselves.

Whenever the Last God establishes contact with the PCs, it always tries to guide them unrelentingly towards the *Production Building*. If the PCs have gotten far off the trail, you may need to ignore the set descriptions of *Scenario A* (in some cases the descriptions will no longer apply) and merely play each case by ear. Remember that the Last God can and will use any available computer to attempt to lure them back on track through written messages (see *Area 58* for an example).

Likewise, the "all-seeing" Last God tries to warn the PCs (by hacking into the computers of a room through which they happen to be passing) to stay away from areas that may expose its true identity. For instance, it doesn't want the PCs stumbling onto isolated pockets of thralls and killing them, so it tries to convince them to stay away from thrall-infested areas through what seem to be well-meaning warnings and advice. As another example, if the PCs find an entrance to the *Ventilation System* during their exploration, the Last God will try to warn them away (since parts of these tunnels are beyond its reach, it doesn't want the PCs going there). And it will *always* try to keep them clear of the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

Finally, during its brief moments of contact with the party, the XBM only gives orders and suggestions—it never responds if the PCs log on and try to ask *it* questions. It does this to remain as enigmatic as possible, to lure the PCs closer without giving them the opportunity to learn too much about it—after all, it desperately wants them to free it, and the best way to achieve that under the circumstances is to give the PCs as little information as possible.

However, things don't always go as planned. The PCs might hold a grudge against the androids (especially if early encounters result in one or more PCs getting killed), or they might even actively seek an alliance with the Last God instead. At some point, the Last God tries to make contact with the PCs, hoping to lure them deeper into the facility to release it from its prison. The most likely first contact they have is detailed as its own encounter (see the *Phone Call* sidebar), in which the Last God tries to fool them into believing it is a benevolent entity eager to help them in their mission. If the PCs follow this mysterious guide, it leads them on an eerie tour of the old facility, finally bringing them to the *Production Building* itself where the Last God urges them to free it. Depending on whether they follow through with its requests or have second thoughts and refuse, the adventure goes one of two ways: either the Last God wins (it is freed), or the PCs make a hateful enemy of the XBM and its minions.

The following section lists the most likely plot-impacting actions PCs may take in the course of the adventure, with a few ideas about how to handle each situation:

If the PCs attack the androids

When the PCs arrive at Center, the androids are wary of all biological life, believing them (correctly) to be susceptible to the infective macro-organism. The androids have no way of knowing whether the PCs are infected or not, and will shoot the PCs on sight—just to be on the safe side.

The only two exceptions to this "shoot on sight" policy are at certain quarantine checkpoints and the *High School* (which is actually the *Surface Security Center*). In the former case, the androids stationed at the checkpoints have orders only to prevent creatures from escaping the quarantine, not from going in. If they see the PCs, they don't open fire, but they will direct them to the *High School* where their commander, a War Droid, awaits.

If the PCs stumble upon the *High School*, the War Droid commander of the android garrison does not immediately attack them (although if the PCs attack first, it responds in kind). As it possesses a reasonable level of intelligence, the War Droid will listen to the PCs explain their story and will realize they are probably not infected. It also realizes that they may be able to help deal with its own problem—a grim outlook for its never-ending mission of containment—and will actively work with them. This alliance can be a major boon to the PCs, since the androids may present an overwhelming obstacle if the PCs don't think to try diplomacy first.

If the PCs *seriously* harm the android picket

If the party *does* attack the androids, keep track of how much damage they inflict. It is entirely possible that the PCs surprise you (or even themselves) and do a real number on the android force. In such a situation, the Last God probably

sees what's going on (it's hard to miss a battle being fought in the streets with so many hidden cameras floating around) and moves its surface forces to observe, waiting to see how the fighting unfolds. If the characters do enough damage to the quarantine forces, the Last God's forces from throughout the facility will certainly exploit the androids' weakened state and the general confusion—trying either to overwhelm their weakened captors or to break out and flee to the desert.

This particular development could easily break out into total chaos, a sweeping street-by-street battle with androids, PCs, and infected monsters all on opposite sides. Though this could be a difficult scenario to run, the potential for nail-biting, memorable battle and ambush encounters is tremendous.

If the PCs attack the New World Order forces
When it manages to make contact with them, the Last God tries to trick the PCs into thinking it is a friend in need of rescue. Once the PCs realize that the "friend" they seek is actually the very enemy they were sent to destroy, it drops the charade and tries to bring them over to its side *forcefully*. It knows the PCs are exceptionally capable (if they played through *The New World Order,* the Last God is vaguely aware of what they've done against its New World Order armies in the San Luis Valley). It needs cunning and powerful thralls to open doors, manipulate computers, and most importantly, gather the keycards needed to break it out of containment. The PCs would fit this bill perfectly, and so the Last God makes every effort to infect or otherwise control them.

If the PCs accidentally free New World Order forces
The significance and impact of an accidental release of New World Order thralls depends heavily on the circumstances, and must be judged on a case-by-case basis. If the PCs release thralls from a given area, the thralls try to make it to the surface and find *access cards* (remember that they are all motivated by a single consciousness). The access cards they seek should grant them access either to buildings where more of their infected comrades wait, or to the *Production Building* itself wherein the main biomass pines for release.

It should be obvious to the PCs that keeping access cards out of the hands of the Last God's thralls is a top priority, since the thralls can use the cards just as easily as the PCs can!

If the PCs become infected or join the New World Order willingly
If the PCs actually choose to free the Last God, their fates are detailed in **Confrontation B**.

WINNING THE ADVENTURE

The ultimate goal of this adventure is an epic one: to prevent the Last God from succeeding in its plans to dominate all life on earth. Because of its unique and near-invincible nature, this may seem an impossible task. As the characters learn more about it, piecing together fragments of information found throughout the facility at Center, it quickly becomes clear that straightforward destruction of the macro-organism is impossible; it is far too large, far too powerful, and far too dispersed to be killed by anything short of a nuclear strike (an option that no longer exists). As a result, the PCs will eventually be faced with the grim reality that they cannot hope to kill the Last God as hoped. Instead they must content with *containing* it—calling on every ounce of courage and skill to stop it, imprison it, and prevent it from ever emerging again into the light of day… at least during their lifetimes.

The PCs can approach the dilemma of the Last God in a number of ways. Hopefully, they will survive the early encounters and learn from them that a direct attack against the biomass is tantamount to suicide. By exploring, taking their time, combing over the wreckage of the old town and investigating the dark tunnel complexes beneath, they can find hints in scattered corners and deep places that slowly give them a better understanding of their enemy, its psychosis, and the danger their very presence in its fragile prison poses to their mission's success.

In the end, if they're lucky and skilled, the PCs will find a way to beat XBM-06 and accomplish their goals, buying the miserable descendants of the Ancients a reprieve from the poetic justice the Last God has in store for them.

THE CENTERNET

Because parts of this scenario can (and most likely will) take place in the virtual reality "cyberspace" of the Center facility's vast computer network, this section details the "CenterNet" and how to use it in the adventure.

The so-called CenterNet is a special, localized intranet designed for use by the scientific and security personnel of the Center facility. The CenterNet is like the Ancient-era Internet in every way, except that it is completely isolated from the outside world (for security reasons) and limited to the computer network of the facility.

The party may discover (and use) the CenterNet through a number of avenues, including fiddling with any of the few operating computer consoles in the facility. Because many automated systems are linked to the CenterNet, the PCs may come up with creative and unexpected strategies involving the 'Net (such as shutting down cameras, remotely opening otherwise impassable keycard locks, or disabling security alarms); GMs should be prepared to handle any eventuality and reward clever (and skilled) PCs for their ingenuity. But while hacking into the facility's computers can negate many deadly situations or frustrating dead-ends, PCs stumbling about on the CenterNet may also unwittingly release horrors that will come to haunt them as they explore the ruins.

CENTERNET ACCESS

Every location detailed in this adventure has a CenterNet access level listed under the heading. This is meant to give the GM an idea of what kind of CenterNet access is available on a given computer in that room, should the PCs find

working consoles there. Not all computers in the facility are operational; some are damaged and unusable, and the level of access each computer grants to the CenterNet varies. The following summarizes the various levels of access:

Level	Access
Level 1	Accesses doors, machinery, and other systems in this *room* only.
Level 2	Accesses doors, machinery, and other systems in this *building* only.
Level 3	Complete access *anywhere* on the CenterNet virtual map.

For example, a computer with Level 1 access only allows a character to hack into that room's specific site on the virtual map. She can activate or deactivate any systems in that room with an appropriate skill check, but she cannot visit (let alone manipulate) programs or other sites outside of that room.

With Level 2 access, the computer provides the user with access to all CenterNet locations in a given building (assuming those rooms contain systems controlled by computer). Due to the compartmentalized nature of the projects at Center, few of the facility's computers have access above this level.

With Level 3 access, the computer provides full access to the entire CenterNet. Such access is generally limited to important security computer stations, which require complete administrative access to stop hacking attempts (see pages 51 and 52 of *d20 Modern* for more on hacking).

NAVIGATING

When a character (including the androids at *Area 29* and the Last God at *Area 82*) logs onto the CenterNet, her starting location is the site from which she logged on. Thus, androids logging onto the CenterNet "start" at *Area 29* and must navigate through the network from there.

Though a character starts in a particular location, once online she can call up a "virtual map" of the facility. (A copy of this Virtual Map is included with this book.) On some computers, the "map" only displays areas to which that computer has access (usually a single room or building); computers in high-security areas may have access to more locations, allowing the user to manipulate systems in other buildings throughout the facility.

The Virtual Map allows a user at one console, regardless of her physical location, to access, operate, or shut down computers and computerized systems in other areas. To access another location on the CenterNet, the user must first succeed at a Computer Use skill check against the DC listed for the Entrance point at which she is trying to log onto the network. She must then navigate through the network's directory structure (organized like a hierarchal tree) to the desired site.

For example, a character wants to power up the elevator in the Recreation Building. She must 1) find a computer with CenterNet access to the Recreation Building; 2) successfully access the CenterNet, using the DC listed for the computer at which she is operating; 3) defeat the Entrance security (DC 19); and 4) successfully defeat the elevator's "Power Up Elevator" program with a Computer Use check (DC 21). If she succeeds at all of these tasks, the elevator power is restored.

Note: The Virtual Map is included with this adventure. You may want to cover up areas that PCs wouldn't be able to see from their particular computer screen.

VIRTUAL MOVEMENT

While anyone can progress through the CenterNet by navigating its directory structure (see above), sometimes the speed at which a hacker progresses through the network is important, especially when time is of the essence. In game terms, for every five ranks a character possesses in Computer Use, she can move up or down the hierarchical tree of a given location by one step/site/program per round.

No matter how far a character moves through the system, hacking is always considered a full-round action.

Note: Because the Last God has a total Computer Use modifier of +16, it moves at a rate of three "steps" on the hierarchical tree per round.

PROGRAMS

The CenterNet Virtual Map shows individual sites, many of which are labeled as special programs; examples include the *Entrance*, *Checkpoint*, *Watchdog*, and *Holmes* programs. Definitions of each of these programs are listed below:

Site: Not a program *per se*, a "site" is any established location on the CenterNet. Examples include the *Surface Security Center*, the *Reactor*, *Think Tanks*, and other locations. To access a site, one must defeat its security with a Computer Use check (the DC can vary depending on how secure the site is). If this check is successful, the PCs can access that site and attempt to perform any of the functions listed there (see the enclosed Virtual Map).

Entrance: Each building's individual computer network is guarded by an Entrance program which serves as a conduit connecting that building to the greater CenterNet. Whenever a character tries to hack into a site, she must always begin by first passing through the Entrance program with a Computer Use check (DC varies) to progress from there. Failure means she cannot "enter" (and cannot access that site).

Once a character succeeds at the skill check to bypass the Entrance program in a particular location, she does not need to make subsequent Entrance checks at that location; she can always proceed from that point as if she automatically made the check every time she logs on.

Checkpoint: A Checkpoint program is usually situated along a navigation line between the Entrance and individual sites. A user attempting to access a site protected by a Checkpoint program must make a Computer Use check to bypass the checkpoint.

If this check fails, the user is automatically logged off and the computer locks up.

Watchdog: Some CenterNet locations feature Watchdog programs, which work like Checkpoint programs—except that if the Computer Use check to bypass a Watchdog program is failed, the program immediately triggers an audible alarm in that building (activating any security systems in the process), alerting both the androids in the *Surface Security Center* and the Last God in the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

In addition to triggering these effects, a failed check automatically logs the user off and locks up the computer.

Holmes: Some CenterNet locations feature a Holmes program, which is always linked to a particular site. If successfully accessed (DC varies), a Holmes program reveals the Entrance location of the last person to visit the site.

This is especially useful when used in combination with Watchdog programs, because it allows security to pinpoint a hacker's whereabouts so they can send a team to his physical location.

SPECIAL PRECAUTIONS/SPOTTING HACKING ATTEMPTS

The androids in the *Surface Security Center* continuously monitor computer use in the facility, watching closely for any signs that the Last God is attempting to manipulate the CenterNet. If they detect *any* suspicious activity on the network, they immediately try to shut it down. Although aware of the androids' watchfulness, the Last God, constantly scanning the network from its access point in the *Sub-Surface Security Center*, does not hesitate to use the CenterNet to trap or otherwise hinder the PCs if it considers them hostile or a danger to its plans.

Whenever a PC tries to hack into a site or defeat a program, if she fails the Computer Use check by 5 or more, she alerts both the androids and the Last God. Both parties immediately log on and attempt to thwart the virtual intrusion. If the PCs are quick, it may even be possible for them to slip away while the Last God and androids do "virtual battle" upon arriving at the scene!

In cases where either androids or the Last God attempt to oppose the PCs in cyberspace, the PC hacker and her opponent make opposed Computer Use checks. If the PC's opponent is successful, her computer session is terminated. If the PC is successful, her opponent's computer session ends and the hacker can continue as normal.

When they detect unauthorized network activity, the androids always attempt to identify the actual physical location of the hacker (that is, locate the terminal from which she is operating) by making an additional opposed Computer Use check. This action requires a full minute to perform and automatically fails if the hacker logs off before the minute has elapsed, so a fast-moving PC could theoretically enter the CenterNet, accomplish her task, and log off before the androids identify her location. If their attempt succeeds, the androids pinpoint the exact terminal from which the PC is operating and shut it down and dispatch a patrol (from *Area 29D*) to the location (assuming the location is accessible). While the PCs may have time to flee after being detected, this does give the androids a general idea of where in the facility the intruders are...

As a last-ditch effort, an android or the Last God may attempt to degrade a PCs' terminal programming to cause a *crash*. Causing a crash requires a Computer Use check; the DC is equal to the DC required to access that computer (listed under the room's location) plus 5.

For example, the PCs have been hacking into the CenterNet from area 41J, the Mainframe. Assuming the Last God knows where they are, it can try to cause their computer to crash; doing so would require a Computer Use check at a DC of 36 (normal DC 31 + 5 = DC 36).

TAKING 10 OR 20

Under normal conditions, characters can take 10 with a Computer Use check, and 20 when there are no consequences for failure. On the CenterNet, however, characters can only take 10.

AREAS ACCESSIBLE THROUGH THE CENTERNET:

For ease of reference, a complete list of adventure locations accessible through the CenterNet is included below. Locations not listed here cannot be reached through the CenterNet (or have no functions that can be controlled remotely through the CenterNet):

MISCELLANEOUS INFO ON THE CENTERNET

The PCs can do more than shut down systems, power up automatons, and bypass keycard locks while logged onto the CenterNet. Clever PCs may find inventive alternate uses for the CenterNet that aren't covered here due to space limitations. For example, a hacker might try to use the CenterNet to discover what certain adventure locations were originally used for during the time of the Ancients. Mundane files such as daily activity logs or inventory invoices can be found in electronic format on virtually any site the PCs hack into; if the PCs think to access such information, feel free to improvise and provide them with extra information about the location. Records like these could be helpful to characters trying to determine the facility's function and layout, or estimate what dangers might lay ahead of them. GMs should encourage and reward clever PC ideas regarding the CenterNet, but should take care not to "spoil" the adventure or let the PCs simply use the CenterNet to overcome every obstacle they encounter.

Area	Location Name
4	Security Picket
5	Telephone Booth/Security Call Box
9	Ed's Gas Station/Security Lookout
10	Hank's Service Station/Surface Security Garage
11	Tactical Armory
14	Athletic Equipment Storage/Helo Hangar
15	Rail Traffic Control Tower
16	Dress Shop/Perimeter Animal Control Building
17	Housing Developments/Surface Housing
18	Public Pool/Central Gas Storage
19	Police Station
20	Bicycle Shop/Electronic Repair Building
21	Broadcast Studios
24	Reactor Building
26	Post Office/Mail Sorting Building
27	Rail Warehouse/Decontamination Supply Warehouse
29	High School/Surface Security Center
38	Administration Building A
39	Administration Building B
40	Recreation Building
41	Main Research Laboratory
42	Alternate Delivery Systems Lab
43	Psychic Research Laboratory
44	Biological Response Laboratory
45	Animal Containment Building
50	Parking Garage
51	Hospital
53	Storage Facility
54	Air Incineration Building
57	Surface Stairwell
58	Bunker
59	Shooting Range
63	Robot Repair Facility
64	Air Filtration Center
65	Door to Labs
66	Experimental Applications Laboratory
68	Medicinal Synthesis Laboratory
69	Vehicle Entrance—West
71	Vehicle Entrance—East
78	Sealed Bunker
79	Main Ventilation Access
80	Ladder to Surface
81	Security Corridors
82	Sub-Surface Security Center
83	Tactical Armory
87	Loading Platform
89	Robot Janitorial
91	Bulk Elevator to Air Incineration Building
96	Containment Checkpoint
108-124	Production Building

BEGINNING THE ADVENTURE

The adventure begins with "The Expedition," a brief introductory scenario that picks up where *The New World Order* left off. It is intended to give the PCs an idea of the state of things in the Wastelord empire after the battle at Shelter City, and to outfit them with a few useful items before they set off on their journey to Center.

THE EXPEDITION

What is the price of war? Once upon a time, the price of war was measured by the economies of entire nations, with mushrooming budgets and ever-escalating races to outspend the enemy. Tanks, aircraft, and battleships were just tools to the same end: to win supremacy of the world.

But in the post-apocalyptic world, the price of war is measured in only one thing—blood.

The people suffering under the cruel weight of the Wastelord empire have known war. They have seen its hideous face, been forced to confront it—and stood firm. Wielding rifles and cannon scavenged from ancient battlefields, the Wastelords—and their armies of malnourished slaves armed with spears and axes—have survived a terrible holocaust.

Just a few days ago, the wasteland came face to face with a great Enemy—an army of a size that hasn't been seen since the great legions of the Ancients waged war across the earth. Pouring from the heart of the desert like phantoms of the past, the Enemy threatened to topple the powerful raider-prince Kyren and turn his people into mindless slaves. It was a threat the Twisted Earth had never faced before.

Today you stand as survivors of that heroic struggle.

A solemn gathering is being held in the ruins of the slave camp that once stood at the entrance to Shelter City. Under the morning sun, the few hundred survivors of the war have gathered after several days spent recuperating from wounds and burying the dead. Even now, the bonfires of dead bodies send mile-high plumes of black smoke heavenwards, marring the otherwise

CENTERNET VIRTUAL MAP #1

CENTERNET VIRTUAL MAP #2

CENTERNET VIRTUAL MAP #3

CENTERNET VIRTUAL MAP #4

crystal-clear desert sky.

People walk through the wreckage of the camp as if shell-shocked, searching for meager belongings lost in the fighting. A few women with malnourished children at their side weave through the battlefield, searching among the bloated and discolored bodies for the faces of husbands and fathers even as teams of slave laborers toss the corpses onto the funeral pyres. One can only imagine the fates in store for these unfortunate women and children, having lost the providers of their welfare and security. They no doubt face a cruel return to status as communal property, slaves, and worse.

All told, the empire has lost at least three-quarters of its population in the war. You have heard talk of rebellion—rumors of the people from the outlying towns refusing to return to the frontier until they are assured the war is truly over. Something must be done.

Kyren has gathered your group to undertake a mission that will put to rest the doubts and fears of his restless subjects. You are to lead an expedition to the far side of the valley and enter the mysterious town known only as "Center." Sitting in the middle of the parched desert, Center has remained unexplored for a full two hundred years since the Fall. Up until recently, no one even knew it existed; it has been omitted from every known map of this part of the world.

For some reason, this was a town even the Ancients wanted to forget.

You will investigate the town of Center and put an end to whatever was behind the monstrous army that came within inches of bringing the Wastelord empire to its knees.

As morning gives way to afternoon, your party stands at the center of the gathering to be outfitted with provisions and extra ammunition for your journey. Kyren, proud ruler of the Wastelords, has come in person to see you off. He oversees the scene from a portable "throne" made out of plush leopard-print seating torn from some Ancient automobile; flanking him are a handful of his best guards. Above him and all around the encampment, Wastelord banners flap in the wind, a none-too-subtle reminder to the people of the Valley that despite their losses in the war, the Wastelords—and their ruthless leader—still stand strong.

Kyren looks at your group, his gaze more sharp and bladelike than ever before. He eyes you with a strange mix of admiration and wariness; something of the pride of a father watching his favorite son going to war, mixed with the caution of a cutthroat leader ever-vigilant for those whose popularity might exceed his own.

Kyren has ordered the PCs to be outfitted with the following items, which can be distributed as the party sees fit:

1 week's supply of water for each character
1 week of rations for each character
1 pair of binoculars
2 flashlights (each with a full battery)
8 boxes of 5.56mm ammo (240 rounds total)
1 gauss pistol
1 box of gauss ammo (30 rounds)
3 power clip
1 negation grenade
1 canister of wound-healing medi-spray
1 first aid kit
1 valley map (with Center marked)

Once the PCs have decided who will carry what, continue with the following:

A man emerges from the ranks of Wastelords and begins to address the crowd of onlookers.

"The time has come to deal the final blow, to end the war of wars, to defeat the Enemy on his own ground!"

The man's voice mimics that of a carnival showman or fight announcer, a patronizing attempt to whip the grim and despairing crowds into enthusiasm. The people do look, they do come from all around to see, but their faces seem wary, reflecting their hesitation and doubt.

"That's right!" the man continues unabated, "Gather 'round and see the men who'll risk everything for the good of the empire! These men—these braaaaaave men—they eagerly leave us today to bring the fight to the Enemy!"

The man motions for his audience to start clapping. A few hands in the crowd come together. Kyren looks annoyed, and looks to his guards, who begin circulating through the crowd. In moments there are a few more "lively" cheers.

The announcer continues. "These are the ones who found the Enemy and rooted its influence from the Valley! These are the ones who stood their ground at Shelter City and would not die! These are the ones who have brought us victory!

"And now, laaaadies and gennnnntlemen," he continues, "they ready for the final battle. Our great lord Kyren has gathered priceless resources and put them at their disposal. Our great lord Kyren has faith that they'll succeed!"

More clapping. Guards have joined in.

The announcer turns to your party.

"But you won't go alone. No sir. This is no time for half-measures! Kyren has decreed that the finest warriors in his army be rounded up and put at your disposal. Put together the perfect team—take with you who you will."

The announcer calls Kyren's choices as if announcing prize fighters stepping into the ring:

"Telgar, of the corium miners! Don't let his appearance fool you—here's a man who single-handedly killed five seedlings during the attack on Shelter City!

"Lord Hethris," the announcer shouts, "Knight of Route 66, slayer of man and beast, fearless soldier and rider of the iron horse, self-proclaimed sword of wrath!

"Motak, emissary of the Entropists, master of the one-handed rattle-gun. Eyes of fire, damned to hell, he has nothing to lose...

"Mara, last Amazon of the Nutcrusher tribe of the Forbidden Lands. Without a home and without a family, she remembers only one thing now—how to kill!

"Sir Goodyear, knight of the Ultraviolet Empire, where men live by the gun and die by the gun! Not only will he kill in the name of our just and honorable leader, but if you die on the way he'll have plenty of fancy words to say at your funerals!

The crowd cheers as the five soldiers step forward, awaiting your choice. Once you have chosen, your journey will begin.

It's up to the party to decide which of these five (if any) will accompany them on the expedition. Keep in mind that each of these characters will demand an equal share of items and artifacts found in the course of the adventure; if denied a fair share, they will not accompany the expedition. Role-played negotiations and/or previous relations with these NPCs may result in different terms, at the GM's discretion.

Descriptions and statistics for each of these NPCs are listed in the Appendix.

If any of these NPCs were killed during The New World Order, they aren't available to join the group in this adventure. In this case, feel free to replace any missing NPC with one of your own creation.

- **Lord Hethris:** HP 60.
- **Mara:** HP 29.
- **Motak:** HP 28.
- **Sir Goodyear:** HP 40.
- **Telgar:** HP 40.

Sir Goodyear

MEETING IN THE DESERT (OPTIONAL)

The following encounter only occurs if the PCs hit it off well with "Lipstick" Lena in *The New World Order*:

Since leaving Shelter City, you have all been quiet, pondering your experiences in the war... and wondering what future the enigmatic town of Center has in store for you. Everyone is lost in their own thoughts and reflections . The only sounds are your heavy breathing and the crunch of your feet trudging across the open sand.

No more than an hour after your departure, you hear a low rumble from somewhere in the distance behind you. Moments later, a pair of cars appears on the horizon, coming from the direction of the Wastelord capital. A beat-up old station wagon covered in armor is followed by a smooth-running pickup truck with a bed that's been converted to an elaborate tent.

The two vehicles pull up and you note that the crewmen inside are clearly Wastelords. While the pickup comes to a stop and turns off its sputtering engine, the station wagon continues to idle, as if its occupants are expecting enemies to show up at any moment.

Two men jump out of the front of the pickup and quickly run to the rear, where they set up a small wooden step ladder. The smaller of the two then climbs the step and pulls back the tent flaps with a flourish.

"The Mistress," he says, introducing the figure already emerging from within.

Instantly you recognize Lena, Kyren's concubine, as she leaves the air-conditioned interior of her rather modest "palace-on-wheels." Wearing a long black cape to cover the skimpy vinyl costume underneath, she

WILD CARD

In addition to adding an NPC or two to the party to round out the group, you may want to slip in a "wild card" to make things more interesting. For example, perhaps one of the NPCs joining the PCs was in fact *infected* during the war, though he (or she) has yet to show signs of infection. Over the course of the adventure, the NPC is really serving the Last God as a spy, luring the party wherever the Last God wants them to go. This could be an ideal ploy if your players consistently miss clues or get off the trail of their mysterious benefactor (see *Scenario A*), as the NPC could guide them back on course without raising too much suspicion.

If the situation changes to *Scenario B*, the infected NPC could become a very valuable asset for the Last God. Though the PCs don't know it, they have a spy in their midst who, through telepathic link, keeps the Last God aware of both their location and their plans. If exposed, the NPC will most likely be killed, but this only adds more drama to the tale.

descends the steps with a familiar feline grace. The two porters immediately bow their heads and back away out of sight.

"Gentlemen," she says, "I've come to pay my respects and to give you my regards. You've done so much for the people of Shelter City—probably more than you know. And now you march off to what could be your deaths.

"In any case," she says, "what Kyren gave you won't be enough to keep you alive." She motions to her two servants, who quickly bring a box from her tent and place it at your feet.

"Inside you will find some things that may or may not be useful to you. But I think they'll give you more of a chance than what Kyren gave you. There's nothing more I... we... can do for you. Good luck."

With that, Lena disappears into her tent and the two men secure it before climbing back in the truck. Within moments, they've taken off again, leaving the PCs to open the box on their own.

Inside the box are a few items Lena has gathered to aid the PCs on their mission—a testament to her connections and, more importantly, to her ability to get what she wants without Kyren's knowledge. These items include two boxes of ammo for each character, appropriate to whatever gun each character uses (up to a maximum of 60 shots; if they use powered weapons, substitute a single *power clip* for the ammo). In addition, there are two *ready syringes* of *stimshot B* and an *energy belt A* (the only one in the entire valley) hooked up to a *power beltpack*. The pack has only four charges left.

Lord Hethris

THE JOURNEY

The end of the San Luis Valley's short rainy season coincided with the end of the war. With its passing, the sky has lost its bleak gray color, and the new season has brought back the reign of the hot, torturous sun. Muddy plains and temporary streams crisscrossing the battle-scarred valley have all but dried up, returning the valley to its normally desiccated state. You're amazed at how quickly the sun reclaims the landscape, turning it dry and desolate in a matter of days.

While the ground fog once hid all evidence of Kyren's futile war, the sun has burned the mist away, allowing the phantoms of his great struggle to be seen by all. The desert is littered as far as the eye can see with the lifeless hulks of trucks, the bleached and half-buried carcasses of animals and people, and barren roadways—so vital to the maintenance and unity of the Wastelord empire—maintained at a high cost of human life.

You thought that the rain might bring a new life to the valley, scrubbing away the grime and bleak decay brought on by the ages, but it hasn't. Not by a long shot.

The first day is spent marching, followed by a night camping out in the desert. That first night goes slowly as you each huddle by the meager campfire, unable to shake the general sense of unease that has come over you. Each member of the expedition is on edge, continuously staring out into the pitch black night wondering what might wait out in the darkness, watching. Did some shamblers survive? Are there others out there, wandering the lightless valley floor invisibly like nocturnal predators? If there are, they can see you from miles away; the single campfire flickers like a bright candle for all to see.

You rise the next day and continue on, marveling once more at how miserable the heat of the sun has become. Mud has turned back to sand, and the withering dryness has returned. Once more you caution each other to ration what little water you carry.

As you move ever westwards, skirting a washed-out highway, you come across a chilling scene. Along the roadside lie scores of dead animals—goats, dogs, and cattle. They appear to have been slaughtered by the Wastelords who fled the frontier towns, a precautionary measure in case any of the animals had been infected. Now, in the sun, the bodies are mere skeletons, with only parchment-like skin stretched over their bones. Yet not even flies seem willing to gather on these corpses.

You continue on, passing through the deserted town of Hooper. The streets are eerily empty, littered with a few carts and rusty old cars that broke down during the hasty evacuation. A few dead bodies can be seen here and there, no doubt the remains of shamblers that simply "dropped dead" when the last node mother was slain. You give each moldy corpse a wide berth as you pass nervously through the heart of town and out the other side.

You face the open desert. The last familiar sight—Hooper—is behind you. This marks the edge of the frontier, and the beginnings of the dusty desert that stretches on to the foot of distant mountains.

Center is somewhere out there. Waiting for you.

CENTER

The journey to Center should be uneventful; the war in the San Luis Valley has turned the desert into a barren and lifeless wasteland where nothing, not even animal life, dares to venture. All natural life that hadn't fled the New World Order's expansion across the valley succumbed to the virus during the war.

The party eventually arrives at Center; the small town sits isolated, surrounded by a vast expanse of empty desert. When the players are ready, read or paraphrase the following:

It is roughly noon when the endless expanse of sand is finally broken by a sight on the horizon. There, sprawling beneath the blistering sun, is what appears to be a small desert town.

You expected to find something grand at the end of your journey—some sign that this place is, in fact, the home of the great Enemy. But looking through your binoculars, all you see is what might have once been the template for small valley towns all across the Rockies. You see quaint little storefronts, brick buildings, and a neatly-arranged grid of streets and broad sidewalks. Sand blown in from the desert has obscured some parts of the roads, and rust has claimed many of the old storefront signs and corner mailboxes. No cars can be seen on the streets, but there are telephone poles and even stoplights, which continue to flash slow red pulses of light as if the town had suffered a recent blackout.

This place is eerie. After a full ten minutes of observing from the top of a distant dune, you spot no movement whatsoever. It's as if this place was frozen in time...

Motak

HISTORY

The town of Center, Colorado, is not what it seems. In fact, it was never really a "town" at all.

More than two hundred years ago, shortly before the Fall, the U.S. government was searching for the ideal place to construct an all-new biological weapons research and development facility. They decided on a thoroughly unconventional approach—instead of creating an isolated maximum security facility that enemy satellites could monitor (and target for ICBM strikes), the think tank behind the facility's location and construction figured the most secure facility would be an *invisible* laboratory.

For months, several otherwise unimportant desert valleys across the United States were surveyed and considered in a top secret project to locate the base site for the future home of "Project Bloom," the code name for a project to create what the Ancients believed would be the last word in biological weapons. Eventually, the San Luis Valley was chosen to house the site, largely due to the towering mountain ranges that all but ringed the valley from every direction; the planners reasoned that an airborne contagion accidentally released from the facility would not escape the confines of the valley as readily as it might other environs. In addition, San Luis was ideal for another reason—it was extremely isolated, far from Denver and Albuquerque, and certainly far enough from any major nuclear target to avoid being damaged or destroyed in a blast intended for a major population center.

Over the next three years, the government, operating with the strictest secrecy, slowly bought up the land at the junction of Highways 285 and 112. Under the guise of civilian land developers investing in the construction of a rural toy factory, the government slowly purchased enough land for the planned facility and the surrounding area, creating a perimeter of "privately-owned" land that could be fenced off and monitored without drawing unwanted attention.

Once the land was secured, work began immediately on the facility. Remarkably, however, no sprawling facility or imposing base was planned. Instead, in one of the most ingenious and devious construction projects ever conceived, the government built from the ground-up an entire town—a fake town—whose ordinary-looking buildings and houses served as compartments of one giant "mega-facility." Connected by a complex web of underground passages (some large enough for transport trucks and even its own mini-train system), the facility's above-ground buildings looked exactly like the structures of any small factory town in America: a movie theatre, high school and playing field, crosswalks and main street intersections, and other facets of ordinary small-town life.

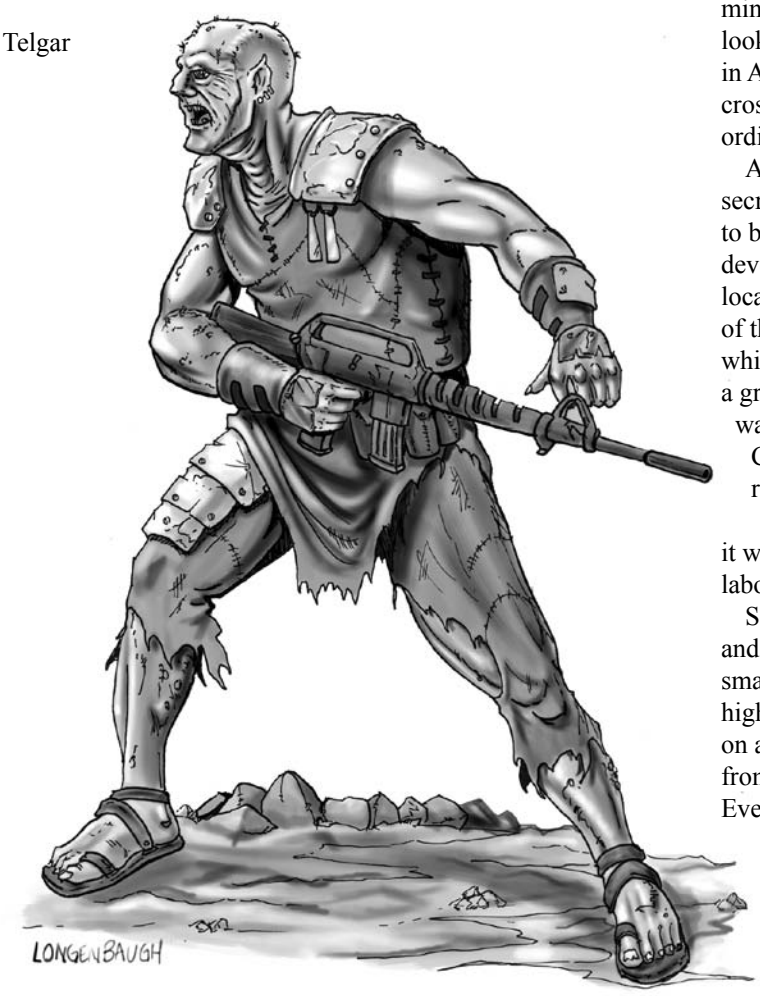
As the facility was constructed and skilled personnel were secretly shipped to the area to bring their scientific expertise to bear on the research there, false reports that the original developers had gone bankrupt were leaked to the press in local communities such as Alamosa and Saguache. As part of this elaborate deception, in less than a month the town—which might have otherwise attracted unwanted attention as a growing community where factory jobs were to be had—was proclaimed a "ghost town." Within weeks, the town of Center was considered a backwater, the overly ambitious remains of a failed land-development venture.

Of course, this was only an elaborate cover story. When it was clear that the ruse had succeeded, the biological laboratories beneath Center went into full operation.

Secrecy was ensured through clever methods. Truckers and vacationers whizzing by on the highway saw only a small, boring town, not worth even a momentary stop. The highway exits leading to the town were "under construction" on a permanent basis, preventing even desperate motorists from innocently pulling in for gas or to ask for directions. Even if they managed to get off the highway and enter the town limits, military personnel masquerading as innocuous citizens watched their every move. Dressed as town policemen or local citizens walking their dogs, all were given the job of *keeping outsiders away*.

Motorists who managed to pull into town found that local businesses were usually closed ("shame

Telgar



what that toy factory goin' out of business did to this town's economy"); a gas station attendant (also working for military security) would direct them to the next town down the road. Policemen, though friendly, kept an eye on every movement of suspicious visitors, and even offered to drive stranded motorists to the nearest town to catch a Greyhound out of state.

When those methods didn't work, unmarked black vans used by security patrols could be called on to harass, intimidate, or even kill those who didn't get the message: *move on*.

Because of the care taken in keeping Center invisible not to only foreign powers but also to America's unwitting public, the top-secret facility here remained in operation for several years. It was here that military scientists developed some of the most insidious biological weapons known to Ancient man.

But one of these, a biological weapon of colossal proportions and potential, designed to destroy entire nations by literally "consuming" them, was to outlive its original creators…

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Though there are many detailed locations at Center, the players may avoid many of these areas in an attempt to conserve their resources. However, the streets are not entirely empty; the town is still dangerous, and you can emphasize this with random encounters. Check for a random encounter each hour, each day, or as often as you feel is appropriate to the pacing of the party's progress.

THE TOWN

D20	Encounter
1-12	No event
13-16	Skeletons
17-20	Android patrol

THE QUARANTINE LINE

D20	Encounter
1-5	No event
6-10	Android patrol
11-12	Android work team
13-17	Hover sentry patrol
18-20	Breakout!

BEYOND THE QUARANTINE

Roll	Encounter
1-7	No event
8-15	Skeletons
16-19	Shamblers
20	Wild robot

SKELETONS

Up ahead, the wind-swept city street is cluttered with the remnants of what appear to be animal and human bones in abundance, intermixed with shredded bits of rusted metal and other sand-blasted junk.

This was probably the scene of a massacre years ago, either between infected and non-infected human personnel, or between androids enforcing the quarantine and infected thralls trying to escape. Though the scene is chilling to stumble across, the bones pose no threat to the PCs.

ANDROID PATROL (EL 9)

A Listen check (DC 15) allows the characters a brief chance to prepare for this encounter. If they succeed, read the following:

The narrow streets echo with the sound of wind channeled between the weathered and worn buildings. As you walk, warily watching every upper-story window and dusty storefront, your ears pick up over the roar of the wind the sound of heavy feet marching over broken stone.

If the PCs are alerted, they can take advantage of a surprise round (to take precautionary cover or to attack); otherwise roll for initiative as a group of *soldier androids* comes marching down the street in the party's direction. Since the androids have orders to kill anything organic (humans and mutants included) within one mile of the quarantine, they immediately open fire, fighting to the death to prevent the PCs from escaping.

Scenario C: In this scenario, the androids have been alerted by the War Droid not to fire on the PCs. They merely regard the party with a salute before marching on.

- **Basic Soldier Androids (3):** HP 34 each.
- **Low-level Command Android A (1):** HP 48.

ANDROID WORK TEAM (EL 9)

A Listen check (DC 13) allows the characters a brief chance to prepare for this encounter. If they succeed, read the following:

As you stand in the shadow of a long stretch of brick wall, you hear the whine and groan of aging metal actuators. Further down the road, a small group of metal-clad figures is gathered around a three-foot hole in the wall, replacing bricks and sealing the gap with cement. The metal men are armed with rusted weaponry; something about their repetitious movements suggests these are not merely men in armor.

The PCs have come across an android patrol that is busy repairing a hole in the quarantine wall (damaged in a recent breakout attempt; see the *Breakout!* encounter below for an example). The androids are focused on their work and thus only notice the PCs if they succeed at a Spot check. If they do notice the PCs, they attack, determined to prevent the escape of "infected creatures."

Scenario C: In this scenario, the androids have been alerted by the War Droid not to fire on the PCs. They merely regard the party with a salute before continuing with their work.

- **Basic Soldier Androids (3):** HP 34 each.
- **Low-level Command Android A (1):** HP 48.

HOVER SENTRY PATROL (EL 5)

A Listen check (DC 20) allows the characters a brief chance to prepare for this encounter. If they succeed, read the following:

The silence of this barren street is broken by a distant, high-pitched whine. The noise slowly grows louder, and shadows dart across the street as something flies overhead. Above, you see a trio of strange metal "spheres" soar past; small but fast-moving hoverfans on their undercarriages emit the ear-splitting noise.

If the PCs are alerted, they can take precautionary cover; otherwise, they are surprised as a trio of *hover sentries* flies low overhead. The sentries have orders to enforce the quarantine, and immediately fire on the PCs, assuming them to be infected thralls escaping the quarantine line.

Scenario C: In this scenario, the hover sentries have been alerted by the War Droid not to fire on the PCs. They merely fly past.

- **Hover Sentries A (3):** HP 16 each.

BREAKOUT! (EL 6)

The eerie quiet that blankets this town is broken by the echo of rocks falling from nearby. Turning to look, you see that a small part of the quarantine wall has been knocked down—and as you watch, a few half-naked men and women scurry feverishly through the tight gap!

The "men" and "women" scrambling through this newly-made hole are in fact infected thralls: four shamblers and a single seedling. If they notice the PCs (by making a successful Spot check), they attempt to overcome and infect the party. If they do not notice the PCs, they look around suspiciously before scampering off towards the edge of town in a mad dash to escape Center and head out into the wasteland.

- **Shamblers (4):** HP 15 each.
- **Former Technician (1):** HP 30.

SHAMBLERS (EL 3)

Walking cautiously along a deserted street in the shadow of old buildings, you are keenly aware of every noise your footsteps make in this desolate, haunted town. Suddenly you spot movement ahead—emerging from cleverly-concealed positions of cover, a handful of badly rotted "zombies" stumble forward, moving with jerky motions right in your direction!

Unless the PCs take immediate cover, the shamblers notice them and attack, hoping to overcome them and take them to the nearest seedling.

- **Shamblers (5):** HP 15 each.

WILD ROBOT (EL 1/2)

Further ahead, you spot a rusted and battered machine moving in a zig-zag pattern down the otherwise abandoned street. The robot stops now and again as if picking up invisible objects, trailing showers of sparks as it goes.

The machine is a badly damaged *automaton*, one of several dozen like it that once wandered the streets of Center cleaning refuse, collecting dead animals, scanning for stray microbes, and even directing foot traffic. It is now *wild*. If it detects the party's presence, it immediately changes course and heads towards them at full speed to attack.

- **"Wild" Automaton (1):** HP 17; **Possessions:** *UV Sterilizer, power beltpack* (2 charges).

THE TOWN

The town of Center is itself an eerie place, even for an expedition as experienced and prepared as the PCs'. On the surface, it looks like any rural valley town from before the Fall—what might have once been a pleasant community. Sidewalks, paved streets, crosswalks, and even traffic lights still reflect the peace and tranquility of a bygone age. Sand has accumulated on some streets, and only a few buildings have collapsed over time. While the gaudy paint of old storefronts has peeled and blown away in the wind, and metal objects across town have succumbed almost completely to rust, the place seems otherwise almost untouched by the ruin that befell the rest of the world since the Fall.

Presented below are the main locations of the town of Center.

LOCATION PRESENTATION

The locations throughout Center are presented in the general order in which the PCs are likely to visit them. For example, the outermost parts of the town, where the PCs first arrive at Center, are detailed first. Next are presented details on the quarantine line and the individual android-controlled checkpoints, followed by the parts of the surface facility that are situated behind the quarantine line, in "enemy territory." After this, the underground sections of the facility are detailed. Last is a detailed description of the *Production Building*, a massive complex in which the Last God dwells—and the place to which the PCs will eventually have to go to prevent it from ever escaping again.

1. HIGHWAY OFF-RAMP

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

GM MAP OF CENTER

UNDETAILED BUILDINGS

Not all buildings in Center are described in this adventure; only those with some significance or interest to the PCs, plot, and development of the story are covered in any detail.

However, it is quite possible that PCs will investigate other buildings—out of curiosity, morbid fascination, or perhaps even to evade android patrols or seek cover during combat. You should thus be prepared to improvise and invent information about buildings not described in this scenario, including basic floor plans and limited details about what might be found within. You may decide that buildings not described in the adventure are heavily damaged or ruined, prohibiting entry altogether; or perhaps everything was looted or burned-out long ago, leaving only nondescript rubble for the party to explore. Alternatively, these buildings might be mere "shells" constructed for the benefit of passersby on the highway; inside, they are completely empty and devoid of furniture or decorations (see the *Water Treatment Plant* for an example).

In the end, it's up to you.

A freeway exit can be seen up ahead, but concrete dividers have been placed in the middle of the road to block it off. Orange plastic cones, blown over by the wind and scattered randomly by its hand over the years, lie strewn all about.

A faded sign on the barrier reads:
Exit ramp under construction; Use Exit 116.

The road barrier was meant to dissuade unwitting motorists from getting off the highway at Center, part of a first line of "defense" to keep the fake town's true nature secret. It can be bypassed if one drives carefully past.

If the PCs continue on looking for the alleged "Exit 116" west of town, it never actually appears; the next exit off the freeway is miles away, at the intersection with Highway 285 (well away from Center; see map). For travelers heading east, the next exit is at Highway 17, near Hooper.

Parties intent on exploring the old town can get off the road here with little trouble, however, since the edge of the road is merely a shallow, sandy slope leading down into town.

2. "BIRD FEEDERS" - POISONED FEEDERS

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Standing here is an unassuming aluminum post, atop which sits an undecorated bird feeder. Something about it just seems odd.

Preventing the spread of disease in the event of a containment breach was of paramount importance to the designers of the Center facility. While it might be possible to round up and quarantine the human population of the town in the event of an accidental outbreak, it would be next to impossible to track every *animal* that might escape, potentially carrying a contagion across the desert to centers of human habitation. Like all towns, even the "fake" town of Center had its share of rats, birds, snakes, and wild animals, all of which were of great concern to the facility's designers.

Originally, the planners hoped to use sub-sonic and ultra-sonic emitters to keep animals away from town. But only months after the laboratory opened, by a stroke of bad luck, a news article in nearby Alamosa published a bizarre story about a group of college physics students who, while on a road trip north of the city, discovered "unidentifiable sub-sonic transmissions" coming from somewhere deep in the desert. The tabloids were abuzz for the next few weeks, hypothesizing everything from magical "earth lines" to the presence of extra-terrestrial spacecraft operating deep in the wastes. In reality, the sophisticated equipment the unwitting students had taken with them on a lark had detected the sonic emitters used at the Center base. Desperate to avoid public scrutiny, the government sent its own team of experts to provide a credible explanation (discrediting the students, of course) and removed the emitters, replacing them with a low-tech but effective alternative.

The new alternative was strikingly simple: *animal feeders* that dispensed *poison*. This ensured that while animals couldn't be kept *away* from town, they certainly wouldn't *leave*.

Twice each week, a team of technicians was sent out in a truck to collect the dead bodies of animals that had fed from these poisoned feeders: rats, the occasional coyote, and an abundance of birds. This system wasn't perfect—facility scientists still worried that, should they all perish from an unexpected outbreak, birds who fed on the corpses of disease-infected technicians might spread the contagion—but it was the best idea anyone could suggest.

Over time, much of the native wildlife in the valley learned to give Center a wide berth. The androids, however, continue to replenish the many varieties of feeder—not just bird feeders, but also a variety of feeders for coyote, rats, and other desert animals.

GM's Note: There is a 1 in 10 chance that a given feeder still contains poisoned seeds. Anyone foolishly ingesting poisoned seed is subjected to the effects of *chloral hydrate* (see page 54 of *d20 Modern* for information on poisons).

3. BIRD FEEDER BEING SERVICED (EL 1/2)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Ahead is a tall metal post topped by a bird feeder. A large robot, little more than a rusted old bucket of bolts with spindly arms and legs, appears to be removing the top of the feeder to replenish the seeds inside. It seems totally oblivious to your presence. The only sounds accompanying its slow movements are the whine and creak of its aging servos.

The robot continues to replenish the bird feeder with chloral hydrate pellets, regardless of the PCs' actions, unless it is attacked. A simple automaton, the robot is programmed to refill the bird feeders throughout town every two weeks with chloral hydrate fabricated by the thinker androids at the *High School* (see *Area 29*); it cannot speak to, communicate with, or otherwise help (or attack) the PCs in any way. If they attack it, the robot abandons its task and heads straight for the *High School* (*Surface Laboratory B*).

If the PCs follow the robot, it moves on to the next bird feeder, refilling it in turn. It continues this seemingly bizarre ritual on 1d3 feeders before running out of pellets, at which time it heads back to the *High School*. If the PCs follow, it does not seem to notice at all.

Automaton (1): HP 23; **Possessions:** 30 doses of *chloral hydrate*.

4. "DESERTED INTERSECTIONS" - SECURITY PICKET

Access: None.
Cameras: Each intersection is overlooked by cameras that are linked to the *Surface Security Center* and *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

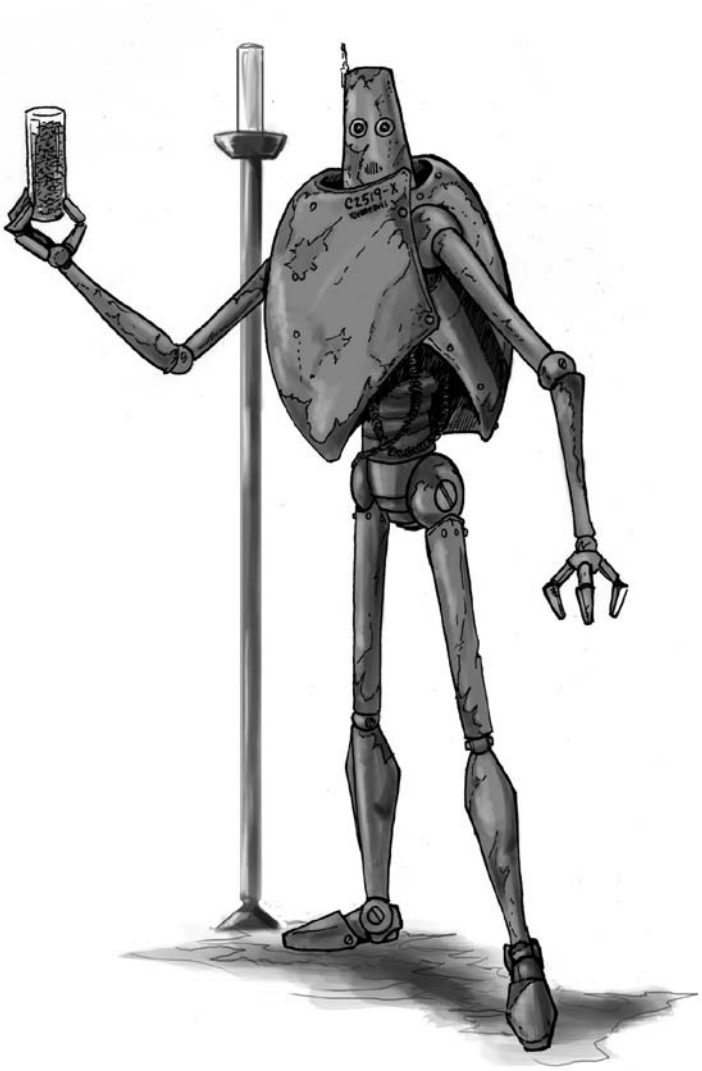
This intersection—typical of what one might expect among the abandoned ruins of an Ancient-era town—is deserted. Old, dusty storefronts look out over the broad pavement, crisscrossed with old lines of faded paint, while traffic lights dangle and sway in the groaning wind.

The traffic lights pulse on and off in a regular rhythm, bathing the entire intersection in a weak red light.

Though these intersections do not seem particularly interesting, each is in fact part of the security picket ringing the facility.

Unknown to the PCs, hidden behind the green lens of each traffic light is a *motion detector* and *security camera* surveillance suite. The motion detector detects all motion in a 30-degree angle out to 50 feet from its position; if it detects movement, it signals the camera to begin recording and broadcasting.

Movement caught on camera is broadcast in real-time to the two main security stations of the facility (the *Surface Security Center* and the *Sub-Surface Security Center*).



The observing camera stops filming only when the motion detector no longer detects motion (a power-saving feature).

GM's Note: It is likely that the PCs are detected when they enter town due to the placement of these camera pickets. If this is the case, the GM should adjust the reactions of the facility's inhabitants appropriately. Last God will observe them for a while before attempting to contact them (see the "Phone Call" sidebar).

5. "TELEPHONE BOOTH" - SECURITY CALL BOX

Access: Graphite.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Standing on the sidewalk are the rusted remains of a telephone booth, its windows shattered or covered in a heavy coat of dust and sand particles.

What appear to be unremarkable public phone booths are in fact part of a pre-Fall closed telephone system operated by Center's security force. Any undercover security member

(disguised as a man walking his dog or an early-morning jogger) could step into a booth and place a direct call to the *Surface Security Center* or, in an emergency, the *Sub-Surface Security Center*, by sliding a *graphite access card* through the phone's credit card reader. This was useful if an undercover agent was tailing visitors and watching their activities, as it allowed the agent to report in without blowing his cover.

If the telephone was used without swiping the proper security card, the system would *seem* to operate normally. The caller would reach a live operator (actually a security agent at the *Surface Security Center*), who would ask where the person was calling (to gather intelligence) before informing the visitor that phone service was down. Security teams would respond appropriately depending on whether there was reason to believe the visitor was a threat.

GM's Note: The telephone booths are still in working order. However, any attempt to place a call (with or without a *graphite access card*) connects, rather surprisingly, directly to the *Surface Security Center*. If the PCs try to place a call, read the following:

There is a dull silence on the other end for a long moment, until suddenly there is a click. A calm and level voice speaks:

"Hello?"

The caller has reached one of the androids currently at the *Surface Security Center*. Since there are sometimes malfunctions in the system (resulting in bogus dial-ups), the android waits for a response before realizing there is, in fact, a living being dangerously close to the quarantine zone. Once the PC begins speaking, read the following:

As soon as you begin to speak, the seamless, unemotional voice once more interrupts:

"You have entered a Level 1 government quarantine zone. Please give your authorization code."

Of course, the PCs do not have the code; when the android does not get the answer it is looking for, it once again interrupts anything the PC is saying and states the following:

"That is not an authorized security code. Please remain where you are. A patrol will be sent to your location…"

Then, less than a heartbeat later, the icy voice adds, "…to assist you."

A team of androids is sent immediately from the *Surface Security Station* to the location of the phone call. As the patrol is armed and menacing, it is likely that the PCs will open fire on the androids when they appear. However, the androids have not come to kill the PCs, but rather to take them to the *High School* to see the War Droid, who is curious to know who they are and why they have come.

See the Surface Security Station entry for details on android patrols, as well as for further information on dealings with the War Droid.

Scenario C: If the PCs have already allied with the War Droid, no patrol is sent.

6. DESTROYED WASTELORD CONVOY

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Ahead lie the burned-out remains of a large vehicle convoy, including several battle cars, motorcycles, and at least five military transport trucks. One of these trucks appears to have driven off the road and into a nearby building in a panic. The rest of the vehicles are riddled with countless clean burns; the four trucks still on the roadway, however, appear to have been hit (and blown apart) by light cannon fire.

Dead bodies lie everywhere. Some still have dried flesh adhering to the bones, but most appear to have shriveled in the desert heat into bony skeletons.

These are the remains of an "army" of more than 100 men sent by the Wastelord ruler Kyren to deal with the biological menace coming from Center (see *The New World Order* for further details on this ill-fated expedition). It was a poorly conceived plan; when the Wastelords arrived, they attacked the androids guarding the quarantine and were duly slaughtered to the last man.

PCs examining the bodies will recognize the remains as those of the lost army of Wastelords, assuming the PCs played through (or at least heard about) the events of The New World Order.

Most of the damage done to the Wastelord army came from laser rifles, but the *M2A2 Bradley* (see *Checkpoint 6*) also participated in the battle, destroying the trucks and battle cars within a minute or so.

Treasure: A Search of this area (DC 18) uncovers remarkably few finds, thanks to the thoroughness of the androids; most of the weapons and ammo were taken to replace the aging lasers of the 303rd. The only discoveries of worth include two *concussion grenades* and a box of 5.56mm ammo (with 1d6 rounds remaining), apparently overlooked when the convoy's contents were scavenged.

7. UNADORNED BUILDING

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This small building is riddled with large-caliber holes. By the looks of the broken windows lining the front, it appears this place was used as a last holdout by the ill-fated Wastelord expedition.

Those Wastelords that survived the initial battle with the androids (see *Destroyed Wastelord Convoy* above) moved,

PHONE CALL

This encounter occurs only if the PCs have attempted to make a phone call from one of the town's numerous public telephones.

Ahead is another public phone booth, the door slightly ajar. Suddenly, from inside, you hear the distinct sound of the phone ringing. Ever cautious, you scan the barren streets and nearby buildings for any sign of a trap—but you see no one, not a soul. The ringing continues, beckoning you to pick up the receiver...

Allow the PCs a moment to decide whether or not to answer the phone. If they do, the listener is greeted by a brief enigmatic message. It is spoken in an obviously synthesized computer voice, each word pronounced phonetically without inflection or variation in tone:

"Your telephone call has been tracked and they are sending forces to intercept you. There is no time to talk. I can help. You must trust me. There is a small parking lot on the northwest side of town. Go there. You will see what looks like a small concrete building. Open the door by whatever means you can. Once you descend the stairs I will contact you again."

With that the phone goes dead with an audible "click."

Though the PCs have no way of knowing it, the voice on the other end is that of the Last God (or more specifically, keystrokes it has entered into a computer at the *Sub-Surface Security Center* and translated via speech generation software into an electronic voice). Though they don't realize it, the Last God has been observing them from its deep underground prison virtually from the moment they arrived at Center, thanks to the numerous security cameras concealed in the city street lights (see *Area 4*). Operating from the *Sub-Surface Security Center,* the macro-organism hopes to use them to release it from its prison, fooling them into believing it a friendly entity capable of helping them in their mission.

The strange voice's directions, if followed, lead the PCs to *Area 57*.

Scenario B: If the PCs have already earned the wrath of the Last God and this encounter has not yet occurred, the Last God still tries to fool them into thinking it a potential guide and ally through the complex. It proceeds with its plan to lure them to the *Production Building*, where it hopes to convince them to free it.

under fire, to this building for cover. It is here that the rest of the army was cut to pieces in less than thirty minutes of brutal fighting.

If the PCs enter, read the following:

The interior of the building is cool and empty, a welcome respite from the heat outside. However, there are humanoid carcasses everywhere, many still wearing the rag-tag clothing of Wastelord raiders. Spent ammo casings lie scattered all over the floor.

There are almost forty bodies in this building, mostly rotted due to the summer rains. A few appear to have been blown apart by automatic cannon fire.

Treasure: None of the bodies at the windows have any items worth taking (they were already looted), but a Search check (DC 15) uncovers a worn but usable *undercover vest* and a *survival kit* abandoned by a wounded soldier near the door. In addition, a second Search check (DC 17) finds a *first aid kit* and two empty *ready syringes* in a small room near the back of the building (a makeshift infirmary set up to treat the wounded during the intense battle).

8. DEAD BODIES

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Looking down this street, you see a collection of dried-up skeletal bodies, scattered roughly in a line near the side of a building. Small holes bored into the side of the same building suggest these men were cut down trying to escape down the street.

Eight Wastelords managed to escape the battle at the convoy (see *Destroyed Wastelord Convoy* above) by running down this side street. Badly wounded, they were trying to get away when a few *soldier androids* caught them in the open and gunned them down. They are now little more than unrecognizable corpses.

Treasure: A search of the bodies (no check necessary) uncovers an *undercover vest* and a single *ready syringe of stimshot A*.

9. "ED'S GAS STATION" - SECURITY LOOKOUT

Access: None for the front door, though the door in back requires a *graphite access card* to open.

Cameras: Cameras in the "gas station" allow personnel in the back room to view the building interior and all approaches to the building.

CenterNet: None.

Directly off the highway sits a squat little gas station, covered in a blanket of thick dust no doubt carried here by the high winds rolling off the freeway. Old storefront windows stand cracked but intact, through which can be seen the indistinct logos of Ancient-era soft drink, chewing tobacco, and cigarette brands.

A large neon sign made of shaped glass reads in 50s-style lettering: Ed's Gas Station. It looms high overhead, but curiously you don't remember seeing it from the road. Odd—you'd think a gas station sign would be made to be visible from the highway…

In any event, the sign is no longer lit, but beneath it is a covered island where a number of old gas pumps sit idly.

This gas station was part of the undercover security picket guarding Center. Security personnel, masquerading as gas station attendants, would "greet" rare visitors (travelers and vacationers), make idle chit-chat, pump their gas and give directions, and send them promptly along without raising any suspicions whatsoever.

The gas station has several sunken gas reservoirs (at one time with a fair mix of diesel for wayward truckers and regular gas for the rare station wagon filled with a family of vacationers), and six pumps. No fuel remains in any of the tanks.

Inside the station is a small grocery, where packaged snack foods (doughnuts, fruit pies, potato chips, spicy sausages and jerky, etc.), soft drinks, cigarettes, and maps of the valley could be bought cheap by hungry visitors. There is even a small unisex restroom out back. Everything was set up as efficiently as possible to usher unwitting visitors out of Center almost as soon as they arrived.

A great deal of merchandise still sits on the shelf, though part of one shelving unit seems to have been hastily ransacked (by the security personnel who fled the station when they abandoned Center, despite the quarantine).

The gas station does have a back room, just out of sight behind the main counter. The back room contains a coffee maker, various storage areas for mundane supplies, and a *secret duty room* for the undercover security officers (Search check [DC 20] to find the concealed door leading to this hidden "monk hole"). This hidden room is rather small—it holds a single bunk bed, card table, chairs, and bare bulb light strung overhead—but it is flanked on almost all sides by black & white monitors with views of the following: the gas pumps (from an overhead angle), the storefront of the gas station, the back door to the gas station, and the exit ramp leading off of Highway 112 into town. At one time, these monitors alerted security personnel to the movements of potential "troublemakers" coming into town, so that they could "suit up," get into character, and prepare for their arrival.

A door leads out of the back room to the alleyway, but this door can only be opened by swiping a graphite access card through the lock.

Treasure: A Beretta 92F fitted with a *suppressor* and a full clip sits on the back room table along with a *graphite access card* and a *green access card* (keyed to the *Surface Stairwell*). Also scattered around the area are several packs of cigarettes, a *cigarette lighter*, and two *walkie-talkies* (one in a satchel under the cot, the other standing upright on the table). One has a full battery, the other is totally drained.

A gun case on one wall has room for four Colt 635 carbines, but only two guns remain—and these were apparently being serviced (hence their abandonment). They can be repaired with an appropriate Craft check (DC 15). Because they were stripped down, neither weapon has any ammunition.

Another wall has a message board covered with post-it notes, as well as a few clipboards hanging from pegs that list expected truck arrivals (one every two to three weeks, carrying the few supplies not normally shipped in by military train). None of these notes has any information that might suggest what was going on in Center during the time of the Fall.

A locked closet (no key) contains full winter clothing, including hooded parkas, thermal underwear, heavy-duty insulated boots (with traction ribbing), ski masks, and tinted goggles. These are all covered in plastic, so they are in relatively good condition. These were stored here for use by security personnel during the rare blizzard conditions that strike the valley every few years.

10. "Hank's Service Station" - Surface Security Garage

Access: Graphite.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.

This dilapidated old building looks as if it had been run out of business even before the Fall. A big rusty sign proclaims this as some kind of mechanic shop, but the dirt-caked windows were boarded over long ago. A "Closed" sign hangs at an angle just behind the murky glass of the front door. The large garage doors leading into the yard are also closed, covered in a patchwork of rusty colors.

The front door here is fake; it does not open, and appears to be firmly jammed. In reality, the only entrance to the building is through the garage doors (locked, requiring a *graphite access card* to bypass) or through the entrance to the *Tactical Armory* (see below). Failure to use the proper card sends a silent alarm to the *Surface Security Center*.

This building was designed to look like a ramshackle old service station so that visitors looking for gas or mechanical services would pass by. Behind the facade, however, the service station's large interior made it a perfect place to house patrol vehicles for the facility's surface security force.

Treasure: If the PCs manage to get inside the garage, they find the interior area occupied by four unmarked Chevy Suburban SUVs (black, with tinted windows), each covered in a fine layer of dust. Another SUV appears to be missing from this collection, as is evidenced by old oil stains and tire marks on the concrete floor.

These powerful vehicles were once used by Center's secret security force to patrol the town day and night, and to intimidate or otherwise "neutralize" visitors who did not get the hint to leave town without asking questions.

All four remaining vehicles are identically equipped, with *binoculars,* a *flashlight,* a *GPS receiver*, and a set of *handcuffs* in each dashboard. Three of the four trucks also have a *Benelli M1 shotgun* (no ammo) stored under the dash. The final truck has a single *gauss rifle* with 30 round box and *power clip* (full charge), as well as a set of *night vision goggles.* (This last truck was used for desert night patrols, to find and kill infiltrators approaching Center by foot.)

Because of their isolated storage, all of the trucks are in relatively good working order, but none has any fuel remaining.

11. TACTICAL ARMORY

Access: Graphite.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Connected to the service station is a small, non-descript extension. From outside, this looks just like an arm of the mechanic shop.

The door leading from this secret armory to the *Security Garage* is just a mundane door (no lock); the unmarked door leading to the alley outside, however, requires a *graphite access card* to open. Failure to use the proper card sends a silent alarm to the *Surface Security Center*.

Treasure: Inside is a small armory/supply room once used by the facility's surface security personnel (see *Area 10*). There is also a kennel here (with cages; all are now empty).

Though the place appears to have been ransacked in haste, some equipment can still be found here—three boxes of gauss ammo (90 rounds total), three *power clips* (fully charged), three boxes of 12-gauge buckshot (30 rounds total), two *smoke grenades* (for signaling a breakdown far from town), two unmarked *tactical vests*, an *autograpnel* (with a full *power cell*), and carrying cages suitable for large dogs.

A rack against one wall holds a number of strange outfits, each shrouded in plastic to protect from the elements; these clothes include full police uniforms and a few overalls appropriate for a gas station attendant. These uniforms were used as disguises by surface security personnel.

Lined up against another wall are six military-style gas cans (five-gallon cans), a portion of what appears to have once been a much larger stockpile. Only one of these cans contains any gas (just enough to fill a fraction of one of the SUVs' fuel tanks).

Any PC making a Search check (DC 15) finds an old letter among the scattered gas cans. This is *Handout #1*.

12. "FIELD" - MASS GRAVES

Access: None.
Cameras: This field is overlooked by cameras at the nearby intersection. These cameras are linked to the *Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

This is a large open field, facing out into the desolate wasteland. Beyond the two intersecting roads in the distance, the desert begins and continues to the horizon.

When fatalities at the *Hospital* began to overflow during the "accident" at the Center facility, the few human doctors left alive (and uninfected) ordered the newly-arrived androids to begin moving the dead to this area to be buried. The androids continued to do as ordered until every last human was dead (including the doctors who originally gave those orders); now nearly the entire population of Center is buried here in shallow graves.

Little evidence remains to indicate that a mass grave exists beneath the shallow soil here. Only the rusted remains of a broken-down bulldozer (used to move bodies and pile earth over them), out of gas, provides any clue as to what happened here.

Because the bodies were burned before being buried, there is no threat of contamination to those who move unwittingly across the mass gravesite. Any digging here will reveal the site's horrifying secret: the charred bones of some 500 dead humans dating to the time of the Ancients (all security and scientific personnel), Beyond this grisly discovery, there is nothing here of practical interest to the PCs.

GM's Note: Keep in mind that the intersection nearby is overseen by a motion detector/security camera; any motion (such as PCs moving across the field or digging up the dead) is observed and reported.

13. "PLAY FIELD" - HELICOPTER LANDING AREA

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This large, open field, roughly oval in shape, is surrounded by a running track of chipped and cracked pavement. The grass on the field is uniform and level, which seems unnatural in this withering heat and sun.

This area, near the edge of town, appears to be an old football field surrounded by a regulation track, lingering in the shadow of the high school. The artificial grass still manages to retain a healthy green color despite the passage of countless years.

Though there is nothing of interest currently at the athletic field, it was once used not as a playground for sports but as

a takeoff and landing field for the facility's patrol helicopter (see *Area 14* below).

14. "Athletic Equipment Storage" - Helo Hangar

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

A large, rectangular building of sturdy concrete sits on the edge of the old playing field. A huge metal gate, large enough for goal posts and folding bleacher assemblies to pass through, is closed.

A dead body wearing what appears to be a pilot's jumpsuit lies on the ground near the door.

The smaller entrance to this storage building can only be accessed with the *orange access card*; the larger gate cannot be opened from outside. A sign above the small door reads: Athletic Equipment Storage—Faculty Only. Failure to use the proper card sends an alarm to the *Surface Security Center*.

Inside the storage building is a remarkable absence of athletic equipment; there are no folded-up bleachers, no rusted old goal posts, no football practice dummies and targets, or anything else one might expect to find in such a place. Instead, the entire central part of the storage building is occupied by a single machine—an unmarked, all-black *helicopter* with a machinegun pod mounted on its left weapon pylon!

Near the helicopter are a number of dusty crates, apparently stacked in haste.

GM's Note: The helicopter was just one of the facility's many security resources, intended for nighttime desert patrols, intimidation of aircraft flying too close to the facility, and aerial pursuit of escaping/infected subjects. The helicopter was never really needed (there were no incidents until the big "accident"), but it has nonetheless seen some wear and tear from numerous patrols and from a lack of maintenance over the years.

During the final crisis, two members of the security force made plans to steal the helicopter and fly to the vault in the Great Sand Dunes National Park (now called Shelter City, as detailed in *The New World Order*). One of them came here to load supplies and was discovered by a patrol of androids that, assuming that he was infected, killed him to prevent his escape. The second conspirator never showed up (he died elsewhere). The crates still hold the survival supplies the two planned to take with them to bribe their way into the vault.

Treasure: The dead body outside has a Beretta 92F with a full clip in a shoulder holster. In one shirt pocket is a folded-up note (*Handout #4*).

The helicopter inside the hangar is an *OH-58D Kiowa Warrior*, armed with a single .50-caliber machinegun weapon pod (still fully loaded with ammunition). It enough fuel in its tanks for about twenty minutes of flight. Apart from minor wear and tear, it is otherwise in relatively good flying condition, requiring perhaps 30 hours of maintenance and repair (by someone with the appropriate skills) to get up and running.

In addition to the helicopter itself, the "equipment storage" building also has an extensive work area (filled with aviation mechanics' tools), an armorer's bay (for maintaining the machinegun), ammunition storage, and a fuel bay. The ammo storage bay contains an additional five belts (100 rounds each) of .50-caliber ammo; the fuel bay contains several military jerry cans of high-quality "avgas," but most are empty. There is only enough aviation fuel for an additional thirty minutes of flight.

A *fire extinguisher* and a fully stocked *first aid kit* sit on the wall next to the exit.

The boxes of supplies contain the following items: eighteen bottles of assorted booze, two canteens (empty), eight cartons of cigarettes, 500 condoms, nine adult magazines still in their shrink wrap, and fifteen ready-meals.

See Blood & Guts *by Charles Rice for statistics of the OH-58D Kiowa Warrior.*

15. Rail Traffic Control Tower

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: A computer here has Level 3 access to the CenterNet. Accessing the computer requires a Computer Use check (DC 21). Note, however, that accessing this particular computer sets off an alarm at the *Surface Security Center* that draws a patrol of androids from *Area 29E* to investigate.

Across the refuse-strewn rail yard can be seen a concrete building, three stories high, overlooking the train cars and the wreckage that dominates this part of town.

The rail yard is overlooked by a three-story building, the top floor ostensibly a "control tower" of sorts. While from here rail engineers could observe and coordinate incoming authorized rail traffic, the center also served as a "listening post."

To the surprise of those expecting a mundane civilian structure, access to this building requires the proper *orange access card*. Only when proper authorization is given will the door open.

The first two floors are largely empty, with a central stair leading up to the top story. A sophisticated radio setup occupies most of the top floor, behind large panes of tinted glass (not unlike an airport's control tower).

The communications equipment here kept the controllers in contact with all rail traffic out to fifty miles from Center, allowing them to eavesdrop on non-military trains (and even CB transmissions from truckers on the valley's highways). If they expected any delays on the railway due to heavy civilian traffic, electronic equipment here enabled controllers to take control of the rail directional system at any time, changing track directions as far out as Saguache and Monte

Vista so that civilian traffic was rerouted out of the way of more important military trains. Since many of these trains carried shipments of biological specimens or top secret equipment, maintaining a tight schedule of arrivals and departures was paramount to the facility's operation.

PCs with any experience with radios and communications equipment can identify typical radios and transmission monitoring equipment, all of a secure, *military* nature. It is obvious to such an individual that Center was at the heart of a highly sophisticated military operation.

Treasure: None of the radio equipment can be salvaged (it is pitted, rusted, and broken down due to lack of maintenance), but a working *fire extinguisher* on the wall may be of some use to the PCs.

16. "Dress Shop" - Perimeter Animal Control Building

Access: Graphite.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

An old glass storefront, decorated in a false Victorian style, overlooks this section of main street. Through the heavy coating of dust on the windows can be seen the vague outlines of old mannequins, their flesh-colored paint long peeled off or faded. The rear of the store is dark.

An unassuming alley, large enough for a dump truck, runs off behind the shop.

A "closed" sign hangs in the window here, and the shop doesn't stand out one bit from the other abandoned stores along this stretch of road. However, this building served a very sinister purpose during the time of the Ancients.

The front of the store can be accessed with a *graphite access card* (the card reader is concealed under the flap of the building's mail slot), but inside the shop seems dusty and abandoned; most of the furniture one would expect to see in an actual store was never installed, with only a collection of second-hand mannequins near the front windows lending the building the appearance of a legitimate business.

The rear of the store (entered either from inside the store or via the alley) resembles any other loading dock, but seems unusually large for a shop like this. A large metal pull-down door stands closed and padlocked; an old trolley (large enough to haul *bodies*…) sits idly nearby, caked with dust, sand, and grime from years of abandonment.

Assuming the PCs manage to break the padlock and roll up the gate, they find a large vehicle bay where an actual dump truck stands, apparently parked here long ago. Nearby are a number of tables upon which sit several large plastic bins and buckets; these are filled with *bones* of all kinds, the brownish tint of blood, and blood-caked plastic bags.

Near one of these tables are two mops, a janitor's wheeled bucket, a spray can of air deodorizer, and a full jug of sanitizing agent. The bucket and mop heads are stained brownish-red from the blood of unknown creatures killed long ago.

More of the same (bones and traces of blood) can be found in the back of the dump truck.

Treasure: The cab of the truck contains a *walkie-talkie* (with military scrambler) and a *flashlight* (dead *power cell*), along with a plastic binder that once served as a logbook. The logbook contains cryptic references to the numbers of animal carcasses collected, as well as listings of "dying animals tracked" for a given month.

In addition, sitting on a nearby table are three sets of work clothes, comprising elbow-length rubber gloves, bright yellow rubber overalls, three sets of *M40 protective masks*, a *graphite access card*, and an *orange access card* (keyed to the *Rail Traffic Control Tower*).

Finally, standing on a table of its own is a *flamethrower* (with just enough fuel remaining for two discharges).

GM's Note: This morbid place was once an integral part of the facility's ultra-efficient machine. From this building, a team of clean-up specialists were dispatched twice a week to patrol the perimeter of town, collecting the fresh bodies of dead animals (see *Poisoned Feeders* for details) such as birds, coyotes, dogs, and rats. The team would bring a dump truck filled with carcasses back here where the grisly cargo was sorted, examined, dissected for any sign of contagion (a safety measure meant to find out if the facility had an otherwise undetected leak in its containment measures), and duly incinerated as a precaution.

Carcasses of larger animals were hung on hooks and pushed along an overhead monorail track, where they were gutted so that blood and tissue samples could be taken.

Characters may notice that this "death chamber" can be conveniently aired out by manipulating a series of powered skylight vents high above the garage floor. In addition, two hoses connected to steam-faucets allow the garage floor to be sprayed down, cleaning the area of viscera (and ashes) from the horrors that occurred here on a weekly basis.

17. "Housing Developments" - Surface Housing Areas

Access: None.
Cameras: Cameras and microphones hidden throughout the homes here are linked to the *Surface Security Center* and *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

The withering sunlight beats mercilessly down on the pleasantly ordered and arranged streets of this residential area. On either side of the road are small bungalow houses, sidewalks, front porches—but no driveways. Except for the strange absence of cars on the street, each home looks like a perfectly preserved relic of Ancient-era suburbia.

Each house has a lawn, barely 40 feet by 40 feet. The bright green grass is obviously plastic and fake, yet some lawns have lawnmowers sitting idly outside or even evidence of shiny steel sprinkler systems.

Just beyond each house's small lawn can be seen a 15-foot-tall chain link fence, apparently sectioning off the entire area like one sprawling housing development.

These "homes" were originally surface housing for the facility's technicians. Each is a non-descript residence with little of note, but strangely, none has a driveway or garage, or a car parked outside. (Afraid that workers, in a panic, might drive right through the security fences and into the desert, administrators decided to restrict workers' access to personal autos).

All of these "neighborhoods" were at one time kept under constant scrutiny, watched by cameras in the lights at intersections and countless hidden cameras in the buildings themselves. Many also had miniscule microphones concealed throughout for day-and-night eavesdropping on the population of technicians and personnel (part of standard security measures).

As a whole, the housing developments were kept cordoned off from the rest of town by a contiguous perimeter of chain link fences. These fences served to keep out wild animals from the desert… *and to keep the technicians in*. Each fence was electrified 24 hours a day (though there are no telltale signs stating this fact, that bit of useful knowledge was part of every employee's orientation), making an unplanned exit a difficult endeavor. In addition, computerized sensors monitored electric current at all times so that any power fluctuation (caused, for instance, by someone getting zapped trying to climb over a fence or cut through it) would immediately summon a security patrol to investigate.

The fences here are no longer electrified due to power constraints; the androids at the *Surface Security Center*, realizing that the humans who once lived here are now dead, see no need to keep the power on in this particular part of town.

These measures weren't the only secrets of the technicians' housing, however. A secret network of vents leading into each and every house connected all of the housing blocks to a central building (see *Area 18* below). This was part of an emergency system that would only be activated as a last recourse in the event of a total catastrophe at Center; if any one of the facility's ultra-virulent weapons was accidentally released, VX nerve gas could be siphoned through these vents and into each and every home, killing *everyone*.

GM's Note: You may wish to allow PCs who search these homes to find any number of mundane items that would be typical of a temporary household: a few sets of civilian clothes, perhaps a few sets of technician's overalls, shoes, toiletries, cigarettes, books, a television set, etc.

If you want to overtly clue the PCs in about the nature of the facility, you might allow them to stumble across an old orientation manual in one of these homes. Such a manual would identify this place as a "top secret government facility" and detail emergency procedures in the case of an "outbreak"—telltale signs of the facility's purpose—but would contain no maps or in-depth details of the base. If you prefer that they remain in the dark, however, refrain from revealing such information.

18. "PUBLIC POOL" – CENTRAL GAS STORAGE

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

A tall chain-link fence stands here, sectioning off a large area paved with brilliant white concrete. What must have once been a large Olympic-sized pool sits at the center of this area, filled about a quarter of the way with murky brown rainwater and surrounded by white lawn chairs strewn about in chaotic disarray. A lifeguard chair overlooks the scene.

This was a pool installed for the recreation of the facility's technicians. On the outside, it resembles any normal community pool of the era, typical of many pre-Fall desert towns.

GM's Note: A casual search of the grounds turns up nothing of note, but a more in-depth investigation (Search check DC 18; 30 minutes minimum) uncovers something of interest behind the men's shower room. Here, in a small, confined room, are all sorts of old pipes which appear to control the flow of water from underground tanks to the shower room. In reality, however, the tanks beneath this room do not control water flow (this is handled by a separate system), but were once filled with lethal *VX gas*, part of the facility's emergency "sterilization system."

In the event of a catastrophic failure of the facility's safety mechanisms and the accidental outbreak of a contagion from the laboratories, a secret emergency measure was installed: automated systems would release this deadly gas through a maze of underground pipes and vents and into the technician *Housing Developments*, killing any possibly infected personnel there. The system was only to be used as last-ditch safety measure (in the event that infected personnel tried to escape instead of staying to either be treated or die off naturally), but it was unintentionally engaged during the final disastrous accident at the facility.

The tanks are now empty, of course.

19. POLICE STATION

Access: None.
Cameras: A camera in the jail area is linked to the *Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

This building resembles any small town police station, with a bronze plaque on the lawn out front proclaiming this as once having been the home of Center's small contingent of local law enforcement.

The front area of the police station is a small and typically cozy waiting room, complete with magazines and fake plants. A receptionist's desk stands towards the back; behind it sits a comfortable swivel chair with a personalized Afghan cover. The desk is a model of neatness; there are pens and

pencils in cups and drawers, stacks of paper, an old-style typewriter, and even a dispatcher's radio and headset to one side. A 4' x 6' map of the San Luis Valley, with a detail of Center (no specific locations marked) stands prominently over all this, against the far wall.

GM's Note: The police station was set up as part of the "safety net" designed to preserve the town's secrecy—after all, the first place stranded motorists go to for help in an unfamiliar town is either the gas station (see above) or the police station.

A female undercover agent was stationed here daily in the rare event that a motorist or family, stranded along the highway by mechanical trouble, came here for help. The agent's responsibility was to greet such innocent passersby, make them feel welcome, and answer questions—all while concealing the nature of the town and subtly trying to convince them to "move on." Those few truly perceptive visitors who displayed doubts about the town (for example, reporting strange "unmarked vans" or "being followed"), were given reassurances and talked out of their suspicions.

While this conversation went on, the agent would be waiting for "backup" (more security personnel dressed as local policemen, drawn to the police station when the receptionist pressed a button beneath her desk); when these other agents arrived, they would confirm that everything was "alright" and would even offer to give the wayward interloper(s) a ride to Del Norte or Hooper—"no trouble at all."

The upper level of the building has a jail area, on the off chance that an intruder refused to leave town or gave trouble (but not enough trouble to warrant being "rubbed out"). There are six cells on the upper level, each with conventional barred doors (with normal locks). This area is overlooked by a single security camera (linked directly to the *Surface Security Center*).

Treasure: In the extremely rare event that a visitor suspected the police of being part of some conspiracy, a Beretta 92F (with full clip) is stored beneath the desk in a quick-draw holster. Also under the desk is a secondary alarm button; when pressed, this triggers an alarm in the *Surface Security Center* and *Tactical Armory*. In the desk is a *suppressor* for the pistol, along with a spare clip of ammo.

Behind the police station is a parked Ford Crown Victoria police cruiser. There are no weapons in it, its fuel has evaporated, and the tires are all flat due to deterioration over the centuries.

20. "Bicycle Shop" – Electronic Repair Building

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The outside of this red brick storefront looks utterly mundane; a thick layer of dust fogs over the whole bank of windows facing the street. The vague shape of two or three bicycles can be seen hanging behind the glass in the display windows.

A sign with the word Closed hangs limply in the window of the front door.

Disguised like many other surface buildings in Center, this "shop" was in fact a general all-in-one repair facility. It was here that damaged electronic devices from around the facility (everything from malfunctioning keycards and keycard locks, to computers and television equipment from the *Broadcast Studios*, to personal objects such as electric razors and CD players) were brought for repair.

The interior of the building is virtually non-descript, with a work area in back and a small front area used for storage and record-keeping.

The back room contains a series of wood tables and shelves stacked with an assortment of tools, packaged replacement parts (everything from fans to motherboards), cannibalized spares, and boxes full of discarded, worthless junk (frayed bits of wiring, burnt-out servo motors, fried keycard panels, smashed or cracked chips and circuitry, etc.).

Treasure: A Search (DC 19) reveals some salvageable items amidst the mess of the work room. These include one full *power pack*, a malfunctioning *minifusion cell* (this has six charges left, but due to damage it will only power items that require a *power clip*, *beltpack*, or *backpack*), a *desktop computer*, a *cellular modem* (works only 25% of the time), a *flashlight* (due to faulty construction, even with a full *power cell* this light has a 1 in 6 chance per round of switching itself off), and an *orange access card* (for some unknown reason, the identification chip embedded in it is malfunctioning, allowing its user access to <u>all</u> *orange* locks in the whole facility 50% of the time).

A cardboard box on one wall contains 1d6+1 *power cells* (with a random charge remaining in each). In addition, enough tools are kept here to constitute a *basic electrical tool kit* and a *basic mechanical tool kit*. Inside one of the tool kits is a folded-up piece of paper, which proves to be *Handout #16*.

Finally, there is a *fire extinguisher* on the wall of the workroom.

21. Broadcast Studios

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The remains of what might once have been a well-manicured lawn surround this low complex of interconnected buildings. Like the campus of some corporate office, the building seems to lack character and ready identification.

Oddly, a tall radio broadcast tower rises into the sky from the back of the building, just high enough to clear the power lines running down the street in either direction.

From this spacious building, radio programs (including music and comedy) and TV shows (everything from sitcoms to silver screen classics) were aired, broadcast along direct transmission lines to houses, buildings, and offices throughout the complex. In effect, this was Center's "private" radio/TV station.

21A. RECEPTION

Access: Green.
Cameras: A camera above the entrance is linked to the *Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

This is a typical reception area, with a broad counter-style desk, dusty marble floor, tall fake plants in each corner, and a bank of soda/snack machines against one wall.

The reception desk is covered in old papers; the computer monitor appears to have been knocked over in the mad rush to abandon the building; it lies smashed on the floor.

The entranceway to the building is overlooked by a security camera, which is directly linked to the security monitoring banks in the *Surface Security Center.*

Treasure: The soda/snack machines are coin/bill operated ($5.00 per soda or snack). The soda machine still has 2d6 cans of soda (which have turned to syrup over the years). The snack machine holds only the rotted remains of foods.

21B. OFFICES

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

These appear to be simple office areas. A leak in the ceilings of several offices has resulted in the collapse of ceiling tiles and electrical wiring, making of the offices hazardous to navigate.

These are normal single-occupancy offices for use by production and general office staff. Each office features a desk, one or two fake plants (or the rotted remains of real plants), fluorescent lighting, and a computer terminal.

None of the computers here are operable. By and large, there is nothing of use to the PCs in these offices (only things like paper, pens, pencils, erasers, white-out, paper clips, etc.).

21C. STUDIO

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This entire area is actually one long room, sectioned off by soundproof glass walls and doors. Old abandoned equipment can be seen through the dusty glass, along with electronics consoles, chairs, and banks of blacked-out television screens.

The soundproof walls section this room into three separate areas: the first is the production control room, the second is a booth for sound technicians, and the third is the actual recording studio, with a bank of computers, microphones, and a tripod-mounted video camera poised in front of a fake sky-blue background (for video recording and broadcasts).

This area was not frequently used; it was only staffed in the rare event of a live broadcast by facility administrators (traditionally to give Thanksgiving and Christmas speeches to the facility personnel, or perhaps to count down to New Years as part of the festivities).

There are three skeletons in this room, all wearing male clothing with ID badges. Two were low-level technicians, while the third appears to have been the administrator of the studio building.

All three apparently died while broadcasting over the facility's intercom/radio/TV system. On the broadcast panel, near a microphone, is a hastily written report by the facility's overall director calling for calm and courage during the "accident." A copy of this transcript can be found as *Handout #5*.

Treasure: The video camera can be salvaged, and proves to have a full battery. In addition, both low-level technicians have *green access cards* (keyed to the *Broadcast Studios*), while the third has an *orange access card* (also keyed to the *Broadcast Studios*).

21D. VIDEO LIBRARY

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The door here opens to reveal a small, congested room, the walls of which are completely covered from floor to ceiling with shelves. The shelves are stacked with boxes containing video tapes, film reels, and other recording media.

This small room contains an impressive collection of movies, music, and news broadcasts from the time of the Ancients, 95% of which were recorded elsewhere and compiled here for use in daily broadcasts on the facility's intercoms and closed-circuit TV network. The other 5% include a few documentaries or public announcements by facility administrators, recorded here in the studios.

Treasure: A Search check (DC 25) uncovers two particularly interesting tapes recorded well before the Fall. One is an Emergency Broadcast System-style recording (for radio and TV) that was meant to be played during emergency situations at the facility. The tape features a calm female voice alerting all personnel to "remain calm, move to emergency bio shelters, and await further orders." The taped announcement repeats over and over again, and was apparently meant to be looped indefinitely.

A second tape, labeled EBS—Public, is essentially the same thing, but was intended to be transmitted from the *Transmission Booth* (see below) to jam radio and TV traffic throughout the valley. This second EBS tape, if played, relates a bogus story of "infected cattle" having crossed into the valley, threatening to spread "harmless but irritating bacteria" to the local population, requiring an immediate evacuation of the south part of the state "under CDC orders." Obviously, the tape was a cover story intended to stir the unwitting public into leaving the valley quickly, without actually revealing that there was a much more serious outbreak at Center (or that there was any government operation at Center at all).

21E. TRANSMISSION BOOTH

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

As this door opens, you see banks of machinery cloaked in white plastic material upon which a fine layer of dust has settled. Age has caused the ceiling particleboard to disintegrate, allowing exposed loops of electrical wire to droop through.

This room was only to be used in emergencies, and features an emergency radio and TV transmitter with a range of some 50 miles. Much of the electronic equipment is still covered in plastic sheets (to prevent dust from accumulating in sensitive electronics), and it is obvious this place was never actually used.

This equipment is still in relatively good condition, due to the efforts to preserve it. The collection of equipment here includes a shortwave radio set, TV broadcasting equipment, and a VCR player from which pre-recorded radio or TV broadcasts can be broadcast and looped.

A final piece of equipment here includes a computer system used to override civilian radio and TV traffic within the 50-mile radius, in effect "jamming" civilian bands (such as KRZA in Alamosa and KVRH in Salida to the north) so that any message played from here dominates the airwaves.

GM's Note: It might be possible for the PCs to get this equipment up and running (see the CenterNet Virtual Map), either to communicate with Shelter City (to report what they've seen to Kyren, if they care to do so) or for any other reason. The mechanical equipment is also still operable, but requires some knowledge in Craft (electronic) to use.

There is enough power in the emergency batteries to continue broadcasting for 12 straight hours.

22. MOVIE THEATER

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This large building resembles an Ancient-era movie theater, with the word Cinema spelled out by over 50 light bulbs on the enormous façade overhead. Dust gathers on the old movie adverts and posters on the outside wall, and the quaint ticket booth stands silent out front.

This place is an actual movie theater, set up for the entertainment of off-duty personnel. The interior is rather humble (seating about 100 people at most), but it is fully equipped with folding seating, emergency fire exits, a projector booth, and even a concession stand out front that once served popcorn and soft drinks.

Treasure: A search of the old theater uncovers very little of interest to the PCs; most food spoiled or rotted away long ago. In the projector booth, however, is a selection of reels featuring popular movies from the time of the Ancients (possibly worth 1,000 cp or more to the Foundation or any group with a fascination with the Ancients).

23. BARBER SHOP/COIN LAUNDRY

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Dusty window panes and discolored plastic overhangs keep the interior of this building concealed. The only thing outside is a dilapidated sign reading Barber Shop & Coin Laundry and a pole painted with alternating red and white stripes.

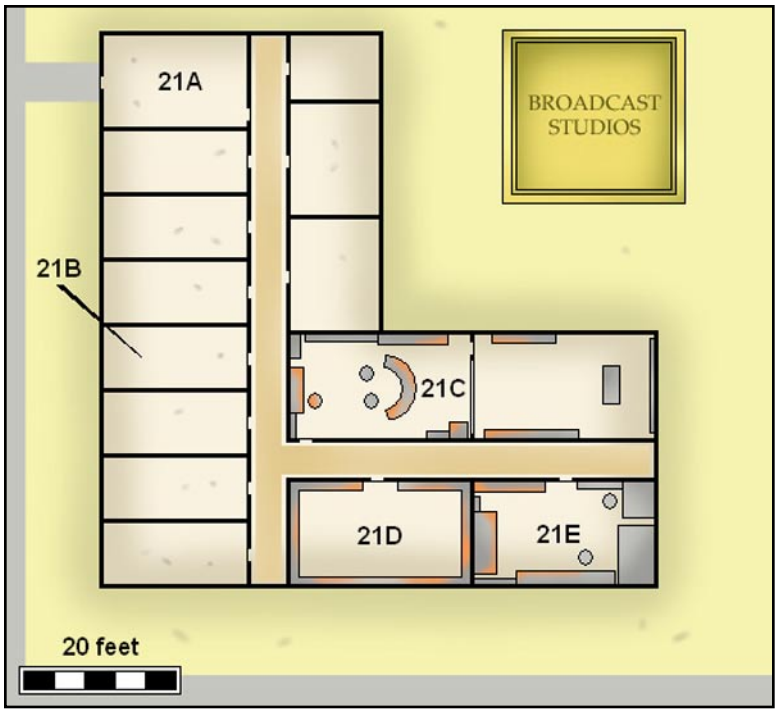
This building served as a barber shop and laundry during the facility's heyday, helping to limit the base's reliance on outside services. If the PCs enter, they find four barber chairs, cracked sinks and dusty mirrors, a restroom, and a large coin laundry with typical appliances. There is nothing else of interest here.

Though no one remembers it, the building also served in a clandestine capacity to let scientists at the labs keep track of possible leaks in their ultra-secret biological weapons program. Hair samples were discreetly taken at the barber shop and checked for signs of contagion (the XBM's infection can be identified even in minute quantities on human hair follicles). This was just one of many such quiet measures taken to keep tabs on the personnel involved in the XBM's creation. One can only imagine the fate of an individual who was unwittingly infected, found out, and whisked away quickly and quietly by security personnel, never to be seen again...

24. REACTOR BUILDING

Access: Orange or Graphite.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

A huge brick building dominates this entire block; the throbbing hum of machinery can be heard even outside, reverberating through the cracked stone and the maze of alleys outside. An unusual number of power conduits,



ventilation filters, and other mechanical apparatuses on the roof (four stories overhead) seem to suggest that this place is more than it seems…

One of the more ingeniously designed surface buildings of the facility, this important structure has provided a relatively steady flow of nuclear-generated power to Center for over 200 years.

The exterior of the large reactor building is covered in mottled red brick, crafted to resemble a dilapidated warehouse of indeterminate age—but inside it is a top security, high-technology installation. In addition to an all-inclusive control center, fuel rod storage facility, cooling pond, and transportation garage, the reactor has numerous automated safeguards (to prevent the accidental release of radioactive materials), and even a system of high-tech "scrubbers" designed to reduce secondary and tertiary trace emissions (byproducts of nuclear power generation) to a level low enough to be undetectable to orbital satellites and high-altitude flyovers. In effect, these "scrubbers" render the reactor invisible to orbiting radiation detectors.

GM's Note: The reactor building was the scene of intense fighting during the "accident" at Center, when infected thralls of the Last God were thrown here in waves to try and cripple the building and cut power to the underground laboratory complex. The Last God hoped that if power was severed indefinitely, it could escape the tunnels below and move to the surface.

The robots and androids defending the quarantine were well aware of the importance of the reactor building, and fought desperately to maintain control of it. It is still under their control, though the exterior of the building has been riddled with bullet holes and laser fire.

In recent years, the Last God made a second attempt at shutting down the reactor—this time not with a physical assault, but rather by manipulating a number of computers to access the CenterNet and bring down the reactor long enough for a number of thralls to escape via the *Air Filtration Center*. This breakout led to the events covered in *The New World Order*.

24A. LOT (EL 9)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

In front of the huge humming building complex, you see a large machine on treads standing still, as if frozen in place. A fine dusting of sand and mud covers it almost completely, suggesting that it hasn't moved for a long time.

In addition to the androids and robots at *Checkpoint 2* (which overlooks the reactor building), a *military security robot* has been stationed outside the reactor building to prevent intruders from entering. It has orders to fire on any organic creature approaching the entrance. Because it has been some time since an attack on the power plant, the robot has gathered some dust and dirt, but it is totally alert and will ruthlessly pursue trespassers.

Scenario C: In this scenario, the military security robot commands the PCs to leave; if the PCs refuse to leave, it assumes they are really working for the Last God and attacks with extreme prejudice.

- **Military Security Robot (1):** HP 100.

24B. FRONT ENTRANCE (EL 3)

Access: Orange or Graphite.
Cameras: A camera over this entrance is connected to the *Surface Security Center* and *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

The metallic front doors open to reveal a long hall beyond, lit by regularly-spaced fluorescent ceiling lights that come on automatically as you enter. A strange contraption consisting of a multi-barreled gun mounted on a tripod sits in the middle of the hall, facing the entrance. Behind it, in a small glass booth just off the hall, you see a trio of metal-skinned figures dappled with rust, staring in your direction.

As you enter, the red light on the gun turns green and a soft whirring rises from its rotating barrels...

The front entrance to the power facility is overlooked by a security booth; all technicians entering or leaving were expected to present ID and pass through a metal/radiation detector unit at the door. This unit is no longer functional.

The hallway beyond is well lit; scuff marks are visible on

the marble floor (from the continued passage of technicians before the Fall, as well as a handful of androids ever since). A bulletin board occupies most of the east wall of the parallel offices (except for the security booth).

A single *weapon animatron* looks down this passage towards the main entrance. It has a special logic unit installed set to fire at anything not recognized as an *android* (measured by dimensions and other factors, including the metallic tremor of android footfalls).

Weapon Animatron (1): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *M214 Minigun* +10/+5 for 4d12.

Treasure: The animatron has 250 rounds for its weapon.

24C. SECURITY BOOTH (EL 10)

Access: Graphite.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

To the side of the entrance is a small booth with shatterproof glass partitions. Through the dusty glass peer three metal-skinned figures, apparently robots of some kind.

This security booth overlooks the entrance to the reactor building, and is where top-rated security guards were stationed to observe everyone coming and going and to protect the power plant.

The booth resembles an office, with a desk, computer console, filing cabinet, overhead lights, desk fan, wall calendar, etc. The entire north and east walls are dominated by bulletproof glass windows. Widely spaced metal mesh integrated into the glass ensures that breaking the glass still does not provide access; one must cut through the fence as well.

Inside the security booth are three androids (two *advanced soldier androids* and a *low-level command android*). They watch the front entrance at all times; if intruders enter, they wait for the *weapon animatron* outside to exhaust its supply of ammo before leaving the booth to engage with their laser weapons. They will fight to the death to defend the power plant.

Advanced Soldier Androids (2): HP 50 each.

Low-level Command Android (1): HP 54; carries a *graphite access card* in addition to other equipment.

24D. ADMINISTRATION OFFICES

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: Each computer in these offices provides Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing a computer here requires a Computer Use check (DC 19).

These areas are all rather mundane: offices with desks, old consoles, filing cabinets, and other everyday furnishings. Years of abandonment have allowed rust to set in on many exposed surfaces.

This area was the office of the reactor's administrative staff and top supervisor. Lined with cubicles, there is only a small area set aside for the supervisor's privacy.

Each cubicle contains a computer console, desk, and various secretarial supplies. All computers have been scavenged for usable electronics (the responsibility for this lies with the androids, who over the years have had to scavenge virtually everything not essential to maintaining the quarantine to repair their soldiers), leaving very little of interest.

The supervisor's office has a similarly stripped computer, wall calendar (with dramatic ocean scenes of the West Coast), filing cabinet (filled with uninformative records), and other mundane office furniture.

24E. LOCKER ROOM

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This large locker room has a tiled floor, a bank of bleacher-like seats, a markerboard, and rows of metal lockers—many covered (if not sealed) with a heavy coat of rust.

All lockers are unlocked, having been ransacked by the androids of the 303rd for usable equipment of any kind. Only a few sets of overalls and military fatigues (various sizes, most badly decayed) hang on hangers within each—though the lockers may contain dust-covered wallets, dead wristwatches, and other mundane personal items at the GM's discretion.

24F. DECONTAMINATION SHOWERS

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

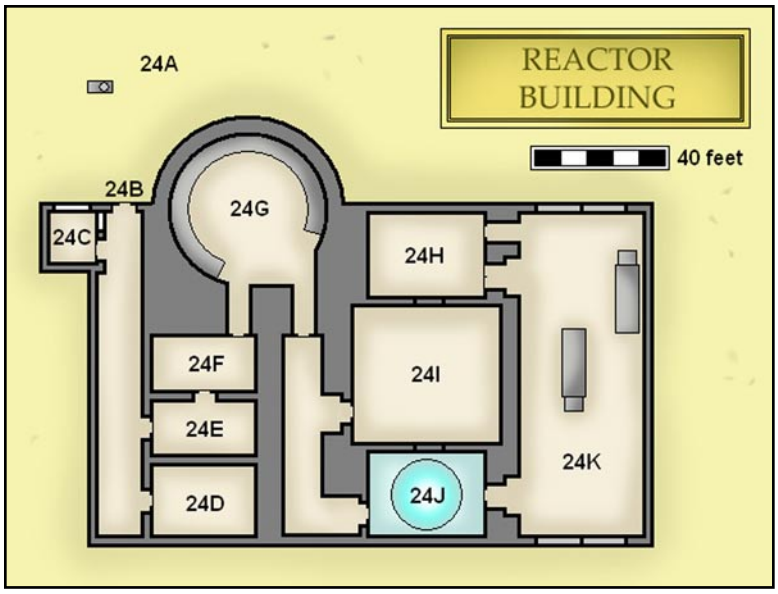
Your footsteps echo loudly in the emptiness of this huge tiled chamber. The floor is dotted by numerous grates; overhead, on the ceiling, rusted showerheads hang down like a forest of orange and brown fungus.

This huge chamber contains industrial-sized decontamination showers, where steam and high-pressure water hoses were once used to wash down NBC suits and equipment exposed to radiation in the reactor. Drainage pipes channeled this radioactive water to a treatment tank outside the building.

The androids have no need for the facilities here (they are unaffected by radiation), and as such it is empty.

24G. CONTROL CENTER (EL 15)

Access: Orange.
Cameras: Cameras in the control center are linked to the *Surface Security Center* and *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: The computers here provide Level 2 access



to the CenterNet. Accessing a computer here requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

As you step through the doors to this central room, you are confronted by an amazing sight. The interior of this chamber is a huge open cylinder, three or four stories tall, complete with several separate levels ringed with complex computer consoles, power monitoring equipment, and incomprehensibly complicated machines. Lights situated throughout the chamber's numerous floors bathe the place in a perpetually bright white glow. In this light you see several tall, skeletal figures, each made completely of aging metal, standing at computer stations or operating consoles on the levels above.

Hovering in the center of the cylindrical chamber is an enormous sphere of silvery metal, covered in camera-like "eyes" and extending a number of metallic, tentacle-like appendages with which it manipulates its surroundings with great dexterity. This huge machine throbs with power, and as you enter it whirls around to focus the greatest number of cameras—and tentacles—on you.

This huge chamber, bathed in a white glow from numerous banks of lights, has four levels: the first three contain various control consoles, and the fourth, high above the ground, is a catwalk floor lined with computer monitors and banks of electronic panels. A single *coordinator droid*, suspended from the ceiling like an enormous, multi-armed puppet, monitors and controls all facets of the nuclear power plant, using its magnetic levitation to move freely between levels.

The human technicians who once assisted the droid are long gone, of course, but the coordinator droid still manages to keep power production at levels sufficient to maintain the quarantine. The droid is assisted by three *research androids* that date back to the time of the Fall. A pair of *advanced soldier droids* oversees the room as well, ready to fire on any and all trespassers. When the PCs enter, all of these artificial inhabitants attack to protect the control center.

GM's Note: All of the computers and machines here are dedicated to running the reactor, and nothing else. These machines control the *industrial automatons* in the *Fuel Rod Bay, Reactor,* and *Cooling Pool* areas, and also monitor heat levels, radiation, turbine speed, power generation levels, and other reactor details.

These computers were formerly linked to the broader CenterNet network, but were recently taken "out of the loop" after the Last God successfully managed to hack through the system and temporarily shut down the reactor's power flow, causing a momentary blackout all across the facility. The Last God used this brief window to send a portion of itself into the *Air Filtration Center* before power was restored by the coordinator and its assistants.

Learning from this "back door" incident, the androids have successfully isolated the entire reactor control system from the CenterNet, making it impervious to another such attempt.

Scenario C: If the PCs have allied with the War Droid, the research androids here inform them that they must leave to avoid interfering with the operation of the reactor. If they refuse, the androids and droid do not hesitate to attack.

- **Coordinator Droid (1):** HP 100.
- **Senior Scientist Androids (3):** HP 76 each; each has an *orange access card* (keyed to the *Reactor Building*).
- **Advanced Soldier Androids (2):** HP 50 each.

24H. Fuel Rod Bay (EL 1)

Access: Orange.

Cameras: A camera here is linked to the building's *Control Center* and the *Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one of these requires a Computer Use (DC 26).

The doors leading to this chamber are marked with orange stripes and lettering. The words read Fuel Rod Bay/High Radioactivity/Do Not Enter; below them is the universally-feared trefoil symbol.

This room can only be reached either through two huge, lead-lined vault doors, or via a single man-sized portal on the opposite side (both leading to the *Vehicle Bay*).

This vault contains a collection of uranium *fuel rods* neatly arranged in a hexagonal "honeycomb" arrangement of heavy graphite sleeves. The fuel rods are transported by an automated crane (treat as a static *industrial automaton*) to the reactor, and then, once the fuel has been exhausted, to the cooling pool. Only three fuel rods remain, and any character with knowledge of nuclear power generation technology (or who makes a Knowledge [Technology] check, DC 21) can

determine that the remaining lifespan of the Center reactor is probably only 15 to 20 years at *most*.

Radiation exposure in this room is *mild*.

Industrial Automaton (1): HP 18.

24I. REACTOR (EL 2)

Access: Orange.

Cameras: A camera here is linked to the building's *Control Center* and the *Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one of these requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

A sign above the door to this room reads: AUTOMATED FACILITY ONLY/ENTRY PROHIBITED WHILE IN OPERATION. Traditional nuclear trefoils emblazoned on all accessways hint strongly that this area is dangerous.

The surface power plant's exceptional long life is a testament to the durability of its construction; while it resembles a huge and non-descript metal "can" (12 feet on a side), the intricate mechanism is one of the most powerful and reliable reactors of its kind.

Fuel rods are brought here from the *Fuel Rod Bay* by the *automaton* there and handed off (almost like a relay baton) to another automaton here. This robot lowers the rod into one of several openings in the reactor, where the uranium in the rod is bombarded with neutrons—setting the process of fission into motion. Steam generated by the tremendous heat of this reaction is used to power turbines (inaccessible from this building, but maintained by automated systems regulated from the *Control Center*).

The temperature and radiation levels here are abnormally high. The heat levels here are uncomfortable, but not dangerous (although if someone climbed inside the reactor itself, he would of course be instantly burned to death). Anyone who enters the area suffers *moderate* radiation exposure. The reinforced concrete dome of the reactor roof prevents radiation from spilling outside the building.

GM's Note: Any malfunction that results in unusual radiation or heat spikes in this vaulted chamber triggers automatic sensors situated throughout the reactor room. Once triggered, these sensors set off a building-wide audible alarm, seal all doors leading into and out of the reactor room (until the proper *orange access card* is used to open them), and send an alert to the *Surface* and *Sub-Surface Security Centers*.

Industrial Automaton (1): HP 19.

24J. COOLING POOL (EL 3)

Access: Orange.

Cameras: A camera here is linked to the building's *Control Center* and the *Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one of these requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

In addition to bearing trefoil symbols, the maintenance entrances to this room all read: CAUTION: INTENSE HEAT AND RADIATION.

This room is bathed in a cool cobalt blue light, but the temperature inside is maintained at almost 200 degrees Fahrenheit. A large cylindrical pool of mineral-enriched water fills much of the chamber (except for a narrow stone walkway, perched barely ten feet above the level of the water); rows of spent fuel rods are immersed in the water to cool down after being drawn from the reactor core.

Anyone falling into the cooling pool is immediately subjected to *severe* radiation exposure. In addition, the heat of the water is such that characters immersed suffer 1d6 points of heat damage per round.

A small ladder leads from the water level to the walkway above.

An *industrial automaton* gathers all spent rods from the *Reactor* and immerses them here, where they are left to cool for weeks, months, or even years. During the height of operations at Center, these rods were then moved to the *Vehicle Bay* and loaded into special truck-mounted containers that were either shipped to the rail yard (for transport by train) or driven off in military convoys to a disposal site in distant Nevada.

Industrial Automaton (1): HP 17.

24K. VEHICLE BAY

Access: Orange.

Cameras: A camera here is linked to the building's *Control Center* and the *Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

This huge open area resembles an aircraft hangar more than a garage, but the remains of two badly rusted and corroded transport trucks give evidence that it once stored ground vehicles. One of these vehicles, a flatbed, has been stripped completely bare, while the other has an enormous container resembling a huge section of concrete sewer tunnel chained to its bed.

A large sliding door stands some 25 feet over the bay like the upper-story opening of a barn. This door opens quickly to allow the rail-mounted *industrial automaton* from the *Cooling Pond* to move cooled uranium rods from the power plant into waiting container trucks.

Long ago, properly-equipped hazmat handlers (in radiation suits) helped to load the spent rods onto the trucks for transport away from Center. Since the human support staff no longer exists, and the androids cannot spare vehicular or manpower resources to transport waste out of the facility, the androids have had to dispose of spent rods in a warehouse across the street (see *Area 25*).

Treasure: Both trucks are in bad condition and cannot be repaired, though they may provide spare parts for the repair of other vehicles in the facility (GM's discretion). One of the trucks has a set of *technician's coveralls* laid across

the front seat and a *walkie-talkie* (with military scrambler) sitting on the dash.

25. WASTE WAREHOUSE (EL 1)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This building looks like any other warehouse in town; large, lacking a fresh coat of paint, but otherwise sturdy and intact.

Whatever the original purpose of this building, the interior was converted long ago into a bulk storage space. Though the ground floor is largely empty, there appear to have been some major excavations here…

A single bulldozer (with digging claw) sits near a pile of cracked concrete rubble and earth (the remains of the floor of the warehouse). Occupying most of the inner space is a deep earthen pit, used for the periodic burial of cooled radioactive waste (primarily spent fuel rods from the *Reactor Building*).

An earthen ramp leads from the entrance level (ground level) down two stories to the bottom of the earthen pit. Beneath this has been buried a layer of uranium rods, laid side by side in a row and smothered in boron "dust" to inhibit radioactivity. Beneath this layer of rods is another layer of dirt, then another layer of rods (and boron), etc—all told, there are 40 spent rods in four layers, extending some 16 feet below the current bottom of the pit.

GM's Note: Though radiation is present throughout the building, it is only dangerous to those who descend to the bottom of the pit. Anyone down there is exposed to a *light* level of radiation. The fuel rods themselves, if foolishly dug up, are *mildly* radioactive materials.

Treasure: There are two *animatrons* here, both currently inactive. The first, currently at the bottom of the pit, is a *digger animatron*, is used to excavate and bury waste. The second, near the entrance, is a *task animatron*, programmed to carry fuel rods down the ramp and lay them out in a pre-determined order for burial before returning to the top. Both animatrons need to be rewired to bring back online (their internal power sources were deactivated by the androids to extend their lifespans almost indefinitely), requiring a Craft (electronics) check (DC 12).

26. "POST OFFICE" - MAIL SORTING BUILDING

Access: None; back room requires a *graphite* card.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

A small rural post office sits here at the corner of two broad roads. A heavy coating of sand and dust has accumulated on the flat roof, collapsing part of it and concealing half of the entrance. A huge white sign, now crumpled on the ground, depicts a stylized eagle in brilliant blue.

This building was designed to look like a typical small town post office, and in fact was used for that purpose during the operational life of the Center facility. Here technicians, scientists, and security personnel alike came to pick up letters and other personal packages mailed to them by family and friends (through "dummy" addresses, which were routed here by secret military transport).

The post office here is outfitted like any typical military base mail facility.

GM's Note: Behind the front area is a room accessible only with a *graphite access card*. This secret area is where letters and correspondence written by facility personnel were carefully opened and examined for possible leaks and/or evidence of espionage.

The sorting room features an intact X-ray machine, a "black light" apparatus (to check for so-called "invisible inks"), and a supply of "no-trace" adhesives for re-sealing opened letters and envelopes. Also stored here are hard-copy records (on clipboards or in binders) detailing every bit of mail sent out of the facility (by name, date, and description of contents).

There is little here of interest to the PCs, though two opened letters, if read, can be given to the players as *Handouts #2* and *#3*.

27. "RAIL WAREHOUSE" - DECONTAMINATION SUPPLY WAREHOUSE

Access: Lead or Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Standing at the edge of town is a monstrous warehouse made of concrete blocks and topped by a corrugated metal roof slanted at an angle. Railroad tracks run from the heart of town, past the enormous structure, and off into the desert. A series of four or five giant loading gates stand closed, facing out over the tracks.

A train of three connected railcars—almost completely rusted to the tracks—sits idly nearby, sliding doors open. Two metal creatures, also covered in rust, stand at its side as if awaiting orders.

This truly gigantic building was once used to store various kinds of equipment; during the construction of the town, it held building materials and construction vehicles; during its operation it held maintenance and spare parts; and after Center's quarantine it came to hold decontamination equipment brought in by a special CDC investigative response team. It was built next to the rail line so that even the heaviest equipment could be easily rolled off and through the loading doors into the building.

The train on the tracks is an automated locomotive (controlled solely by its own computer, now powerless), sent here with emergency supplies to aid the CDC team in their clean-up operation. It is currently empty.

The two "metal creatures" were once *automatons*

programmed to unload trains arriving here and to move cargo into the warehouse. They are so badly rusted that they no longer operate.

Each loading gate can only be opened with a *lead stage IM identity card* or, alternatively, the proper *green access card*.

Treasure: Inside the warehouse is a massive stockpile of equipment needed for only the largest-scale military projects. The equipment here includes:

- Six electric-powered *forklifts*
- Three diesel *bulldozers*
- An *ambulance* (in military colors; the work area in back is empty except for six stretchers stacked one on top of the other)
- Two *Hummers* (one equipped as a command vehicle with long-range radio equipment)
- An entire eighteen-wheel *tanker truck* (unmarked, this tanker is loaded almost completely full with a special foam-like compound developed by CDC scientists who hoped—in vain, as it turned out—that it would be able to destroy the XBM)

In addition, over one hundred enormous crates line the walls in colossal rows. These include:

- 85 containers of mundane medical supplies (bandages, splints, folding stretchers, etc.)
- 10 crates of aluminum tanks (eight crates are filled with oxygen tanks, while the other two are filled with foam fire extinguishers)
- 10 crates, each containing two collapsible dome tents (each tent is made of a durable, airtight polymer fabric that, when properly set up, can serve as biologically secure shelters connected by enclosed "tunnels;" setting up one tent without tunnel extensions takes 30 minutes)
- 6 crates, each containing a biohazard air filtration system (for the dome tents; each has a 48-hour lifespan)

None of the vehicles mentioned above has any remaining fuel (though the forklifts are still operable on their electric batteries) or air in their tires.

GM's Note: This is obviously not a *complete* supply of decontamination equipment (NBC suits and medical supplies are notably missing), but the presence of such an enormous stockpile should suggest to any intelligent PC that a large-scale biohazard containment operation was underway here during the time of the Ancients…

28. "Water Treatment Plant" - Air Filtration Entrance (El 3)

Access: Special.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Standing here, some distance from both the highway and the town, is a large rectangular building made entirely of concrete slabs, its hard edges weathered and eroded by centuries of sandstorms. Nearly thirty feet high, only small glass windows running along the upper five feet provide any break in the smooth gray exterior. Large rusted pipes arch from the middle of the building down to the ground, vanishing into the surrounding sands as if they were great spider legs preparing to lift the entire building and scuttle away.

A search of the exterior of this building uncovers a sheltered doorway set into a small alcove along the western wall (facing town), with a sign overhead reading *Water Treatment Plant, City of Center, Keep Out.*

On close examination, the door proves to have been welded completely shut all the way around. The card reader (originally keyed to an *orange*-level of security) was physically removed.

A look at the windows 25 feet overhead shows that many have cracked and several have been completely blown out by wind.

GM's Note: This building, disguised as a typical municipal water treatment facility, is nothing more than the main "intake port" of the air filtration system for the facility's underground complex. During the heyday of the facility's operation, two massive shafts here drew air from the surface to provide fresh atmosphere for the underground complex. (After being cycled through the subterranean labs and tunnels, this air was then cycled to the *Air Incineration Building* to be sterilized).

To hide the massive intake shafts (from satellite observers as well as innocent passersby on the highway), this building was built right over them. Huge glass skylights on the roof of the building, remotely operated from the *Air Filtration Center's* control room (see *Area 64B*), could be opened or closed to allow the filtration system to operate unnoticed.

Because the door has been welded shut, the only practical access to the structure is from underground, through the main fan shafts. The only other option is to somehow ascend 25 feet up the outer walls to climb through the windows.

The interior of the building is completely bare, except for two enormous (15 feet in diameter) circular grates sitting side by side on the ground floor. Only darkness is visible through these grates, which cover the nearly-vertical shafts leading straight down to the *Air Filtration Center*. A small man-sized hatch on each grate allows maintenance access; one of them stands open.

Also in the building is the door to an elevator, but this is closed and without power. Beyond the doors is a vertical elevator shaft leading straight down to *Area 64C* underground. The elevator itself is sitting at the bottom of the shaft, and cannot be recalled (see *Area 64C* for an explanation).

Millings around in the building are a handful of *shamblers*. Part of the group of infected thralls that escaped during the recent power failure, they reached this building with two node mothers and several other thralls. However, without an exit (the androids had sealed the exterior door), the thralls were forced to use each other to make a "human

ladder" to reach the windows overhead. Before the androids could return to stop them, those that made it to the top—the node mothers and most of the thralls—were able to escape into the desert.

These shamblers were formed that ladder; without someone to lift them in turn, they were forced to remain here.

The shamblers hide in the shadows and lie in wait if the PCs only peer through the windows above without descending. Only if someone reaches the ground floor do they emerge to attack.

Shamblers (5): HP 15 each.

29. "HIGH SCHOOL" - SURFACE SECURITY CENTER

Access: Graphite.

Cameras: Cameras hidden all over the school provide a 360-degree view of all streets approaching it. These cameras are linked to monitors in the *Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: See below.

Up ahead, a sprawling, multi-level red brick building stands out in a large barren field. A towering flagpole stands bare, the flag no doubt torn off in a windstorm long ago. Even from a distance, however, numerous metal figures are visible, marching in patrols around the perimeter and occupying pillboxes and sandbag revetments all around the central complex.

What was once disguised to resemble a small-town high school now looks like the command HQ of a frontline military unit. During the time of the Ancients, this building housed the *Surface Security Center*, a highly advanced surveillance monitoring station from which security teams could be dispatched to deal with trouble anywhere on the surface of town.

As the humans manning the defenses of Center died out, the androids of the 303rd arrived just in time to contain the macro-organism. Moving in with soldier androids, military security robots, a few armored vehicles, and combat walkers, they forced the infected to retreat towards the center of town. Closing a tight perimeter around the infected "army," the androids beat them to a standstill. This quarantine still remains relatively secure. The war droid that commands the android unit has been successful in repulsing the Last God's attempts to break free for over 200 years.

Unfortunately, accumulated damage and dwindling supplies prevented the androids from detecting and stopping the Last God's infiltration of the CenterNet, where it brought down the *Reactor* and used this momentary power outage to make it all the way to the *Air Filtration Center*. Before the androids could react, the Last God was able to send some of its thralls up the ventilation shafts and out into the desert, hoping to spread the infection outside the boundaries of the quarantine.

The androids managed to close the breach (and removed the *Reactor* permanently from the CenterNet to repeat scenario), but the damage had already been done. The War Droid ordered a handful of its androids to pursue the escaping thralls into the desert, but never heard from any of these soldiers again. (It was one of these androids that was "killed" by trigger-happy Wastelord sentries at Hooper in *The New World Order*.)

Understanding that the quarantine cannot be maintained indefinitely, the War Droid has decided that the only way to complete its mission ("hold until relieved") is to maintain the quarantine at least long enough for outside help to arrive. Unfortunately, the War Droid has had to leave many of its subservient androids on "automatic" over the years (due to damage it sustained in battle, it no longer possesses a *remote computer link*), so it has no control over how they will react when "outside help" (namely the PCs) shows up.

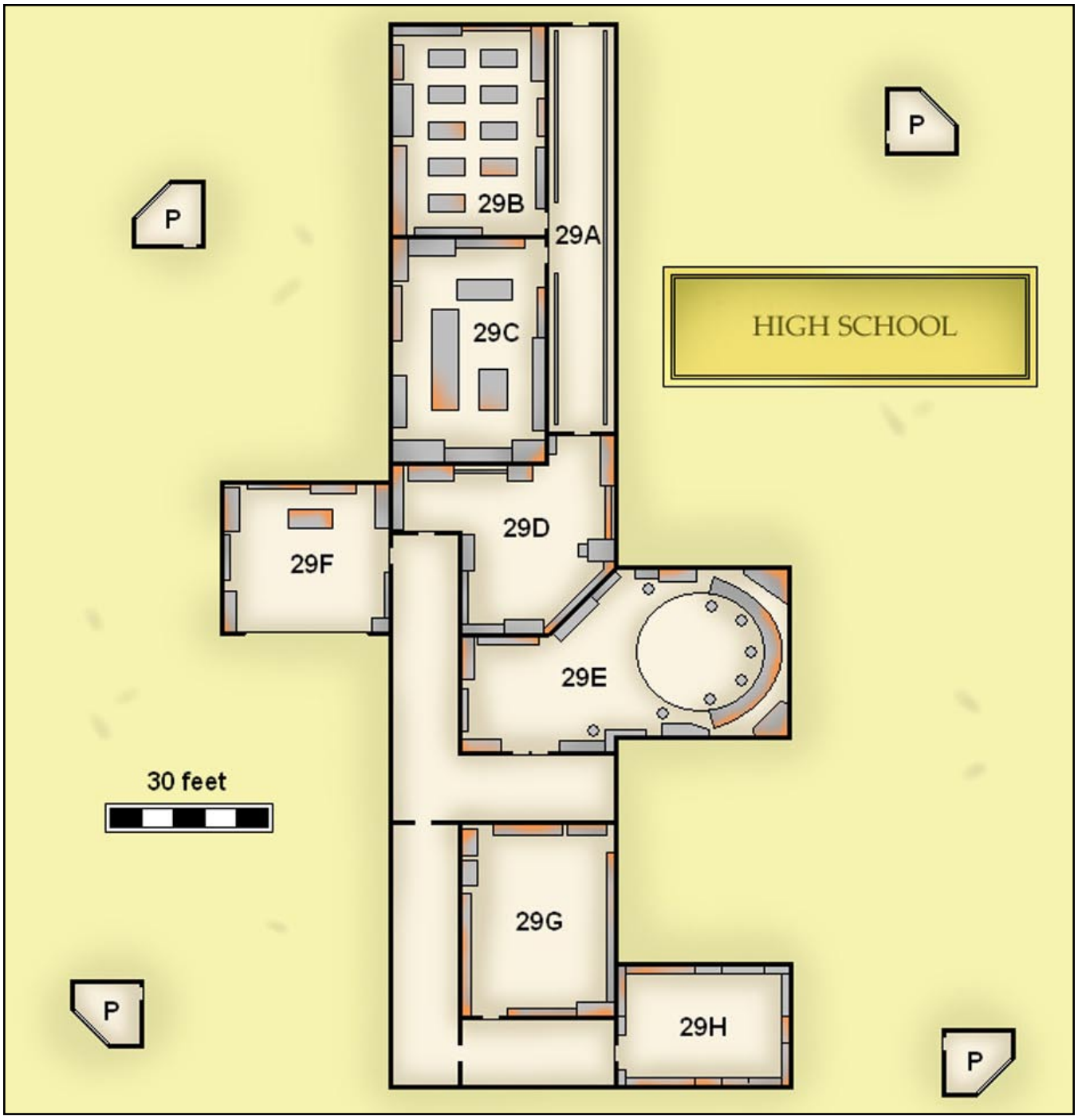
Patrols and Bunkers: The *High School* is patrolled on a regular basis by a small force of androids from the *Patrol Dispatch Center* (*Area 29D*). A patrol consists of three *basic soldier androids* walking nonstop around the perimeter of the school for hours on end. The patrol keeps an eye out for intruders approaching the *High School* (with orders to shoot if the intruders do not willingly surrender and accompany them to *Area 29E*), but it is possible for skilled PCs to hide and wait for the patrol to pass by before approaching the building undetected.

There are also four bunkers/pillboxes here (marked "P" on the map), one located at each corner of the building. Each of these bunkers contains a single *basic soldier android*, watching out for intruders. It might be possible to distract these androids and/or lure them from their bunkers if the PCs think of a sufficiently clever diversion. While the androids are inside these bunkers, they benefit from *one-half cover*.

Note that if the PCs are seen and do not surrender, the androids here open fire and immediately raise the alarm.

Important Note: Keep in mind that the 303rd Military Police (Robotic) is not a force aligned with or in any way involved with the so-called "Metal Gods" movement elsewhere in the Twisted Earth. Though it is made up of androids, droids, and robots, the 303rd was effectively severed from the electronic chain of command (a kind of nationwide "internet" through which all androids and war robots were at one time connected for superior coordination and real-time information sharing) during the time of the Fall. The reason behind this was a fear that the XBM might be able to somehow project its telepathic sentience to control the androids sent to cage it. The ploy worked, and the 303rd has remained independent of outside influences to this day.

Similarly, the War Droid, while intelligent, is not aware of the Metal Gods phenomenon, nor is it sensitive to the general fear and hatred felt by most humans and mutants towards robots. It approaches the PCs from a neutral standpoint, expecting them to help purely on the basis of logical necessity. If the PCs manage to overcome their trepidation towards the massive droid, they will find it a potent ally in the struggle against the Last God.



29A. ENTRY

Access: Graphite.

Cameras: A camera overlooking the entrance links directly to the *Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

This high school building's interior is nothing like what you expected from its outward appearance—inside, it's essentially a dark, underground bunker. The walls are covered not with windows but with computer screens, all of which display only noisesome static. A single corridor stretches off into the darkness.

It should be clear to the PCs from the moment they enter that this place that this is no ordinary high school.

Though they don't yet know it, this is a security corridor controlling access to the *Surface Security Center*. The walls here were specially magnetized to set off alarms if weapons or electronic recording devices were brought in through this passage. This alarm mechanism no longer works, however.

29B. SURFACE LABORATORY A

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

It is slightly colder here than in the corridor outside. A soft blue light shines down from above. You flinch at the sight of many surgical tables arranged here, atop each of which is a mutilated human body! The internal organs of one have been removed and placed in a sorting bin. The others are split open as if their insides had been subjected to painstaking scrutiny.

These men were Wastelord soldiers sent to Center to destroy the threat coming from the mysterious town (see *The New World Order* for more on this failed expedition). When they engaged the androids at *Checkpoint 6* (see *Area 35*), they were completely annihilated despite their superior numbers. When the fighting was over, these bodies were retrieved from the carnage and brought here to be examined by the War Droid's small cadre of research androids.

Much to the War Droid's dismay, the bodies proved to be uninfected—a regrettable loss of innocent life. This did make the War Droid realize that outsiders were finally beginning to show an interest in Center and the quarantine. It immediately ordered its android commanders at the various checkpoints to direct any outsiders towards the *High School* for possible negotiations.

If the PCs come here before negotiating with the War Droid, it is entirely possible they might get the wrong idea about the androids and assume they are capturing humans and slicing them apart!

GM's Note: The atmosphere in this room is artificially maintained to keep moisture out and temperatures down, so that bodies brought here do not decay as quickly as they would elsewhere.

Development: If the PCs are defeated in battle with any of the War Droid's androids in town, any captured PC survivors are brought here for examination and medical treatment. All equipment is taken from them and stored in *Area 29G*.

Two scientist androids from *Area 29C* and two soldier androids from *Area 29D* will arrive 1d4 rounds after the PCs awaken on the tables (lying side by side with the dead bodies described above). The scientists treat the characters with the medicines listed below. Once this is done, the soldier androids march the characters wordlessly to *Area 29E* to meet with the War Droid. If the PCs attack, the androids fight to subdue them again.

Treasure: Sitting on a stainless steel wheeled cart beside the bodies is a *diagnostic scanner* hooked up to a *power beltpack*. There is also a small cache of medical supplies (taken from the *Hospital*), including a *ready syringe* loaded with one dose of *superegen* and three *ready syringes* loaded with *stimshot B*.

29C. SURFACE LABORATORY B

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This darkened laboratory is filled with the sound of bubbling liquids and cluttered with glass tubes, beakers, and bizarre chemical apparatus set up on every available surface. A dim blue light shines down from a bank of fluorescent bulbs in the ceiling, illuminating a pair of skeletal metal creatures busily siphoning fluids from one beaker into another. As you enter, they turn their mechanical heads toward you but say nothing.

Though the PCs may assume their activities are malevolent (especially if the party woke up in *Area 29B*), the thinker androids here are merely using this laboratory to produce synthetic materials needed to keep the androids of the company running efficiently (everything from electricity-conducting fluids for their brains to synthetic oils to lubricate their joints).

They also maintain a small chemical production area here, where they regularly produce chloral hydrate pellets to keep the *Bird Feeders* well stocked. At least two *scientist androids* are here at any given time, both unarmed and busy working on the fabrication of these important items. They attack only to defend themselves; otherwise they merely wait quietly until the party leaves before going to alert the War Droid at *Area 29E*.

Scenario C: If the androids here have been instructed by the War Droid to help the PCs, they allow the party full access to the raw materials and tool kits upon request.

Scientist Androids (2): HP 18 and 17. One of them also has a *graphite access card*.

Treasure: A search of this lab garners the equivalent of a *deluxe chemical tool kit*, chemical substances equal to 5,000 cp in raw materials (for chemical and pharmaceutical crafting projects), and 1d10+5 doses of *chloral hydrate*, in pellet form.

29D. PATROL DISPATCH CENTER (EL 12)

Access: None.
Cameras: A camera here provides a direct link to the *Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

Having come this far without any problems, you feel as if you are being led into a trap. You grip your weapons nervously, expecting an attack from any direction.

Reddish emergency lights run along the floor of this huge chamber, illuminating towering stone walls, various metal conduits, and wire bundles hanging from the ceiling or running across the floor like fat, lazy snakes. Standing in the glow of these lights are more than a dozen metal soldiers, each a mere skeleton of parts connected by wire bundles sheathed in rusted

armor plate. In their mechanical hands they grasp dusty, sand-crusted rifles. They are arranged in neat rows and stand perfectly still, as if awaiting the order to come to life and march off to battle.

The PCs have come across what amounts to the android "barracks," a housing area to which androids patrolling the town return to shut down, conserve power, and protect themselves from the ravages of the elements (200 years of enforcing the quarantine day and night has put a visible strain on every android chassis in the 303rd's arsenal).

The reaction of the androids to the PCs' arrival depends on the PCs. If the PCs merely investigate and move on, the androids remain still until ordered by the War Droid to move out. If the PCs tinker with the androids, try to take their weapons, or otherwise harm them, the entire force activates suddenly and moves to eradicate the party.

GM's Note: Every three hours, an android patrol returns from duty and is replaced by another. If the PCs are here at such a time, they witness the "changing of the guard"—a wordless meeting between the androids before one group marches out and the other powers down.

Note that the camera placed here allows the War Droid to watch any fighting taking place in this room. If the PCs attack its minions here, it automatically assumes they are a threat (and not potential allies) and acts accordingly (see *Area 29E* below).

- **Basic Soldier Androids (15):** HP 20 each.
- **Low-level Command Androids (5):** HP 48 each.

29E. SURFACE SECURITY CENTER (EL 20)

Access: Graphite.

Cameras: All cameras noted as being linked to the *Surface Security Center* can be accessed from this room.

CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 3 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

The door to this building slides open with the hiss of a sudden pressure change. Inside, it is almost completely dark, except for the weak light emanating from countless computer screens arranged in a semi-circle along the far wall. Each screen depicts a corridor, tunnel, or chamber elsewhere in the facility, and in front of each screen sits a skeletal figure made of solid metal—an android—eyes fixed to the image before it.

None of the androids move from their swivel chairs, apparently unconcerned by your intrusion. Instead they remain where they are, their attention absorbed by the flashing computer monitors.

These zombie-like androids are not alone. Sitting in the center of the enormous control room is a much larger machine, a true juggernaut of steel. Far larger than any robot you've ever seen, it is truly monstrous, a twenty-ton beast covered in a shell of perfectly reflective black metal. You cannot tell if it is alive or dead, for it merely stands there motionless, like an awful statue crafted by the masterful hands of the gods themselves.

The thing's enormous head rises suddenly, as if it had been asleep or in a trance. One, two, then three red lights flicker on in its skull, reflecting through glass bulbs and piercing the darkness of the chamber like the eyes of a three-eyed demon come to life.

The party has entered the *Surface Security Center*, the vital command and control headquarters used by the War Droid and the 303rd MP unit sent to maintain the quarantine 200 years ago. The War Droid has turned this place into its command center, using the computers here to not only track the movements of the XBM and its thralls throughout the facility, but also to conduct a "virtual war" with the Last God on the CenterNet. Though the XBM still occasionally tests the physical capacities of the 303rd along the quarantine line, the focus of the ongoing conflict has recently shifted to the CenterNet. Caught off guard by the Last God's recent CenterNet infiltration, the War Droid is on the watch for future attacks made via this virtual maze, and remains here to monitor the Last God's sole point of CenterNet access.

In addition to the War Droid, there are two aging research androids, a number of lower-level scientist androids, and four soldier androids here, either working at consoles or lurking in the darkness just out of sight.

GM's Note: Read this entire section carefully—it details negotiations with the War Droid, a possible conversation presenting a potential solution to the XBM crisis, and outlines contingencies in case the PCs come here as foes, rather than allies, of the android quarantine.

Scenario C: If the PCs attempt to communicate with the War Droid instead of merely attacking, they find (to their surprise) that it is willing to negotiate. If the characters try diplomacy, read or paraphrase the following:

The droid raises its arms as if it is about to roar. You expect a bellowing voice, but all is silent. Instead, a computer projection flickers on with a crackle, illuminating the entire wall from floor to ceiling. Within seconds, a jumble of letters composed of glowing green light, each a foot tall, appears on the wall.

"WHY ARE YOU HERE?"

As the words appear one-by-one on the screen, the robot's arms move about in a conversational way, as if punctuating each sentence, phrase, or command with an appropriate, human-like gesture. The experience is odd, like listening to movie dialogue that doesn't match the action. Without a voice to accompany the gestures, the gesticulations seem unnecessary, even ridiculous. But the robot continues "speaking" in this manner nonetheless.

Allow the PCs to explain their mission and how they came here. The War Droid's reaction depends on how the PCs conduct themselves in the dialogue. Keep in mind at

all times that the War Droid has resolute orders to stand firm and keep the quarantine in place, *for the good of all life on earth*. As such, its top priority is to prevent the spread of the XBM outside Center. All other considerations, including its own welfare, are secondary.

Points with which the PCs could build a good case include:

1. Detailing their experiences outside Center. Assuming the PCs played through *The New World Order*, stories of their battles against the armies of the Last God well beyond the quarantine cause the War Droid to view them not just as potential cannon fodder, but as vital and uniquely qualified allies in the effort to stop XBM-06.

2. Explaining any skirmishes the PCs have had with other androids and robots in Center. Doing so shows the War Droid that the PCs are not being deceptive, and that they acted logically, basing their actions on the incomplete information they had at the time.

3. Detailing any contact they have had with the Last God. By doing so, they can convince the War Droid that they are not the XBM's agents. This also reveals to the War Droid that the Last God has come dangerously close to being freed; this prompts it to finally drop its reservations against working with the characters and proceed with a decisive course of action.

You may want to have the players role-play this meeting, or simply leave it to a Diplomacy check, as seems appropriate for the group and the situation. If the PCs have exhausted all other options and are growing frustrated, the latter option might be the best way to go. If, however, they have come this far without any major hurdles, role-playing their dealings with the War Droid might be an exciting challenge.

Assuming the PCs convince the War Droid that they wish to put an end to the threat posed by the XBM, the War Droid provides them with a tantalizing suggestion:

For what seems like an eternity, the huge robot merely stands there, its red eyes staring at you. For a moment, you wonder if its mind is even there, or if it is off somewhere else, for it doesn't even seem to realize you have stopped speaking. Then, suddenly, words begin to appear and once more its arms start to move in a conversational manner.

"CIVILIAN ASSISTANCE... MAINTAINING... QUARANTINE... AGAINST... PROTOCOL... HOWEVER... UNIQUE CIRCUMSTANCES DICTATE... UNUSUAL APPROACH... BE TAKEN. FORCE STRENGTH... 20%... MARKED DECREASE... READINESS... AGE-RELATED FACTORS... ORIGINAL MISSION... PREVENT XBM MACRO-ORGANISM... SPREADING BEYOND... TOWN OF CENTER... NOT POSSIBLE UNLESS... MACRO-ORGANISM... CONTAINED TO PREVENT... FURTHER STRAIN... COMPANY RESOURCES... MISSION... ONGOING... TWO CENTURIES... APPROPRIATE MEASURES... RISKS... MUST BE TAKEN TODAY... MISSION MUST CHANGE... MISSION MUST NOW BE... DEAL A DECISIVE BLOW... THEN KEEP TO... FACILITY AS CARETAKERS AND PROTECT... FOREVER... THIS... MISSION... THE COMPANY WILL ACCEPT... COMPANY MUST ACT... CONTAIN... OUTBREAK... MEASURES... TAKEN... PREVENT... MACRO-ORGANISM... BREAKING OUT... AGAIN...

"...NEW STRATEGY... HUMANS... MUST BE... SENT INTO... FACILITY... LOCATE LOST GROUP... RESEARCH ANDROIDS... RECENT DATA SUGGESTS... HANDFUL OF THINKERS... STILL TRAPPED IN... PRODUCTION BUILDING... BRIEF MESSAGE COMING THROUGH... CENTERNET... ALERTED... TO THEIR EXISTENCE... IN... MESSAGE... MENTIONED... RECONSTUCTION OF STASIS BARRIER... CAPABLE OF KEEPING... ORGANISM IN PLACE INDEFINITELY... BY HUMAN STANDARDS... MUST STILL BE THERE... TRAPPED... HOLDING... VALUABLE KEY... SOLUTION WE SEEK...

"...SMALL TEAM... FIND A WAY IN... REACH... TRAPPED RESEARCH TEAM... THROUGH SOME BACKDOOR... FIND A SOLUTION..."

The War Droid has given the PCs a mission: go back into the facility, into the *Production Building* itself, and find the team of androids trapped there. They may hold a solution to their mutual problem—a means of decisively thwarting the Last God.

Once they are agreed on a plan, the War Droid orders all of its remaining forces to consider the PCs allies and to stop attacking them when they pass within sight. It warns the PCs that while its androids have received orders not to shoot, many have deteriorated over time and will still adhere to their last directive—*kill anything organic they see to prevent another outbreak.* As such, the PCs should probably avoid contact with any androids whenever possible.

Except where noted under individual descriptions (i.e. those androids who have the *Last Directive* deterioration), all androids will from this point on acknowledge the PCs as allies… except for a few androids on the quarantine and elsewhere who are out of contact with the War Droid and thus did not receive the order to "stand down."

The War Droid can offer no further assistance unless the players come up with specific ideas or suggestions; in such cases, the GM should arbitrate what the War Droid can or will offer in the way of help or supplies. Possible ideas might include:

1. Access to the CenterNet. If the PCs ally with the War

Droid, it may allow them to use the computers here to access the CenterNet if they agree not to disturb vital systems. Convincing the War Droid to allow them CenterNet access in this manner requires a Diplomacy check (DC 30). The computers here grant Level 3 access, which the PCs could use it to open, close, or lock certain doors, or to remotely deactivate systems in other buildings. The PCs can attempt such tasks themselves or get one of the research androids in the center to do it for them (with the War Droid's permission). Alternatively, the PCs could leave one of their party members here to watch their progress, open doors, defeat security, etc. as they proceed, acting like a "guide" (in a manner similar to the way the Last God tries to guide the PCs to it in *Scenario A*).

2. Access to the monitors. If the PCs ask, the War Droid sees no reason to prevent them from looking at the security monitors (no Diplomacy check needed). The PCs can use this to observe any location covered by a security camera linked to the *Surface Security Center*. This could be especially useful in finding a way into the *Production Building*, as well as in scouting the dangers that lie ahead of them.

3. Weapons and ammunition. If the PCs have impressed the War Droid with their trustworthiness (Diplomacy check, DC 25), it may agree to release its grasp on the impressive store of weapons and ammunition in the armory (*Area 29G* and *Area 29H*). However, it does demand a trade—on an equal value basis only—for any items removed from the armory. In general, it only accepts other weapons, ammunition, or power sources (or raw materials that its repair androids can use in future repair projects) in exchange for items from its inventory.

4. Keycards. Success at an additional Diplomacy check (DC 25) convinces the War Droid to lend the PCs one or more of the access cards its forces have gleaned over time from the ruins. These include two *gray access cards* (keyed to the *Main Research Laboratory* and *Biological Response Laboratory* respectively), a *pink access card* (keyed to the *Production Building*), and two *green access cards* (keyed to *Foot Entrance West* and the *Bulk Elevator To Air Incineration Building*). The PCs must go to *Area 63I* to fetch these, however, since they are not kept here on the surface.

5. Reinforcements. The War Droid is not likely to provide the PCs with android reinforcements, as it must maintain the quarantine at all costs. A Diplomacy check (DC 30) may convince it to release 1d2 *basic soldier androids* from *Area 29D* to accompany the PCs on their mission. Of course, these androids will attack the PCs if the group double-crosses the War Droid or puts the integrity of the quarantine at risk.

Development: If the PCs have done significant damage to the android quarantine in a short period of time, the War Droid may not even bargain with them at all. Considering them to be an even greater threat to the quarantine's stability than the XBM, it will dedicate its forces to hunting down and killing them to stop their interference. Even if the PCs are well-intentioned, it decides it cannot trust them and tries to destroy them. In this case, the negotiations mentioned above do not take place.

If the PCs have naturally assumed the androids were enemies and try to destroy the War Droid, thinking it will help their cause, the War Droid responds with extreme aggression. It disregards any attempt at communication and instead battles it out with the party in a full-frontal assault. Needless to say, it summons all available androids from around the *High School* (including those present in this room) and, if possible, draws reinforcements from nearby quarantine checkpoints for an all-out battle for survival on the *High School* grounds.

This has the potential to cascade out of control, although playing an ongoing, evolving battle could be a lot of fun. With the War Droid drawing off reinforcements from the quarantine line, the Last God may move its thralls (from *Area 56*) forward to exploit the weakness and break out. This could easily lead to a three-way war all across town!

- **War Droid (1):** HP 180.
- **Basic Soldier Androids (4):** HP 20 each.
- **Senior Scientist Androids (2):** HP 76 each.
- **Scientist Androids (8):** HP 15 each.

29F. SURFACE ROBOT REPAIR (EL 5)

Access: Graphite.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This is one gargantuan hangar-like chamber, with a horizontal ceiling crane high overhead among a maze of steel girders. The place is dark, but you see a sparks of light coming from the red-hot soldering irons of three metal "skeletons" clustered around a worktable. The trio appears is working in unison to repair some sort of mechanical device lying on the table. As you enter, they merely look up and stare at you without saying a word.

This repair bay is used by the garrison to repair *hover sentries* and the company's sole *combat walker* (it is the only building large enough to accommodate the combat walker when it is due for repairs). The room itself is kept dark most of the time to conserve electricity.

GM's Note: The hover sentries (five of which are present) are all offline, and the *repair androids* acknowledge the PCs only momentarily before returning to their work. They are too busy to engage in conversation or combat. If attacked, the androids attempt to flee and raise the alarm.

- **Repair Androids (3):** HP 21 each.

Treasure: The extra tools kept in this room could, if gathered together, make a *deluxe electronic tool kit*.

THE FUTURE

If the PCs garner the War Droid's support, the future may be a bit brighter than if they hadn't. If the PCs return to the *High School* after the end of the adventure, the War Droid congratulates them and assures them that its forces will continue to uphold their mission for as long as they can. It goes on to suggest that the PCs petition their "leader" to supply the android forces with parts and munitions to extend the lifespan of the quarantine as long as possible. Kyren, for his part, is probably unwilling to stay and see that this is done, but a compromise might be possible. Kyren might agree to send regular shipments of scrap metal, repair parts, guns, and ammo over the mountains (after he and his people relocate), paying mercenaries or even granting reprieves to convicts to willingly drive these supply-laden convoys into the forbidden valley.

In addition, the War Droid, upon hearing more of Shelter City, might suggest turning the Wastelord city's methane power plant into a power generating station to pick up the slack at Center as the *Reactor* eventually runs out of fuel. Given time, the androids might be able to construct power lines leeching electricity produced by the plant under Shelter City to help enforce the stasis field. Though Kyren wants to abandon Shelter City, he may also agree to leave a small, year-round crew of technicians at the facility to keep the power flowing.

These efforts, if successfully negotiated, might buy the inhabitants of the region yet another 10 or 20 years.

29G. SURFACE ARMORY (EL 7)

Access: Graphite.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

A large metal door stands here, outside of which stand four metallic figures with guns in hand. Their heads move back and forth with a mechanical "whir" as they scan the corridor again and again for intruders.

This large area has been converted to an armory for the androids of the 303rd Military Police (Robotic). The armory is guarded by four *soldier androids* with orders to shoot anyone attempting to enter.

Scenario C: The androids merely regard the PCs with a salute before returning to their guard stations.

Treasure: The armory's dwindling reserves include 12 *laser rifles*, three *laser pistols*, three *pulse laser rifles*, a *stun pistol*, three M2HBs, one M-60 machinegun, 14 M16A2s, nine Colt 635 carbines, three Ruger MP-9s (stripped down for use in hover sentries, and not fitted with either a handle or trigger), two HK CAWS, two *Longarm LAWs* (see *The Foundationists* for details on this weapon; if you don't have that book, use the statistics for the M72A3 LAW instead), and a single TOW II (there is no ammunition for this weapon in the entire facility, however). Two spare *weapon animatrons* are also stored here, though neither of these is currently outfitted with a weapon (but they can be fitted with any normal weapon with only a few minutes of effort).

Of these weapons, the laser pistols, stun pistols, and Colt 635s each have a 10% chance of being damaged and currently unusable (until repaired, DC 15-18).

Basic Soldier Androids (4): HP 18 (x2), 17, and 14.

29H. SURFACE MAGAZINE

Access: Graphite.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This appears to be some kind of secure bunker. Aluminum cases line the walls and shelves, apparently containing stores of ammunition.

This room is used solely for the storage of volatile munitions but is otherwise identical to the *Surface Armory*. It is not guarded.

Treasure: The magazine contains 30 fragmentation grenades, three concussion grenades, 14 thermite grenades, 11 smoke grenades, and two tear gas grenades. There are also several fireproof aluminum carrying cases (ten total; each containing 1d2 *hydra 70 M261 rockets* for the pods mounted on military security robots or the War Droid), roughly 1,200 rounds of .50-caliber ammunition (in 100-round belts), 300 rounds of 7.62mm ammunition (in 100-round belts), 2,500 rounds of 5.56mm ammo (in 30-round boxes), 350 rounds of 9mm ammo (in both 30- and 32-round boxes), eight rounds of 12-gauge shotgun ammo, five rounds of 25mm cannon ammo, two rounds of 120mm tank cannon ammo, 85 *power clips*, 20 *power beltpacks*, three *power backpacks*, and five *minifusion cells* (each of which has only 1d10 charges remaining).

Development: If you don't mind the micro-management, you may want to subtract ammo used by the androids against the PCs and New World Order from this stockpile. If they run out of ammo, the androids will have to resort to melee weapons (and/or taking weapons from dead PCs); if things get really bad, this could spell disaster for the Center quarantine...

THE QUARANTINE LINE

The quarantine line is an actual, physical barrier erected by the androids of the 303rd Military Police (Robotic) to keep the Last God and its thralls inside the main works of the Center facility, as well as within a manageable perimeter.

The quarantine line is a 20-foot high wall topped by barbed wire; in some places it is brick, in others only chain-link fencing. The areas labeled as "checkpoints" mark the only entrance gates or opening (see individual

checkpoint descriptions for full details of each). *Motion detectors* are placed every thirty feet and linked directly to the *Surface Security Center*. Unless the motion detectors are deactivated, anyone or anything crossing the line is immediately detected, and an android patrol is dispatched to "contain the breach" (i.e. kill the trespassers).

Individual checkpoints are detailed below.

GM's Note: In addition to the sensor picket, groups of *hover sentries* (each armed with a pair of internal SMGs) patrol the quarantine line 24 hours a day, watching the wall for signs of movement or evidence of a breach. These sentries are programmed to fire on anyone or anything crossing the line.

Even if the PCs approach the quarantine line well away from established checkpoints, there is a good chance of being spotted by at least one of these roving patrols (treat any encounter with a patrol as EL 5).

Scenario C: If the PCs have allied with the War Droid, the hover sentries do not attack the PCs.

- **Hover Sentries A (3):** HP 25 each.

30. CHECKPOINT 1 (EL 14)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The broad street up ahead is ringed with buildings that have been completely demolished, leaving only piles of broken stone.

In the middle of the avenue is a colossal robot, almost two stories tall and standing on two huge legs. High overheard, its monstrous torso bristles with turret-like protrusions. At its feet stand a number of androids, armed with curious-looking rifles and more conventional weapons.

The colossal robot is an ancient *combat walker*, one of the heaviest assets still available to the 303rd. This piece of machinery has been one the major deterrents against the Last God and its thralls.

The robot and androids here are guarding the eastern checkpoint in the quarantine wall, which is a fenced gate on rolling wheels. The gate itself is locked with a mere padlock and chain, but has served well enough as a barrier for two hundred years (with the *combat walker* here to provide heavy fire, no New World Order force has been able to breach this part of the quarantine line).

If the PCs arrive here without having made peaceful contact with the War Droid at the *Surface Security Center*, the androids immediately begin firing at the party; the combat walker only engages with *machineguns* (unless the PCs are in a vehicle, in which case it will try to immobilize them with its *gauss cannons*), though if seriously threatened, it attacks with everything it has!

Scenario C: The *heavy weapons androids* must make a Will save to avoid attacking the party on sight, regardless of their current orders to "stand down." The other androids obey the War Droid's directive, but do not interfere with the heavy weapons androids even in the event that they open fire.

- **Heavy Weapons Androids (4):** HP 60 (x2), 52, and 49.
- **High-level Command Android (1):** HP 87; also has the key to the padlock.
- **Combat Walker (1):** HP 106.

31. CHECKPOINT 2 (EL 9)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The ruins of a building, blown flat during some past battle, lie ahead. Some kind of tank is stationed in the open; standing near the vehicle are two soldier androids armed with rifles. As you approach, the two androids point in your direction and the turret of the tank begins to turn towards you!

The tank here is one of the last remaining armored vehicles brought by the 303rd to enforce the quarantine. It is currently crewed by three soldier androids, with a fourth android serving as the tank's commander.

The two androids outside begin firing immediately when they spot movement in their sector unless they have been instructed otherwise by the War Droid at the *Surface Security Center*. To save ammunition, the tank crew only fires its two *machineguns* (coaxial and roof-mounted) unless the PCs are riding in a vehicle, in which case the androids also open fire with the tank's *cannon*.

Scenario C: The androids merely regard the PCs with a salute before returning to their stations.

- **M1A2 Abrams (1):** Defense 6; Hardness 20; HP 64.
- **Android Tank Crewmen (2):** HP 15 each.
- **Android Tank Gunner A (1):** HP 15.
- **Android Tank Commander (1):** HP 26.
- **Basic Soldier Androids (2):** HP 20 each.

Treasure: The M1A2 Abrams has three remaining rounds for its 120mm tank cannon.

32. CHECKPOINT 3 (EL 9)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

There is a large gap in the wall of buildings right up ahead. The sand here seems undisturbed, but standing like lone sentinels, separated only by a few yards, are several machineguns on tripods. These unmanned machineguns point to the south, towards the streets leading out of town.

This part of the quarantine is held by a line of no less than six *weapon animatrons*—the seemingly abandoned tripod-

mounted machineguns seen by the PCs from a distance. The animatrons are programmed to fire at anything approaching their position from either side. In addition, *hover sentries* (see *The Quarantine Line*) visit here twice each hour to make sure the animatrons are still functioning (and to report a breach if the animatrons have been destroyed).

To supplement the protection offered by the animatrons, a *minefield* has been laid out in a wide band in front of them. The minefield features a number of anti-personnel mines, with a few anti-tank mines thrown into the pattern to make escape by vehicle an uncertain prospect.

There is a 20% chance per 10 feet traveled that anyone moving through this area steps on a mine. Treat these mines as *fragmentation grenades (anti-tank grenades* if triggered by a vehicle). The mines are barely visible; a character may make a Spot check (DC 19) to avoid stepping on/driving over the mine at the last moment.

Weapon Animatrons (6): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40 each; Init +4; *M2HB* +10/+5 for 2d12.

Treasure: Each animatron has 1d20x5 rounds remaining for its weapon.

33. CHECKPOINT 4 (EL 11 AGAINST ANDROIDS; EL 5 AGAINST SEEDLING)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

At this far edge of town, the streets are blessed with an inordinate amount of sunshine. Heat reflecting off the sun-baked stone radiates weird mirages that distort the true features of the rubble-strewn alleys ahead.

Once the PCs approach, read the following:

As you walk down the road, you catch a glimpse of movement down the street, followed by a sudden hail of gunfire. As you dive for cover, however, you realize the fire wasn't aimed at you. Fifty yards ahead you see a composite fence of chain link and barbed wire barriers. Just behind it, a number of men, arms raised ahead of them as if reaching for your help, are cut down by machinegun fire from one of the buildings on this block.

It appears you've walked into a war zone!

In reality, the PCs have just arrived to witness the final moments of a short-lived skirmish. A fresh wave of New World Order thralls has gathered strength to again test the quarantine. The androids holding the line were prepared, however, and cut them all down.

What happens next depends on what the PCs have done up to this point—and how much they know. If they rush to lend aid to the "men" (actually a band of shamblers led by a seedling), they are in for a surprise. Not only will the androids open fire on anyone making a move to aid the thralls, but a well-meaning PC who reaches the "men" will find the lone survivor to be less than human…

If the PCs wait and watch, allow the androids to make Spot checks to notice the party. If the check is successful, they open fire on the PCs, assuming them to be reinforcements sent by the Last God.

Due to mounting casualties over the years, the androids here have given up trying to form a larger defense line and have moved into a sturdy concrete building across the street (see map). From here they have a clear view of this section of the quarantine wall, and can maintain a much more secure posture.

GM's Note: The androids have holed up in a makeshift bunker; while inside the building they have one-half cover (firing from open windows and holes in the wall).

Scenario C: Although the soldier and command androids do not fire on PCs who have allied with the War Droid, the *heavy weapons androids* must make Will saves to avoid attacking the party on sight, regardless of their current orders to "stand down." The other androids obey the War Droid's directive, but do not interfere with the heavy weapons androids even in the event that they open fire.

- **Basic Soldier Androids (8):** HP 19 (x2), 17 (x6).
- **Heavy Weapons Androids (2):** HP 40 and 32; 50 rounds of .50 cal. ammo each (instead of 100).
- **High-level Command Android (1):** HP 79; 15 charges remaining in its *power backpack*.
- **Former Scientist (1):** HP 25; armed with one *smoke grenade* and one *fragmentation grenade*.

Of the New World Order sally force, only the *seedling* remains. It was supposed to throw a *smoke grenade* to cover the advance of its meager force, but the androids were too quick and killed most of the shamblers before it could act. It now waits under cover, (hopefully until one of the PCs comes for it, at which point it will try to infect him). If nobody comes for it, it instead tries throwing its single *fragmentade* into the android bunker (if it can't escape, it will at least try to weaken the android quarantine).

34. CHECKPOINT 5 (EL 12)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Eerie noises echo through the hollow "tunnels" created by long-abandoned train cars and enormous railway maintenance vehicles. Further ahead, a group of androids and robots oversees one side of a tall concrete and brick wall, which is topped by a menacing coil of barbed wire.

This is one of the strongest checkpoints in the android quarantine, due in no small part to it being between the *Production Building* and the *Rail Yard* (an obvious escape route out of town and across the desert). The androids here have held this position against repeated assaults from within the quarantine for two hundred years, but their numbers have dwindled considerably.

The checkpoint's guardians currently consist of nine

soldier androids, a *heavy weapons android*, a *high-level command android*, and two damaged *military security robots*.

GM's Note: The androids here have orders to guard the checkpoint gate, firing upon any creatures that pass through their line of sight on the *far* side of the gate. They do not immediately attack those on *their* side of the gate, however. If the PCs appear on the androids' side of the gate, the mid-level command android calls the War Droid at the *Surface Security Center* for orders; if by then the PCs haven't yet taken hostile action, the command android calls to them: *"Go to the school…"* This is spoken in Ancient, of course, and if the PCs don't know this language, there could certainly be trouble...

If the PCs attack or otherwise threaten the garrison (including heading for the gate), the androids defend themselves regardless of orders.

It is important to stress to the PCs that this android force is probably too powerful to attack. Since the androids do not attack immediately, allow the PCs to see the size of the force and the munitions at its disposal—the sight so many rifles, machineguns, and the two intact security robots will probably convince the PCs to listen, or at least back off!

Scenario C: The *heavy weapons androids* must make a Will save to avoid attacking the party on sight, regardless of their current orders to "stand down." The other androids obey the War Droid's directive, but do not interfere with the heavy weapons androids even in the event that they open fire.

- **Basic Soldier Androids (7):** HP 20 each.
- **Advanced Soldier Androids (2):** HP 37 each.
- **Heavy Weapons Android (1):** HP 45; 75 rounds of .50 cal. ammo (instead of 100).
- **High-level Command Android (1):** HP 50 current; 20 charges remaining in *power backpack*.
- **Military Security Robots (2):** HP 84 and 73.

35. CHECKPOINT 6 (EL 11)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The area ahead looks like an open patch of undeveloped land, bordered by old decaying buildings. However, it is far from empty; even from a distance you can make out the silvery gleam of at least half a dozen androids. Even more imposing, however, is the sight of an armored personnel carrier behind a ring of sandbags, its turret scanning the length of wall ahead of it with a methodical whirring sound.

The androids (and APC) are facing the corner of the quarantine wall, and may not notice PCs sneaking up from another direction (make Spot vs. Hide checks as appropriate).

The android force here has orders to watch this part of the quarantine wall and make sure nothing tries to climb over it (or otherwise get past the quarantine). They will not fire on anyone already *outside* of the perimeter, but will still take defensive positions immediately. If the PCs open fire, the androids will respond with appropriate force (this was the mistake of the *Wastelord* army that came to Center; they saw the androids and opened fire).

The crew in the APC only fires the vehicle's cannon if the PCs appear to have an anti-tank weapon of any kind (the only exception to their "fire only if fired upon first" rule).

The *low-level command android* radios immediately to the *Surface Security Center* in the event of any encounter here. If the PCs still have not attacked, the command android orders them (in Ancient) to simply *"Go to the school…"* It repeats this cryptic message until the PCs leave. If they refuse to leave, it orders its troops to open fire.

GM's Note: There are enough sandbagged areas to provide one-quarter cover for all of the androids. In all, there are nine *soldier androids* stationed here—six outside and three serving as the crew of the *M2A2 Bradley*. The *Bradley* is in full fighting form. The *low-level command android* remains outside to direct the battle, but generally stays behind cover.

Scenario C: The androids merely regard the PCs with a salute before returning to their stations.

- **M2A2 Bradley (1):** Defense 6; Hardness 15; HP 58 (55 current).
- **Android Tank Crewmen (2):** HP 15 each.
- **Android Tank Gunner B (1):** HP 15.
- **Basic Soldier Androids (6):** HP 19 each.
- **Low-level Command Android A (1):** HP 31; 8 charges remaining in *power beltpack*.

Treasure: The M2A2 Bradley has seven more rounds for its 25mm cannon.

36. CHECKPOINT 7 (EL 9)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The sun bakes this part of the old decaying town. Tall, vacant buildings stand on all sides, giving way to a dusty and dry town square. Bisecting the square is a wall of brick, stone, and old crushed cars, with only an old gateway allowing passage through to the other side. More buildings, strangely dark and foreboding, stand beyond the gate towards the north side of town.

The gate seems completely abandoned, except for a few dozen corpses and skeletons strewn about; you wonder if this might be some forgotten "back door" to the inner reaches of this mysterious town.

While there are no forces on the ground guarding this checkpoint, it is nonetheless guarded—but from a distance (see below). The gate itself is locked with a simple padlock and chain.

GM's Note: On the top floor of an otherwise empty three-story building nearby wait two well-camouflaged

soldier androids, both dedicated sniper models. Armed with .50-caliber sniper rifles, the two sniper androids have a clear and unobstructed view of the area around their building, the checkpoint gate, a good portion of the south part of the quarantine line (for several hundred yards in both directions), and even beyond the quarantine.

The androids have orders to snipe at any movement inside the quarantine, at the gate, or trying to climb over/burrow under/cut through the makeshift quarantine wall. They always use the *Double Tap* feat to do as much damage as possible in the opening round of combat, before their targets scatter. If they are unable to kill trespassers before they get through (which thus far has never happened), the androids use their *walkie-talkies* to call in a *hover sentry* patrol.

Because they fire through windows, the androids are considered to have one-half cover.

Scenario C: If the androids have been instructed to allow the PCs to pass, the snipers do not fire.

- **Sniper Androids (2):** HP 70 each.

Treasure: The skeletons on the other side of the gate consist of over a dozen seedlings and shamblers shot dead by the snipers. A Search (DC 10) of these bodies uncovers a *stun pistol* (no clip) and a *green access card* (keyed to the *Biological Response Laboratory*).

37. CHECKPOINT 8 (EL 10)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This part of the old town is steeped in deep shadows created by cavern-like ravines between the naked concrete buildings. Though it is quiet and there seems to be no movement whatsoever, you have a strange feeling that you are being watched.

Like the checkpoint above, this area is overseen by a *sniper*. There is no gate here, however—only brick walls constructed by the 303rd over two centuries ago. These walls feature motion detectors and are periodically checked by roving *hover sentry* patrols.

The roof is a flat open area that has accumulated some sand, but is otherwise clear. Here rests a sniper android (an advanced version armed with a *gauss* weapon), watching the length of the wall (including the corner) for trespassers. It has orders to shoot anything approaching the wall and trying to cross the quarantine line (hover sentries and other androids excepted, of course); if unable to confirm a kill, it radios in that trespassers escaped and a patrol is immediately sent to the area from the *Surface Security Center*.

GM's Note: Accompanying the sniper android is a second android, equipped with a *Stinger* surface-to-air-missile. Though this is a potentially devastating weapon, the android has orders to fire the Stinger only at unauthorized aircraft (the New World Order has no aircraft at the moment, but should the PCs find a flying vehicle and fly it over or near Center, they *will* be fired upon).

Scenario C: The *advanced sniper android* must make a Will save to avoid firing at the party if they come into view, regardless of its current orders to "stand down." The other android obeys the War Droid's directive, but does not interfere with the advanced sniper android even in the event that it opens fire.

- **Advanced Sniper Android (1):** HP 53.

- **Anti-Aircraft Android (1):** HP 20.

Treasure: In addition to the equipment carried by the two androids, there is a metal case on the roof with an extra *Stinger* missile inside (in the event the first should miss). The androids also have a single *autograpnel* here (with full *power cell*) to allow them to descend to ground level quickly if needed.

BEYOND THE QUARANTINE

Beyond the quarantine line is a kind of "dead zone," a part of the high-security facility that has fallen to decay over after witnessing countless battles between the Last God's minions and the 303rd. Piles of bones and rotten bodies are common sites in this area, and the buildings nearest the quarantine wall show signs of moderate to heavy battle damage.

Passing through the quarantine line into this blighted region is like stepping into another world. Here the buildings are damaged, crumbling, and riddled with holes; rust, sand, and verdigris cling to every surface, coating everything with a stained and unwholesome patchwork of queasy colors. It is as if this place itself is diseased and unclean.

All is quiet, all is still—and yet a vague sense of dread and foreboding cannot be shaken as the PCs cross into this no-man's land...

38. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING A

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Occupying most of this block is a single building with scores of small tinted windows running the length of its exterior. A concrete walkway cuts across the dusty dead grass around the side, leading to a single entrance in the back.

This central administrative building was integral to the daily operations of the Center facility, and also served to coordinate information and research concerning the various divisions of the XBM program.

The administration building was abandoned during the "accident," when most of the personnel moved to the labs to lend their scientific skills to the task of researching a last-minute cure. Those without relevant research skills picked up weapons to help the dwindling security forces keep the macro-organism contained.

38A. SECURITY FOYER

Access: None.

Cameras: A security camera over this area is linked to the *Monitor Station* (below).

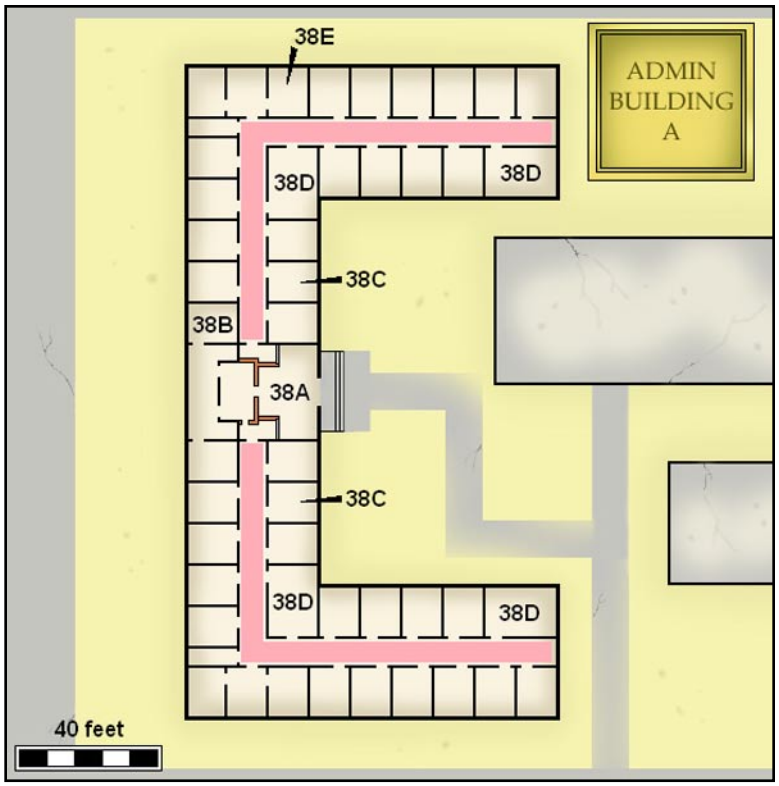
CenterNet: None.

The annex of this building contains various fake plants and subdued lights. Further access is prohibited by an unattended front security desk and a pair of "door frame"-style walk-through metal detectors.

This pleasant lounge area served as the security checkpoint for personnel going in and out of the administration building.

GM's Note: The two security computers behind the security desk can still be accessed, but it almost all the information once stored on them was deliberately destroyed when the building was abandoned.

Treasure: Lying on the security desk is a *hand-held metal detector* (similar to the kind once used in airports; it beeps when passed within a few inches of significant metal objects); its *power cell* is empty, however.



38B. MONITOR STATION

Access: Electrum.

Cameras: Special.

CenterNet: The computers here allow Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one of these requires a Computer Use check (DC 21).

This room can only be accessed from behind the security counter in the foyer.

This room appears to be a comfortable security station, where personnel could monitor security cameras placed throughout the building. The walls are almost completely covered with closed-circuit monitors. Three comfortable swivel chairs sit in the center of the room, facing these wall monitors.

None of the monitors are currently on, but all can be activated by pressing a black button beside each screen. There is one screen for each camera located in the building; any camera that is still in operation transmits its images, real-time, to this location.

Treasure: Sitting on one of the chairs is a security guard's holster and belt, still containing a *stun pistol* (with seven charges remaining). There is also an *electrum access card* lying on one of the monitor consoles.

38C. OFFICES

Access: Green.

Cameras: Each office has a hidden camera (Search check DC 20 to discover) that is linked to the *Monitor Station* (above).

CenterNet: Each office has a computer with Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use (DC 21).

Most of the administration building is taken up by private offices reserved for administrative personnel and researchers. Most of these are uniform in layout and decoration; fake plants, bright work lights, oak or metal desk, computer console, wastepaper bin, filing cabinet (electronically locked, requiring the proper *green access card* to open). Some also have aquariums (long dried up) or flat-screen plasma monitors programmed to project life-like images of beaches, ocean landscapes, or forests onto the office walls 24 hours a day (to create the illusion that the worker isn't in the middle of a miserable desert).

GM's Note: Most of these rooms are devoid of anything of interest, and characters making Computer Use checks to hack into any of the computers will find the task to be a frustrating one. About 95% of the computers in these offices were "sterilized" (all data destroyed and wiped by special security programs). The remaining 5% contain only minimal research data on such topics as lateral dispersion patterns, biological decay rates at various temperature and humidity levels, and the behavior patterns of biological agents in different environments and atmospheric conditions. None of the computers contains any information directly pertaining to the accident that doomed the facility.

38D. MEETING ROOMS

Access: None.

Cameras: No cameras, but hidden microphones in these rooms provide a link to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

Each of these rooms is basically the same: thick rug, large glass meeting table, over two dozen seats, and fake plants in broad plastic pots in each corner. An aluminum water pitcher and set of glasses sits in the center of the table, gathering dust. A pull-down projector screen hangs limply in front of an old faded chalkboard; an overhead transparency projector still sits near the head of the table as if waiting for a long-dead scientist to begin his presentation.

These meeting rooms are typical of those once found in large office buildings. A casual search of each uncovers nothing of any real interest; turning on projectors casts the image of the transparencies on the machine onto the screen, filling the room with eerie light. Depicted on the transparencies are enhanced images of microscopic slides of bacteria. (In other meeting rooms, the images might be identical, or they might be outlines of production projections or even X-rays of infected thralls, at the GM's discretion).

GM's Note: A character performing a thorough Search of a meeting room (DC 20) notices a strange pattern in the dots in the ceiling of each room. Some of these dots form a barely-discernable "screen" (like the receiver on a telephone). A character bashing through the ceiling panel, in addition to making a lot of noise (not to mention sending particle board debris everywhere) discovers a microphone assembly used to eavesdrop on meetings in the room. The microscope provides a direct link to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*; everything picked up in any of these meeting rooms is taped 24 hours a day (since the tapes loop themselves, they still record to this day).

38E. RESTROOMS

Access: None.

Cameras: Each restroom has a hidden camera (Search check DC 20 to discover) that is linked to the *Monitor Station* (above).

CenterNet: None.

Each of these bathroom areas is basically identical, with separate men's and ladies' rooms.

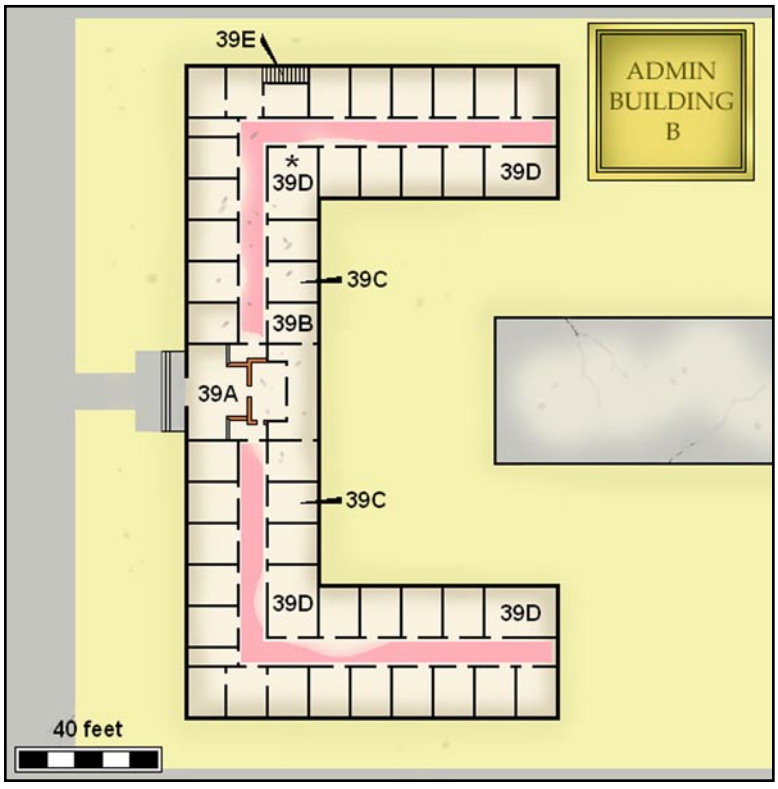
Other than rock-hard soaps (once fragrant) and a few patches of stubborn mold, this area contains nothing of interest to the PCs.

39. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING B

This structure is badly damaged, but otherwise resembles any other building in this curious town.

Administration Building B was the home of "Project Generosity," a side endeavor unrelated to the XBM program that was intended to "develop non-life-threatening bacterial weapons for clandestine use against foreign nations." The layout of this building is basically identical to *Administration Building A*, but is more badly damaged, as it was the scene of heavy fighting between infected and uninfected personnel during the macro-organism's initial struggle to escape town.

For a map of this building, use that provided for *Administration Building A*. All locations are generally barren and rubble-strewn except for the locations specifically detailed below:



39A. SECURITY FOYER

Access: None.

Cameras: A security camera over this area is linked to the *Monitor Station* (below).

CenterNet: None.

This area looks like it was the scene of heavy fighting. Bullet holes riddle the walls, and skeletal remains lie everywhere—men and women, even rats, monkeys, and larger chimpanzees.

This area was overwhelmed during the fighting when the XBM first broke free.

Treasure: A Search of the dead bodies (DC 15) turns up some usable items forgotten in

the desperate battle that took place here. These include an *HK MP5* (empty clip), two *laser pistols* (empty clips), a discarded *power beltpack* (this was damaged by stray gunfire; though it has 8 charges left, each time the pack is used to power an item there is a 10% chance per round that it malfunctions, inflicting 1d4 points of electricity damage on its user), and a *tear gas grenade*.

39B. MONITOR STATION

Access: Electrum.
Cameras: Special.
CenterNet: None.

The computers here are smashed and damaged, as if the fight outside spilled into this room. Four skeletal bodies wearing security uniforms lie on the ground, apparently beaten to death.

A large store of arms and ammunition appears to have been kept here at one time (as an "emergency armory"), but the boxes and racks are all but empty (looted by the Last God's thralls when the defenders fell).

Treasure: A Search (DC 12) uncovers three light duty vests, a *special security suit*, a *walkie-talkie* (with a full *power cell*), two *ready syringes* of *stimshot A*, a canister of wound-healing *medi-spray* (1d3 charges left), and 3d10 loose rounds of 9mm ammunition lying all over the room.

39C. OFFICES

Access: Green.
Cameras: Each office has a hidden camera (Search check DC 20 to discover) that is linked to the *Monitor Station* (above).
CenterNet: Each office has a computer with Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 21).

Most of these rooms were destroyed when parts of the building collapsed during the Fall. Nevertheless, PCs making a full Search (DC 19, 2d6 hours) may find some useful computer files on an otherwise neglected computer console in one of the offices.

The computer files are all protected; accessing them requires first hacking into the appropriate CenterNet site. Once found, these files reveal a story of U.S. complicity in the famine and grain blights of Africa, the Middle East, and Asia from the 1960s up to the Fall. According to a log of no less than 68 experiments and actual operations (first conducted at separate facilities, including Center and Fort Detrick, and later on actual countries ranging from the Congo to China), it seems the Ancients deliberately experimented with and perfected almost a dozen separate grain blights, rice diseases, and "cereal plagues" that were secretly and periodically released on unsuspecting countries every five to ten years.

The program, ironically titled "Project Generosity," was intended to create two distinct results. By devastating foreign agriculture and exacerbating worldwide hunger, the Ancients would have almost unlimited markets in which to sell their agricultural products (to meet the never-ending need). Its secondary effect was to keep many nations impoverished and unstable, their governments unable to reliably feed their people and forced to constantly contend with internal strife and civil wars.

The files also include the results of various sociological surveys and studies positing the long-term effects of malnutrition in third-world countries.

39D. MEETING ROOMS

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

One of the meeting rooms appears to have been hastily converted to an emergency aid station during fighting long ago. The room contains a few skeletons, two stretchers, and a scattering of medical supplies.

The meeting room marked with an "*" was indeed turned into a makeshift aid station during the battle at the facility. A few medical supplies were left here when the defenders either died or fled.

GM's Note: The other meeting rooms are empty.

Treasure: The medical supplies lie out in the open (no need to search for them) and include two *ready syringes* of *stimshot A*, a *ready syringe* of *antitox*, and a dozen empty *ready syringes* (still in sterile individual packaging). There is also a *diagnostic scanner* in the room, although it has no power source.

39E. TUNNEL

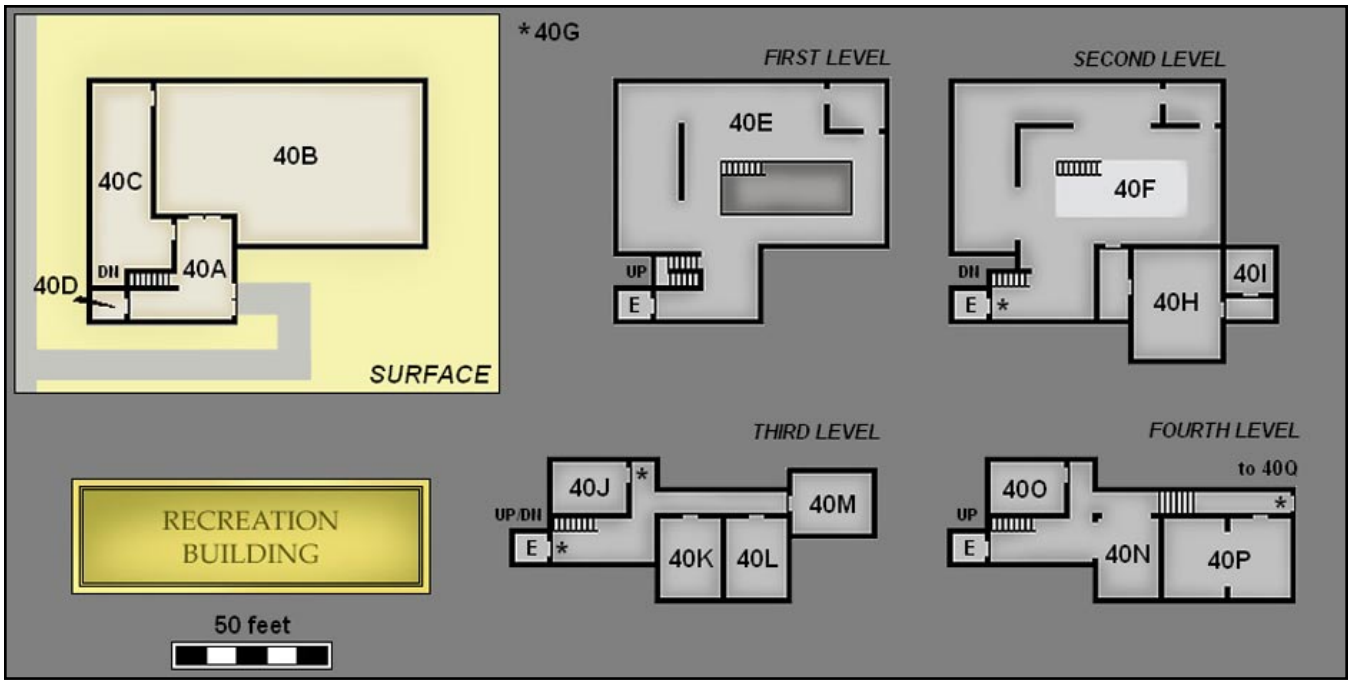
Access: None.
Cameras: A camera over the door here provides a link to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

An unmarked metal door covered with fading red paint stands before you A padlock seems to have once secured it, but is now missing.

The door, if opened, reveals a concrete stairwell with metal handrails descending into unlit darkness. This stairwell is the only structural difference between *Administration Buildings A* and *B*. The stairs lead down to an emergency tunnel that connects *Administration Building B* to the underground tunnels (see map for details).

40. RECREATION BUILDING

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.



From outside, this building looks like any other large structure in this bizarre town—constructed of concrete, at least two stories high, with only a few small windows in the upper level. A concrete sidewalk wraps around the building and is covered by an overhanging partition of stone.

A pair of glass double doors marks the only entrance. Only darkness is visible through the dusty glass. A sign over the door reads: Recreation Building/Hours 0900 to 2200.

This building complex was constructed as a communal recreation and cafeteria facility for on-site personnel. The building resembles a large warehouse from the outside, but inside it consists of several inter-connected levels once used for recreation and relaxation.

The *Recreation Building* is inhabited by a renegade group of chimpanzees, descendants of long-dead test animals that have somehow evaded infection by the Last God's thralls for generations. Confined to the building's underground levels, they have evolved an uncanny intuition and survival sense—a development that has consistently kept them one step ahead of the macro-organism. Though far from human, the chimpanzees have developed organization, coordination, and ambush tactics that rival those of the most cunning predators.

If the PCs enter this building from the surface, the apes, unable to reach this level, are not aware of their intrusion. Only if the PCs reach the lower levels do the chimps react, and then with the same ruthless defensive tactics that have thwarted the Last God's shambling minions in the past.

The chimpanzees adopt a strategy of harassment as the PCs pass through their domain, keeping out of sight, striking quickly and viciously from the darkness in hit-and-run attacks. Like hungry ghosts, they shadow the party as the PCs progress through the facility, ever careful to avoid being seen. They are more intelligent than normal apes by degrees; they know how to hide and stalk prey while remaining virtually invisible; they know how to distract enemies by making noise or commotions in one direction to divert attention while others move in from another. They even exhibit a rudimentary cunning in their ability to construct primitive traps from materials at hand. Coupled with a lingering memory of past experiences, they can recognize bottles of acid, for example, and use these as weapons against anyone who threatens them.

The Last God is aware that these creatures are here and uninfected, but can do little in the way of getting to them. They have evaded all attempts at infection for 200 years, vanishing whenever a seedling so much as comes near. They have almost certainly developed some kind of "sixth sense" that enables them to spot infected thralls. In addition, the traps laid by these creatures, while primitive, have cost the Last God numerous shamblers and seedlings in the past, and it no longer considers the effort of adding these renegades to its army worthwhile.

40A. ENTRY

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

A set of double doors provides entrance to this building. Inside is a plain entry hall, with another set of doors (with glass windows) leading to what might be a darkened gymnasium beyond. What looks like a closed elevator door is barely visible at the far end of the hall.

Folding chairs and tables are stacked near the door; they apparently once served as a makeshift barricade to seal off this main entrance, but the blockage was stripped down and removed when the building was abandoned.

Along the walls are bulletin boards once used to announce games and special recreational events. Characters leafing through the old flyers will find sign-up sheets for various teams, announcements for games pitting the personnel of one department against another in friendly competition, correspondence courses being offered for full credit, and other such materials. None of this is of any practical value to the party.

40B. GYMNASIUM

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This cavernous room, steeped in near-total darkness, was apparently a gymnasium set up for the physical recreation of facility personnel. As your party enters, the large vacuous chamber echoes with the sound of your intruding footfalls.

Only if the PCs bring light sources of their own can they get a better look around. The huge gymnasium isn't empty, but rather filled with lightweight folding tables and numerous chairs, temporary cots, and old rotted sleeping bags—all beneath a heavy layer of dust.

Much to the surprise of searchers, most of the tables are cluttered with a variety of weapons, equipment, and other miscellaneous items. These include paper plates and plastic utensils, old and empty ration cans and *ready meals*, discarded firearms and body armor, ammunition boxes, scattered medical supplies, electronics and testing equipment apparently scavenged from other parts of the base, radio and television sets, field cookers, water coolers and thermoses, etc.

The gymnasium served as a convenient rallying point for forces commanded from the *Surface Security Center* during the "accident" at the Center facility during its last days of operation. Those security forces that weren't killed (or infected) underground fled either to the *Hospital* for medical care or to the *Recreation Building* to regroup with other defenders.

The fate of those who remained at Center to is unclear, but they likely died out, were eventually overcome and infected, or abandoned their posts. Most likely it was a combination of all three (as is evidenced by the letter in *Area 11*, and the remains of the SUV found in the desert in *The New World Order*).

If the PCs scrounge around the gymnasium, they find a number of items left by the security personnel in what appears to have been an eleventh-hour hedonistic party to celebrate what they perceived to be "the end of the world." All around the room are discarded weapons, uniforms, and body armor, including seven Colt 635s, two HK MP5s, a *stun pistol*, eighteen all-black security uniforms (zippered overalls with padded knees and elbows), two *light duty vests*, two *tactical vests*, two *special response vests* (showing heavy battle damage), and the helmet from a *special security suit* (the rest of the suit is missing). There are two metal batons on the tables, along with 39 boxes of ammo for the Colt 635s (only three are full; another one has 2 rounds left), three empty clips for the MP5s, and two drained *power clips*.

Other finds include two *graphite access cards*, an *electrum access card*, an *orange access card* (keyed to the *Air Filtration Center*), three flashlights (each with a full power cell), and four *walkie-talkies* (only two have *power cells*). Two radios and a television set appear to have been brought in and set up to watch and hear the war unfold, since the lower areas of the *Recreation Building* (with numerous televisions) were abandoned during the battle. The television here has been smashed; of the radios, one appears to have been heavily modified to pick up broadcasts from out of state, but it is totally broken. The other is a civilian radio/CD player, still containing a music CD (but the *power cell* is drained).

Medical supplies, taken from the quarantine before it was abandoned, include a half-empty bottle of *superegen* (two doses left); two full bottles of *stimshot A* (four doses in each); some 1d20+3 *ready syringes* (all empty; roughly 50% are still in safety wrappers, the rest have been used but are so old that any contaminants within died long ago, making them usable again); various rusted scalpels, medical scissors, stitching needles, and stained aluminum pans (for field surgery); some ten rolls total of gauze bandages; bottles of alcohol, antiseptics, and local anesthesia, and painkillers by the hundreds— though most of these have been scattered all around the tables and floor.

On at least one table is a camping cooler in which some kind of punch appears to have been made; many of the pills lie scattered near this. On another table are various pieces of chemical apparatus taken from the facility proper, but used by the personnel here to create *drugs* (similar to "ecstasy") for reckless enjoyment at their last-hour revel. A blackened pie pan on one table has the desiccated remains of a hash-laced chocolate cake, with icing on top spelling out two words: The End.

Most of the other foodstuffs appear to have been consumed in the final "bash," but hidden amidst the nearly one hundred empty boxes and cans are 25 tins of C-rations and three edible *ready meals*. There is an entire assortment of empty bottles of booze (no doubt looted from all over the facility, as well as from personal lockers and "stashes").

In addition to these items, a search uncovers chilling mementos and mundane personal articles of the security personnel who died here, all mixed together as if symbolically thrown away in the last hour of the "party;" these include mug shots of individual security personnel, photos of their families or loved ones, letters, and personal journal entries (one of which is *Handout #13)*.

40C. EQUIPMENT STORAGE

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

A fine layer of dust is stirred into the air when the door to this room opens. Inside you see a range of equipment including chairs, tables, and other such items stacked away in storage. The room is silent.

This small side room was used to store extra tables, chairs, and a variety of sports supplies (basketballs, volleyball nets and poles, folding bleachers, etc.). Most of the tables and chairs were moved to the *Gymnasium* (see above) or to the barricade at the *Entry* (see above); leaving this room a little over half empty. There is nothing here else of interest to the PCs.

40D. ELEVATOR

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This is a large elevator that once provided access to the levels below. It currently lacks power, but if power were somehow restored, it would function normally.

GM's Note: The sound of the elevator coming back online, should the PCs manage to restore power here, is an alien and frightening experience for the chimpanzees on the lower level. They will panic at the sound of the elevator, fleeing and hiding—and abandoning their normal ambush tactics.

40E. CAFETERIA, UPPER

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This enormous area is in a state of disarray, with tables and folding chairs strewn about everywhere. The place appears to have been a large cafeteria that might have seated 200 or more people at a time. The walls are covered by enormous photo depictions of seascapes and snow-capped mountain ranges, with unpowered television sets in one or two corners for dinner-hour entertainment.

A large opening in the floor, ringed with a sturdy railing, occupies the center of the cafeteria. There seems to have once been a staircase connecting this level of the cafeteria with the level below.

This two-level cafeteria complex was almost completely ransacked when the personnel defending Center abandoned the lower levels of the facility. Damage incurred during the chaos, combined with a structural weakness, caused the staircase to collapse, severing access between the upper and lower levels. Only a deep black "pit" now remains; through it, the lower level of the cafeteria is faintly visible.

PCs approaching the railing and looking down see darkness and the remains of the collapsed staircase. A strong animal odor emanates from below.

GM's Note: The PCs can search the wreckage of the cafeteria, but will find little of interest. Any loud noise (including that generated by a thorough search) alerts the chimpanzees on the lower level (see below).

40F. CAFETERIA, LOWER (EL 10)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Despite the darkness, you can tell that this area is probably quite large, a cafeteria of some sort filled with row upon row of tables. Folding metal chairs lie strewn around the cafeteria as if thrown about at random. Smashed plates, old plastic cups, and rusted silverware are scattered everywhere, as if this were the playpen of a group of careless children. Here and there you spot small piles of dung, from which the strong fecal odor filling the place emanates.

Overhead is a large opening leading up to another level of the cafeteria. The staircase that once connected both levels has collapsed and lies in a rusted, twisted heap on the floor below the opening.

Like the cafeteria level above, this area was used for meals by up to 200 personnel at a time. This level is identical to the one above, with chairs and tables in a general state of total disarray, with the addition of a bank of (unpowered) pinball machines and standing arcade games against one wall and the remains of the collapsed staircase in the center of the room. Animal feces, new and old, lies in careless piles here and there, along with torn-open ready meal cartons, empty tin cans, and the faded plastic wrappers of discarded MREs.

Lurking in the relative darkness of the lower cafeteria are a number of uninfected chimpanzees, who spend their days eating, defecating, and demolishing the furniture here with ignorant disregard for the past. Any light or sound from above alerts the chimps, which immediately fall silent, scurrying to hide in the deep black shadows. Two chimps remain to watch intruders above, while the others scamper off as quietly as possible to gather the rest of the pack. The two sentries then also flee, joining the others to harass the intruders.

Advanced Chimpanzees (16): HP 30, 26 (x2), 25 (x2), 20 (x11).

40G. TRAPS (EL 2)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

As you open this door, you hear a rattling noise from behind it, followed by the distinctive sound of breaking of glass.

Each of these doors has been cleverly trapped by the chimpanzees living in the lower levels of the *Recreation Building*. Fearing intrusion by infected agents of the Last God, the chimps have salvaged jugs of powerful acid from the underground chemical storage areas and used them to make potent booby traps. Balancing heavy glass bottles atop half-cocked doorways, or setting bottles on flimsy stands where they will be knocked over into the path of trespassers when a door is opened, the apes managed to cripple and maim a handful of seedlings and shamblers in the past. Since these tactics have been successful in keeping the pack safe, the chimps employ them to this day.

Any character opening one of these doors knocks over the bottle of acid unless the trap is first discovered. The bottle shatters when it hits the ground, causing splash damage (Reflex save for half) to everyone within 5 feet. There is a 1 in 6 chance that a given trap is not acid, but some other liquid that the apes mistook for a corrosive (see *Area 40O* below).

Acid Trap (1): CR 2; Disable Device DC 12, Search DC 12, damage 3d6 (splash radius 5 ft., Reflex save DC 15 for half).

GM's Note: The triggering of an acid trap results in the shattering of glass and, possibly, screams or shouts. Allow the chimpanzees to make Listen checks (DC 12) to hear any such commotion.

40H. KITCHENS (EL 2)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This area must have once been a bulk kitchen space, used to prepare meals for the facility's personnel. Stainless steel countertops, food preparation areas, stoves, ranges, rotisseries, and banks of microwave ovens rival those of any large Ancient hotel restaurant.

Squatting on the countertops are two chimpanzees, busily licking the remains of food from old cartons and jars. When you enter the two apes turn and angrily bare their jagged yellow teeth. One raises its arms and begins beating its chest, while the other hurls an empty cardboard box in your direction.

These two young adult chimpanzees are rummaging through the vast sea of refuse that has collected over the years, looking for scraps of food left over from past feedings. Because they are so intent on their search, they are generally oblivious to noises made elsewhere in the building, and thus are present here even if the rest of the pack has been alerted to the PCs' presence. In any event, the chimps attack if the PCs move deeper into the room (otherwise, they stay where they are and wait for the PCs to leave before resuming their scavenging).

Chimpanzees (2): HP 12 each.

40I. BULK PANTRY

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Before you is a huge metal door with a small round porthole at roughly face-level. Looking through the smudged glass, you see only darkness.

The source of food that sustains the renegade chimpanzee pack lies here, in a bulk pantry that once served the *Recreation Building's* two cafeterias. At one time this enormous pantry contained not only enough food to sustain a variable menu for several months, but also emergency food supplies to last for years if need be.

The chimps discovered how to unlock the keycard door long ago, in the first years following the "accident." Mimicking the human scientists (who used keycards openly in front of the test animals), they managed to find a discarded keycard and use it to open the door to the pantry where the food supplies were stored.

Much of the food was taken by facility personnel during their last-hour festivities, and the chimps have wasted much of it in their own habitation of the complex. The pack's numbers have dwindled in recent years, however, so a great deal of preserved food remains within the pantry. All the fresh produce has long since been consumed; the remainder includes crates of *ready meals*, hundreds of cans of food and soft drinks, bottles of beer and wine, cartons of MREs, bottled water, and dehydrated foods that require reconstitution to be edible. The apes have figured out how to open and eat the ready meals and canned foods; the others they have been unable to use and simply leave on the shelves.

The leaders of the pack have long kept the sole access card to this door in their possession as a sign of dominance. The pack leader is always present when food is to be removed, and must often fight violently to prevent rivals from ransacking the supply. The leader also ensures that the door is closed once the pack has taken enough food to last a few weeks, so that no further plundering is possible without his consent.

Treasure: Inside the pantry are 800 *ready-meals*, 500 cans of various foods (vegetables, fruits, potted meat paste similar to "Spam," etc.), 1,900 cans of soft drinks, 100 bottles of beer, 60 bottles of wine, 80 cartons of military MREs (each carton holds 50 MREs), 600 bottles of water, and 1,000 packages of dehydrated food (each requires a cup of water to reconstitute and provides the same nutrition as a well-balanced meal).

40J. COMMUNITY RECREATION AREA A

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This area may have once been a relatively comfortable chamber, as evidenced by the thick floor rug, recreational games along the walls, and even a wooden bar with rotating stools fitted to the floor. However, the very strong smell of feces hangs in the air here, and anything that wasn't bolted down appears to have been moved, pushed over, jostled, or outright smashed by previous inhabitants.

Groups of off-duty technicians once met in this room to socialize and visit without having to go completely topside for recreation. The room as a miniature town community center, with table hockey, pool tables, pinball machines, arcade-style games, a large-screen plasma TV (with a number of couches and comfortable chairs lined up nearby; the TV is now smashed), coffee maker, small refrigerator, and even a small bar (with padded leather stools) over which sits a neon sign ("Budweiser").

The apes inhabit this room on and off, and have done a fair amount of damage to its contents—including defecating virtually everywhere and knocking over and smashing the more fragile components.

Treasure: A Search check (DC 12) uncovers a few bottles of synthetic alcohol (same taste, no alcohol) that somehow escaped destruction at the hands of the careless chimps, and a lost-and-found box behind the bar in which sit a few leather wallets (with cash and credit cards, but nothing else of value).

40K. COMMUNITY RECREATION AREA B

Access: Green (see below).
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The door to this room is barricaded from the inside; as a result, the chimps were never able to enter here, even with their keycard. The contents are intact even after 200+ years. PCs hoping to enter must bash down the door.

Once inside, you find a pleasantly-furnished room with a thick floor rug, numerous chairs and tables, a small bar with stools, and a large television set. A layer of dust covers everything, including numerous skeletons still reposing in the chairs and on the couches as if they all died sitting quietly in place.

The contents of this room are identical to the recreation area above, except that this room appears to have been used for an eleventh-hour get-together by several technicians and low-level scientists who were sealed underground during the "accident."

The television set burned out long ago, but the disc in the DVD player is intact—a copy of *The Stand*.

All of the couches and chairs are occupied, not by living humans but by the skeletons of long-dead facility personnel. They still wear the threads of lab coats, technician's overalls, and even a few sets of camo fatigues (from security personnel). Ties are loosened, combat boots are removed and set aside—it's as if these men and women were trying to make the atmosphere here as comfortable as possible.

Sitting beside many of these skeletons (or lying on the floor nearby) are small plastic Dixie cups, each containing the very faint remains of cherry kool-aid.

GM's Note: A character who makes a Craft (chemical) check (DC 16) detects the faint scent of *cyanide* in each Dixie cup, evidence that the men and women here committed mass suicide rather than face infection by the macro-organism.

Strong Wooden Door (1): Hardness 5, Hit Points 20, Break DC 23.

Treasure: Sitting on a couch near one of the skeletons in camo fatigues (a former security guard) is a leather hip holster with a *laser pistol* and full *power clip*.

Piled next to another skeleton, that of a woman, is a bundle of folders. Inside the folders are a variety of mundane memos and a packet of personal mail addressed to "Dr. Mercy." This woman was once the secretary for the Director of Psychic Research; she came here to join the others in a painless death rather than continue the futile fight against the Last God. One of the letters is *Handout #15*.

40L. COMMUNITY RECREATION AREA C (EL 6)

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The door opens, revealing a scene of total mayhem: a room full of furnishings turned on their sides, thrown about, and torn to pieces. The smell of animal feces is overwhelming.

The door to this room is one of the few that still has an intact keycard lock. As such, this area is the chosen abode of the pack leader, the sole keycard holder of the chimpanzee pack.

Unless the PCs have already raised the alarm, the leader of the pack is found here. It is a singularly deadly creature, a powerful male whose features have been badly scarred by acid (battle injuries incurred in the past from throwing jars of acid at intruding shamblers).

If the PCs make their presence known (calling out, making loud noises, or waving a flashlight around), the chimp leader scurries out from the corner of the room, barreling straight towards the party.

Though it at first appears to be nothing more than an old, graying chimpanzee, the knotting of its muscles as it charges betrays the power honed in the creature after years spent fighting for its very survival. As it scrambles into the light, all present can see another horrifying detail—in its hand, it clutches a badly-rusted *syringe!*

- **Advanced Chimpanzee Leader:** HP 56; **Possessions:** *Syringe* (see below).

The chimp leader is armed with an unusually large syringe used by Ancient scientists to infect test animals with the XBM organism. The chimp leader and its packmates share a vague ancestral understanding that these needles meant death for any creature struck by them, and thus view the syringe as a kind of deadly relic, something to be feared. The chimp leader uses it to maintain his position at the head of the pack, threatening those who get out of line by waving it at them and screeching. It does not hesitate to use the syringe on a PC in combat (it doesn't know the syringe is essentially a one-shot weapon).

The syringe is still filled with XBM biomaterial, and the chimpanzee attempts to stab the nearest PC with it before running away with the rest of the pack. If it hits and does damage with the syringe, the character struck is infected automatically (no save).

If the syringe is dropped or broken, it shatters and releases the biomass contained within.

- **Biomass, Diminutive:** HP 12.

Treasure: The wreckage of this room contains a number of *ready meal* cartons (2d6 empty, 1d3 still sealed), as well as two glass jars of *concentrated acid*. Once the chimp leader uses up the syringe, it fetches these jars and hurls them at the PCs in a desperate attempt to slay the intruders before its pack is wiped out.

A Search check (DC 21) uncovers a *green access card* (keyed to the *Recreation Building*) that the chimp leader has cleverly hidden inside an old microwave oven buried under some broken-down cardboard boxes. Since the card is essential to the pack's survival and mobility, the pack leader uses it as leverage to exert control over the rest of the chimps.

40M. DEN (EL 8)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The door to this room is missing, leaving only bare and rusted hinges. The room beyond has been thoroughly ransacked; papers, cardboard boxes, and chairs all lie about in heaps where they were bashed, beaten, or torn apart to make a more "comfortable" living space for the animal inhabitants. Feces, the scooped-out shells of countless bugs and beetles, and the torn and rotted remains of empty ready-meal cartons carpet the floor like a grotesque multi-colored rug.

The vulnerable females and young of the chimpanzee pack, confined largely to this level, make their lair here. They spend much of their time grooming and socializing while the males patrol the building and deal with threats to the pack's safety.

If the building is infiltrated, a male rushes to this room and silently sneers at the females and young, signaling that intruders are present; the females respond by quieting the young and ferrying the infants to safety in a nearby ventilation duct, which is then sealed with a grate. The young know to remain utterly silent even if intruders make it this far; they will not emerge from their hiding space, but rather watch through the narrow slits as their mothers are slaughtered.

- **Chimpanzee Females (12):** HP 10 (x2), 8 (x6), 5 (x4).
- **Chimpanzee Young (5):** HP 2 (x2), 1 (x3).

40N. REAR SENTRIES (EL 7)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This part of the hallway is littered with dead bugs and detritus, as well as a few scattered ready meal containers.

A small number of chimpanzees remain here at all times to keep watch on the door to the *Rest Areas* (*Area 40Q*) and to raise the alarm if something tries to get through.

The sentries are all mature males, full of spirit and aggression; if the door is opened there is a 20% chance that they remain to fight. Otherwise they flee, hoping to join the other members of the pack elsewhere to ambush the party later. In either case, any intrusion causes the sentries to erupt in screeches and howling; they throw empty metal cans and bang broken chair legs against the walls to alert the rest of the pack. This cacophony can be heard from all around the facility and puts the rest of the pack on immediate alert.

- **Advanced Chimpanzees (4):** HP 30.

40O. STORAGE

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The door here is missing; through the gap where it used to be you see an open room filled with trash and broken pieces of furniture. Oddly enough, it seems that some creature of at least rudimentary intelligence has turned this place into a storage room, for there is a vast collection of plastic jugs, glass jars, and containers of all sorts lined up on the walls and placed on every available flat surface.

The chimpanzees use this convenient space to store bottles of acid they have scavenged over the years from various labs. There is a wide collection of chemical substances here; since the chimps can't actually read (they assume any container bearing symbols is acid), there are harmless detergents and other mundane chemicals mixed in among the corrosives.

Treasure: A thorough search uncovers substances used in former chemical experiments in the underground lab complexes. Among these are several doses of acid—*mild, potent*, and *concentrated* (1d6 doses of each).

40P. JANITORIAL STATION

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This place almost resembles a locker room, well lit and smelling of strong chemicals and detergents. Several stainless steel tables dominate the center of the room; stacked high atop them are the bloody remnants of old lab coats and camo fatigues along with wristwatches, glasses, and other personal items.

This room was originally a janitorial station; during the "accident" a large number of dead technicians and other personnel were brought here to be stripped before incineration. Most of the objects here were meant to be sterilized and re-used, but the janitorial staff fled before completing their task.

A side bay proves to be a changing area with a dozen lockers and two showers: a small conventional shower and a steam shower.

Treasure: A Search of the articles on the tables (DC 12) uncovers 1d6 wristwatches (1-2 of which still have operating *power cells*), a single Beretta 92F (no ammo or clip), a *green access card* (keyed to *Robot Janitorial Station*), another *green access card* (keyed to *Vehicle Entrance—East*) and a single *electrum access card*.

A Search of the lockers (DC 12) uncovers a half-dozen mundane white coveralls (janitorial attire), another 1d3 wristwatches (all with full *power cells*), assorted wedding rings, and 1d2 leather or polyester wallets (with credit cards, some cash, and non-functional IDs used in civilian life).

In storage cabinets and under the tables are a number of brooms, mops, buckets, tanks of cleaning solutions, bottles of detergent (including some which are actually potent *corrosives*, requiring dilution prior to use to prevent damage and injury), and other cleaning supplies. A separate bay holds three man-portable floor scrubbers/waxers, as well as a much larger waxing unit—the size of a small car (the operator rides on it like a wheeled lawnmower)—for longer hallways.

40Q. REST AREAS

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Off of the main hall, cloaked in darkness, is a series of small rooms, each chamber resembling private quarters of some sort. The smell of feces hangs heavy here, and even a casual look inside each niche reveals that these rooms have been ransacked by careless hands.

Each of these is a dual-occupancy bedroom/rest area where technicians or scientists could take a break during the day. Furnishings in each include two fold-out beds, a small table, and television set (linked directly to a facility-wide broadcasting center that once played select television shows, movies, and loops of pre-recorded—and edited—national news). Techs who didn't want to deal with the hassle of going topside to the surface "town" came here to sleep a few hours before returning to their shifts.

The chimpanzees in the *Recreation Building* have fully explored these areas (hence the ransacked appearance) and no longer consider them interesting. They rarely come down here now, preferring to keep the stairwell door sealed at all times (only the pack leader has a card capable of opening the lock).

If the PCs are being pursued by the pack, hiding in one of these niches is a good strategy for escaping notice by the chimps, who do not think to investigate each sleeping niche.

Treasure: At the GM's discretion, each of these areas might contain a few mundane, everyday items that belonged to the Ancient techs.

41. MAIN RESEARCH LABORATORY

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This ominous building gleams with a façade of burnished copper windows, a single contiguous exterior that is almost blinding in the sun. Oddly, a few panes have fallen off in places, revealing that the copper plates aren't actually windows, but rather some kind of metallic shielding for the building.

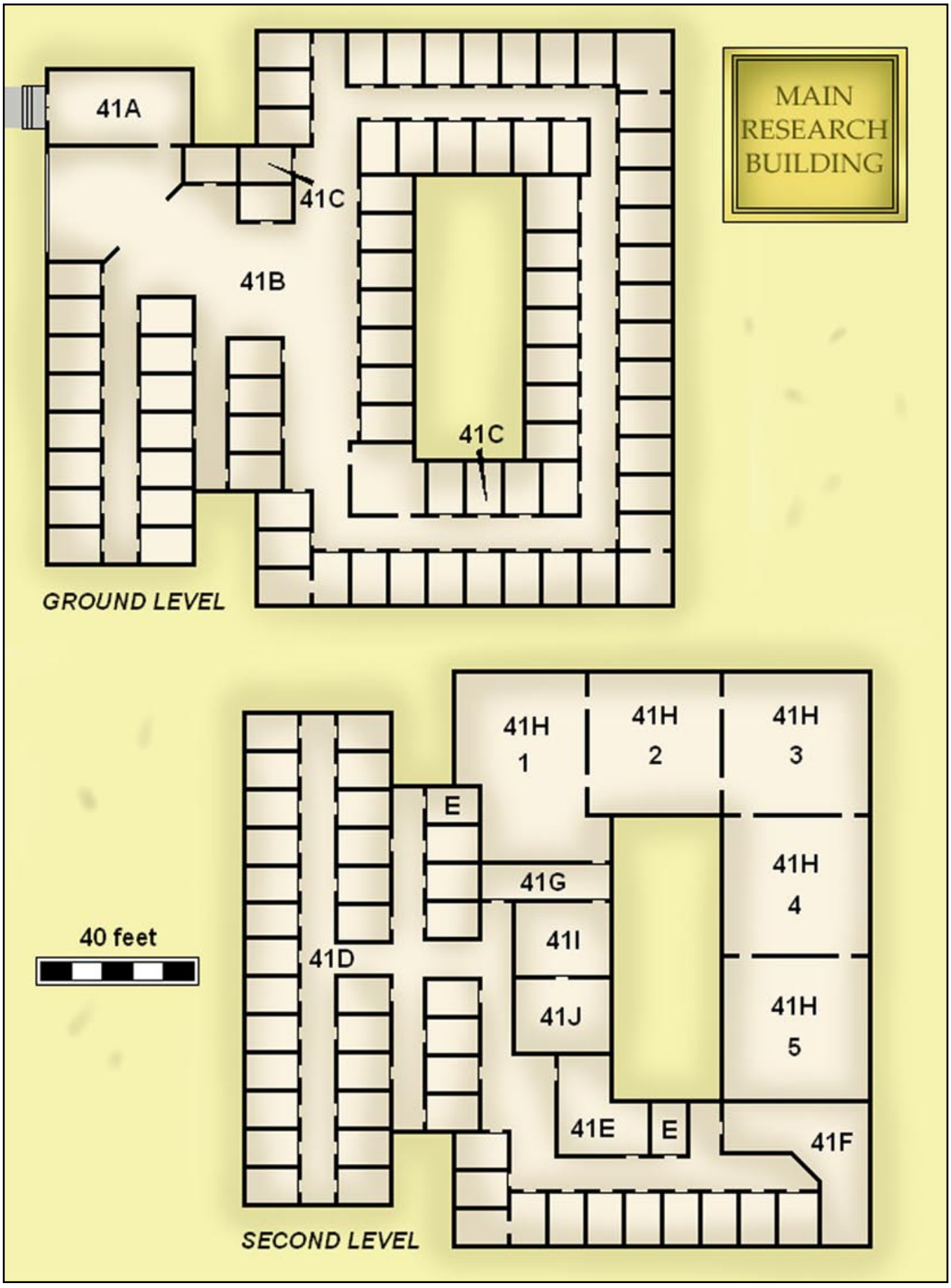
The entire building is surrounded by a barbed wire fence. Entrance to the compound appears to be possible only via a small side building.

This important research laboratory (arguably the heart of the program) housed the theoretical design and planning stages of Project Bloom, and was in full operation up to the Fall, devising potential variants of, improvements on, and future uses for the biological technology involved in the XBM program.

GM's Note: The copper shielding coating the building's exterior consists of ½-mm thick copper plate, specially designed to inhibit electronic surveillance of the building from outside (including directional laser "listening devices" and similar hi-tech gadgets). *Such was the importance of keeping the myriad secrets of this building under wraps…*

41A. SECURITY STATION (EL 3)

Access: Pink or Electrum.
Cameras: A camera here links directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.


MAIN RESEARCH BUILDING
41A
41C
41B
41C
GROUND LEVEL
41H 1
41H 2
41H 3
E
41G
41H 4
41I
41D
41J
41H 5
41E
E
41F
40 feet
SECOND LEVEL

The coppery exterior door to this building slides open with a quiet hiss, revealing beyond it a darkened lobby and security checkpoint, apparently long abandoned. A dusty reception desk sits on one side of the room beside a walk-through metal detector. There is only one other exit from the room: an impressive security door on the far side of the lobby above which a strange black glass dome is fixed to the ceiling.

This is the entrance to the main laboratory building. Due to the top-secret nature of the research done at Center, extra safeguards were placed here to prevent unauthorized entry to this part of the facility. These measures are detailed below:

Once a card holder got past the front door, he was patted down and sent through the metal detector. Anything he carried (thermos, briefcase, etc.) was searched by the security receptionist and catalogued in a logbook.

Once a researcher was proven to be "clean," he could proceed to the *security door*. Here his retina, fingerprints, and hand heat patterns were scanned. If his identify could be verified against a registered database of cleared employees, the door opened and allowed entrance to the lab.

If he did *not* pass these tests, or if he tried to open the door without being cleared, an alarm went off immediately. At that instant, small panels on the black dome on the ceiling slid apart to reveal a *weapon animatron*. Security personnel were given five seconds to detain the intruder and deactivate the animatron before it opened fire on everyone present in the room.

This system is still in place; though the human security personnel are gone, the weapon animatron is still active. Since the PCs do not have the eye patterns or handprints of cleared personnel, the animatron attacks them when they enter.

Weapon Animatron (1): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *HPM rifle* +10/+5 for 5d10.

Treasure: On the underside of the reception desk is a button which, when pressed, activates an audio alarm in the building and sends an immediate silent alert to the *Surface Security Center*. It also activates the weapon animatron. A card reader sits beside this button; if an *electrum* is inserted, the animatron is deactivated.

Treasure: The animatron has the equivalent of two *minifusion cells* for its weapon.

41B. LOWER LEVEL OFFICES

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Each office in this building is rather typical, with features similar to those of offices in other facility buildings. All computers, disks, and hardcopy files were long ago removed from these rooms.

41C. ELEVATOR

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This is a typical elevator; it transports passengers to and from the upper level of the building. The elevator currently lacks power and is unusable in its present state.

41D. UPPER LEVEL OFFICES

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

These offices are almost identical to the ones below, and are similarly devoid of computers, computer disks, storage devices, and paper files. All of these have been removed.

41E. MEETING ROOM

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Inside this room are a long reflective black table, more than a dozen comfortable chairs, a fake plant in each corner, and a thick, sound-dampening rug. Cobwebs drape across everything.

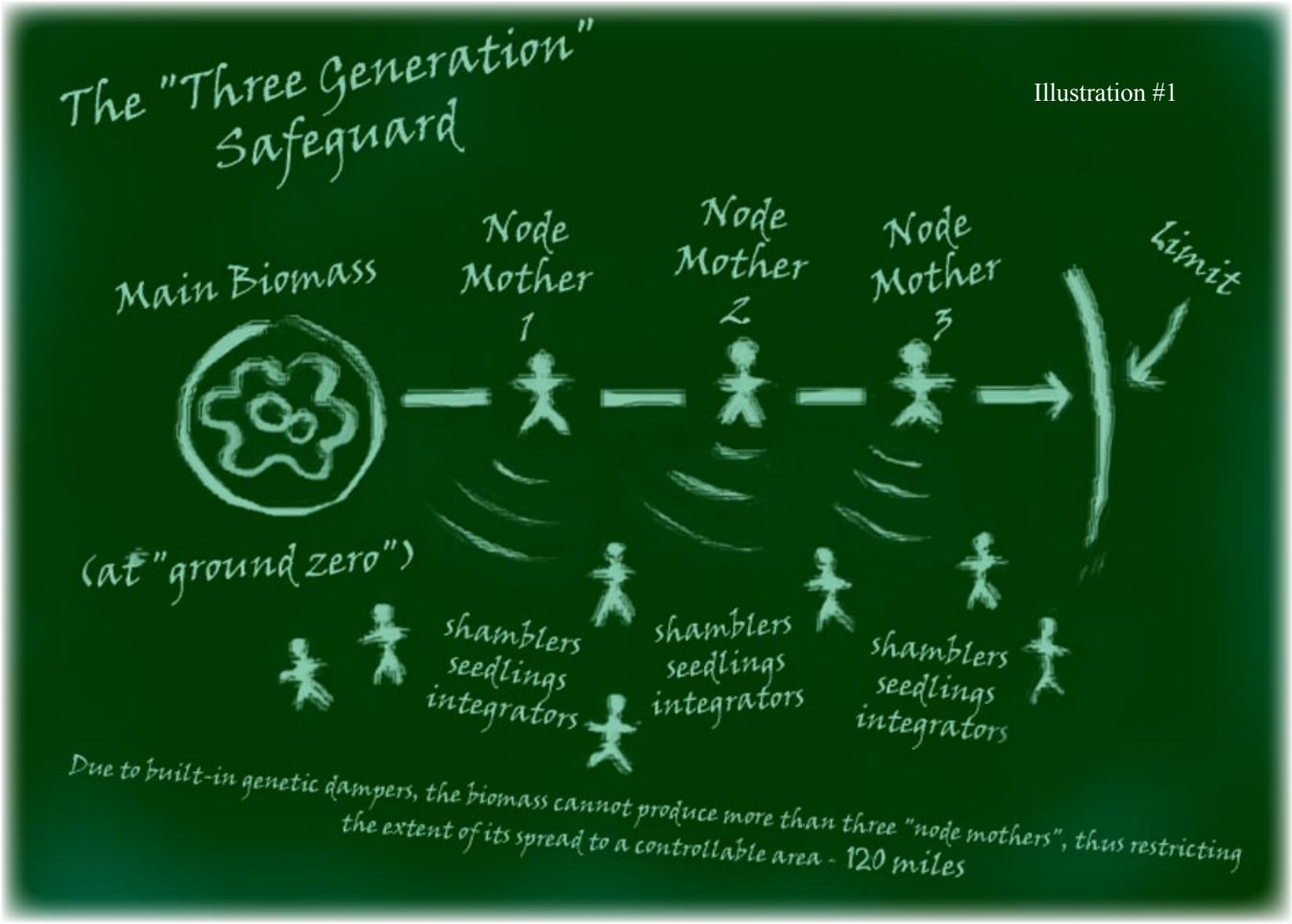
On three of the four walls are a series of contiguous chalkboards, still covered with scribbling and hand-sketched diagrams. The writing explains three vital aspects of the macro-organism:

1) A series of diagrams detail the "Three Generation Safeguard," a limitation built into the XBM series of macro-organisms. This limitation allegedly affects the bioweapon on a genetic level, prohibiting it from creating more than three *node mothers* during its lifetime. According to the notes on the board, this limitation was implemented to restrict the potential destruction caused by the bioweapon to an area roughly 240 miles in diameter. *See Illustration #1.*

2) Another set of scribblings describes how the macro-organism spreads its influence over a wide area. *See Illustration #2.*

3) Several hand-sketched diagrams show how the macro-organism infects and dominates a human host, allowing it to control its "thrall" like a puppet. *See Illustration #3.*

GM's Note: In addition to the information on these boards, a few transparencies on the overhead projector depict probable strategic targets for the XBM weapons, with circles representing this radius of effect for each. The transparencies include maps of France (with the area affected by the bioweapon centered on Paris), Germany (Berlin), Russia (Moscow), and China (Beijing).



41F. OFFICE OF THE FACILITY ADMINISTRATOR

Access: Gray.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: The desk computer here provides Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing it requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

As the light to this large room flickers on, it reveals what may have once been the most luxurious office in the entire facility—complete with decorative photographs artfully displayed on the walls, an abundance of plants (now rotted away, leaving only empty pots in the four corners of the room), a row of filing cabinets, a massive engraved wooden desk, cozy leather chair, and a compact office computer system within reach of the workstation. A small mahogany bar, normally concealed behind a decorative panel, stands open, but the liquor decanters are all toppled over or else simply stand empty. A shattered drinking glass lies scattered on the floor as if dropped suddenly. It's as if the owner got up and left in a hurry.

A wall chart hangs limply from the ceiling, depicting a cross-section of the human anatomy. A small bronze plaque on the desk reads Major Steven Lacey, Facility Administrator.

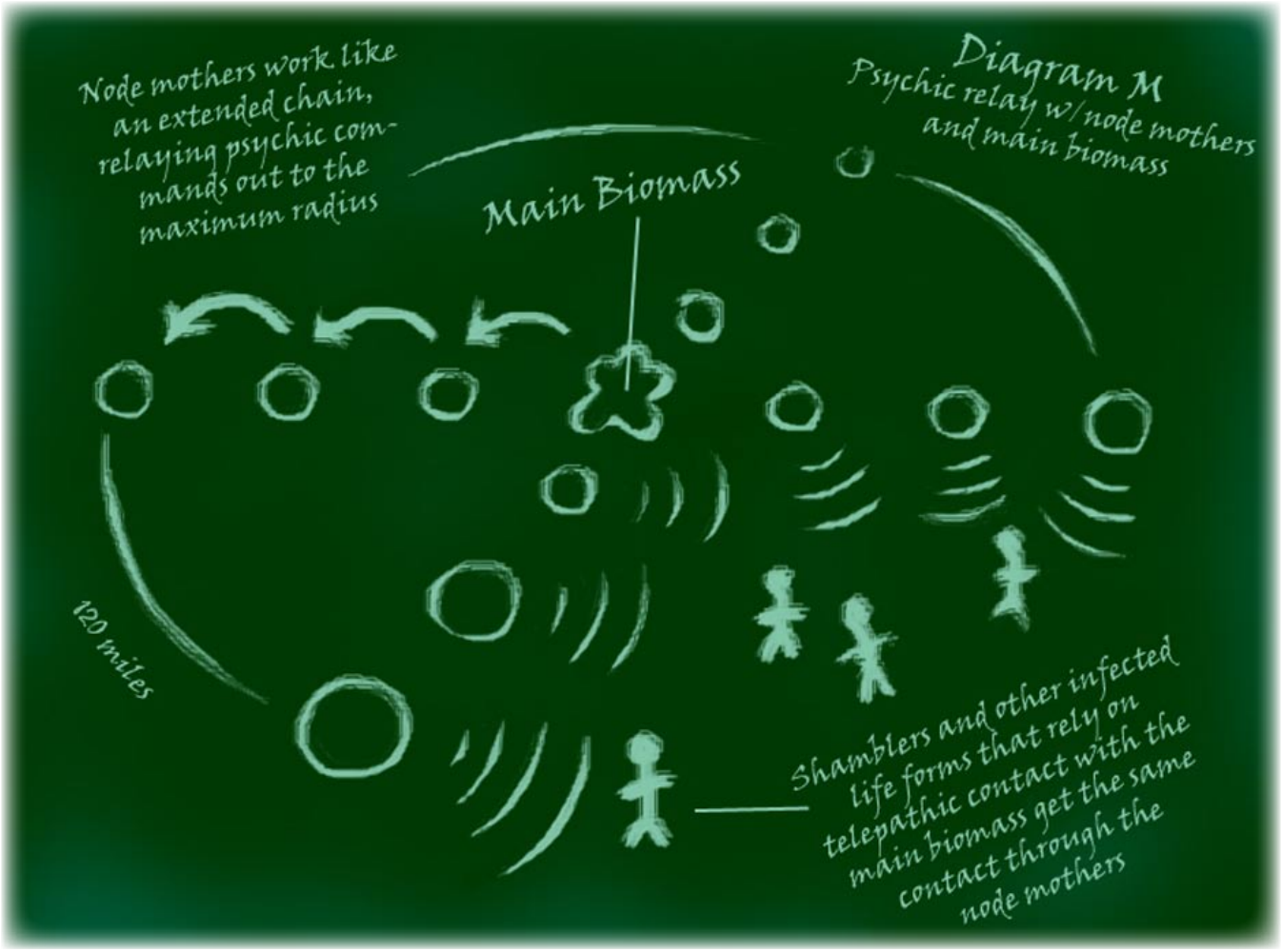
The room is otherwise empty.

This room was the office of the facility administrator, a high-ranking military doctor and well-known microbiologist. The fate of this man, whoever he was, is lost to antiquity, and stepping into his office seems strangely "wrong," as if any moment he might return to reclaim it.

Of course the man is long dead. Abandoning his command, the major attempted to escape Center, only to be infected with the first batch of thralls. For 200 years he was just another zombie-like minion of the Last God awaiting release from this place. His animated body eventually escaped during the XBM's most recent breakout attempt, but was so badly wounded in the fighting with the androids that it eventually collapsed and perished near the desert town of Monte Vista (see *The New World Order*).

The pull-down chart of the human anatomy proves to be uninteresting; behind it is a blown-up diagram of a schematic cell (with lysosome, nuclear membrane, enoplasmic reticulum, golgi apparatus, and other features labeled) that is educational but not particularly germane to the current situation. But behind these two charts are two *maps*, each a blown-up map of Center. The first is a map of the surface, the second a map of the underground areas; all are marked generically by building name—no individual room keys, but the labels are accurate.

Scattered across the desk are dusty folders, three-ring



binders, and faded papers. These include a number of uninformative memos, reports on "power consumption" and "estimates of the probability of working within the scheduled project timeframe," daily administrative files in hardcopy for the ranking administrator to peruse, and other mundane articles. Only two of these are of any real significance (*Handout #11* and *Handout #12*).

Treasure: A Search check (DC 20) reveals a wall safe behind one of the hanging photographs. Opening the safe requires a Disable Device check (DC 35; the combination is lost). Inside are a *pink access card* (keyed to the *Alternate Delivery Systems Lab*) and a *titanium access card*.

41G. SECURITY CORRIDOR (EL 6)

Access: Pink.

Cameras: A camera overlooking the corridor is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

If a *pink access card* is entered into the keycard lock here, the door slides open to reveal a long corridor:

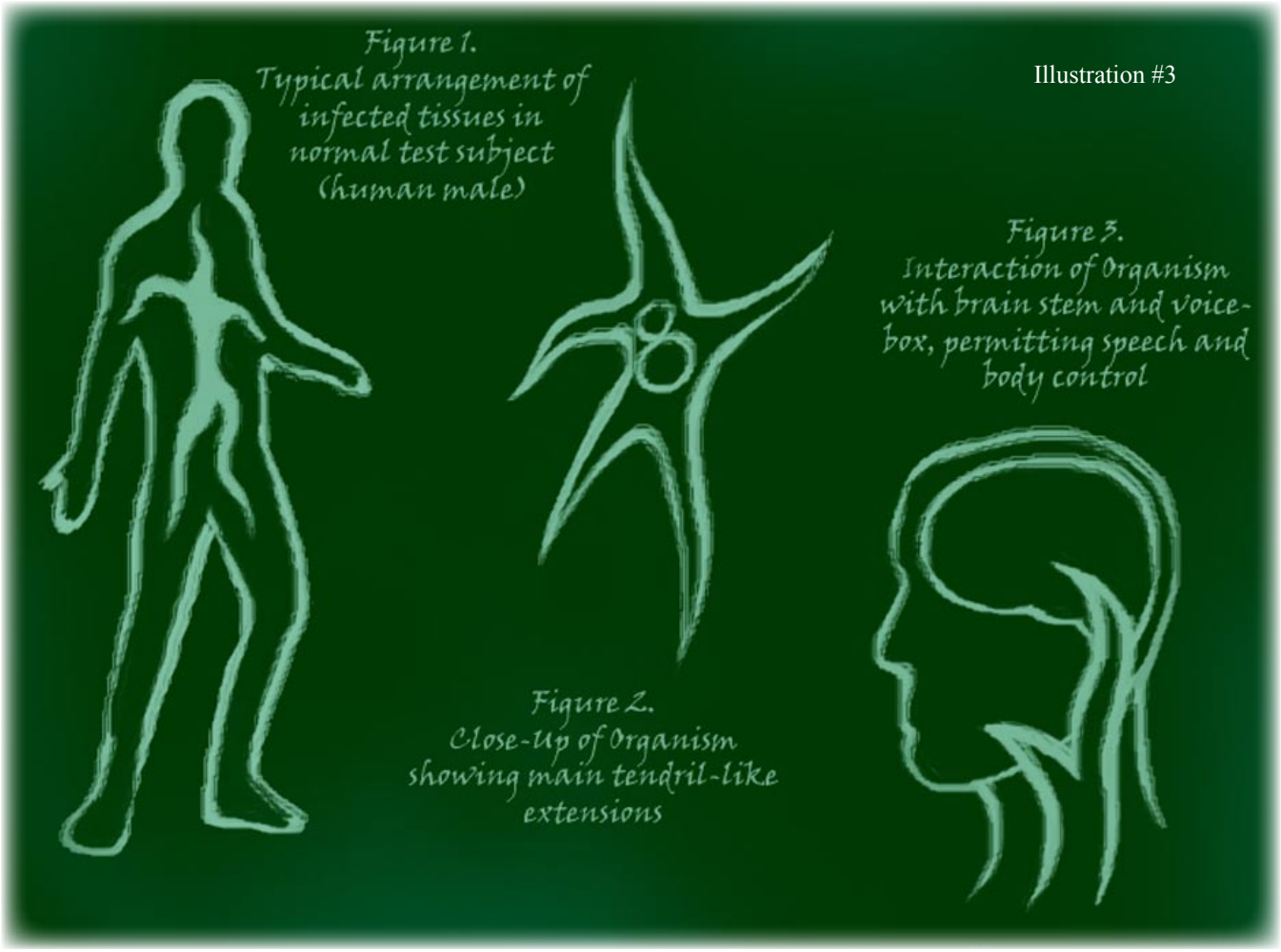
As the door opens, banks of automated lights flicker on and bathe the corridor beyond in a bright white radiance. At both ends of the hall are strange computer podiums, roughly waist-high.

If the PCs enter this corridor, secretly keep track of the time elapsed. *After five seconds the door behind the group slides closed, trapping them inside!*

The only way to open either door is to place one's hand to the scanner. Since the PCs do not have recognized hand patterns, however, doing so immediately triggers the building alarm (as well as the alarm in the *Sub-Surface Security Center*). This has two dire consequences:

1) The first effect of the alarm in this security corridor is the immediate release of *knockout gas* from nozzles concealed in the ceiling. All living creatures within the room (assuming they breathe) must make a Fortitude save (DC 18) or suffer a –1d3 penalty to Dexterity. Ten rounds later, victims who failed the Fortitude save must make a secondary poison save (again at DC 18) or fall unconscious for 1d3 hours.

2) If after 10 rounds the *motion sensors* embedded in the illuminated floor still sense movement, the automated security system assumes that those present did not succumb



to the gas (and were likely prepared, thus requiring a more *forceful* solution). On the eleventh round, a pair of *weapon animatron* turrets pops down from the ceiling at either end of the corridor and fire at anything moving in the passage until it is dead.

Weapon Animatrons (2): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *HPM rifle* +10/+5 for 5d10.

Treasure: Each animatron has the equivalent of a single *minifusion cell* for its weapon.

41H. THINK TANKS

Access: Pink.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

Entering this place, your first impression is that this must be another level of offices, but the amount of computers and filing cabinets seems unusual.

This part of the second level of the *Main Research Laboratory* was dedicated to the facility's "think tanks." These places are work areas where top research groups could convene, pore over research material, and come up with ideas related to the XBM program that might otherwise have been overlooked.

Each of these rooms contains a virtual library of books, magazines, and periodicals of all kinds for from which the think tank groups could draw inspiration or ideas. These collections include encyclopedias and other reference texts, with substantial collections of scientific journals and publications.

In addition to hardcopy, the computer stations in all five think tanks are networked to the mainframe (see *Area 41J* below); this allows instant file sharing and ready access to vast pools of information and up-to-date news (now 200 years old).

The purpose of each think tank was as follows:

1) Projections. The thinkers here were charged with plotting and evaluating weapon effectiveness, radius of effect, and long-term repercussions of the macro-organism. Resources here include scientific data on the bioweapon, including range figures for its delivery system (ICBM), the statistical likelihood of it deploying as expected, the growth rate of the macro-organism once released from the warhead in different environments, and an analysis of the technique

MILITARY SAFEGUARDS

The military originally developed the XBM macro-organism with a significant built-in *safeguard*—a limitation on the number of node mothers it could produce and support during its lifetime. The idea was to limit the extent to which it could spread its influence and contagion in a region, allowing it to be monitored and eradicated if the enemies of America capitulated or sued for peace.

Ironically, however, something in the genetics of the macro-organism itself seems to have gone wrong, allowing it to create a virtually unlimited number of node mothers at its own discretion. In fact, it is likely that the "cascading" effect of so much unheard-of psychic energy in one creature (albeit an extended creature made up of hundreds of organisms) is responsible for XBM-06's advanced sentience and bizarre notions of "god-hood."

by which the macro-organism extends its control via node mothers. This think tank was also responsible for theoretical scenario planning and wartime contingencies.

2) Damage Control. The damage control think tank was charged solely with coming up with contingency plans in the eventuality that the unthinkable—an uncontrolled outbreak at the facility—happened. Resources here range from scientific analyses of the macro-organism itself (how it spreads, speed of its expansion, behavior and appearance of infected subjects, symptoms to watch out for, etc.) to drafts of emergency evacuation and sterilization plans being considered at the time of the Fall.

3) Public Relations. This think tank was involved in maintaining the secrecy of the laboratory, a top priority that often called for desperate measures and ruthless cunning. This involved monitoring local, national, and international media of all kinds (television, radio, newspapers, magazines, the Internet, and other sources) for any mention, open or covert, of the operations at the Center facility. It also meant devising actual physical measures for disguising the town, its buildings, and the substantial military traffic generated by the facility. The thinkers here were responsible for devising the security procedures to keep the town effectively "invisible," as well as with coming up with "spin" with which to deflect public scrutiny of the facility. A lot of the work done here was theoretical—foolproof plans for dealing with worst-case scenarios involving a breach of secrecy or an outbreak, cover stories to use in an emergency, plans for evacuating the entire valley without revealing the facility's presence, and the like.

4) Internal Security Concerns. The task assigned to this think tank was to continually analyze and upgrade security measures at Center in an ongoing program to constantly shift, diversify, and improve the tight secrecy of the facility. Such measures ranged from excruciatingly detailed, facility-wide observation of personnel activity (from maintenance staff all the way up to top researchers) to the compilation of a library of dossiers on every employee at the facility. Information accessible to these thinkers was primarily stored on an encrypted, EM-shielded system in the office area. All access to and activity on this system was continuously monitored at the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

5) Future Applications. This think tank was tasked with analyzing data on the macro-organism to extrapolate possible future uses for Project Bloom technology in the military, civilian, and commercial sectors. Some of the ideas (most subsequently scrapped) included smaller, tactical-scale versions of the macro-organism, and short-lived, bacteria-eating macro-organisms designed to "cleanse" battlefield areas already ravaged by other biological weapons. Civilian uses included employing a smaller, non-sentient version of the organism to clean household drains, and even adding flavoring to it and selling the organism as a consumable foodstuff to the public—an addictive new "fad food." *See Area 66C for more details on this last project…*

411. SUPER COMPUTER STATION

Access: Pink.

Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: Computers here allow Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one of these requires a Computer Use check (DC 31).

This sparsely decorated room is barely illuminated by a bank of fluorescent lights that flicker on as you enter. Three enormous computers, standing vertically from floor to ceiling like humming pillars of silicon and steel, are the only ornamentation. Lights continue to flash and pulse on various panels and consoles attached to these massive machines.

This huge "vault" contains a bank of three super-computers put at the disposal of the think tanks. These enormous machines are each capable of rapidly performing millions of calculations involving tens of thousands of variables and factors, once allowing the scientists to accurately predict the outcomes of experiments, doomsday scenarios, and hypothetical outbreaks at Center.

GM's Note: Two of these super-computers have degenerated over time and no longer work. The last super-computer is *still* running a program to predict the outcome of the successful release of the XBM weapons during the Final War.

A character making a Computer Use check (DC 26)

can call up the *Access Computer Maps* program (see the Virtual Map) which displays figures and computer diagrams showing the calculated progress of the XBM weapons. The current program assumes that all six weapons (including the one at Center) were launched simultaneously and re-entered the atmosphere as planned; the simulation determines that one was destroyed en-route by ABM measures, while another failed to germinate as planned due to environmental factors. The other four, however, are projected to grow to expected size and devastate Paris, Berlin, Moscow, and Beijing within *three days*.

Another Computer Use check (DC 26) reveals an additional sub-routine also being run by the simulation. Apparently, the computer was asked to run the same simulation but without the "Three Generation Safeguard" (see *Military Safeguards* sidebar) in place, allowing the XBM macro-organisms to flourish without restraint. The simulation shows the macro-organisms laying waste first to a 30-mile radius around their target sites, then 60-mile areas, 90 miles, 120 miles, and so on… until all of Europe, Asia, and Africa (via the Middle East) lie under the blanket of "infected areas" *within five years*.

If one of the PCs thinks to do so, a Computer Use check (DC 26) allows her to run a *third* simulation on the super computer. By positing that a single XBM macro-organism broke out from Center, Colorado (and accounting for a reduced population, non-existent transportation network, and generally hostile climate to the macro-organism's spread), the super-computer can run a simulation to determine the worst-case effects of the Last God escape from the facility. The result: within ten years the macro-organism has spread to 75% of all life in North America; given another twenty, it has spread to the most distant parts of Canada as well as Central and South America.

41J. MAINFRAME (EL 5)

Access: Gray.

Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: Computers here allow Level 3 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one of these requires a Computer Use check (DC 31).

The room here is cool and dry, no doubt the result of artificial environment controls. The chamber itself is starkly furnished; white walls glow with their own luminescence, providing the only light to work by. A couple of padded chairs sit around an enormous computer that occupies the entire center of the room like a column of black glass and metal.

This air-conditioned room houses the central computer mainframe that serves as the physical location of the CenterNet, a virtual library and research resource once used extensively by projects throughout the Center facility.

Each workstation in the Center facility has its own level of access to the CenterNet; a few have full access, some most have more limited access (or no access at all). This workstation has unlimited access to every site on the Virtual Map. PCs hacking the CenterNet from this location are able to tap into virtually every console, camera, and computer program currently in operation at the facility.

GM's Note: Any tampering with the mainframe by an unauthorized person (anyone not using a *gray access card* and entering the right code; these codes are, of course, long lost) causes three small doors in the roof of the chamber to open and release three *hover sentries*. These sentries are programmed to terminate all intruders. At the same time that the sentries are released, the door to this room closes and remains magnetically locked (ignoring attempts to open it with a keycard) for 10 full minutes.

Though the mainframe can be physically destroyed, doing so only causes the central computer to shunt control to local security computers. As a result, destroying the computer only causes locks to remain locked, cameras to stay on, and security measures to remain in place. To deactivate security elements, the party will have to access each site individually, taking the time to power down every security system one by one.

Scenario B: If the PCs have angered the Last God, it will be further enraged if they manage to reach this important location. It immediately tries to hack into and activate the hover sentries from its remote location. If the XBM has been using the CenterNet to follow the PCs' progress, it is already at the *Mainframe* site on the CenterNet, and activating the sentries is only a matter of making a Computer Use check (DC 29; see the Virtual Map). If successful, it directs the sentries to attack the PCs before they are able to accomplish anything with their unrestricted CenterNet access.

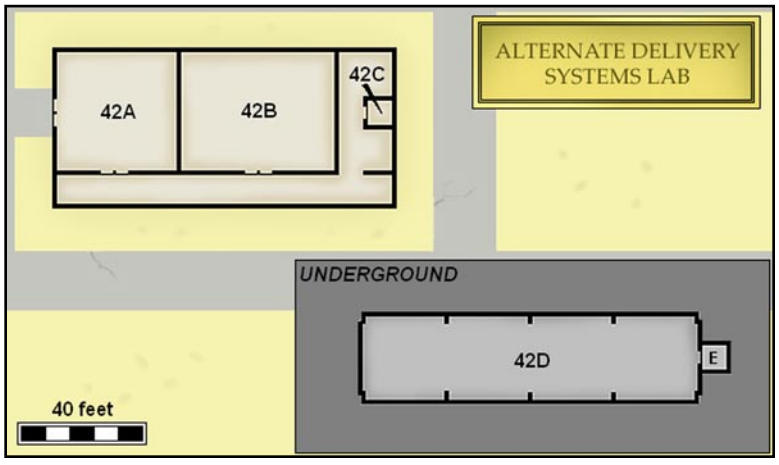
- **Hover Sentries B (3):** HP 20 each.

42. ALTERNATE DELIVERY SYSTEMS LAB

Access: Pink.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.



Like a few other buildings you've seen around town, this one looks like it could survive a direct hit from a crashing airplane. The enormous structure is composed of concrete slabs painted to look, from a distance, like brickwork—but up close, the building is forbidding and bunker-like, with a single garage-style entrance large enough to permit the passage of a truck.

This laboratory was dedicated to researching alternative delivery methods for the XBM macro-organism. One lab was used as an aerosol test chamber, complete with a gigantic wind tunnel with which to test the effects of various wind and environmental conditions on the XBM's effectiveness.

42A. AEROSOL TEST CHAMBER

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This bare concrete chamber seems harmless enough, completely empty except for an inordinate number of sprinkler heads sprouting like metal flowers from the ceiling overhead.

This chamber was used to test a aerosol variation of the XBM, intended for dispersal via airburst or cluster warhead. Despite its ominous original use, this room holds no hidden dangers or threats; it was thoroughly decontaminated after every test.

42B. WIND TUNNEL (EL 5)

Access: Pink.
Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: The computer here allows Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing it requires a Computer Use check (DC 31).

The walls, floor, and ceiling of this enormous two-story chamber are solid steel; every footfall echoes eerily around the room. The steel plating is broken occasionally by massive steel gratings, behind which can be seen gigantic turbofans. A deactivated computer console stands near the door.

This chamber is a wind tunnel, used to test the effect of wind conditions on the dispersal of viral agents in aerosol form. The computer was used to control and monitor the tests, and could be used to adjust the room environment to simulate anything from arctic to a firestorm; from a calm sunny day to the violent backblast of a nuclear detonation.

Scenario B: If the PCs have aroused the ire of the Last God, this room becomes a potential death trap. Assuming the Last God has been tracking their movements and knows where they are, it tries to trap them here. First it attempts to activate the *Disable Keycard Lock* program at the *Alternate Delivery Systems* site on the CenterNet (see the *Virtual Map*), requiring a Computer Use check (DC 31). If successful, this seals the door.

On the next round it activates the *Power Up Turbofans* program (also DC 31). If the check is successful, on the following round the turbofans behind the gratings on the floor, ceiling, and walls begin to rotate with a heavy metal groan. Wind begins to blow into the chamber. This lasts for two full rounds; on the third and following rounds the wind speed continues to accelerate as follows:

Third Round: Low speed. Despite the low wind speed, the noise generated by the blast (and machinery) is deafening. The chamber is considered to be under the effect of a *silence* spell (no save).

Fourth Round: Moderate speed. As above, but the strength of the wind is such that anyone in the room must make a Dexterity check (DC 10) or be knocked to the ground (requiring a move action to stand back up).

Fifth Round: High speed. Any character weighing less than 300 lbs. must make a Strength check (DC 12) or be picked up by the wind and hurled against the far wall. This inflicts 3d6 points of damage (no save). Once he strikes the wall, the character is pinned against it by the wind twenty feet off the floor, so if the system is deactivated he will fall (incurring another 2d6 points of damage).

Sixth Round: Extremely high speed. As above, but the weight limit is 500 lbs. and the Strength check DC is 15.

Each round that a character is pinned against a wall by the wind, he takes 2d6 points of crushing damage. The Last God keeps the turbofans blowing until the PCs are killed or the computer is deactivated.

GM's Note: Characters can only deactivate the fans by accessing the computer and toggling the *Shut Down Turbofans* program. This can only be done if they can make it to the computer and remain there long enough to access and deactivate the turbofan program. It is quite possible that someone using the computer could be blown away mid-task. If another PC or associate is at a remote terminal elsewhere in the facility watching the party's progress, that character can attempt to deactivate the turbofans. Doing so requires a Computer Use check (DC 23). However, the Last God actively defends the *Shut Down Turbofans* program, making an opposed Computer Use check to try and stop any efforts to access the it. If successful, the macro-organism thwarts the PC's attempt to shut the fan down. If the PC is successful, the program shuts down the turbofans and the wind immediately dies down (dumping anyone pinned against a wall onto the floor).

The trapped PCs must still open the door, of course, before they can escape.

42C. REAR ELEVATOR

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This is a secure elevator providing access to the *Cryogenic Storage Vault* below. It is currently without power, but is otherwise completely functional.

42D. CRYOGENIC STORAGE VAULT

Access: Pink.

Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: Computers here allow Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one of these requires a Computer Use check (DC 31).

As the elevator doors open, emergency lights slowly blink on with a flutter, but even the fluorescent ceiling bulbs do little to illuminate the vast chamber beyond. Your first impression is of an unnatural cold, and you can faintly hear a low-pitched humming emanating from countless machines hidden in the darkness.

This storage vault is accessible only via the back elevator. Here, in a sprawling underground storage facility, are over one hundred refrigerated aluminum canisters (unmarked except for cryptic numeric codes), arranged in neat rows on elevated safety racks. Each of these canisters is icy cold to the touch and connected to the safety rack by a power cord. When detached from the rack, each canister activates its own internal power cell, which keeps it cold for an additional 10 hours; this same power cell also keeps the canister magnetically locked, opening only when the 10 hours has passed. What these canisters are for, or what they contain, is a mystery...

GM's Note: Inside each canister are 10,000 *fleas*, each of which was infected with a miniscule amount of biomass during the time of the Ancients. The intent behind this project was to devise an XBM delivery method could be transported secretly into enemy territory before being activated. Once activated, clouds of thousands of infected fleas would spread the contagion over a vast area in a matter of hours, infecting virtually every human, dog, rat—you name it—throughout an entire urban center.

Because the fleas are kept in cryogenic stasis, they are still very much alive. Any canister removed from its power source will thaw within 10 hours, reviving the insects. When the magnetic lock detaches after 10 hours, the canister opens and the fleas pour out in a cloud. Any character within 30 feet will be repeatedly and unavoidably bitten unless fully protected from head to toe (such as with an environment suit or powered armor—no saving throw to resist infection is allowed. The ever-expanding cloud of fleas then moves towards the surface, out through the quarantine, and into the desert...

43. PSYCHIC RESEARCH LABORATORY

Access: Pink.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.

A barbed wire fence, largely intact, encloses this sprawling building complex—a complex which appears to have suffered extensive damage during the Fall. Entrance to the compound appears to be limited to a small side building, over which a sign reads: PR Lab/ Authorized Personnel Only/Display identification to security guard on duty.

The front entrance is a plastiglass door, tinted black so that personnel inside can see out, but those outside cannot see in. Opening the door requires the insertion of a *pink access card* keyed to this building.

43A. SECURITY STATION (EL 3)

Access: Pink or Electrum.

Cameras: A camera here links directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

The door slides open to reveal a pitch-black entryway inside. As your eyes adjust, you see what may have once been a security station and entrance lobby, with a single exit on the far side of the room. On the ceiling over the far exit is a black bubble dome made of an unknown glass-like material. Something about it seems ominous.

This area is identical to *Area 41A* in the *Main Research Laboratory*. See that location for details on the security systems that guard it.

Weapon Animatron (1): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *HPM rifle* +10/+5 for 5d10.

Treasure: In a quickdraw holster on the underside of the reception desk is a Beretta 92F with full clip. The animatron has the equivalent of two *minifusion cells* for its weapon.

43B. OFFICES

Access: Pink.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.

These resemble typical facility office spaces, all single-occupancy and featuring a desk, filing cabinet, wall calendar, chair, waste paper basket, office supplies, and a computer monitor and keyboard. Oddly, all of the computer towers seem to be missing.

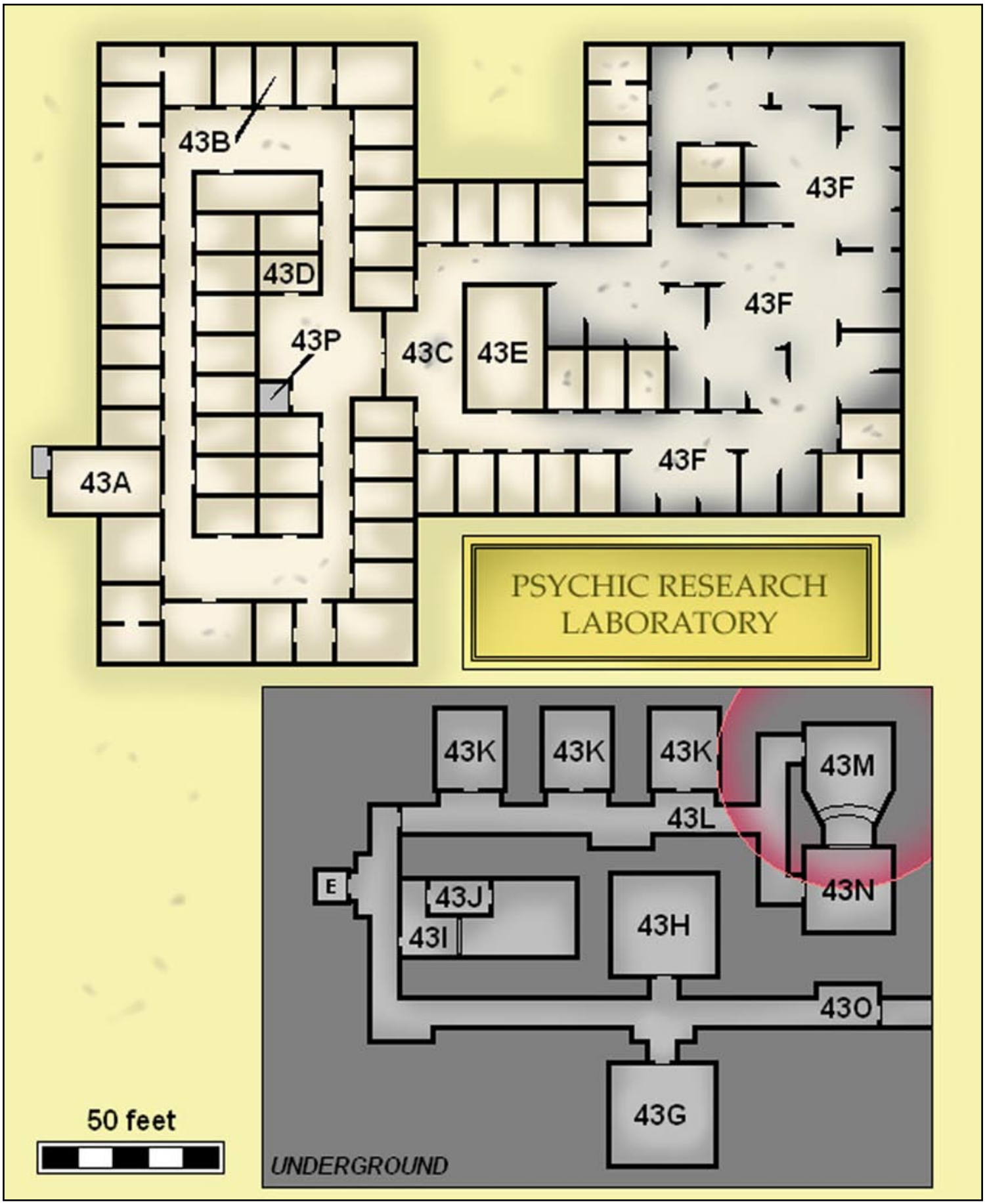
GM's Note: A search of each office turns up only mundane supplies (pens, blank disks, etc.); all filing cabinets have been thoroughly cleaned out, along with sensitive data sources (such as CDs) and entire computers. The computer towers were removed to the *Bonfire* location (see below).

43C. BONFIRE

Access: None.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.


43B
43D
43P
43A
43C
43E
43F
43F
43F
PSYCHIC RESEARCH LABORATORY
43K
43K
43K
43M
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E
43J
43I
43H
43N
43O
43G
UNDERGROUND
50 feet

This hallway intersection appears to have been host to a mass burning during the Fall. Empty computer casings lie scattered nearby, while sensitive electronic components and stacks of CDs and hardcopy files sit in a twisted pile of ash, fused plastic, and charred silicon. The remains of several burnt-out thermite grenades can be seen mixed in with the mess.

During the "accident," when it became clear that Center's scientific personnel might not be able to contain the macro-organism, the Director of Psychic Research ordered his people to strip their offices of everything related to the department's blackest projects and bring it here to be destroyed. This was standard emergency procedure for this building—their research was top secret and, in some cases, even illegal. *Thermite grenades* were used to melt or burn everything into one large and useless pile.

43D. RESTROOMS (EL 9)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

As you approach the door to this room, you here a loud 'bang' from inside, as if a metal trashcan had been pushed over.

The sound of movement inside the restroom can be heard even outside. If the PCs go in to explore, they find a typical restroom, but inside are two unusual occupants: a pair of infected *chimpanzees* that were trapped here long ago.

The two apes slowly turn from their exploration to regard intruders with emotionless stares, their all-black eyes alive with an alien intelligence. They then attack.

Greater Chimpanzee Seedlings (2): HP 56 and 50.

43E. OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH

Access: Gray.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This room still smells of smoke and melted plastic, even after more than 200 years. It looks like it may have once been a luxurious office, but in its last days of occupancy, it seems to have been thrown into disarray.

In addition to numerous plaques and commendations for work done on Project Bloom, framed on one wall is an official commendation (now covered with dust) which states the following: "*Dr. Henry Mercy/Commendation for insights and inspired thinking leading to breakthroughs in Operation Church.*"

On the desk are several framed photographs, all showing the same man in various scenes. The first shows the man graduating from college (here he is tall and lanky, with thick glasses). The second depicts the same man much later in life (now with thinning hair), shaking hands with America's last Secretary of Defense at an official White House function. The president of the United States is also in the picture.

The desk computer has been moved to a mat on the floor and apparently destroyed using a *thermite grenade*. A good number of data disks, hardcopy files, and even binders full of paper appear to have joined the ad hoc bonfire. An empty *fire extinguisher* also sits nearby.

Sadly, nothing can be discerned from this heap of ruin, but sitting on the desk is a single disk, apparently forgotten during the haste to erase all evidence of the PR Labs' projects. It has been deformed by its proximity to the flames, but can still be read if inserted into an operational computer. The information on this disk is found on *Handout #14*.

43F. COLLAPSED AREAS

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The corridor here has caved in, barred by sections of rusted heavy piping and the warped aluminum siding of ventilation ducts.

These areas constitute parts of the building that collapsed due to damage during the Fall. PCs are unable to navigate these areas; nothing of interest is to be found under the rubble in any event.

43G. SUPER COMPUTER

Access: Pink.
Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: Computers here allow Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one of these requires a Computer Use check (DC 23).

This large chamber is flanked by black data consoles and dominated by a towering "mega-computer" at the heart of the room. Automated systems cause the glass-like walls to dimly luminesce at your approach, bathing the room in an eerie bluish-white glow.

Though this was once an important computer center, frantic (and sadly, very thorough) efforts were taken to sabotage everything here before the last living personnel succumbed to the wave of infection.

The computers here have all been destroyed, either by direct application of a *thermite grenade* or simple brute physical force. A blunt fire axe and sledgehammer still lie on the floor along with bits of twisted metal, fragmented silicon, and shattered glass from monitors and screens. Piles of fused CDs, still reeking of melted plastic, are scattered about the room.

The super-computer, once used for evolutionary projections and research into the psychic bonds that connected infected XBM thralls, is now destroyed. Internal

components have been manually removed and destroyed with a sledgehammer; all keys on the keyboard have been removed, and the three monitors have been bashed in. In addition, all delicate interior electronics were meticulously exposed to powerful magnets in an attempt to erase all remaining information.

GM's Note: This room was a major hub of "virtual" research, allowing scientists to conduct long-term experiments on the computer without having to use actual living test subjects. The super-computer here was a vital component at all stages of the psychic development program; it was used to devise a hypothesis about how the XBM might develop psychic abilities, it implemented the genetic tampering required to instill these psychic abilities in the macro-organism, and it accurately predicted the resulting rapid development of intelligence and sentience in the nascent biomass.

The super-computer and its supporting computers were filled with highly classified scientific data, including research that explained how the main XBM biomass could make telepathic contact with anything that so much as resembled a "nervous system"—including electronic brains and networks (i.e. androids and computers)—as long as some form of direct link could be established. The data does not specify what constitutes a direct link, however (for details, see *Area 43M* and *Area 43N*).

Why the Ancients permitted the unchecked development of the XBM will never be known, as any evidence explaining the motivations of the Psychic Research Department has long been lost and forgotten.

Treasure: There are two particularly interesting items here, both identical. Each consists of a *power beltpack* linked to a hand-held magnetic "baton," which, when brought within 6" of an electronic device (including electronic parts, computers, and magnetically stored data devices), destroys it by means of a low-level electromagnetic energy wave. The chance of erasing/destroying a device is 25% per round of operation. Each round of operation drains the power source by 1 charge (one pack has 8 charges left, the other has 3).

In addition to these *magnetic scramblers* (see *New Items*), there are two *thermite grenades* lying on the floor (Search check DC 18 to find these among the husks of other burnt-out grenade casings).

43H. PSYCHIC TEST LAB A

Access: Pink.

Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

This large, empty chamber of steel and stone feels unnaturally cold and somehow inhuman. Apart from a few computer banks here and there along the walls near the door, the only features are three elongated metal containers evenly spaced in the center of the room, each the size of a very large Ancient washing machine.

The containers are in fact similar to conventional *sensory deprivation chambers* used in archaic mental institutions. Each of these has a side port through which biological samples could be inserted, a glass partition for examining the contents of the chamber (which could also be closed off with a metal hatch to plunge the interior of the container into total darkness), and a bank of dials, knobs, and switches to control white noise generation and regulate pressure and temperature for hours, days, even weeks at a time.

GM's Note: These chambers were used to isolate small (1- to 2-inch) samples of the XBM macro-organism's biomass so that researchers could observe how they reacted to a sterile environment without outside stimuli. Many of these experiments pointed toward the XBM's psychic potential—occasionally a sample would "instinctively" move to one side of its chamber, trying to "link up" with another sample in the next chamber over. This psychic potential was carefully nurtured and developed as a core aspect of the XBM.

43I. PSYCHIC TEST LAB B (EL 1)

Access: Pink.

Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

This lab is split in two by a glass wall: on one side are computers and swivel chairs, while on the other is a room filled with cages. All of the cages appear to be empty; plaques on the doors hold only numeric codes, giving no clue as to what was once kept in them.

This room has a cold and inhuman feel, like *Psychic Test Lab A* above. Biohazard placards warn against unauthorized entry, and a *plastiglass* partition separates the observation lab (nearest the door) from the main room beyond, where a collection of human-sized cages are overseen by a motionless *industrial automaton*.

The cages here once contained test specimens of *shamblers*, *seedlings*, *integrators*, and *node mothers*. These living, infected creatures—mostly rats, white mice, and chimpanzees—were used in experiments testing how each sub-type of the macro-organism responded to psychic control, stimulus, and commands. Such experiments also analyzed the extent to which they cooperated and behaved as a mixed group.

Computers and equipment, including a number of data recorders, occupy the lab area. A single portable video camera used to record the experiments sits on a tripod facing the window, pointed into the cage area.

The industrial automaton in the cage area is a static robot, tethered to the roof by power connectors and hydraulic fluid lines. It cannot leave the room; its purpose was merely to handle dangerous specimens, moving them into or out of their cages as needed.

Scenario B: When the PCs enter this area, the Last God—assuming it has been following their progress—attempts to activate the robot and use it to attack them. It activates the *Power Up* program on the *Psychic Research Laboratory* CenterNet site (see *Virtual Map*) on a successful Computer Use check (DC 29). Once activated, the automaton continues to attack until it is destroyed, the PCs leave the room, or someone shuts it down via the CenterNet.

Industrial Automaton (1): HP 23.

Treasure: Other than the portable video camera, there are no other items of interest in this lab.

43J. AIRLOCK

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The door here opens with an ominous hiss of pressurized air. Lights flutter lazily on, revealing a small sterile chamber beyond.

This is a biohazard airlock, a standard feature in Ancient bio-weapon facilities. The airlock connects the observation area in *Psychic Test Lab B* with the cage chamber on the other side of the plastiglass divider. On an overhead rack inside the chamber hang two sterilized, heavy-duty environment suits. There is also a small steam shower with UV-bombardment lights.

Treasure: The two suits on the overhead rack are different than environment suits found elsewhere in the facility. These are actually *biohazard suits* (see *New Items*), each fitted with a *shock harness*. None of these have a power source.

Sitting on one wall is a rack of tools used in handling infected animals and the rare biomass brought into *Psychic Test Lab B* for experiments. These include a pair of *energy pikes*, used like cattle prods to herd smaller biomasses into or out of their cages, and to keep them under control. Neither of these weapons has a power source, however.

43K. SENSORY BOMBARDMENT ROOMS (EL 8)

Access: Pink.
Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

Each of the chambers off of the hallway here are identical; a small sliding door slips open quietly to reveal a bare room with featureless white walls. The walls begin to glow with a dim but universal ambience as the party enters, until everyone within is bathed in a soft luminescence.

These chambers were used for psychic experiments involving the XBM. Here, the senses and sentience of the macro-organism were tested over and over again by the application of constant, painful sensory stimuli. The XBM first showed signs of intelligence and sentience during these crude experiments. The XBM was effectively tortured for hours, days, and even weeks in these very rooms, a bitter and twisting experience that the Last God remembers well.

Each chamber is overlooked by a camera 20 feet above the floor. The cameras are tied into the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

Scenario B: If the Last God has decided to destroy the PCs, this area seems as poetic a place in which to finish the job as any. It thus tries to kill them when they enter any of the bombardment rooms.

On the first round after all party members have entered a room, the Last God toggles the *Disable Keycard Lock* program on the room's CenterNet site (see *Virtual Map*; this also requires the Last God to succeed at a Computer Use check at DC 29). Thus, as the PCs marvel at the ambient light that fills the chamber, the door behind them silently slides shut, locking fast.

On the round following the locking of the door, the Last God activates the sensory bombardment program (*Power Up Bombardment*, DC 29).

Like the trap in the wind tunnel (see *Area 42B*), the effects of the sensory bombardment increase the longer the PCs remain in the room. Unlike the wind tunnel, however, this chamber was specifically designed as a "mental torture chamber," and may prove to be far more challenging for the PCs to survive.

On the first round of activation, the luminous walls begin changing colors at a rapid, unpredictable rate. At the same time, white noise generators concealed in each chamber begin emitting pulses of sub- and supersonic sound. A low static buildup gradually fills the room. All of these are designed to stimulate brain activity and the senses on an imperceptible level.

These chambers were not designed with the tolerances of humans in mind, and will drive the PCs mad if they do not escape. The effects of each round of exposure are as follows:

Time	Effect
1 round:	Minor disorientation; all present in the chamber suffer a -4 penalty to attack rolls and skill checks
3 rounds:	Minor confusion; all present must make a Will save (DC 19) or wander aimlessly throughout the chamber (unable to act or communicate sensibly) until six rounds have passed
6 rounds:	Stunned; all present must make a Will save (DC 21) or simply stand still, stunned, until a minute has passed
1 minute:	Confusion; all present must make a Will save (DC 23) or undertake a random action as if confused (see page 342 of d20 Modern); the effect rolled lasts until 10 minutes have passed

10 minutes:	Brink of madness; all present must make a Will save (DC 25) or burst into idiotic laughter and/or horrible screams, claw at their own flesh, tear out their own hair by the roots, pound on the walls until hands turn bloody, or engage in other irrational and self-destructive behavior until an hour has passed.
1 hour:	Madness; at this point, anyone present who fails a Will save (DC 27) goes permanently insane
24 hours:	Brain death; if more than 24 hours are spent in the chamber, the PCs die as their brains shut down completely (no save)

Unless the PCs have an ally monitoring their progress from a remote location (and who is able to unlock the keycard door through the CenterNet), the only way to escape is to bash down the locked door of the chamber. Since there are no computer consoles or even access ports with which to control the door, each chamber is completely sealed from the inside (after all, these rooms were designed to hold potentially-raving figments of the XBM). Escape is most easily accomplished early on, because as the DCs increase and more and more PCs succumb to idiocy and madness, the party may find it impossible to escape in time!

43L. PSI-INHIBITION FIELD

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This area marks the limit of the continuous *Psi-Inhibition Field* being emitted by the node mother in *Area 43M*. The field's size is limited by the unique construction of the tunnel walls. See the statistics section at the end of this book for information on how this invisible psionic "bubble" might affect the PCs. If the party has experienced contact with a node mother before (in *The New World Order*, for example), they may quickly understand the significance of the dizziness and realize that a node mother is nearby...

43M. PSYCHIC CONTROL CHAIRS (EL 15)

Access: Gray; jammed shut in the explosion (see below).
Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 31).

The door here was jammed shut long ago by an explosion, and must be forced open (Break DC 22).

This room is dark; the radiance of your light sources only barely reflects off of numerous black conduits and steely-gray power cords running the length of the ceiling and floor. It's cold here, and the unnerving shapes of strange machines and ridged, rib-like protrusions of electronics consoles seem unnatural and unwholesome.

Dominating the center of the room is a trio of reclining metallic chairs with black cushions, each with hand rests and leg rests in the fashion of a dentist's chair. The headrest of each chair features a metal dome large enough to engulf an entire human head; from these domes sprout all manner of cords and power connections that trail off into the darkness.

There are three bodies in the room. Sitting in one chair is the withered corpse of an unknown person, desiccated due to its tremendous age, clad in an all-black uniform that lacks any identifying features. This corpse is lying on its back in the chair, the head half-concealed by the domed headrest. Only the lower half of the face can be seen, twisted in an expression of utter agony, its open mouth revealing calcified teeth and parchment-like skin.

The second body lies on the floor near the far left chair, sprawled on its back. It is wearing a similar uniform, but appears to have been shredded by close-range automatic weapons fire. Whoever it was appears to have freed himself from the chair just long enough to be killed by someone (or something) entering the chamber.

The third body is the most striking, reposing in the central chair as if merely asleep, its head encapsulated in the domed headset. It, too, wears an enigmatic black uniform, but its body appears to have been spared the mummification (and violent death) of the others.

This was the control room for the *Telepathic Control Laboratory*, a secret project involving the latent psychic qualities of the XBM macro-organism. These three chairs were supposedly designed to allow specially-modified humans ("sensitives") to make psychic contact with the XBM, but in reality they were also being modified to allow members of a special team to use their psychic talents to infiltrate and dominate computerized intelligences (see *Area 43N* below for more details).

When some of the technicians involved in this black project were infected and integrated into the Last God, it learned of these chairs and came here to take control of the telepathic control device, hoping to use it to turn the garrison androids against their human masters. One of the technicians was infected and turned into a node mother, sent with a handful of shamblers to take the control chamber. They were successful, slaughtering the two team members who were trapped here during the outbreak. Once the defenders were dispatched, the node mother immediately installed itself in one of the chairs and began emitting telepathic commands; the node's powerful sentience overwhelmed a large number of the androids, bringing them over to the macro-organism's side.

The Last God's plot was foiled by several brave members of the Psychic Research team, who sacrificed their lives detonating enough explosives to permanently disable the control chairs and the entire *Telepathic Control Laboratory*.

The node mother was trapped here as a result, and awaits the chance to escape.

Scenario A: When the PCs enter, the node mother remains still, pretending to be dead. The Last God does not want to waste this powerful node mother, and instead plans to have it slip away and rejoin the rest of the macro-organism in trying to escape this prison.

Once the PCs leave this area, allow them to make an opposed Listen check against the node mother's Move Silently skill. If successful, read the players the following:

As you leave the room, you hear a strange sound from behind you, like footsteps quietly running off down the tunnel. Returning to the chamber, you see the same bodies sprawled out and lifeless—except that the one in the central chair is missing!

The PCs can attempt to track the missing "corpse" by making a Survival check (DC 20). The creature attempts to get away, moving towards the nearest surface exit to join the thralls at *Area 56*. It will most likely escape unless the PCs are exceptionally lucky or clever. If the PCs manage to somehow catch up with it, read them the following:

You finally catch up to a man in a black uniform trying to run away. When he realizes he has been caught, he turns and stares at your party.

The face is slack and utterly emotionless, without so much as a bead of sweat to show for his energetic attempt at escape. But immediately you notice the eyes—they are solid black.

Around his forehead, he wears a strange headband made of interlocking metal plates.

The node mother only attacks if cornered, in which case it emits a *psi-pulse* to stun the PCs and give it time to escape. If this fails, it tries to kill as many PCs as possible before being brought down. If it manages to reduce the party to one surviving member, however, it lets him live and flees (after all, the Last God still hopes the PCs can be used to free it).

Scenario B: In this scenario, the node mother waits for the PCs to get close and lower their guard (for example, while they are searching the bodies for anything useful) before attacking.

GM's Note: The node mother is wearing a *PK Enhancer* (see *New Items*), a special psychic enhancement device developed using research gleaned from Operation Church (see the Savants in *Darwin's World 2nd Edition*). This device has an abnormal power when worn by the node mother, magnifying its already potent psychic abilities to such an extent that it is much more dangerous than usual.

Whenever the node mother uses its *Psi-Pulse* ability, a creature failing its Will save also suffers 5d6 points of damage from magnified neural disruption in addition to being stunned. Each use of its enhanced *Psi-Pulse* ability drains a charge from the node mother's *beltpack*.

Node Mother (1): HP 82.

Treasure: Each of the bodies here wears a *PK Enhancer* (see *New Items*). All power sources, except for the *power beltpack* worn by the node mother, are drained.

43N. TELEPATHIC CONTROL LABORATORY

Access: Gray.

Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 31).

Standing in the center of this darkened room, shrouded by a dome of translucent black glass, is a tall pillar of machinery. Conduits of black wiring extend from the top of the device to the ceiling like an intricate maze of spider webs, while along the floor more wires, heavier tubing, and power hook-ups run into the base of the machine.

The machine here is a remarkable piece of electronics developed by personnel assigned to the darker projects of the *Psychic Research Laboratory*. A continuation of psychic control experiments conducted at other facilities, this machine was designed to permit an interfacing between organic and inorganic brains—in effect, a telepathic communications device enabling psychic humans to communicate with computers from a distance.

The idea behind this project was, on the surface, to create a device that would allow humans to telepathically see and hear through the eyes and ears of robots and androids on the battlefield. As androids were slowly beginning to outnumber humans in the military, a device like this would allow humans to perform with the same degree of coordination employed by android formations.

The project had another aspect to it, however. This aspect was not shared openly with the military hierarchy, which was increasingly being taken over by "more efficient" AI commanders and planners. While the rest of the nation was in awe at the leaps and advances humanity had made in the field of robotics, there were some who saw the potential for disaster in this rapid evolution of artificial intelligence. Fearing (or at least planning contingencies for) a takeover of civilization by robots, androids, and the newly-installed cybernetic command system under Cheyenne Mountain, the scientists involved in this project wanted to create a device that would allow humans to regain control over their creations should their worst fears came true.

A group of scientists and a handful of well-placed military men (who also had reason to fear this new world where robots were replacing humans in the command hierarchy) set out to create the control device. Though they were unable to secure official support—the government would never destroy the vital multi-billion-dollar robotics industry by admitting that androids might be capable of turning against mankind—this secret network of disenchanted conspirators was powerful and influential enough to avoid being

expunged for their paranoia. Furthermore, they were able to secure underground funding to pursue their projects, which mainly centered around preparing humanity for the worst-case scenario: a takeover by the robots they had created.

The most promising of these underground projects was related to the ill-fated "Operation Church," which hoped to breed a new kind of human with latent psychic abilities for espionage and battlefield deployment (see the Savants faction, detailed in *Darwin's World 2nd Edition*, for more details on Operation Church). The coterie working against a potential android revolution hoped to use the research produced by Operation Church to perfect their own experiment, a special device that could, in the hands of a psychic individual, tap into and dominate androids, robots, and any other form of computer. Though their fears were ultimately justified, the men and women of the project were unable to produce more than one prototype of the device before the Fall.

GM's Note: During the "accident" at the facility, the Last God consumed several members of the Psychic Research staff, gaining knowledge of the device's existence. When its minions reached the control room, it activated the device and used it to take control of a handful of the on-site androids and security robots defending the facility, turning them against their human masters. In the chaos, members of the Psychic Research staff realized what had happened and set out to destroy the device; they succeeded, but were killed in the process. The resultant detonations sealed part of the underground tunnels (and disabled the device indefinitely), but many of the controlled androids and security robots were left unscathed. They remain controlled today, renegades with a lingering psychic link to the Last God.

Treasure: The telepathic control device is no longer functional due to heavy damage sustained during the fighting more than 200 years ago. It cannot be repaired or reverse-engineered. However, many of its precious electrical parts and components can be salvaged, netting 27,000 cp in raw materials for future Craft (electronics) projects.

43O. SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Access: Gray.
Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

This appears to be a small security station, monitoring just another stretch of seemingly mundane tunnel. A desk and swivel chair sit here facing the door. A skeleton in a rotted uniform lies against the blood-stained wall, apparently blown apart by automatic weapons fire at very close range.

This was once a security station guarding the "back door" to the *Psychic Research Laboratory* (via the underground tunnels). The security officer stationed here had the task of checking outgoing subjects (i.e. animals killed in the course of Lab research) before allowing them to be moved out to the *Air Incineration Building*.

The officer here was killed when a node mother came here during the outbreak to secure the telepathic control device (see *Area 43N*).

Treasure: The dead security guard still has a *stun pistol* (with a full *power clip*) in his belt holster.

43P. ELEVATOR TO LABS

Access: Gray.
Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

This elevator is currently out of power, but is otherwise functional. It leads down to the lab complex directly beneath the *Psychic Research Laboratory*.

44. BIOLOGICAL RESPONSE LABORATORY

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This large one-story building is larger than most, and resembles a corporate campus. Fake plastic grass covering the entire lawn outside still withstands the desert sun, but the artificial color has faded to a grayish-green.

This building was reserved for a special arm of the bio-weapons division that was dedicated solely to devising countermeasures to the XBM macro-organisms. Such countermeasures ranged from conventional weapons (substances that could be used as retardants on the actual biomass) to medical treatments (vaccines for soldiers and facility workers).

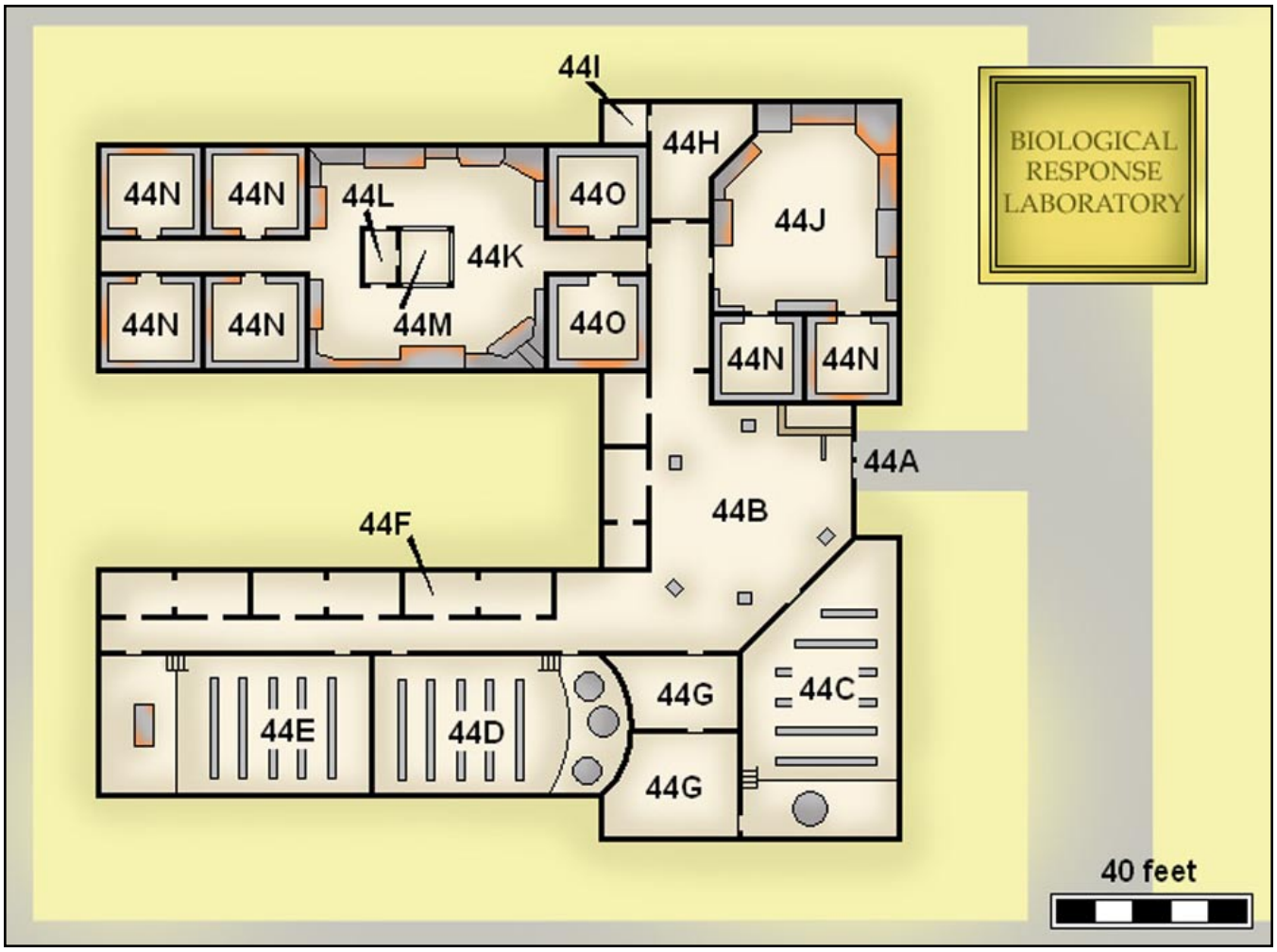
The *Biological Response Laboratory* was the scene of frantic eleventh-hour research during the "accident" at Center and the days following. The personnel here eventually died off, but an emergency team sent from the CDC came here directly to set up their temporary advanced HQ. Most of these researchers eventually abandoned the complex when they realized a cure or effective countermeasure for the macro-organism was unlikely to be developed in time. Besides, with the world falling apart all around them, they had no more reason to stay. Armageddon had already begun.

44A. SECURITY STATION (EL 3)

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The entrance to this building is a black-tinted glass door with some kind of card reader fixed to the metal frame, set at roughly shoulder height. You cannot see through the glass.

The card reader will only accept a *Pink* access card keyed



to the building. Once the proper card is inserted, the door unlocks, allowing the PCs to pull it open and enter.

Beyond the door is a small security station, where armed security personnel would check briefcases and other personal belongings for prohibited surveillance or recording equipment. Once checked, personnel were allowed into the building.

Standing in the hall, facing the entrance, is a *weapon animatron*. The animatron is unusual, however, in that it is programmed to wait for personnel to flash an *outside* ID card—a *purple stage IVC identity card* or the military equivalent. If it does not see an adequate keycard presented within a few seconds (1 round), it opens fire.

Weapon Animatron (1): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *pulse laser rifle* +10/+5 for 2d12.

44B. ANNEX

Access: None.

Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

This large area, which echoes with every intruding footstep, is decorated with what may have once been tasteful art and live plants. The plants are now dead, and much of the art (images of past presidents, looking stately and regal) seems oddly inappropriate now.

A number of strange devices sit around this room, each resembling a television tube set on an extendable wire frame, balanced on a tripod that reaches ten or twelve feet above the floor.

The devices are *UV lamps* (see *New Items*), none of which are turned on. They were set up here more than 200 years ago by the CDC team during their investigation of the Center disaster. The lamps were used to detect otherwise invisible tracks left by infected thralls.

Treasure: Each of the five lamps is hooked up to a *power pack*, but all are drained.

44C. LECTURE HALL A

Access: None.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.

This graded chamber (descending from the entrance towards the lecturer's podium at the far end) is set up to resemble a college-style lecture hall, with faux wood

paneling, rows of chairs and desks, and an elevated podium area for the instructor. The entire far wall is taken up by a huge chalkboard. An overhead projector and a TV/VCR set on wheels sit at the sides of the room.

At the front of the room, on the instructor's desk, lie a number of weapons and the remains of a white NBC suit with "CDC" stenciled across the back. Apparently, this room was used as a security station due to its proximity to the front entrance. A large pressurized "bubble dome" sits nearby, also at the deep end of the hall.

This area, like the other *Lecture Halls* in the complex, was used for department meetings and presentations requiring the presence of 20+ researchers at a time. Here immunologists at the facility could discuss potential strategies for "beating the bug," as it were, or coordinate information face-to-face with members from other departments around the facility.

GM's Note: This place was indeed used by the security detachment of the CDC team as a lookout station; from here they could quickly react to sounds of gunfire from the *weapon animatron* at the front entrance of the building. The pressure dome is now abandoned (and unpressurized), but has a few things inside.

Treasure: The items on the table here include two Colt 635s (each with one full clip inside), an HK MP5 (no ammo), a *walkie-talkie* (the battery is weak, and will probably only work for two or three more broadcasts), two *smoke grenades* (for signaling), an *electronic skeleton key*, and a canister of wound-healing *medi-spray*. The *NBC suit* is intact and can be re-used.

Inside the domed shelter are six sets of (men's) clothing, including boots and protective covers, and an identical number of sleeping bags. Also inside the tent are two electric lamps (powered by a *power cell*, these consume no oxygen but provide the same lighting as a powerful lantern) and a fully stocked *first aid kit*.

44D. LECTURE HALL B

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The door here opens into a large chamber beyond, apparently a lecture hall of some sort. Rows of empty seats face an elevated platform at the far end, but instead of an instructor's podium standing atop it, there are a number of dome-like tents arranged like a campsite.

This area is similar to *Lecture Hall A*, except this large room has three domed tents (instead of just one). The main table is stacked with boxes stenciled CDC Emergency Response.

This lecture hall was converted to temporary quarters for the CDC scientists during their investigations of Center. Some of their equipment was left behind, and can be scavenged from the junk on the table.

Treasure: The table is littered with boxes of bio-warfare supplies and medicines, including five *ready syringes* loaded with *antitox*, three *ready syringes* loaded with *K-O shot*, and three canisters of spore-neutralizing *medi-spray*. A *walkie-talkie* sits on the table, but its power cell is drained. There are also two *UV lamps* (see *New Items*), folded to roughly the size of a briefcase, as well as two additional *power packs* (fully charged), a *green access card* (keyed to the *Rail Warehouse*), a pink access card (keyed to the *Biological Response Building*), and a *UV sterilizer* rigged to be held in the hand like a flashlight, allowing it to be used as a directed "weapon" (its original power source is missing, however).

In addition to these items, there are three *NBC suits* (each identical to the one in *Lecture Hall A*) and a single jammed HK MP5 (if the jam is cleared, there are 17 rounds left in the magazine). There are no other weapons here; this area held CDC scientists, not their security escorts.

Inside the first two bubble domes are no less than nine sleeping bags, extra sets of clothing (for both men and women), and two electric lamps (as *Lecture Hall A*). A Search check of these tents (DC 18) also uncovers a *purple stage IVC access card*, apparently forgotten in the emergency team's rush to abandon this building. Beside it is a hand-written letter, *Handout #9*.

The third tent contains a number of small animal cages (for carrying mice, to be used in experiments looking for a cure), but the animals all died long ago.

44E. LECTURE HALL C

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This is a large college-style lecture hall, with rows of abandoned seats facing a wide open area at the far end. Chalkboards line three of the four walls. A wheeled, stainless steel table holding the remains of a human skeleton sits on the speaker's platform.

This area is as *Lecture Hall A* above, except this room has no bubble domes or table. Instead it has a man-sized, stainless-steel wheeled table on the elevated part of the front of the room. This was once used for animal dissections; now the skeletal remains of a human lay here, obviously dead for a very long time. The massive chalkboard is covered with now-illegible writing, but a bulging folder beside the overhead projector contains dozens of transparencies showing microscopic slide images of various infectious bacteria.

This room also has a film projector, already set up, facing a typical classroom-style pull-down screen. There is a reel of film inside. If the PCs activate it (lowering the screen, flicking a switch, and dimming the lights), the projector sputters to life.

There is no sound, and apparently the film was made through a microscope. It shows a five-pointed, star-shaped organism writhing under the lens. The film speeds up, showing the organism dividing and multiplying through

mitosis, each star joining the next by connecting arms. Eventually the image changes. The microscope is gone; the camera instead focuses on a sealed laboratory, zooming in on a table upon which sits a large dish. Inside can be seen a small lumpy mass of plastic-like ooze, which wriggles and contorts as if moving to some unheard music. But it continues to grow; although the clock in the corner shows that only a few hours have elapsed since it was microscopic, now it is the size of a baseball. Time speeds up, and thing grows larger, and larger, until only a few days later it is the size of a cow. Suddenly time slows to normal; apparently, the scientists saw something interesting in the next few moments. Indeed, as the PCs watch they see the large mass suddenly sprout a long *pseudopod*, which writhes tentatively in the air as if it were a child standing up for the first time. For a moment it lingers almost vertically in the air, before bending and reaching towards the camera. At this point the film ends abruptly.

GM's Note: This lecture hall was converted into a surgical theatre for exploratory investigations into the corpses of infected personnel.

Treasure: There are enough medical supplies here to constitute a *surgical kit*.

44F. OFFICES

Access: None; all doors have been destroyed.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

All of the doors to these rooms appear to have been battered down sometime in the past. Each room contains a desk, chair, and paperwork of all kinds, mostly concerning research done towards environmental containment and a "cure" for the Last God.

Treasure: In general, none of these offices contain much worth salvaging, though there is a 10% chance per room that a *UV lamp* (see *New Items*) used to find invisible tracks will have been left here, forgotten when the CDC abandoned the facility. None will have any power, however.

44G. SUPPLY STORAGE

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This room appears to have been a storage space, containing stacks of partly-rotted cardboard boxes.

These areas are exactly what they appear to be—basic storage rooms. Inside each are found stacks of cardboard boxes filled with, markers, chalk, writing utensils, shrink-wrapped college-level texts, and pre-recorded tapes for use in lectures or discussions in the *Lecture Halls*.

None of these are of practical value to the PCs.

44H. OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR OF IMMUNOLOGY

Access: Gray.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

A sign on the door of this room reads: Office of the Director of Immunology—Dr. Dana Travis. The door itself hangs open.

Whoever Dr. Dana Travis was, she appears to have been well-loved by her colleagues; various pictures inside the office show the same elderly, cherub-faced woman (confined to a motorized rover due to crippled legs) accompanied by scientists and students, young and old, at seminars, office Christmas parties, and even surprise birthday parties held in her honor.

On the shelves are copies of a number of books written by Dr. Travis before signing on to the Center project. These titles include *The Universal Language of Germs* (a heart-warming book detailing her time in China and Russia working with scientific colleagues as part of an international team in search of cures for various diseases), *An End to a Means* (a piece regarding strategic limitations talks and what they mean for long-term biological research efforts, both for weapons and for medicine), and two or three advanced college textbooks on biology and immunology. There is also a presidential citation hanging over the desk singling Dr. Travis out for her "selfless work" during her eight years working with plague victims in Guatemala.

The room itself appears to have been thoroughly searched; most of the files in the filing cabinet have been removed and neatly placed in boxes labeled "CDC." Some of these boxes have been taken, but a few remain here, apparently abandoned. Any character with the ability to Read/Write (Ancient), and with at least some ranks in Knowledge (earth and life sciences), can tell that these files pertain to the immunology work done here in this building. Specifically, they detail over fifty experiments and other attempts to come up with an agent or vaccine to combat the macro-organism; apparently none were a success.

GM's Note: If the PCs participated in *The New World Order*, the likeness of the old woman in the pictures strikes them as remarkably familiar—it is, in fact, one and the same as the node mother they destroyed infiltrating the town of Hooper!

Treasure: Except for the furnishings and the file boxes, this room is largely empty. In one drawer of the desk are several bottles of pills, including rather strong painkillers and medicine for regulating high blood pressure. The books on the shelves would each be worth around 2,000 cp to an interested party (such as the Foundation).

A PC making a Search check (DC 15) finds a crumpled-up piece of paper under a nearby filing cabinet, apparently overlooked by previous searchers. This is *Handout #6*.

A second Search check (DC 21) finds a journal hidden among the books. Most of the journal is empty, except for one last entry. Dr. Travis was too busy to keep up her journal

regularly in the last few months of her employment at the facility, but the final page, *Handout #8,* might be of interest to the party.

44I. PRIVATE RESTROOM

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This area is a special handicapped lavatory off the director's office, for her personal use. It contains nothing of interest to the PCs.

44J. RESEARCH LAB A

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: A jury-rigged computer here provides Level 3 access to the CenterNet. Accessing it requires a Computer Use check (DC 21).

This entire area appears to have once been a laboratory complex of some sort, with machines and computers of all kinds alongside other unidentifiable scientific apparatus. Papers and folders are scattered everywhere; the dozen or so filing cabinets have had their drawers removed and taken away, leaving only empty casings where they stand.

This area was once a well-stocked research laboratory used by the immunology department in their frantic attempts to find a way to combat the macro-organism. Most of the rooms connected to the lab are in total disarray, stacked with hundreds of pieces of equipment.

A closed intercom allows people in this lab to communicate directly with people in *Research Lab B*.

GM's Note: The CDC converted this room into their ad hoc "computer center," allowing them to access the CenterNet. The team managed to scavenge enough computers from around town to construct a system with the equivalent of Level 3 access. The jury-rigged hook-up still works, but any failure at a Computer Use roll when using it to navigate through the 'Net causes the user to be immediately logged off (normally, this only happens with a failure by 5 or more).

44K. RESEARCH LAB B

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 21).

This area resembles a high-tech laboratory complex, with computers and test equipment sprawled out on various tables and desks. A large number of white boxes and crates are lined up against one wall.

This area is as *Research Lab A* above, except it appears these labs were taken over by the CDC response team during their brief foray into Center. The room's pressure system, which allowed teams to remove their protective suits and work more comfortably within, still works.

A huge stack of cardboard boxes lines one wall and occupies an entire table; these boxes include papers pertaining to previous attempts to treat/contain/destroy the macro-organism (like the ones in the *Office of the Director of Immunology*). One piece of paper, lying on a desk, is a damning testament to the short-sightedness of the Ancients—it mentions the Director's frustration that *no other facilities* were at work on a cure for the XBM weapon, even while the monstrous weapon was being mass-produced and readied for use.

The CDC also moved a *laptop computer* and two static computers here (the former brought with them, the latter scavenged from various offices). The static computers contain more records of the department's experiments and last-ditch efforts to come up with a solution, but these are obviously in electronic format. The laptop, which is linked to a *portable satellite uplink communicator* on the roof, contains a summation of the CDC team's communication logs up the chain of command; these are electronic copies of several reports sent by satellite to CDC headquarters out of state during the crisis (see *Handout #7)*. The satellite communicator no longer works, since there are no longer any satellites to receive transmissions from this spot.

GM's Note: PCs undertaking a search of these documents, journals, and files may (with a successful Research check at DC 25) discover that the CDC, building on the work of the department immunologists, was close

XBM RETARDANT

The retardant is a liquid chemical that affects any free-floating biomass (but not thralls) on immediate contact. On the first round of contact (if administered by a *medi-spray* aerosol can, contact requires a successful ranged touch attack, with a range of 5 feet) the retardant inflicts 4d6 points of damage to the biomass. On the second round, the retardant continues to affect the biomass, doing 3d6 points of damage. On the third round this continues, but the damage drops to 2d6. On the fourth round the retardant does only 1d6 points of damage. After that, it does no more damage to the biomass.

A biomass sprayed more than once suffers cumulative damage. A biomass that dies from damage done by the retardant seems to literally melt away. The retardant only works on free-floating biomasses (including the main biomass).

to developing a chemical solution that could be used as a retardant to slow or hurt the macro-organism.

PCs who think to do so can try to pick up where the immunologists and CDC team left off. This effort requires 3d12 hours, and the PCs must succeed at a Knowledge (earth and life sciences) check (DC 18), a Research check (DC 20), *and* a Craft (pharmaceutical) check (DC 22). The PCs must also have at least one *chemical kit* (any kind), access to the computer files here, and at least one of the *Chemical Laboratories* to work in (see below).

If these prerequisites are met, the PCs can create one dose of retardant per *chemical kit* used (creating one dose of retardant uses up an entire chemical kit; ½ if it is a *deluxe chemical kit*). An additional Craft (pharmaceutical) check (DC 15) allows the PCs to load the retardant into an aerosol can (such as an empty can of *medi-spray,* assuming they have one). See the sidebar for a description of how the retardant works.

44L. AIRLOCK

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The door to this room opens with the hissing release of pressurized air.

This is a typical steam shower and airlock chamber, with a rack from which hang three heavy-duty environment suits. Like other such suits, each has a 30-minute internal air supply that can be recharged by plugging into a port in the airlock (requiring another 5 minutes), and is perfectly sealed against foreign particles through an overpressure system. When active, each suit "puffs up" due to the difference between inside and outside pressure.

Only two doors lead from this room; one into the *Research Lab* areas, the other into the *Isolation Lab* (see below).

44M. ISOLATION LAB (EL 10)

Access: Pink.
Cameras: A camera inside the isolation chamber itself provides a link to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

At the center of the lab is a single room, its walls made of a transparent glass-like material so that those outside can look in from relative safety. Inside this cell, fluorescent lights illuminate the figure of a single individual, clearly visible through the glass walls. It resembles a normal human being in the filthy remains of a hospital gown, but its eyes are like featureless black marbles. Its jaw hangs limply open, revealing broken, jagged teeth. As you become visible in the glow of the cell's lights, the creature seems to notice you, moving up against the glass and pressing its claw-like hands against the partition as if to get a better look.

The walls of this well-equipped laboratory are made of plastiglass, allowing individuals in *Research Lab B* (see above) to look in and observe experiments underway. The entire room is kept at a different pressure level than the rooms outside, so that contaminated particles released here cannot escape.

Though a lot of research and hypothesizing was done in the *Research Labs*, this laboratory was vital in putting theoretical solutions to the test. Infected animals were brought here in pressurized cages from the *Animal Containment Building* to be given experimental drugs, treatments, vaccines, and even toxins—all in a desperate effort to neutralize the macro-organism's contagion.

This lab can only be reached through the *Airlock*.

GM's Note: The lab is now a total mess. During a last-ditch experiment, the scientists at the immunology department brought an infected seedling to this lab and tried a new agent on it. Instead of the desired effect, however, it sent the contaminated creature into panicked spasms—enough to overcome the lab workers and tear them to shreds.

When the CDC team found the *Isolation Lab,* they dared not open it, though they did observe the creature inside for several hours before abandoning the building. If the PCs enter the *Isolation Lab*, the crazed seedling tries to kill them (whether or not the Last God commands it to; it is *crazy*, after all). As soon as a card bearer enters the room, the creature *transforms*; read the party the following:

The zombie-like patient watches as the airlock door opens, moving away slowly until its back is pressed against the far wall. Then, suddenly, there is an audible "pop" from beneath its clothes, followed by a darkening of its hospital gown with streams of blood. In the next moment the fabric of its meager clothing is torn as the entire torso of the creature rips in two, from the top of the head to the pelvis, turning its entire body into one enormous bloody mouth that suckles, coos, and babbles while blood and bits of torn flesh stream down its newly-formed contours. The creature's arms dislocate and reposition themselves as legs, and the remaining mass hunches over on all fours, ready to pounce.

Crazed Seedling (1): HP 62.

The chemical used on the seedling affected it in strange ways, changing its biology on a fundamental level. Though it is still barely linked to the macro-organism, it now lacks all but the most basic skills needed for survival.

Once the PCs enter the lab, the creature sprouts a Torso Maw and Enlarged Maw.

44N. CHEMICAL STORAGE VAULTS (EL 1)

Access: Green.

Cameras: The camera here is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

Each of these rooms is identical, a non-descript storage chamber with rows of metal-frame shelving, as well as a few locked metal cabinets. Running the length of each room is a central ceiling rail, from which hangs a spidery-looking robot of some sort.

All of these areas are marked with chemical hazard placards; on the back of each door is a checklist of security procedures and instructions for what to do in case of chemical spills, fires, acid burns, or other emergencies.

The huge collection here consists of glass, metal, and plastic containers, beakers, jugs, jars, and containers of all kinds—all containing hundreds of ounces of hydrochloric and sulfuric acids, acetone, ferrous oxide, sulfur, chloral hydrate, alcohol, rubbing alcohol, saltpeter, sodium chloride, sodium hydroxide, ammonia, mercury, potassium, and chlorine. Boxes also contain sterile beakers, Bunsen burners, carbon water filters, litmus paper, squeeze bottles, test tubes, and titration tubes.

Metal tanks in safety racks on one wall of each vault contain oxygen, hydrogen, and a few other gasses (in small amounts, just enough to qualify as a fire hazard but not enough to cause an actual explosion).

GM's Note: The *industrial automatons* in these areas are voice-activated variants, used solely to fetch chemicals for researchers and technicians. All a technician needed to do was tell the automaton the amount and type of the chemical(s) needed, and the automaton took off down the rail to retrieve it and bring it back. The automatons are still in working order, but their static construction means they are confined to these rooms.

Scenario B: The Last God attempts to lock the door via the CenterNet (*Disable Keycard Lock*, DC 29) and then activate the automaton (*Power Up Automaton*, DC 19) to attack the PCs once they are trapped. The automaton either attacks with a slam or, if the PCs move out of reach, picks up bottles of acid and hurls them (treat each attempt as an attack with a *Concentrated* acid; see page 54 of *d20 Modern*).

Industrial Automaton (1): HP 15.

Treasure: There are enough chemicals still stored in each of these vaults to round out six *deluxe chemical kits* (each) and eight doses of *Concentrated* acid. In addition, each vault has a *fire extinguisher* behind glass (when the glass is broken, it raises an audible alarm).

44O. CHEMICAL LABORATORIES

Access: Green.

Cameras: The camera here is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

These two chambers have a number of stainless steel tables, sinks, metal and glass cabinets, and chemistry equipment of all sorts scattered across almost every surface.

Each of these laboratories appears was set up with facilities for analyzing and duplicating chemical compounds, both for individual experiments and mass-production.

Treasure: There are enough chemicals still stored in each of these rooms to make a single *deluxe chemical kit* (or two *basic chemical kits*).

45. ANIMAL CONTAINMENT BUILDING

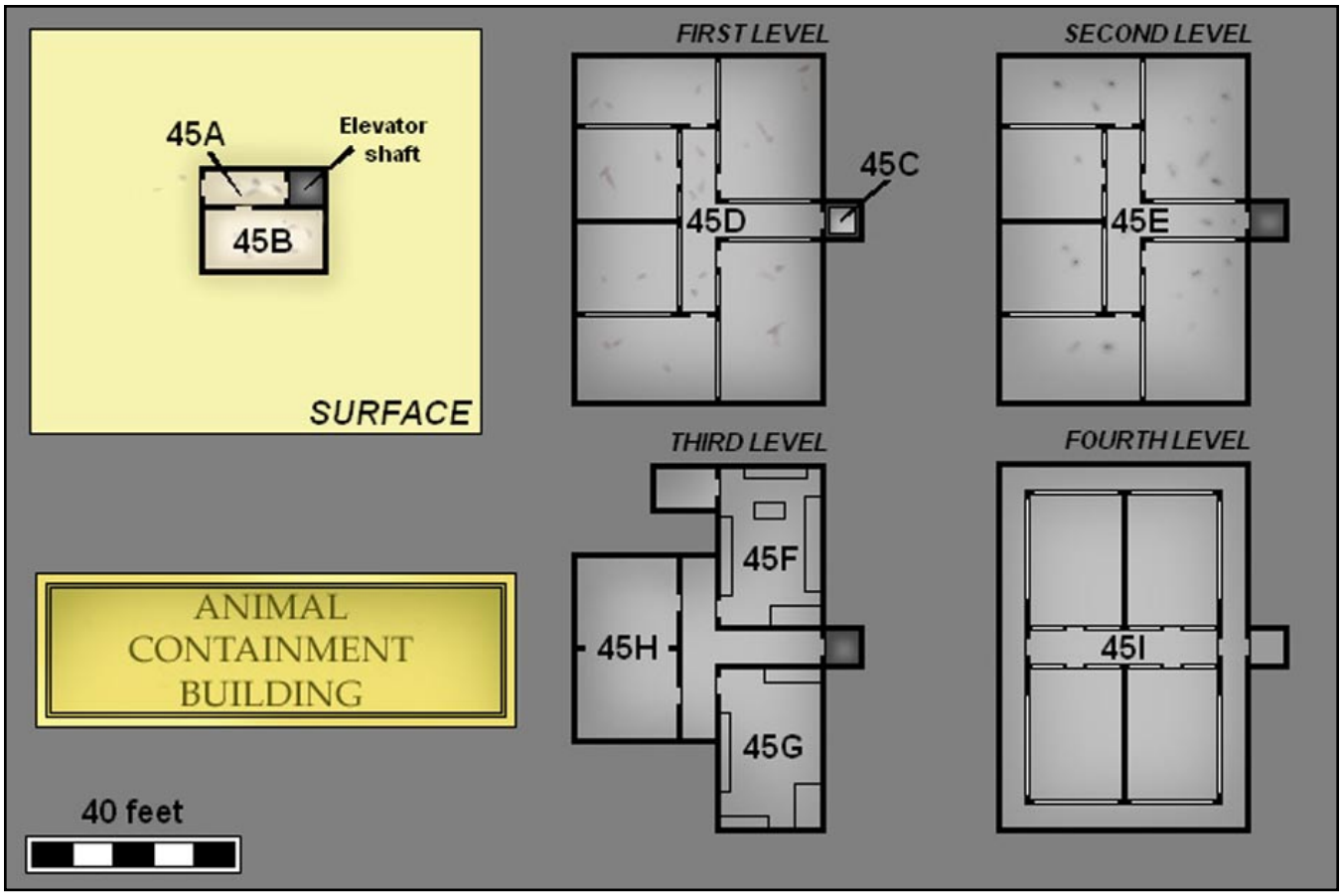
Access: Green.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.

This low, squat building looks like any other in this confined, dusty part of town. However, many of the tinted-glass outer windows (clustered solely around the front entrance) appear to have cracked from a tremor long ago. The outer façade of the building is chipped and pock-marked with bullet holes.

This building (including the surface and several levels underneath) resembles a multi-leveled "kennel," with accommodation for several thousand live animals once



used in experiments at the facility (for psychic studies, immunology studies, and actual bio-weapon production). In addition to multiple levels purely dedicated to housing live animals, the building also had a security/monitoring station, food storage and preparation area, and its own nursery. Because the animals used in these experiments had to be completely isolated from outside contamination (including common animal diseases of any kind), they were born, bred, and lived their entire lives in this building until taken to their final destination in one of the research or production buildings.

45A. ENTRANCE (EL 3)

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The entrance to this building consists of a long hall with a polished black marble floor. A security station sits nearby, where guards once identified and logged all technicians coming and going.

At the end of the hall is a single broad elevator door and a bank of buttons; the elevator door is slightly deformed from heat (see below for details). It has also been *welded* shut!

Facing the elevator door (and away from the entrance), at a distance of twenty feet, is a single *weapon animatron*, armed with an M2HB machinegun. It has been programmed to fire on anything that comes through the elevator door.

GM's Note: The elevator door was sealed to prevent infected animals from escaping. The elevator itself is no longer in operation; it was loaded with explosives and sent down into the depths to hopefully "sterilize" the kennels. It would take tremendous strength (or more explosives) to blow the elevator door open, but inside all that remains is a deep, empty shaft (no cables). The top of the blown-open elevator car is at a level almost 30 feet below.

Weapon Animatron (1): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *M2HB machinegun* +10/+5 for 2d12.

Treasure: The animatron has 17 rounds for its weapon.

45B. SECURITY STATION

Access: Electrum.
Cameras: There used to be a camera here linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*, but it was destroyed.
CenterNet: None.

This area looks like it was ransacked in a flurry of activity. Two skeletal bodies lie on the floor, still wearing Kevlar-reinforced security uniforms; these appear to have died when parts of the ceiling fell in on them.

The explosion in the elevator shaft (see below) did serious damage to the upper works of the building; those security personnel that survived the botched demolitions attempt left

their fallen comrades here and fled.

Treasure: The computer here was destroyed when debris fell on it, and cannot be salvaged. Both dead bodies have *flashlights*, *walkie-talkies* (only one has a working *power cell*), and *laser pistols* in hip holsters. One *laser pistol* is damaged (Repair check DC 25 to make it operational again); each has an empty *power clip*, with no spares. Both bodies wear light duty vests, and each has an *electrum access card*.

Lying on the floor is a large military crate labeled "C4"—but this proves to be empty. Another, smaller box nearby contains four *blasting caps* and a *radio control detonator*. There is also a man-portable *welding torch* here, but the attached fuel tank is empty.

45C. ELEVATOR

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Poised at the first floor underground, in the elevator shaft, are the remains of the elevator lift. Used during the facility's operation to give technicians access to the lab, maintenance areas, and the kennels, this sole means of reaching the lower levels was also used to ferry animal subjects to the surface for transport to other buildings in the complex.

During the "accident," a number of infected test animals managed to break out and use access cards (taken from technicians they killed on escaping) to operate this elevator and reach the surface. Though they infected many surface personnel and started a chain of events that contributed to the catastrophe, they were eventually routed by security forces and beaten back into the *Animal Containment Building*.

The security forces, now fighting a desperate battle all over town, couldn't afford to send men down to kill a pack of infected animals. Instead they loaded the elevator with a crate of timed explosives and sent it down, hoping it would either kill all the infected animals in the blast, or at least seal them underground indefinitely.

The latter is exactly what happened. The elevator detonated prematurely (on level one, just below the surface), killing uninfected animals in the resulting flash fire. The explosion also reached level two, killing some trapped animals there as well, but it failed to reach the *Level Four Kennels* where the a large number of infected animals—chimpanzees—still remain…

GM's Note: The elevator is a contorted piece of metallic wreckage, blocking almost the entire shaft. PCs wishing to descend deeper must make a Climb check (DC 21) to squeeze past the elevator and continue on to the levels below.

If the PCs fail their Climb check here by more than 5, they fall down the shaft; the drop is another 50 feet to the bottom.

45D. LEVEL ONE KENNELS

Access: Green.
Cameras: There used to be a camera here linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*, but it was destroyed.
CenterNet: None.

This area contains a number of separate rooms (with extended window areas for observation from the main hall, like some bizarre maternity ward), each containing hundreds of cages large and small. All of the windows are blown out, and the entire level is black with soot from a high-temperature flash fire. Blackened skeletons in the cages suggest that all of the specimens here died instantly in the fire.

This hall has a camera overlooking it, but this was knocked out during the explosion in the elevator shaft. It no longer works.

45E. LEVEL TWO KENNELS

Access: Green.
Cameras: There used to be a camera here linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*, but it was destroyed.
CenterNet: None.

Most of the windows on this level are shattered, and much of the hallway near the elevator is scarred black—evidence that a tremendous explosion took place in the elevator shaft.

The skeletons of animals (and a few humans) lie mixed together everywhere, but it is unsure whether these died in the explosion or in some chaotic man vs. animal melee...

This hall has a camera overlooking it, but this was knocked out during the explosion in the elevator shaft. It no longer works.

Treasure: One of the human skeletons still wears a set of *technician's coveralls* (the other bodies' clothes are too badly shredded to retain their protective properties). None of them have access cards (the infected chimps took them when they tried to escape).

45F. FOOD PREP ROOM

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This area resembles a sterile butcher's shop, with numerous stainless steel surfaces, preparation areas, and a walk-in freezer.

Food intended for consumption by the animals in the kennel was stored, prepared, and distributed by techs from this station on a regular basis. Because of the diverse nature of the animal population, the refrigerated bays and freezers held an enormous variety of foods.

Treasure: There is an assortment of knives and other sharp implements here—practically enough to equip a small army. All of the food here rotted long ago.

45G. MAINTENANCE AND DISPOSAL

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This area resembles a large janitorial station, with lockers and other appropriate features—storage areas for chemical sanitizers, detergents, mops, buckets, hoses, portable steam cleaning units, etc. In addition, you spot several air deodorizers and sanitized bags for collecting and disposing of animal feces.

In the center of the room is a trio of enclosed metal trunks, each fitted with wheels and handlebars so they can be conveniently pushed or pulled around. Each features a biohazard symbol displayed prominently on the side.

There are a number of skeletons lying on the floor, each clad in the decayed remains of all-white coveralls.

This bay was used for maintenance of the kennels and cages throughout the building. The strange wheeled bins were regularly loaded up with feces, waste food, and (rarely) the carcasses of animals that died in their kennels overnight. This detritus was taken to the *Air Incineration Building* for disposal.

Treasure: Searching the corpses (DC 11) nets the PCs two *green access cards* (keyed to the *Animal Containment Building*) and a single *walkie-talkie* (with a drained *power cell*).

45H. GENETIC ENGINEERING LAB

Access: Pink.
Cameras: A camera here is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

This sterile-looking chamber is neatly lined with workstations, laboratory equipment, and countless rusty cages, large and small.

This was once a cutting-edge genetic engineering lab, dedicated to manipulating animal embryos in their early stages. Not all animals born and raised at the Center facility were "tinkered with," but some were deliberately given special treatment. For example, some were made semi-resistant to the macro-organism (allowing the scientists to identify ways that the contagion might bypass natural "defenses"); others were specifically altered to be exceptionally fertile or potent to help re-populate the labs' animal stock. These lucky few probably had the best chance of a long life, being far more valuable as breeders than as test subjects.

This room contains incubators, powerful microscopes, tools of all kinds, pose-able lights on stands, magnifying lenses, work tables, Reynier chambers, and empty cages by the dozen. There is also a bank of three enclosed glass "maternity suites" where pregnant animals were watched and experimented on; each suite also contains a small surgical theatre for removing fetuses and performing exploratory surgery.

Scenario A: This laboratory is overseen by a security camera currently tied into the *Sub-Surface Security Center*. The Last God watches the PCs through the camera the entire time they are here, curious as to their reaction to the cruel equipment found here in such abundance. It is curious to know if the PCs are revolted or angered by what the Ancients did here, for it may be able to play on their sympathy in the future (and it feels great sympathy for the countless thousands of animals that died here just to bring it into existence).

Treasure: This room is equipped with the equivalent of two *surgery kits*. In addition, a character with any ranks in Craft (pharmaceutical) can combine enough components here to make a single *pharmacist kit*.

A Search check (DC 15) finds some other items of interest, including two *ready syringes* loaded with a weak version of *K-O shot* (the Fortitude save is DC 10; this diluted dosage was obviously intended for use on animals), another eighteen *ready syringes* (empty), and a single canister of wound-healing *medi-spray* (two charges left).

45I. LEVEL FOUR KENNELS (EL 12)

Access: Pink.
Cameras: A camera with a clear view of the kennels is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

A sign above the elevator entrance (and displayed prominently on the wall across from the door, so that exiting passengers could see the warning) reads: Level Four Kennels/XBM-Infected Animals/Bio-Level Hazard 4.

Because of its relatively secure nature deep underground, this level was used during the time of the Ancients to hold creatures infected in various experiments (including the psychic experiments at the *Psychic Research Laboratory*). These generally included rats, mice, rhesus monkeys, and chimpanzees, all kept in cages behind secure bullet-proof *plastiglass* cells. The atmosphere of each cell, including temperature and overpressure, was monitored and artificially regulated, making each a virtually hermetic environment of its own. Each cell also featured a small airlock allowing the specimen(s) inside to be fed without contaminating their feeders.

During the "accident" at the facility, the animals here (all part of the same macro-organism) managed to break free and overcome the safety-suit-clad technicians on this level. Demonstrating uncanny intelligence, they took the elevator to the upper level where, during the chaos, many were able to reach the surface and wreak havoc before being fought back (along with a few infected techs and scientists) to the *Animal Containment Building*.

When security personnel sealed the animals in the building

with explosives, a large number of infected chimpanzees were trapped on this level. If and when the PCs descend to this level, they will find the darkened cells and halls still populated by the infected chimpanzee *seedlings*. The infected creatures look like normal chimps, but lack the (often amusing) social behavior normally attributed to their species. Instead of cute, emotion-filled eyes, these chimps all have eyes that are uniformly inky-black—a sure sign of their infection.

Scenario A: Instead of approaching strangers, the chimps merely watch quietly from a distance—the Last God is using them to observe the PCs before deciding what to do. If the PCs attack, the chimps scatter, hoping to avoid further casualties. If the PCs pursue them, the fleeing chimps turn to infect the party.

Scenario B: The chimps will attack the PCs to *infect* them, not to kill them. If they cannot infect the PCs for any reason, they will try to go back the way the PCs came and escape to the surface, hopefully to rejoin the macro-organism in another part of the facility (the exact location is left to the GM's discretion).

Lesser Chimpanzee Seedlings (14): HP 18 (x4), 14 (x5), 12 (x5).

Greater Chimpanzee Seedlings (3): HP 56, 52, and 40.

46. SCENE OF PAST BATTLE A

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Up ahead, in the shadow of the buildings on either side, the street is littered with skeletal remains. The glint of metal catches your eye.

This area was the scene of a battle between uninfected security personnel and infected scientists who had reached the surface and were trying to escape. It is unclear which side "won," but there are no less than 24 bodies within a 50-foot area.

Treasure: A Search (DC 12) uncovers some weapons and equipment left after the desperate struggle here. These include an M16A2 (no ammo), a light duty vest, and a *walkie-talkie* (full *power cell*). 30 feet away, amidst another cluster of bodies (dead scientists, by the look of their rotted lab coats), is a Beretta 92F (2 rounds left in the clip) and a *ready syringe* with one dose of *K-O shot* (held in one skeleton's hand as if he were using it as a last-ditch weapon). One of the dead scientists also has a *pink access card* (keyed to the *Psychic Research Laboratory*).

47. SCENE OF PAST BATTLE B

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This entire street is ringed with dead bodies—the brittle, skeletal remains of men and women killed here decades, if not centuries, ago.

This was another scene of a large battle between security forces and infected personnel rising from the depths of the facility in an attempt to spread the infection. It is not clear who was the victor; there are more than two dozen dead bodies on both sides.

Treasure: A Search (DC 15) discovers 1d2 *concussion grenades* among the dead bodies. A second success (also at DC 15) means the PCs find an access card; roll 2d6 on the table below to see what card is found:

Roll	Card Found
2-3	*Graphite access card*
4-5	*Pink access card* (keyed to the *Main Research Laboratory*)
6-7	*Green access card* (keyed to *Administration Building A*)
8-9	*Green access card* (keyed to *Administration Building B*)
10	*Pink access card* (keyed to the *Biological Response Laboratory*)
11	*Orange access card* (keyed to the *Bicycle Shop*)
12	*Gray access card* (keyed to the *Psychic Research Laboratory*)

The PCs can continue searching until all cards are found, but each Search attempt takes 10 minutes.

48. SCENE OF PAST BATTLE C (EL 1)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The street ahead is littered with dead bodies, their bare, dry bones reflecting brightly in the merciless sunlight. Two men in ragged lab coats shamble about the scene, moving between the bodies as if looting them. As you approach, the two suddenly stand erect at the same moment, turn in unison, and begin shuffling towards you.

This was the scene of a battle between infected and uninfected personnel long ago. The two men in lab coats are infected thralls, former facility technicians. They attack the PCs, hoping to drive them towards the *Animal Containment Building*.

Shamblers (2): HP 15 each.

Treasure: A Search of the bodies (DC 14) uncovers a blood-caked *flashlight* (no *power cell*; this appears to have been used as a crude bludgeon, and now works only 50% of the time) and a *pink access card* (keyed to the *Animal Containment Building*).

49. SCENE OF PAST BATTLE D

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Piles of skeletal remains litter this intersection. The rags of old uniforms and white lab coats flutter in the breeze. A handful of rusted tripod-mounted weapons, resembling curious stick-figure sentries, overlook the entire scene from a wall of sandbags across the road.

This part of the surface facility was a strongpoint in the *ad hoc* defense perimeter erected during the "accident" to contain the macro-organism's spread. Infected scientists and security guards emerging from the buildings at the heart of the facility attempted to storm this area on their way towards the highway out of town.

The defending (uninfected) personnel set up sandbag walls and a number of *weapon animatrons* to help fortify this place. Though they eventually abandoned the perimeter to hole up in the *Hospital* and *Recreation Building*, a few of the animatrons were left in place.

GM's Note: The weapon animatrons no longer have any power, and thus present no threat.

Treasure: One of the weapon animatrons here can be partially salvaged; a PC making a Disable Device check (DC 15) can remove the *M-60* it once wielded and employ it normally. It has no power source or ammunition, however.

50. PARKING GARAGE/SUBTERRANEAN VEHICLE ACCESS

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The interior of this enormous concrete building is dark and cold. Deep shadows and the acrid odor of motor oil greet you as you enter. Your footsteps on the bald pavement echo through the entire place.

Signs (in Ancient) above the entrance dictate an abnormal clearance (18 feet), but the same signs proclaim this as Visitor Parking, Close To Downtown. This place is obviously a two-level parking garage, but to anyone familiar with the Ancients, it seems out of place in a town this small.

In reality, this is just the access point through which heavy vehicles descended to the underground facility. The huge hydraulic elevators used for this purpose are carefully concealed.

A control panel in the small tollbooth operates the hydraulic elevator. Pushing a single unlabelled button (it looks just like the buttons used to open/close the main garage gates and lower/raise the toll barrier; only by experimenting with the buttons can its function be discovered) causes an area in the center of the garage (roughly 40 x 40 ft.) to sink into the ground on a massive metal lift. The noise caused by the lift cannot be missed by anyone in the garage or within a block of it.

The elevator can support almost 100 tons with little difficulty. Though it is relatively slow, the elevator reaches the bottom (*Area 50B*) in less than 30 seconds.

GM's Note: A search of the garage (Search DC 18) reveals the edges of the elevator platform (a ½-inch rut in the pavement), running the full 40 x 40 feet.

Treasure: Sitting in the middle of the garage (by coincidence, on the elevator) is a military-style transport truck, complete with canvas top. This was part of an armed detachment sent to provide extra security for the CDC team. This team was dispatched to take the garage building and find a way down. For some reason or another, the men were never heard from again. Most likely, one of them had already been infected and lured the others off.

Inside the truck can be found nine *M40 protective masks*, nine *tactical vests*, seven *M16A2s*, an *M16A2* with under-slung *M203 grenade launcher*, an *M249 SAW,* an *autograpnel* (with full *power cell*), and an *orange access card* (keyed to the *Parking Garage*). None of the weapons have any ammunition, however.

See Blood & Guts *by Charles Rice for statistics for the M40, M203, and M249.*

50A. UPPER VEHICLE GARAGE

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The elevator starts up with a tremendous rumbling, and the darkness deepens as you descend underground. The elevator moves down along an enormous vertical metal rail, passing through what may be the first of several hidden underground garage levels.

This area can only be accessed if the elevator is activated. It occupies one whole level of the subterranean garage building.

Several Ford Bronco-style SUVs, suited for off-road driving and painted in plain olive-drab colors, occupy this level of the garage. All of these are equipped with CB radios, but unfortunately the batteries in each vehicle have long given out.

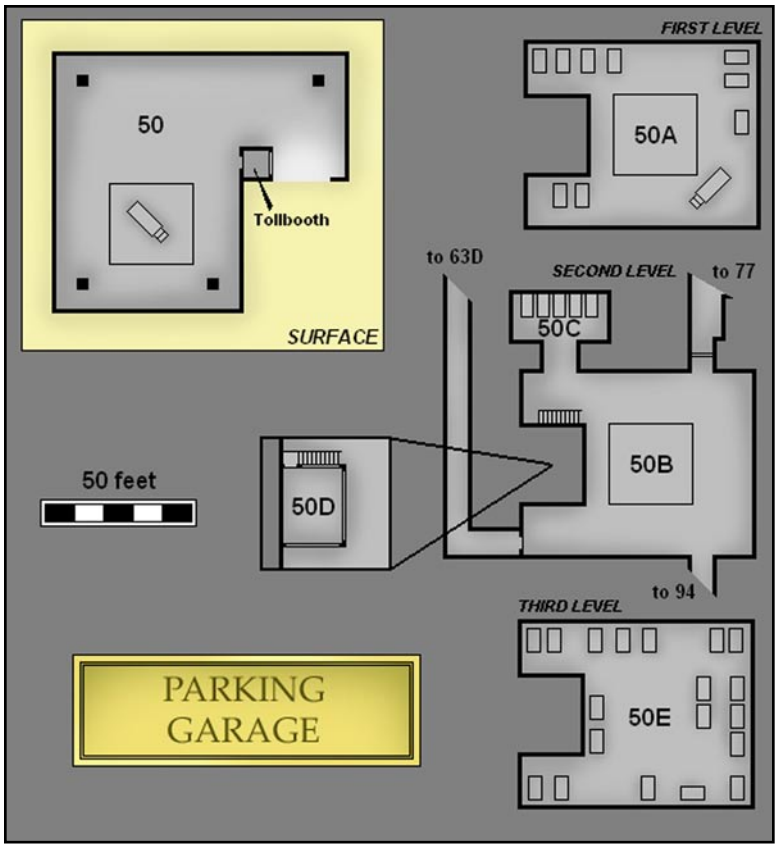
A military truck (similar to the one on the surface level) also sits to the side of the hydraulic elevator shaft. If searched, it proves to be empty except for a manpack military radio, with attached *power pack* (full charge). The tires of this vehicle are completely flat due to age.

Treasure: There are two *fire extinguishers* here, on the east and west walls respectively.

50B. MACHINE BAY

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

At the bottom of the huge elevator shaft lies an enormous cavern, its walls carved from solid rock. Here you see a large machine bay cluttered with heavy-duty machinery no doubt used to service heavier vehicles during the facility's operation. As you enter, automatic sensors cause a few fluorescent lights high above on the



cavern wall to blink on, bathing the rough walls and floor of this vast vault in a weak yellow light.

Used for maintaining and repairing the Center facility's fleet vehicles, this cavern has all the tools and equipment of a fully-stocked, military-grade mechanics bay.

Overhead traveling cranes, restricted to enormous ceiling rails and controlled manually at a nearby station, allow heavy objects to be lifted, moved, or otherwise handled; these are capable of lifting an entire engine out of a truck for repairs. Rounding out this well-stocked bay are two hydraulic lifts for elevating vehicles (to allow work on the underbody) and a pair of *industrial automatons* once used for heavy lifting that required dexterity and intricate manipulation. These two robots are currently running on minimal power, but if commanded with an appropriate keycard, they will come back online, ready to perform their functions.

To the side are a number of work tables, cluttered with tools. The entire southern wall is lined with tires, separated by vehicle size and type (SUVs, trucks, etc.).

Industrial Automatons (2): HP 20 each.

Treasure: The tables hold a portable welder's torch, welding goggles, fireproof gloves, and a complete set of electrical and mechanical repair tools. On the table are five heavy-duty car/SUV batteries (two drained, three with about 10% life left on each).

50C. FUEL BAY

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Placards on the wall of this side cavern read FUEL STORAGE/EXTINGUISH ALL OPEN FLAMES. Inside the cavern are dozens of gas cans ranging in size from portable jerry cans to larger fuel drums. The smell of gasoline fumes is pervasive.

This area contains an impressive stockpile of 5-, 10-, and 20-gallon jerry cans, all of which were at one time filled with gasoline.

Treasure: There are a total of 250 cans here of varying size (20% are 5-gallon, 20% are 10-gallon, and 60% are 20-gallon). If the PCs are looking for vehicle fuel, roll d100 each time a can is opened; on a roll of 01-80, the fuel has degraded over time and is useless, but on a roll of 81-00 the contents are stable and usable.

There is also a *fire extinguisher* on one wall, kept behind a glass partition. Breaking this partition automatically sets off a continuous audio alarm in the garage block.

50D. MACHINE OFFICE

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: The computer here provides Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing it requires a Computer Use check (DC 19).

Over the garage cavern stands a "tower" built partly into the rock. A rickety metal stair leads from the garage floor to a catwalk that circles the tower, where a control room of some sort sits, its large observation windows shrouded in darkness.

Steel stairs lead to an overhead catwalk, which in turn leads to this elevated booth, which overlooks the *Machine Bay* and *Garage Area*. Three of the four sides of this elevated area are made of an advanced plastiglass (resistant to sound and vibration, allowing work to continue inside without deafening background noise).

Inside are the work areas of the head maintenance officer and secretary. They contain desks, computers (most information pertaining solely to inventory accounts), a coffee maker, a portable fan, binders of uninformative procedures and records, and other mundane office materials.

Treasure: A *fire extinguisher* sits on one wall. There is also a fully-stocked *first aid kit* in the bottom drawer of the head maintenance officer's desk.

50E. LOWER GARAGE

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

As the enormous hydraulic elevator reaches this level, there is a definite change in temperature and atmosphere. Here it is cooler and drier, as if the atmosphere was artificially maintained. Your lights search the darkness and reveal a vast collection of vehicles covered in plastic sheets and canvas covers.

Vehicles kept in this "reserve bunker" include those seldom used during the daily operation of the facility—heavy construction vehicles (bulldozers, steam rollers, small cranes, and other earth-moving vehicles), twelve snowmobiles (for rare blizzard conditions requiring special transport for surface security patrols), and a curious tracked vehicle composed of two linked cabs (similar to the kind used for Antarctic transport; the front cab contains an engine and machinery housing, the rear cab is fully-heated and contains room for up to twelve passengers).

Roughly 80% of these vehicles are well preserved under plastic tarpaulin or covers, and save for a total lack of oil and gasoline (drained to prevent gumming up between periods of storage) and tire pressure, are in prime condition.

Treasure: There are two *fire extinguishers* here, on the east and west walls respectively.

51. HOSPITAL

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This two-level building appears to have been the scene of heavy street fighting, as evidenced by smashed windows, numerous bullet holes, entire blocks of chipped and broken masonry, and the tell-tale black soot of an interior fire. The streets leading up to and around the grand façade are littered with burnt-out vehicles. Countless particles of broken glass glimmer like a sea of scintillating stars. Skeletons lie everywhere.

The emergency hospital at Center was the scene of a bitter battle and chaotic melee right up to the Fall. When containment was breached and the macro-organism began to break out of confinement beneath the facility, the hospital immediately went into action treating the wounded and testing survivors for signs of infection. As the struggle spread out of control, the casualties only increased. Eventually, the number of infected began to outweigh the healthy, and not long after that, all human defense efforts collapsed.

During the chaos, the hospital was part of the "frontline" of the quarantine; androids from the 303rd joined uninfected security personnel on the first and second floors, overlooking the streets converging on the clinic. With their superior firepower, they were able to hold this line despite heavy damage to the building (including a car driven through the lobby doors by a pair of seedlings). This line still remains in force; the human defenders have long since died, but a small force of androids still stands guard in the hospital.

Inside, the facility was also a battleground, though the battle being fought here was against the spread of infection. The overflow of combat wounded and infection cases was much greater than the hospital could manage, so underground supply bunkers were hastily converted to makeshift morgues and intensive care wards. As the disease consumed more and more personnel, the scientists clinging on to hope ordered androids in reserve to ferry dead bodies out and bury them in a mass grave (see *Area 12*). Eventually, even these last few scientists were overcome, and were likewise buried on the other side of town.

Now all that remains guarding the hospital is a small force of soldier androids.

GM's Note: Unless they have been forewarned of the PCs' approach and told to ally with them, the androids here immediately open fire on anyone approaching the front entrance of the *Hospital*.

Scenario C: If they are alerted to the War Droid's alliance with the PCs, the androids here do not open fire.

51A. LOBBY/NURSE STATION A (EL 10)

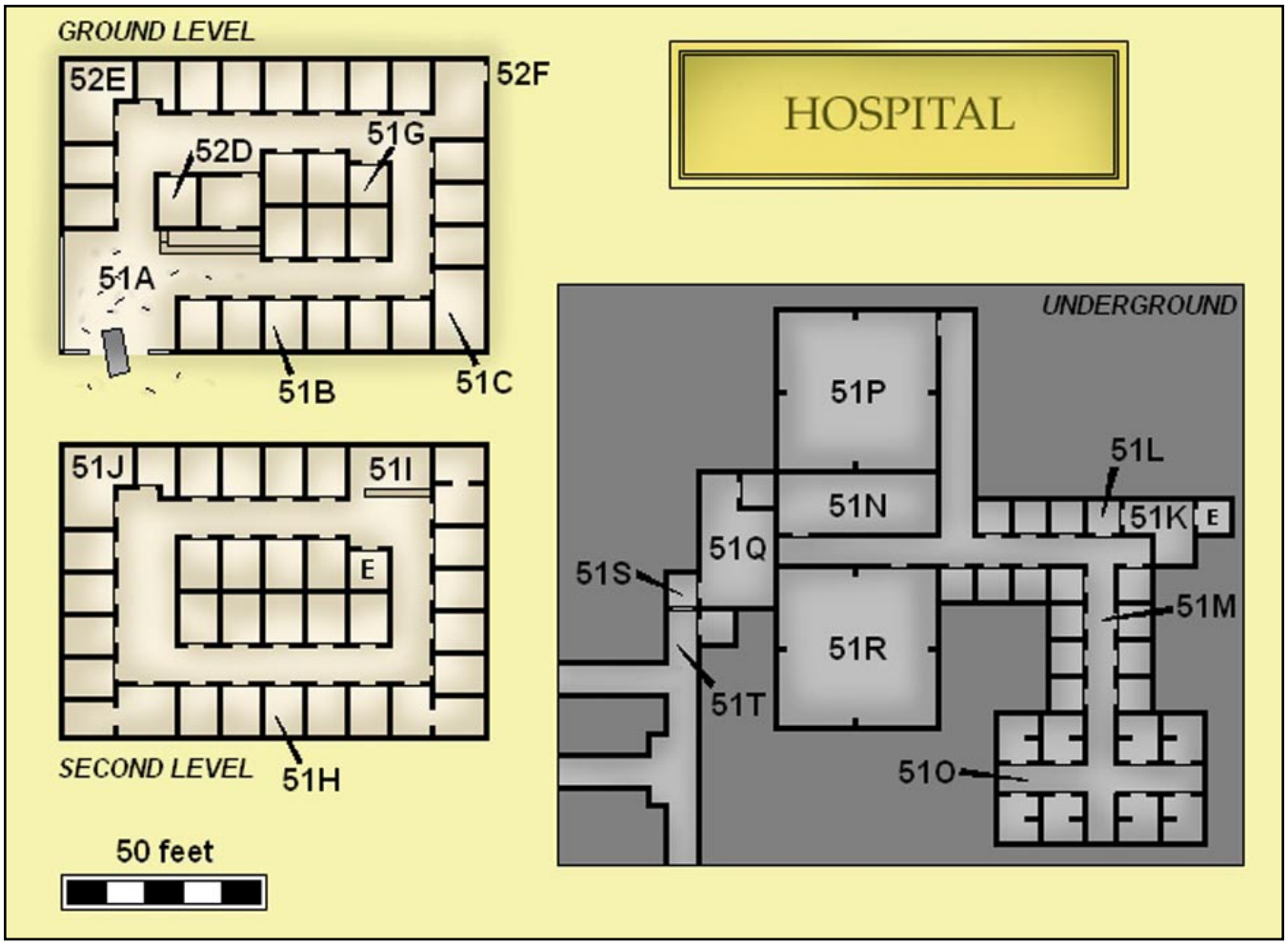
Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The entire front of this ground-level entrance has suffered catastrophic damage. The banks of tinted glass windows running the length of this side of the building appear to have been blown out or smashed in during a battle long ago. In addition, the front doors have been smashed in by a single security vehicle (now a charred wreck) driven right through the entrance.

The remains of the security vehicle (now nothing more than a tangled mess of fire-blackened metal) make entrance a little difficult, but PCs attempting to do so find they can slip by with a bit of effort. If they enter the building, read the following:

The interior lobby, once filled with comfortable couches and glass tables, looks like it suffered from being host to a series of major firefights over the years. There are skeletal remains all over the place—at least 50 bodies—and thousands of empty shell casings strewn all over the floor. Many hundreds of bullet holes have reduced the whole reception area and nurse station into a crumbling façade of broken stone.

Characters making a Search check (DC 17) find the remains of rhesus monkey and chimpanzee skeletons in large numbers among the human dead. Though they may not realize it, this is evidence of both human *and* animal



seedlings/shamblers working together to assault the *Hospital* building.

A series of sandbag (or rubble) revetments have been set up near the two halls leading deeper into the building. Behind these crouch a number of *soldier androids* with orders to watch the approaches to the *Hospital* and kill anything coming towards them. Because of their prepared positions, these androids have one-quarter cover.

The *low-level command android* here has a remote detonator rigged to set off a *satchel charge C* in this area. It has orders to detonate this explosive only if its android accompaniment is wiped out and/or it is reduced to 5 hit points or less. If it manages to detonate the charge (an attack action), the resulting explosion collapses the entire lobby area and prevents further access into the building. At the GM's discretion, this may also inflict damage to all remaining androids and characters in the *Lobby*.

Scenario C: If they are aware of the War Droid's alliance with the PCs, the androids here do not open fire.

- **Basic Soldier Androids (8):** HP 30 each.
- **Low-level Command Android (1):** HP 40; equipped with *radio detonator* (in addition to other equipment) and a *green access card* (keyed to the *Hospital*).

51B. GENERAL NURSING

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This level resembles a typical hospital ward, with numerous rooms set off the main hallways. The individual rooms are all steeped in shadow except when you pass by, at which point your lights reveal weird metal consoles, life support machines, the rotted remains of beds, and stained plastic curtains that once gave dying patients a vestige of privacy.

This area is a series of small interconnected wards, originally set aside for patients with relatively mundane injuries or illnesses. However, each and every hospital bed here appears to have been occupied by the time the last humans at Center died.

As casualties mounted, more and more injured security and technicians came here for treatment. Many of the wounded showed signs of infection, and were removed either to intensive care or, in the end, to the morgue. By the time the entire garrison succumbed to the silent spread of the macro-organism, this place, once a beacon of tranquility and hope, had become a final, blood-stained battlefield.

PCs searching these empty rooms find only skeletons in and around the beds—the remains of security personnel, nurses, doctors, techs, and scientists from the various lab buildings.

Treasure: A Search check (DC 15) uncovers a random item from the following table for every 30 minutes spent searching:

2D6	Item found
2-3	*Ready syringe* filled with one dose of *antitox*
4-6	*Access card* (roll on subtable below)
7-9	*Weapon* (roll on subtable below)
10-12	*Light duty vest*

2D6	Access card found
2-3	Orange access card (keyed to the Air Incineration Building)
4-5	Green access card (keyed to the Sealed Warehouse)
6-7	Orange access card (keyed to Athletic Equipment Storage)
8-10	Orange access card (keyed to the Recreation Building)
11-12	Green access card (keyed to the Broadcast Studios)

51C. MEDICAL STORES

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This large, thoroughly vandalized vault-like room looks to have been ransacked by looters or desperate combatants. Running the length of the room is a counter, atop which lie numerous pharmacist scales and other tools, all in poor shape and collecting dust. Banks of glass-faced cabinets line the walls; some hang carelessly open, a few remain shut, and yet others have had their glass fronts smashed open and their contents taken in a hurry.

This once served as both the hospital's pharmacy and its medicine storage area. Contained within these cabinets were all sorts of emergency medicines, from nitroglycerin pills to more recognizable emergency combat drugs and extreme-injury treatments.

Treasure: The stores here were severely depleted during the "accident;" a large number of medical supplies were squandered trying to treat infected patients, and personnel wounded in the fighting consumed a vast amount of meds.

All that now remain are some 20 doses of *antitox* (in two glass vials, properly labeled), ten doses of *hemochem* (in a single glass vial, also labeled), five doses of *rad-purge shot* (in three labeled glass vials; for use in the rare event of a power plant meltdown), as well as mundane antibiotics, fever medicines, burn ointments, inflatable/adjustable splints, plaster kits, and pain killers.

There are also ten empty bottles of *filter dose*, as well as another five broken bottles of the same drug shattered on the floor (the contents long destroyed). Only one bottle (containing just three doses) of the stuff remains, sitting on one of the counters.

Boxes labeled K-O SHOT and SUPEREGEN are empty, having been ransacked and looted long ago.

Sitting on one of the counters is a single *UV sterilizer*, linked to a *power backpack* (12 charges remaining), in addition to a set of pharmacist's measuring tools (e.g. scales).

51D. STORAGE

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This storage room was ransacked a long time ago, leaving only a few dusty articles in the far corner.

This storage room was used to store extra beds, wheelchairs, stretchers, and wheeled dialysis machines. Only 1d3 wheelchairs remain; the beds and stretchers were removed to accommodate the massive number of patients flooding the hospital in the last days of the facility.

51E. LABS

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This is a small dark lab, perhaps set up here to be isolated from the daily noise of the hospital ward outside.

This is a series of three nearly identical rooms, each containing with a wide spectrum of lab equipment—stainless steel tables, chairs, etc. Equipment includes (but is not limited to) microscopes, culture trays, microfuges, and a small refrigerator filled with blood plasma packets and preserved tissue samples for tests. The blood and tissue samples are ruined after so many years in storage.

These labs were used for the analysis of blood and tissue taken from infected patients, and were essential in determining who was infected and who was not (at least in the early stages, before physical changes became evident). However, the infection spread much faster than anticipated, making studious efforts to isolate the infected from the non-infected ultimately futile.

51F. REAR EXIT (EL 5)

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The rear (emergency) *Hospital* exit is guarded by two *soldier androids*. The androids stand quietly outside, but any sound

FILTER DOSE

The drug known as "filter dose" is an effective counter to the XBM contagion, but only when administered *before* an infected character changes to one of the New World Order templates. After she changes, a character cannot be "cured." Since there is only a period of 1d4 rounds between a failed save to resist contagion and the transformation into a thrall, this is a narrow margin at best! If successfully administered, however, the character does not succumb to the contagion, and instead vomits up the minute amount of biomass put into her before it can take a hold.

of combat from inside the *Hospital* causes them to rush off, raise the alarm at the nearest quarantine checkpoint, and return to investigate.

GM's Note: If the *satchel charge* in the *Lobby* is detonated, these two androids will wait five rounds before entering the *Hospital* to make sure no one made it through before the roof collapsed. They will try to kill anything (other than androids) that they find alive.

Scenario C: If they are aware of the War Droid's alliance with the PCs, the androids here do not open fire.

Basic Soldier Androids (2): HP 17 each; one box of 5.56mm ammo (instead of two); one of the androids carries a *green access card* (keyed to the *Hospital*).

51G. ELEVATORS

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The elevators can only be accessed with a *green access card* or greater (keyed to the *Hospital*). They are still operational, due to the limited power in the building. They lead up (to the *Intensive Care Ward*) as well as down (to the *Morgue* and beyond).

Each elevator is large enough to accommodate two wheeled hospital beds at a time, so the PCs should have no trouble getting their entire group (and equipment) on board.

51H. INTENSIVE CARE WARD (EL 10)

Access: Green.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The second level of the hospital contains a dusty marble hall, off of which sit neatly organized rooms most likely reserved for patients requiring intensive care. Most are empty now of everything but a few soiled and rotted hospital beds.

A number of soldier androids are stationed on this level to support the androids on the lower level; at any given time, they are split up between the *Intensive Care Ward* and *Nurse Station B*. Except for those at the *Nurse Station* proper, all of these androids are looking through any available windows (providing one-half cover) towards the street approaches. If enemies manage to enter *Lobby/Nurse Station A* area despite android resistance, the androids here will abandon this level, head down via elevator to the bottom floor, exit the rear of the building, and head for the nearby quarantine checkpoint to gather reinforcements.

Scenario C: The *heavy weapons android* must make a Will save to avoid attacking the party on sight, regardless of its current orders to "stand down." The other androids obey the War Droid's directive, but do not interfere with the heavy weapons android even in the event that it opens fire.

Advanced Soldier Androids (3): HP 31 each; equipped with one *fragmentation grenade* each (in addition to other equipment).

Heavy Weapons Android (1): HP 43; one also has a *green access card* (keyed to the *Hospital*).

Treasure: Each separate room has a chance (GM's discretion) of having one or more of the following: defibrillator, oxygen tanks, nitrous oxide tanks, dialysis machine, or *diagnostic scanner*.

51I. NURSE STATION B

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This neatly-arranged work area faces the main second-level hallway and elevator.

A computer console here kept nurses updated on the status of each patient on this floor and displayed information regarding the hourly medicine-dispensing schedule. None of the computers work anymore.

51J. SURGICAL THEATER

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This gloomy room resembles a curious sepulcher of stainless steel and sterile glass. Two skeletons, rotted to the bone, lie atop surgical tables under an enormous bank of lights. Surgical instruments, some rusty and others still gleaming, sit on wheeled tables here and there, along with dust-covered emergency life-saving equipment.

This area was the hospital's sole surgical theater, intended only for emergency life-saving operations. During the "accident," the chief surgical team found itself swamped

removing bullets and performing amputations.

The room is now empty, the doctors and their patients long dead.

Treasure: A bottle of *sustainer shot*, now empty, lies fractured on the floor, but a single *ready syringe* on one of the operating tables still contains a dose of the precious drug.

51K. NURSE STATION C

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The elevator to the lower level opens to reveal a room shrouded in total darkness. Your light source reveals a nurse station, partitioned from the rest of this underground level by a wall of transparent glass-like material. Beyond the glass can only be seen more darkness.

This station is almost identical to the ones on the levels above, except that it is enclosed behind a *plastiglass* wall facing out into the *Emergency Containment Ward* (see below).

Though passengers in the elevator can disembark at this level without trouble, getting the elevator door to open from this level requires entering a six-digit pass code (now lost). *As such, if the PCs arrived here by elevator, once the door closes they will be stuck…*

Treasure: An *orange access card* (keyed to the *Hospital*) sits on the nurse station desk.

51L. AIRLOCK

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

A sign over the sliding door to this small chamber reads: Entering emergency containment ward—Wear protective suit at all times.

This area connects to the nurse station, and was used to separate the air in the *Emergency Containment Ward* from the surface. Nurses and doctors entering this area were required to don protective suits before visiting the *Emergency Containment Ward* and *Morgue*.

Inside the airlock are no less than five heavy-duty environment suits hanging on an overhead rack. Each has a 30-minute internal air supply that can be recharged by plugging into a port in the airlock (requiring another 5 minutes), and is perfectly sealed against foreign particles through an overpressure system. When active, each suit "puffs up" due to the difference between inside and outside pressure.

This area also has a small steam shower with UV-bombardment lights for killing virtually any infectious bacteria or virus passing through.

51M. EMERGENCY CONTAINMENT WARD (EL VARIES)

Access: Orange.
Cameras: A camera hidden on the ceiling is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

The hallways here are lined with identical doors, each with a simple two-number code on the outside and a small porthole for peering inside. All of the doors are closed, with keycard readers fixed to a space next to the handle of each one. Small red lights on the electronic locks glimmer like watchful eyes in the darkness.

This area consists of numerous private rooms once used for the encapsulation, isolation, observation, and treatment of individuals showing signs of infection.

Each room in this complex is outfitted with an overpressure system, keeping any contaminants confined inside that individual room. All doors require an *orange access card* (keyed to the *Hospital*) to open.

Inside each room are the remains of infected human subjects trapped here during the "accident." Unable to rejoin the macro-organism due to their entombment here, they have waited for two centuries to be released.

GM's Note: The PCs can look through the small *plastiglass* windows on the door of each room to see who or what is inside before trying to open it. Each room contains an infected subject, some rotted (shamblers), others normal-looking except for their dead-black eyes (seedlings). The thralls behave differently depending on the party's relations with the Last God (see below).

Scenario A: The thralls try to hide, so that the PCs do not see them when they peer in. They move behind curtains, beds, or machinery to remain unseen. If the PCs enter a room, the thrall inside remains silent and still, hoping the PCs do not discover it. If the PCs forget to close the door behind them, the thralls will slip out later, after the PCs are gone.

Scenario B: The thralls bang on the doors and press against the windows in a vain attempt to free themselves. If the PCs are foolish enough to open a door, the occupant will surge forth to attack.

In addition, once the thralls "see" the PCs, the Last God's biomass in the *Sub-Surface Security Center* will know exactly where they are and will attempt to hack into the *Hospital* immediately, hoping to unlock these doors by computer (through the *Disable Keycard Lock* program). The DC is 34, however, so the Last God may not necessarily succeed.

- **Shamblers (12):** HP 15 each.
- **Former Security Guards (3):** HP 42 each.
- **Former Technicians (3):** HP 30 each.

51N. PATHOLOGY

Access: None; the door has been destroyed.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The sliding keycard doorway to this room has been ripped right out of the wall by some tremendous force. The PCs can enter freely.

This room must have once been a well-equipped laboratory; it holds a wide collection of analysis equipment and an assortment of scientific tools, texts, and references. A stainless steel operating table sits in the center of the room beneath large overhead lights (now off), and other working areas clutter each corner. Metal restraints on the operating table have been broken—all that remain of them are paltry ribbons of twisted, jagged metal.

A dead body in a white suit lies slumped over a microscope at one of the work counters.

Treasure: The skeleton "merely" had its neck broken, so the suit (an *NBC suit*) is still usable.

510. CONTAINMENT OVERFLOW

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

It is cold and dark here—and utterly silent. Your lights illuminate an eerie white corridor with numerous doors branching off of it. Taking a moment to peer in one, you see what appears to be a normal hospital room, but with an unusual abundance of life support machinery, with dusty tubes and feed hoses linked to a large plastic "bubble" completely surrounding the area around the central bed. The same setup is seen in each of the rooms in this ward.

These subterranean rooms were converted to makeshift containment wards as the number of facility casualties skyrocketed. Each is set up like a regular intensive care room, but without the built-in pressure system of the *Emergency Containment Ward*, special measures had to be taken to prevent spread of the infection.

Each room's hospital bed (and a small area around it) is sealed in a semi-rigid plastic "bubble" connected by oxygen tubes to a central oxygen supply and humidity control computer. Each bubble features a one-way zipper "airlock," permitting a nurse or medical doctor (properly attired in protective gear) to step inside the bubble to take vital signs or administer experimental treatment.

Each room has a bank of computers and other unidentifiable machines, used for life support purposes. None of these is likely to be of use to the PCs.

51P. INTENSIVE CARE OVERFLOW (EL 1)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This place looks like a tornado went through it; the entire marble-floored auditorium is taken up by row upon row of wheeled hospital beds, stretchers, and even rotted blankets and mattresses arranged on the ground for at least a hundred patients. Some of these beds are empty; others, however, still hold the skeletal remains of men and women who died here long ago. Of the beds, one out of ten is not occupied by skeletons, but rather by a man-sized black rubber bag.

Due to the casualties incurred at the Center facility, this room was converted into another intensive care ward. Most of those brought here were suffering from traumatic injuries resulting from gunfire, explosions, or fire. A few were being treated for other serious ailments (smoke inhalation, heart attack, etc.). Because none died by infection, the androids ordered to dig the mass graves (*Area 12*) did not think to remove the bodies here to that location.

A single shambler, formerly a human technician who succumbed to the infection while being examined in the *Pathology* lab (after being strapped down), now wanders this area hoping to find an *orange access card* to release the other infected thralls in the *Emergency Containment Ward*. The creature resembles a badly-rotted zombie, and wears the disintegrating remains of an ill-fitting hospital gown.

Scenario A: The shambler avoids contact with the PCs, hiding and keeping out of sight. If attacked, it tries to hurt the PCs just enough that they think twice about pursuing it. It then flees.

Scenario B: The shambler moves to attack the PCs, hoping to injure them.

Shambler (1): HP 27.

Treasure: Searching this ward uncovers a vast stock of medical supplies. These include fifty empty bottles of *hemochem* (with a single bottle having but three doses of the stuff left), countless empty and discarded *ready syringes* labeled *K-O SHOT* and *SUPEREGEN* (their contents long used up), and thirteen empty cans of *medi-spray* carelessly discarded among the numerous hospital beds and stretchers.

Several cardboard boxes contain literally hundreds of tongue depressors and sterile latex gloves, as well as surgical facemasks by the dozen.

Another 1d10 boxes can be found in various places throughout the area; each contains 1d10 empty *ready syringes* in sealed plastic sleeves (these are completely sterile and can be used without risk of contamination).

There is also a *healing pack* here (seemingly discarded in a pile of shredded—and bloody—lab coats; Search check DC 15 to find), as well as fifteen *minifusion cells*. All of the latter were completely drained attempting to heal the patients here.

For every ten minutes spent specifically searching the corpses, the party uncovers an access card; roll on the table below:

2d6	Access card found
2-4	*Orange access card* (keyed to the *Robot Repair Facility*)
5-7	*Pink access card* (keyed to the *Main Research Laboratory*)
8-10	*Orange access card* (keyed to the *Medicinal Synthesis Laboratory*)
11-12	*Pink access card* (keyed to the *Experimental Applications Laboratory*)

51Q. MORGUE

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This large vault is cluttered with wheeled stainless tables, upon each of which is laid a rubber body bag. Their contours suggest they aren't empty.

Identity tags hang from each of these morbid black "cocoons," with a variety of causes of death listed: "gunshot," "multiple gunshots," "bite wounds," "claw wounds," and even "crushing death."

GM's Note: This was the hospital morgue, where dead bodies were brought for identification and recording before being wheeled through the underground *Tunnel Entrance* (see below) to the *Air Incineration Building*. The number of dead quickly surpassed the hospital's ability to dispose of the bodies, and thus the morgue is still completely full.

Each of the countless body bags here contains a skeleton. Some are bare, while others wear the partly-preserved remains of uniforms and lab coats. None have anything of value (all valuables were stripped).

51R. MORGUE OVERFLOW

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This cold chamber reeks of lingering decay. Wheeled tables, each with a dusty black body bag lying neatly on top, are arranged in orderly rows from wall to wall.

As above, except the original purpose of this vault is unknown. It was converted to a secondary morgue when space began to run out in the *Morgue* (see above).

51S. AIRLOCK

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

As above, except this airlock has only two suits, and leads to the *Tunnel Entrance* (see below).

51T. TUNNEL ENTRANCE

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

If the PCs approach from the *Morgue*, read the following:

At this point, a transparent, glass-like wall separates the morgue from an ominous circular tunnel that leads off into darkness beyond. A security booth sits nearby, but it looks empty.

If the PCs come from the tunnel, read the following instead:

At this point, a transparent, glass-like wall separates the tunnel you've been traveling along from a deep black chamber beyond. A security booth sits nearby, but it looks empty.

This area was a rear checkpoint of sorts, where medical personnel could wheel dead bodies out of the *Morgue* to the *Air Incineration Building* to be disposed of without having to go aboveground.

The barrier is made of plastiglass (as is the door) and is thus almost indestructible to conventional weapons (explosives might do the trick, however), and will only open if an *orange access card* is used.

Treasure: The security booth is empty except for a security-issue web belt hanging from a peg on the wall. This web belt has a hip holster, *laser pistol* (full *power clip*), *flashlight* (full *power cell*), and an *orange access card* (keyed to the *Hospital*).

52. SEALED WAREHOUSE (EL 10)

Access: Green; though the keycard lock has been deactivated.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This old decaying building looks like a warehouse, with faded, peeling paint on the exterior exposing cinderblock construction underneath. A single metal door, lightly dented, bars entry inside.

The keycard lock to this building has been manually deactivated. To get it operating again, a PC must succeed in a Disable Device check (DC 25). Once re-activated, the door can be opened by inserting the proper *green access card*.

This part of town was the scene of some desperate fighting between the androids and infected thralls. The androids fought an *integrator* into the building, but being badly damaged, the androids decided not to pursue. Instead they simply sealed off the single entrance and left.

The integrator—once the security chief of the facility—still hides among the deep black shadows of the building's vacuous interior. A few old stacks of dusty crates, and the

rusted remains of a handful of forklifts, provide ample places for it to remain hidden. If the PCs manage to train a light on it, it resembles an unnaturally thin man, with a head of wild wispy hair and overlarge, glaring eyes—*all black in color*.

GM's Note: If the PCs enter, allow the integrator to make Hide and Move Silently checks. The integrator tries to remain hidden until the party is well into the building, at which time it attempts to escape. If escape is impossible, it attacks the PCs and tries to "integrate" them for later use by the Last God.

Scenario A: The integrator still attacks, but leaves at least one PC alive to continue the mission to free their mysterious "benefactor."

Treasure: PCs searching the old warehouse (Search DC 19) find a *fire extinguisher*, two *flashlights* (no *power cells*), and crates filled with mundane laboratory equipment (beakers, Bunsen burners, magnifying glasses, microscopes, etc.)

Integrator (1): HP 90.

53. STORAGE FACILITY

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Without knowing exactly why, you find the very sight of this building unsettling. Located behind a barbed wire fence and a security checkpoint, the structure before you is almost identical to other places in this forsaken town. But the building itself looks monstrous somehow—made of solid concrete without seams, lacking windows of any kind, and with a single front door that is dwarfed by the rest of the building. The forest of air filters, conditioning systems, and pressurized ventilation machinery on the roof hints that this place once stored things that were never meant to see the light of day…

The laboratory complex at Center required not only an enormous storage building to contain all of its samples of biological materials (used in the creation of the Ancients' various bio-weapons), but also a deep underground system of artificial "bunkers." This structure marks the entrance to that storage building and the tunnels beneath.

GM's Note: A virtual "library of Congress" of diseases and the most insidious plagues known to Ancient man, this facility served not only as a repository of samples for testing and analysis, but also as a storage space for the facility's many "masterpieces" of bio-weapons production. The secrets waiting to be uncovered here are arguably better left buried…

53A. FRONT ENTRANCE

Access: Pink or Electrum.

Cameras: A camera in this lobby links directly to the *Security Observation Booth* and the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

The tinted black glass doors leading from the outside to this front area slide open with a hiss of pressurized air. From inside comes a burst of crisp oxygen, apparently maintained for more than two centuries by the aging computers of the complex. Beyond the doors is a large room resembling a lobby; white marble floors and white walls give the place a clinical appearance, though cameras mounted in dark glass spheres in the corners near the ceiling indicate that this was a place important enough to keep under constant scrutiny. A front area ahead resembles the check-in desk at a hospital or airport, complete with X-ray machine and metal detector. A few swivel chairs sit idly behind this desk, along with a number of dark computer consoles.

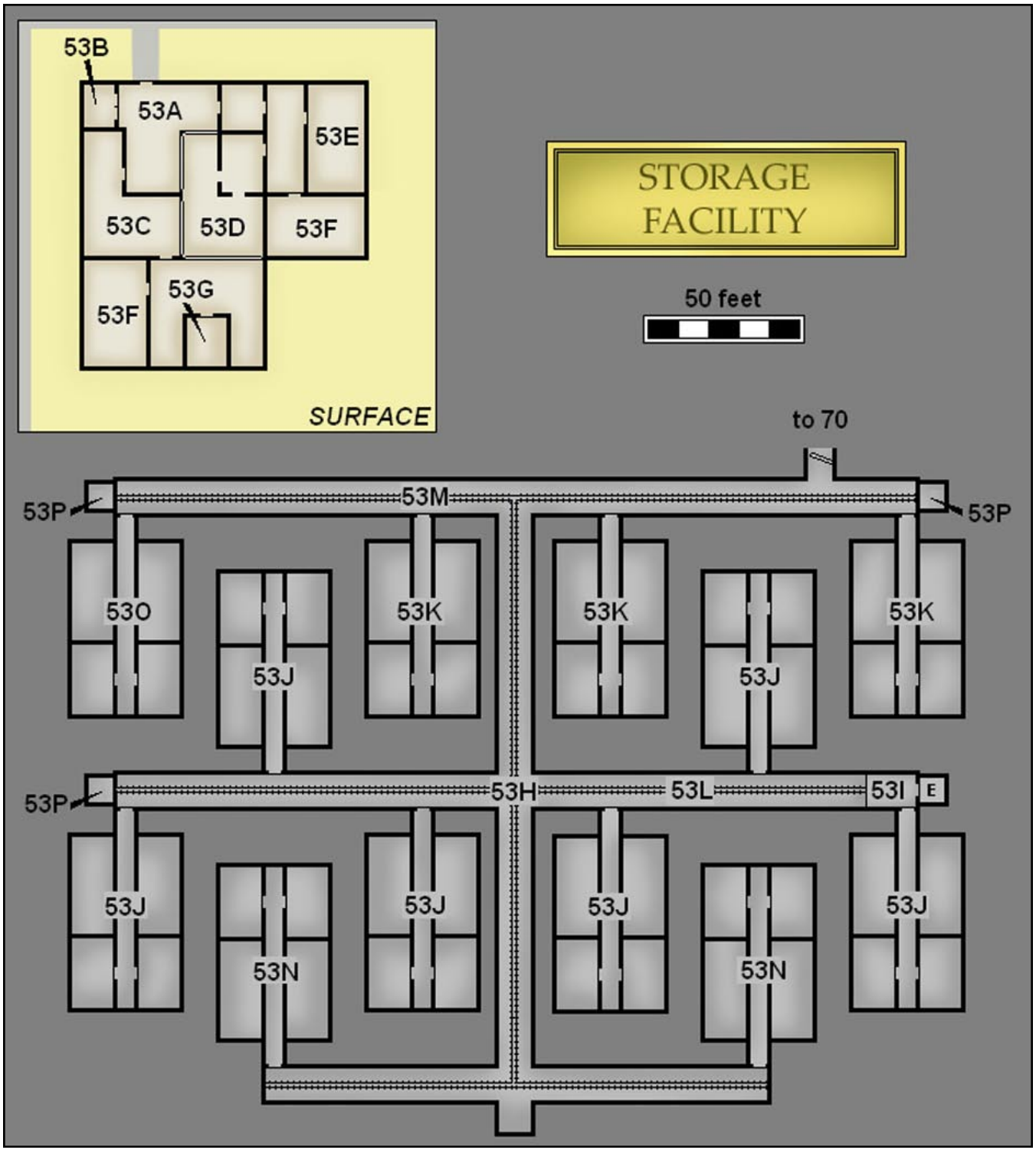
The front area is a check-in station for personnel coming in and out of the facility. Here, two or three security guards checked and logged every employee entering the building.

Behind the front desk is a clutter of computer consoles and a number of large plastic binders, filled with employee time sheets and arrival/departure records. One large binder, containing almost 300 yellowed pages, lists daily security procedures, security phone numbers and daily pass codes for the intercom system, and emergency procedures in the (unlikely but terrifying) event of a biological alert.

The computers are not online, but if started up, two of them prove to be malfunctioning. Any character fooling around with these computers has a 1 in 3 chance of actually stumbling onto a working program or something else of interest; roll 1d6 on the table below:

D6	Effect
1-2	Security roster; this calls up a list of the names of technicians working at the *Storage Facility* the day Center had its fateful "accident." None of these names are of any significance to the PCs, however.
3-4	Phone record; this calls up a database listing phone calls made from the *Storage Facility* during the week of the "accident." Like the security roster (above), this has little present-day significance.
5	Alert; triggering this program sets off an audible alarm klaxon that can be heard everywhere in the *Storage Facility*. The alert causes all keycard locks to cease functioning except when presented with an *electrum access card*. This condition lasts until the alert is shut off (by accessing the same program again).
6	Silent alarm; triggering this program sets off the silent alarm in the *Sub-Surface Security Center*. Though this does not activate an audible alarm, it otherwise has the same effect as the *alert* program (see above).

Any character with at least 1 rank in Computer Use can automatically avoid accidentally triggering one of these programs. However, to access a specific program (without accidentally setting off another routine) requires a successful



Computer Use roll (DC 21) and 1 full minute.

Treasure: Behind the x-ray machine, lying on a small table, is a *hand-held metal detector* (similar to the kind used in Ancient airports; it beeps when passed within a few inches of significant metal objects); the *power cell* is still fully charged.

53B. SENTRY ANIMATRON (EL 3)

Access: Special.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.

This small bay contains a concealed *weapon animatron*; if the alarm is raised in the *Front Entrance* lobby, the hidden door slides down to reveal the armored weapon turret. The turret has orders to fire on anything in the front room not displaying the proper access card (*pink* or *orange*, keyed to the *Storage Facility*).

GM's Note: When not active, the door to this room resembles a part of the wall, requiring a Search check (DC 30) to detect.

Weapon Animatron (1): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *HPM rifle* +10/+5 for 5d10.

Treasure: The animatron has the equivalent of two *minifusion cells* for its weapon.

53C. AIRLOCK

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

A sign on the door here reads: Environmental Airlock/ Steam Showers. The door itself is rather unusual, more like a hatch of riveted steel and featuring a rubber diaphragm along the frame. A dusty porthole in the center of the door is too dirty to peer through.

This is a standard biohazard airlock, through which all personnel going into the lower levels of the S*torage Facility* were required to pass. Inside, the chamber is divided into three rooms: a disrobing area (with storage lockers for personal belongings), a suit storage area, and a steam shower/UV room.

The disrobing area is completely empty. The suit storage area is still outfitted with four heavy-duty environment hanging on a wheeled overhead rack; these are in perfect working order. Each has a 30-minute internal air supply that can be recharged by plugging into a port in the airlock (requiring another 5 minutes), and is perfectly sealed against foreign particles through an overpressure system. When active, each suit "puffs up" due to the difference between inside and outside pressure.

The final area has a large steam shower that can accommodate up to five fully-suited individuals at a time, with several UV-bombardment lights for killing virtually any infectious bacteria or virus that might be lingering on their suits.

Treasure: A Search check (DC 19) finds a *pink access card* (keyed to the *Storage Facility*) that fell through the grated floor of the steam shower and was forgotten.

53D. SECURITY OBSERVATION BOOTH

Access: Electrum.
Cameras: Cameras throughout the *Storage Facility* are linked to this room.
CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 29).

This booth is filled with wall-to-wall computer stations, security monitors (all dark), dusty microphones, and rotted leather swivel chairs. The entire room is walled with a glass-like material, allowing an almost 360-degree view of the chamber and corridors outside.

From this large central plastiglass booth, on-duty security personnel could observe researchers entering (at the *Front Entrance*), getting suited up (in the *Airlock/Steam Showers* area), and progressing to the upper level elevators. The observation booth was essential not only for observing people coming and going, but also for checking identification and keeping an eye out for suspicious activity.

The *Security Observation Booth* is outfitted with a bank of computers, their monitors hooked up to the cameras on each level (and each housing) of the *Storage Facility*. There are a number of comfortable swivel chairs here, along with a coffee maker and an alarm panel. There are also intercoms on all the north, west, and south walls, allowing personnel inside the booth to converse with individuals in the *Front Entrance*, *Airlock*, and at the *Elevator* without being exposed.

GM's Note: The alarm panel does not have an override for alarms that have already been set off in this building; it is only intended to allow security personnel in the observation booth to *raise* the alarm if they detect suspicious behavior. Once the alarm was raised, the only way to turn it off is through the CenterNet (after an armed response team was sent to make sure it was a false alarm, of course).

53E. SECURITY ARMORY

Access: Electrum.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This small room was apparently an armory of some sort; rows of weapon racks and suits of tactical armor line the walls.

This room was used by the *Storage Facility's* security force in the event of a security breach within the building. The chamber is an armory, wherein members of a special response unit (similar to a military SWAT team) could suit up, arm themselves to the teeth, and proceed directly to the scene of intrusion to deal with a given threat.

Unfortunately, much of this armory has been looted, but a few weapons and objects of interest remain.

Treasure: The equipment kept in the armory includes four Colt 635s, two *dazzle rifles*, a *stun baton*, four *tactical vests*, and a single *special security suit*. A separate rack holds eight full clips of 9mm ammunition (for the Colt 635 carbines), and a single *power beltpack*.

There are also two additional *special security suits* (disassembled for storage, requiring 20 minutes to reassemble) in this room.

53F. SHELTERS

Access: Special.
Cameras: A camera here provides a direct link to the *Security Observation Booth*.
CenterNet: None.

This room looks like some kind of bunker. Dust has settled over everything.

There are two of these rooms on the first level of the *Storage Facility*—one for the security personnel on duty, and one for researchers making it to the surface in an emergency.

Each room is identical; the door is a special titanium portal, large enough for two men to enter at a time. Beside the door, where an identity card reader would normally be, is a glass panel behind which sits a small hand lever. When the glass is broken and the lever pulled, the door slides open automatically and a building-wide alarm is raised.

Each room is generally unlit, but once the door has been opened, a bank of emergency lights blink on above. Each bunker is small and unadorned except for a set of pull-down bench seats (which can also double as a stretcher/bed for anyone trapped in the room).

On the opposite side of the emergency panel is a large red button. If this button is pushed, it causes the shelter's door to slide closed, seal itself, and pressurize the interior of the room all at the same time. Once this has happened, *nothing* will open the door (short of blowing it down or taking an arc welder to it).

GM's Note: These emergency shelters were constructed for the benefit of security personnel or technicians who might otherwise be trapped within the *Storage Facility* during the accidental release of biomaterial in the tunnels below.

Treasure: Each shelter has its own pressurized oxygen supply that will last a full 72 hours. A panel in one wall contains a *first aid kit*, a package with twelve blocks of *HEVE candy* (in case those inside the shelter had to stay put for more than a day or two), a hand-held intercom (linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*) and a kit with materials to test each person for infection. There are also two *cyanide pills* in each kit.

53G. ELEVATOR

Access: Pink.

Cameras: A camera in the ceiling of the elevator provides a direct link to the *Security Observation Booth*.

CenterNet: None.

This stainless-steel elevator is large enough for several suited individuals to climb on board. It currently lacks power, but if brought back online is fully operational.

Treasure: Inside the elevator is a wheeled containment trolley, which resembles a *plastiglass* trunk on wheels, with handlebars. It was used for transporting dangerous biological materials from the *Storage Facility* to labs throughout the compound. The trolley is completely pressurized, but requires a power pack to maintain its security seal (the current *power pack* is drained).

Inside the trolley are several test tubes in a metal rack. They are labeled with numeric codes, but nothing else identifies the contents. These test tubes were once filled with deadly bacteria samples, but without refrigeration, these soon died out when abandoned by the facility personnel. The contents are no longer a threat, but the PCs may not know this...

53H. TUNNELS

Access: None.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.

The glow from the elevator light spills out onto a section of bare concrete, stretching off into unimaginable darkness. Every sound you make echoes loudly in the distance, suggesting a vast complex of tunnels and maze-like passages.

The elevator from the surface building leads down to these deep underground tunnels. These tunnels are just wide enough to accommodate the small train (see below), with a raised strip on one side for people to walk. In the event that a power failure immobilized the train, there had to be a way for technicians to return to the surface by foot—hence the raised walkways.

During the facility's operation, these tunnels isolated the *Housings* (see below) from the surface of the complex. Each tunnel used sterile air and special pressure systems to keep air in, but technicians coming here were still required to be suited up due to the proximity to potentially lethal biomaterials.

Scenario B: If the Last God has been observing the PCs, it will be present at this room's CenterNet site. It then hacks into the hover sentries concealed in the *Hover Sentry Bays* (see *Area 53P*) and sends them into the tunnels to find and kill the party. Doing so requires the Last God to make a successful Computer Use check (DC 31).

53I. TRAIN

Access: None.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.

The raised walkway here drops away into a depression, at the bottom of which can be seen narrow rail tracks. A small train sits here, little more than an exposed platform with two seats in the front (facing a powerless control panel) and a flat bed in the back.

A narrow railroad track winds its way through the maze of concrete tunnels. There is only one train, an electrically-powered platform just large enough to accommodate four wheeled containment trolleys (see area 53G above) and two passengers. This train was used regularly to transport large amounts of biological material (for study, tests, or production runs) to the elevators and to the surface.

The train is currently powered down, but it is possible to reactivate the power through the CenterNet. Operating the train requires a successful Knowledge (technology) check (DC 12).

53J. BL-1 & BL-2 HOUSINGS

Access: Titanium.

Cameras: A camera in the ceiling of each housing provides a direct link to the *Security Observation Booth* and *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

There appear to be several of these enormous vaults in the underground tunnels, each accessed through a massive, gleaming titanium doorway. A sign above each of these portals reads BL-1 and BL-2 Storage Housing—Authorized Personnel Only. Biohazard placards also decorate the face of each door, which radiate an uncomfortable chill...

A *titanium access card* is required to open the doors to these vaults. The temperature inside the vaults is much lower than outside; entering a vault feels like stepping into an icebox.

Each of these chambers is surprisingly large, but all noise inside is muffled by the strange construction of the walls. The interior is continually lit by cold blue fluorescent lights running the length of the ceiling, neither too bright nor too dim. A camera concealed in a black glass sphere sits quietly in one corner of the ceiling, surveying the entire room.

All samples in this chamber are kept in secure *cryogenic isolators*, with up to fifty biosamples per isolator. Cryogenic isolators resemble small metal foot lockers, cold to the touch; each requires the use of a *titanium access card* and the entering of a five-digit numeric code ("86700") before the magnetic lock disengages. Each isolator keeps the samples inside in cryogenic stasis (an advancement in biological weapons technology, reducing the need to continually generate more samples as older samples naturally die off with time). Once opened, however, cryostasis is quickly reversed and within seconds the sample is effectively thawed.

The frozen samples stored here are typically used either as "starter cultures" (to begin production of entire batches of bacterial weapons) or for study and research purposes. The "BL" in BL-1 and BL-2 refers to the *biosafety level risk group* of the samples stored here, rated from 1 to 4; the samples contained in these areas are of little risk to human life, but must nevertheless be kept isolated to prevent their release into the local ecosystem.

Specific samples contained here include animal and plant diseases researched as part of "Project Generosity" (see *Administration Building B*), including *Newcastle disease, fowl plague, foot-and-mouth disease, Venezuelan equine encephalitis, hog cholera, rice blast, cereal stem rust, wheat scab*, and *late blight*.

GM's Note: Failure to enter the proper keycard in the vault door sets off an alarm that activates the hover sentries in *Area 53P*.

53K. BL-3 HOUSINGS

Access: Titanium.

Cameras: A camera in the ceiling of each housing provides a direct link to the *Security Observation Booth* and *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

Signs on the enormous titanium portal here read BL-3 Storage Housing—Authorized Personnel Only. An abundance of biohazard placards appear on the door and beside the nearby keycard reader. A red light pulses on the access console as if awaiting the swiping of the appropriate keycard.

A *titanium access card* is required to enter these housings. Inside, they are basically identical to *Area 53J*.

There are some fifty cryogenic isolators in each of these chambers, stacked three high in neat rows. Inside each isolator are fifty glass test tubes, inserted horizontally into cylindrical holders.

GM's Note: BL-3 materials are usually samples of biological materials that pose a direct threat to human life, but can be treated under the right circumstances. Examples of materials found in these housings include *cutaneous anthrax*, *staphylococcal enterotoxin B,* and *Q fever*, but there are sure to be many more.

Biological threat sensors in these chambers will detect the release of any biomaterial into the air almost immediately (within one round), raising a facility-wide alarm and sealing off the chamber door at the same time. This also activates the hover sentries in *Area 53P*, who come to investigate. Once this automatic safety measure has been activated, the door will not open until the facility commander's *gray access card* is inserted.

53L. CARNAGE A

Access: None.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.

This section of tunnel appears to be badly damaged, and skeletons still partly clad in bright white safety gear lie around in heaps. Holes are evident in many of their environment suits, and the tarnished brass casings of countless expended bullets can be seen scattered everywhere.

If the characters investigate, they find no less than a dozen human skeletons, apparently a mix of security guards and technicians in their environmental protection suits. They were cut down in a battle here and have been stripped of weapons and any other equipment they carried.

53M. CARNAGE B

Access: None.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.

Your lights illuminate a large number of bones and the burnt and shredded remains of environment suits. More

than a dozen skeletons are strewn about here as if tossed around by a tremendous force.

The wall here is black and cracked from some past explosion. One of the emergency lights overhead is missing, leaving only a mess of blackened wires. Nearby, a hole in the wall roughly the size of a door leads into a darkened vault.

These infected men (and women) were killed by a light anti-tank weapon. The weapon was fired by a panicked group of soldiers trying to escape to the surface after a poorly-planned foray into the tunnels to secure the vaults. While the weapon they fired did kill the thralls, it also penetrated the armored door of a nearby *BL-4 Housing*. A cloud of viral materials contained inside were released by the explosion, setting off the alarms that led to the (accidental) release of VX to sterilize the town (see *Area 18*).

It is unclear how the security men responsible for the accident died; they could have either perished from wounds incurred in the blast, or from the viral agents they released with their unlucky shot.

GM's Note: Though the PCs may not know it, the diseases released in the explosion have long died out, making this area (and the damaged vault nearby; see map) no longer a danger to their health.

Treasure: A search of the dead guards uncovers an *electrum access card* and a *pink access card* (keyed to the *Storage Facility*)

53N. BL-4 HOUSINGS

Access: Titanium.

Cameras: A camera in the ceiling of each housing provides a direct link to the *Security Observation Booth* and *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

As you approach the massive titanium portal fixed to the wall here, automated safety lights over the door blink on, shedding a cold blue light over the passage. The card reader stands like a sacred pedestal nearby. A sign on the door reads BL-4 Storage Housing—Authorized Personnel Only and features a cluster of familiar biohazard placards warning against intrusion.

There are two of these huge bunkers in the *Tunnels*. A *titanium access card* is required to enter.

Once inside, each room appears no different than the *BL-3 Housings*—but the contents here are all lethal to human beings, many with no known cure; the deadliest biological materials known to Ancient man.

The GM should feel free to make up the designations for many of these samples; some are known viruses of today, others are completely new forms of biological weapon never released during the time of the Ancients. Some may have eloquent scientific names while still others might simply have numeric codes to distinguish them from the others. Examples might include *inhalational anthrax, botulinum, hemorrhagic jaundice, smallpox, Marburg virus, rabies, poliomyelitis, coccidioides immitis (Rift Valley fever), dengue fever,* and *influenza*.

GM's Note: Only truly foolish PCs will toy with the isolators in this room or their contents. Keep in mind that these test tubes are just glass; if dropped (even by accident) they will smash to pieces and release their contents, infecting anyone and everyone present.

As with the *BL-3 Housings*, any accidental (or deliberate) release of biomaterial in one of these chambers raises the facility-wide alarm and causes the room's computer to seal the door. In the *BL-4 Housings*, however, the computerized door also activates a small incendiary device in the lock to fuse it shut and burn out the card reader, effectively sealing the door indefinitely. (The facility planners assumed that if any of the BL-4 samples were ever released, the entire facility would be evacuated and destroyed by aerial bombardment. In addition to these measures, hover sentries from *Area 53P* will also arrive to investigate.

530. XBM HOUSING

Access: Titanium.

Cameras: A camera in the ceiling of this housing provides a direct link to the *Security Observation Booth* and *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

At the end of this tunnel stands a foreboding portal, almost ten feet high and made of mirror-like titanium. You can see your own reflections, slightly distorted like phantom impressions, captured in the surface of the metal. As you approach, emergency lamps come slowly to life, flickering like strobe lights until at last they catch, bathing the door and several feet all around in a weak blue light. The change in temperature caused by the light, as minute as it might be, is enough to cause a puff of icy steam to come off the door with an audible sigh.

A *titanium access card* is required to open this impressive doorway. Inside, this chamber is laid out almost identically to the *BL-4 Housings*. There are countless *cryogenic isolators* here, arranged in unerringly neat rows on safety racks running from wall to wall.

This deep storage vault features the same drastic security measures of *Area 53N*, and with good reason—the isolators here were reserved solely for the storage of *XBM samples*. These were intended to serve as test samples for studies here at Center, as starter cultures for XBM warheads, and to be sent to other top-security facilities for further studies and development of one of the Ancients' most amazing creations.

Each isolator contains microscopic amounts of the macro-organism. Each is technically its own *free-floating biomass*, but they are so small that they amount to less than 1 HD even when combined.

GM's Note: The samples hidden in this deep housing can be a sort of "wild card" for the Last God and its dreams of

a New World Order. With these samples all but forgotten down here (although not by the Last God, which still maintains a telepathic link to each individual cell) and stored behind such heavy security, it is highly unlikely the PCs or anyone else will ever stumble across these XBM samples. Even if the Last God is destroyed on the surface (thralls and all), it is possible that these samples—and thus the sentience of the Last God—*survive*. Once the PCs finish their job and leave, putting Center behind them, the samples will live on. It is entirely possible that they will, far in the future, be the seeds from which a new Last God will be born.

53P. HOVER SENTRY BAY (EL 7)

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Each of these small bays is concealed behind a sliding partition in the tunnel wall, disguised to sit flush with the unadorned concrete. A bay's door can only be noticed with a successful Search check (DC 30).

Bay doors only open when the alarm in the *Housing* areas has been raised, but a keycard lock is concealed behind a touch-sensitive panel (at roughly stomach-height above the ground) that opens to reveal the slot.

Inside each bay are rows of niches, like broad shelves, in which hang six *hover sentries*. The sentries remain offline until the alarm is raised, at which time they are released from the bay to track down and kill unauthorized personnel in the *Tunnels*.

A central worktable in each bay, fitted with movable lights and a tool bench, allowed robot technicians (destroyed long ago) to perform repair and maintenance work on the hover sentries when they were deactivated.

Hover Sentries C (6): HP 16 each.

Special: There are three of these bays, for a total of 18 *hover sentries*.

54. AIR INCINERATION BUILDING

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The streets in this part of town seem utterly deserted. Except for a few dried-up tangles of tumbleweed rolling by, nothing else moves.

Up ahead stands an enormous warehouse-like structure, but this one seems unusual in that it virtually hums with activity inside. Not the sound of people or even robots, but the continuous and unending throb of powerful machinery.

Huge conduits and massive pipes rise from the ground, arching over and entering the building at various heights and from various directions. This place must be some kind of nexus to which materials from all over the complex are brought.

Towering over the building, reaching a height of at least fifty feet, stands a tall smokestack, ringed black at its uppermost vent. Even now you can see the visual distortion created by intense heat rising from the towering chimney.

This important building was a central hub to which the regulated atmosphere of the Center facility was piped and then sterilized in a series of enormous incinerators. Using a high-pressure system, air was continuously cycled through the water treatment plant (*Area 28*), down through the labs, buildings, and work areas of the facility, and lastly channeled into the incinerators, where it was subjected to super-high temperatures. The air itself was literally incinerated—a process that killed any bacteria or other agents lingering in it.

This facility was kept running 24 hours a day, seven days a week, continually processing, incinerating, and recycling the facility's air supply. During the height of the "accident," when many scientists and technicians were caught underground in sealed rooms, the remaining personnel made it a priority to keep this building up and running to provide clean and sterilized air for their trapped colleagues. Later, when it became clear that the macro-organism might be able to manipulate various facility systems by infiltrating CenterNet, the scientists speculated that it might try to turn off the air processing systems in this building to suffocate the defenders still holding out below.

As a result, a few human technicians severed the building's connection to the CenterNet and put the entire building on "automatic." Though these men died out or eventually became infected themselves, the building remains on automatic to this day, recycling air and maintaining atmospheric pressure throughout most of the complex.

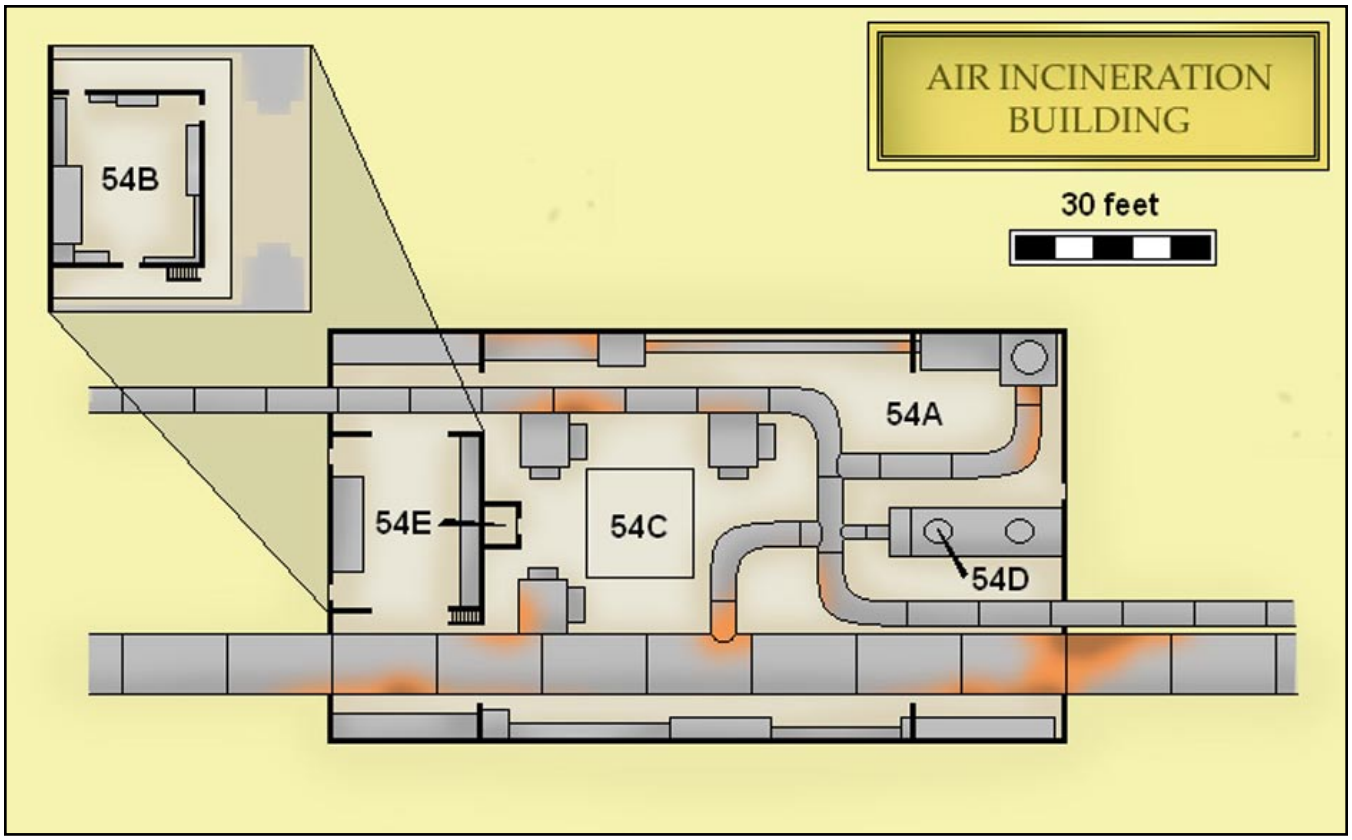
54A. MAIN FLOOR (EL 13)

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The noise in this building is deafening, emanating from enormous machines, huge conduits overhead, and a labyrinth of vents, grates, pipes, tubes, and air shafts running from floor to ceiling. The temperature level here is also much higher than it is outside, no doubt thanks to the enormous incinerators taking up the entire far side of the building like titanic pillars of soot-caked steel.

This area holds the facility's main air filtration system, which continuously moves pressurized air from underground (and from certain above-ground buildings) into the incinerators to be sterilized.

There are currently four androids in the *Air Incineration Building*, a party consisting of two scientists and two soldiers. They were sent by the War Droid at *Area 29* into the quarantine zone to find a way to shut the building down to conserve the *Reactor's* dwindling power (because it was severed from the CenterNet, this system cannot be powered down from a remote location, hence the need for



the androids' presence here). The androids investigated this level and attempted to enter the *Control Room*, but are aware of the defensive trap placed there to prevent it from being reached. In any case, they have assessed that at present they lack the technical skills to operate or shut down the whole system, and so they are currently only undertaking a cursory inspection of its exposed systems (i.e. those on the bottom floor).

The androids assume the PCs to be infected thralls and attack as soon as they spot the party.

GM's Note: This building is extremely noisy; all Listen checks made inside the building or ventilation shafts suffer a –4 circumstance penalty due to the roar of the incinerators.

Scenario C: If these androids have been told to expect the PCs, they do not attack.

Advanced Soldier Androids (2): HP 62 and 61; 1d6+4 charges remaining in each *power clip*.

Senior Scientist Androids (2): HP 80 and 79; 1d8+2 charges remaining in each *power clip*; one of the scientist androids also has an *orange access card* (keyed to the *Air Incineration Building*).

54B. CONTROL ROOM (EL 2)

Access: Orange; the door is also trapped.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing requires a Computer Use check (DC 23), assuming the PCs are able to salvage input devices to even use these computers (see below).

This area appears to be an enclosed observation deck, providing a view of the entire building from an elevated level, and is ringed with computers. Lights can still be seen blinking on and off behind the large dusty glass windows, but the door appears to be locked fast.

This is a control room, once used to monitor and maintain the complex air filtration, purification, and incineration system. The *orange*-level keycard reader for this room was deliberately fused by facility personnel; bypassing it requires breaking it down or cutting through it with an arc welder.

If the PCs attempt to bash down the door, they find that the door is trapped. Whoever abandoned this building long ago pinned a *fragmentation grenade* between the door and the handle in such a manner that any strong jolt will free the grenade and cause it to explode.

The computers inside are all on automatic. All keyboards and other input devices have been mysteriously removed, so that even someone who makes it past the booby-trapped door cannot tamper with the routines of the machinery. If the PCs think of it, they can take keyboards from computers elsewhere and hook them up to access these machines with little trouble.

GM's Note: PCs accessing these computers may be able to activate the *Bulk Elevator Doors* (see below) or shut down the incinerators. However, detonation of the grenade may (50% chance) have caused such damage that all of the computers are now inoperable.

Grenade Trap: CR 2; Disable Device DC 19, Search DC 21, damage 4d6 (burst radius 20 ft., Reflex save DC 15

for half).

Treasure: Sitting on a computer console is a *green access card* (keyed to the *Elevator to the Air Incineration Building*).

54C. BULK ELEVATOR DOORS

Access: Special.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This part of the filtration building seems uncharacteristically free of ground clutter; no machines or air ducts cross the floor. A casual glance shows a strange square outline on the floor, defining a section of curious metal flooring. In the center runs a straight seam, bisecting the whole 30 by 30-foot area as if it were merely the surface of two enormous doors.

This part of the building is taken up by a huge metal floor, which is actually a pair of almost seamless metal doors closing off an enormous shaft leading into the bowels of the facility. Once used to quickly and easily transport bulk waste materials to the *Air Incineration Building* for destruction, the doors were locked shut during the crisis at the facility to prevent infected personnel below from escaping.

The two huge metal doors are extremely sturdy (they can certainly support the weight of an entire party, if not a truck or two), and there is no threat of them falling open if the PCs walk over them. They cannot be opened unless someone operates the machinery in the *Control Room* (see *Area 54B*) or from below (*Area 91*). If activated, the doors here slowly slide open with a thundering groan of metal and machine parts, and the enormous hydraulic elevator from below rises until it reaches this level in 18 seconds (see *Area 91* for details on the elevator—and the traps rigged to go off if it is lowered or raised).

54D. TUNNELS (EL 3)

Access: Special.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The tunnel-like maze of vents and pipes leading from this room find their way all over the facility (see the *Ventilation System* for more information). The PCs could conceivably use these tunnels to find a way into the *Production Building*, or into other places otherwise unreachable due to security measures or a lack of access cards.

Opening the rusted hatch to any of these vents requires a Strength check (DC 15), and is not without danger. Consult the map of the ventilation system; if the PCs time their action carefully and open the hatch when the incinerator is not currently passing through it, there is no danger; otherwise they suffer immediate heat damage as the air escapes through the open vent.

Anyone opening the vent while the incinerator is passing through it suffers an immediate 5d6 points of heat damage per round (no save). Anyone within 5 feet of the opening suffers 3d6 heat damage per round (Reflex save DC 14 for half). Anyone out to 10 feet away suffers only 1d6 heat damage (Reflex DC 14 for half).

The regular passage of the incinerator through the tunnel should be enough to keep the PCs from entering it, but if they do enter, they suffer damage whenever the incinerator sweeps past. PCs inside the tunnel with the incinerator suffer the same damage as if they had opened the grate (see above paragraph), but the radius is twice as long (5d6 points of damage to anyone within 5 feet of the incinerator, 3d6 damage for the next 10 feet, and 1d6 damage for the next 10 feet). Beyond 25 feet, the air has cooled enough to be safe, although it remains uncomfortably hot.

GM's Note: Shutting down the incinerators can only be done manually, since the system has been isolated from the CenterNet. Powering them down requires a Knowledge (technology) check (DC 35). An alternate method is to access the computers in the *Control Room* (see *Area 54B* above, as well as the *Virtual Map* of the CenterNet).

Development: If the PCs power down the incinerator system, the rats and mice from *Area 103* will eventually realize it and use these tunnels as an escape route to the surface!

54E. ELEVATOR

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This is the door to the elevator shaft that leads to *Area 90*.

55. OPEN AREA (EL SPECIAL)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The dilapidated buildings at the center of town give way to a dusty, open area where sand from the desert has accumulated over the years. Ringed with old structures, this plaza looks like a no-man's land separating the rest of town from a gigantic building that looms over all the others at the heart of the facility. Countless windows and doorway in the older buildings suggest a hundred hiding places for hidden observers overlooking this area.

The wind roars past, carrying puffs of sand, dust, and tumbleweed with it. You stand in the shadow of the great central building.

This area was a dead zone intended to give the *Production Building* some standoff room from the rest of the facility in the event of biological "spillage." Well beyond the relative safety of the quarantine line, the dusty expanse is overlooked on all sides by the eerily abandoned buildings at the heart of town.

Scenario A: In *Scenario A,* the PCs emerge from the

manhole to find this place deserted. The Last God is watching them from cameras on the *Production Building*, but it keeps its thralls (hidden in nearby buildings; see *Area 56*) at bay… for now.

Scenario B: If the PCs return here after refusing the Last God's demands to be freed, read the following:

Emerging from the Production Building, you are again confronted by the roaring wind. As you cross into the harsh light of the sun, however, you sense movement at the edge of your vision.

The open area isn't empty—from all directions, lurching rapidly down every street, are ten… twenty… thirty or more shambling zombies! Running in a pack on rotted, broken limbs, they stream forward into the open, seemingly intent on overwhelming you in an enormous wave of human bodies.

The zombies are the shamblers and seedlings from *Area 56*, summoned to the scene by the Last God to overwhelm the PCs who have refused to set it free. Enraged at their refusal, the Last God has decided to destroy the PCs once and for all.

All of the shamblers and seedlings from *Area 56* converge on this location in 1d2 rounds. This gives the PCs just enough time to either flee down the manhole (see map), or make a break for it in the opposite direction. If the PCs stay, they are in for quite a fight...

GM's Note: See *Area 56* for the statistics of these thralls.

56. STORAGE BUILDINGS (EL VARIES)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

You'd expect to find only rubble in the remnants of the broken structure. Instead, what you find inside is a crowd of creatures, standing perfectly still in a massed pack in the center of the building. The crowd is a motley collection of animals and men—chimpanzees, men in blood-caked lab coats, and former security guards in bullet-ridden tactical armor and wielding rusty firearms.

As you enter, the entire mass turns as one and stares in your direction. Every eye in the group is pure black and utterly devoid of emotion.

Each of these buildings is currently being used as a storage space for the Last God's army of infected thralls. Here, they are kept out of the elements and under cover to avoid opportunistic sniping by the androids manning the quarantine line. A small force from this area is occasionally sent to test the quarantine line, while the rest remain here, patiently awaiting success.

When the PCs arrive at Center, these creatures remain hidden until needed. Since they are split up among various buildings, each building contains only a fraction of the numbers listed below.

Scenario A: In *Scenario A,* the Last God keeps these thralls here hidden from sight. If the PCs stumble upon this place, the thralls merely stand where they are, staring blankly at the characters. The Last God does not want the PCs dead (yet), so the thralls do not attack. If attacked, the thralls conspicuously scatter rather than kill the PCs (this might be a hint, if they haven't figured it out already, that things are going too well for the PCs as they get nearer the *Production Building*).

Scenario B: In *Scenario B,* these thralls act as reserves for the Last God, deployed to meet threats that the XBM cannot thwart through its access to the CenterNet. For example, if the Last God learns the location of the PCs but has no other way of hindering them, it might send some of its thralls from this location to attempt to kill them. Similarly, if it finds out that the PCs are using the CenterNet to try and stop it, the Last God may send thralls to wherever they are operating from to either kill them or destroy the computer they're using.

- **Lesser Chimpanzee Seedlings (10):** HP 12 each.
- **Shamblers (12):** HP 15 each.
- **Former Technicians (12):** HP 30 each.
- **Former Scientists (3):** HP 42 each.
- **Former Security Guards (7):** HP 42 each.
- **Former Elite Security Guards (3):** HP 64 each.

UNDERGROUND AREAS

The underground sections of the Center facility were once home to some of the most bizarre and unmentionable projects ever undertaken in the Ancient era. Built to be as secure as possible—to contain the horrors being concocted there—the original tunnels still stand reasonably firm more than 200 years later.

Puddles of water have collected in many stretches of the abandoned tunnels. Without adequate environmental controls, ground water has seeped through the concrete walls in many places, pooling on old equipment and machinery. As a result, much of the equipment and machinery underground shows signs of heavy rust and decay, with many such objects poised on the edge of total disintegration. In the hermetic environments of the labs, however, certain equipment has fared better, collecting only a mild patina of dirt and dust.

Despite the dust and decay, the underground areas of the facility are not entirely empty...

57. SURFACE STAIRWELL

Access: Green.
Cameras: A camera over this doorway is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

This small concrete building sits at one end of a residential parking lot; it may have been a maintenance building where street-sweeping supplies were once kept. A heavy metal door, covered with fading and peeling red

MAP OF UNDERGROUND AREAS

paint, bars entry. It's eerily quiet all around this area; the streets are empty.

The door here is locked with a *green* keycard reader. Only when a *green* card is entered into the small slot at chest level does the lock disengage and the door open.

Behind the door, the PCs find not a maintenance shed, but an empty room with concrete walls and a single staircase leading down into darkness...

58. BUNKER

Access: None.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: A computer in this bunker provides Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing this computer requires a Computer Use check (DC 19).

The corridor here is pitch black, but your meager light sources reveal numerous side doors on both sides of the tunnel. Near the staircase is an old security station. Bullet holes mark much of the concrete and dent the metal chairs and tables that once served as furnishings.

This was a security bunker guarding the surface stairwell. It is now empty except for a few dusty computers.

Scenario A: If the PCs came here at the direction of their "mysterious benefactor" (see the *Phone Call* sidebar), the only light they see when they enter this area comes from a single computer monitor, bathing the vestibule in a dim green glow. Words begin to appear on the screen, letter by letter, spelling out the following message:

"Good—you have made it this far without drawing any undue attention. I am watching the surface; the enemy does not seem to know you are here."

The screen goes blank for a moment. Then another line of text appears:

"I am aware of your mission to thwart the infected creatures originating at this site. I also have a mission, more than 200 years old, that I am obligated to complete—a mission related to the same problem. Perhaps we can help one another. You must reach me so that we can negotiate an arrangement that will benefit us all. Unfortunately, I cannot guide you the whole way as I have done thus far. Cameras and computers in a large part of this complex no longer work. I will monitor your progress as best I can, opening doors that block your path whenever possible. You will need to find an access card to get past those doors that I cannot access. I cannot provide you with such a card, but there may be one located along the route. I can give you a map with a path I have personally observed as being relatively free of danger; it can guide you when we are out of contact."

At this, the screen displays a digital map (see *Illustration #4*). After a few moments, the map disappears and is replaced by more text:

"Stay on the path marked. If you stray from it, I will not be able to track your progress or assist you. There may be dangers lurking off this course, of a kind best left unmentioned. Do NOT stray from the path."

With that, the screen goes blank.

Though it seems the PCs have made contact with an enigmatic ally somewhere in the facility, they are actually talking with the Last God, which is operating secretly from the *Sub-Surface Security Center (Area 82)*. If the PCs have taken the bait and shown a willingness to find out more about this mysterious "ally," the Last God tries to play to their curiosity by leading them ever closer to its prison in the *Production Building,* where the majority of its mass remains trapped, awaiting release. The Last God hopes the PCs will remain ignorant of its true identity long enough to find the keycard they need to release it and clear for it a way out of the facility.

The "path" indicated is one the Last God wants the PCs to follow; the warning of "danger" is just a ruse to get them to take the quickest route to it.

GM's Note: For the time being, the Last God will follow up on its promise to guide the PCs; in every location along the way, there is a notation telling the GM what to read to the players if they are still following the Last God's directions. *See individual areas for details.*

59. SHOOTING RANGE (EL 4)

Access: Electrum.

Cameras: Cameras throughout the maze are linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*, allowing anyone there to monitor the course of an individual (or group) moving through the area.

CenterNet: A computer here provides Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing this computer requires a Computer Use check (DC 19).

The door here slides open to reveal a deep darkness beyond. Your lights illuminate a long counter near the door, over which hang blackboards covered with fading names and rankings in some sequential order. Behind this counter you see a dozen or so cubbyholes caked in dust, as well as yellowed papers in clipboards pegged to the wall.

Beyond the front area is what looks like an obstacle course; metal tables and chairs, toppled garbage cans, tubes and wiring, and artificial barriers all create a maze that stretches out of sight. You see a number of humanoid shapes clad in heavy plating standing idly here and there throughout the maze, but their total lack of movement (and the dust that has gathered on their armor) suggests they are inanimate.

ILLUSTRATION #4

This area was a shooting gallery designed to keep the facility security forces in top form. Security personnel were required to train here every week for at least half an hour, running through an ever-changing training program. The training program consisted of suiting up in a special safety suit, arming oneself with a powered-down laser, and running the course in as short a time as possible.

The course is a maze of weird passages and dead-ends, intended to simulate the often-confusing nature of the facility's underground tunnels, as well as to reproduce the paranoia and disorientation combat often creates. Drastic and unpredictable changes in lighting, variable background noise, and robotic opponents were all employed to make the experience as challenging as possible.

Though intended to be a practical training tool, the shooting range quickly became a popular off-duty entertainment (not unlike "LazerTag") and the security forces started "keeping score" to see who was the best. The names and ranks on the blackboards list the current high scores, though of course these men and women are all long dead.

Scenario A: If the PCs come here following the direction of their mysterious benefactor (the Last God), a message awaits them before they open the door:

Up ahead you see a closed metal doorway, beside which is a standard keycard reader. A message appears on the small screen, scrolling slowly as it is typed:

"Go through this door and through the tunnels of the old training course. Don't worry; the training automatons are offline. Beyond the course you will find another exit. Pass through this and head south; you will come to a complex of tunnels. Find a passage that goes east, then south into a series of old chambers. There is danger there, but there may also be the keycard you need. You will recognize it when you find it—it will be coded with a pink strip.

"Once you have found the card, go east and look for an old computer station in one of the deserted garage areas. I will contact you there."

With that, the door opens, as if unlocked by a ghost...

In *Scenario A,* the shooting range is merely an eerie but lifeless maze. The Last God watches the PCs' progress via the cameras situated throughout the maze, but does not activate the robots here since it wants the party to pass through unobstructed. Still, it gives the PCs the opportunity to check out the room, explore, and wonder about the place's original purpose.

Scenario B: At this point, the Last God wants to stop the party from escaping, so it attempts to activate the automatons situated throughout the maze (marked with a "*" on the map) and order them to attack the PCs. This requires that the Last God hack into the *Shooting Range's* CenterNet site and access the *Power Up* program for the *Training Automatons* (see the *Virtual Map*). This requires a Computer Use check (DC 29).

The automatons, once activated, behave as if the PCs were security personnel running the course, and thus show no quarter, doing their best to test the group to the best of their abilities. The Last God tries to power up their weapons so that instead of merely stunning targets, the weapons do lethal damage in the manner of regular *laser pistols.* To do this, the Last God must access the *Increase/Decrease Power to Weapons* program on the *Shooting Range* site; the DC is 29. If possible, the automatons converge on the PCs to prevent their escape.

Training Automatons (8): HP 20 each.

Treasure: Behind the counter are a dozen cubbyholes used to hold training equipment. There is a 25% chance that a given cubby hole contains a *hand stunner* and *power clip* (random charge remaining). In a side room are a number of safety suits; these are not armor *per se* but rather extremely flexible padded body suits designed to allow maximum mobility while still protecting against the blasts of the automatons' pistols. Each suit includes padded leggings, arm guards, gloves, breastplate, a groin guard, and a visored helmet. They are also fitted with sensors that flash red if the wearer is struck by an energy blast (such as that from an automaton's pistol).

60. RENEGADE MILITARY SECURITY ROBOT (EL 8)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Up ahead, the tunnel is suddenly lit up by a shower of sparks coming from a malfunctioning power conduit. Like crimson fireflies, the sparks dance across the concrete walls and over the surface of something enormous blocking the passage. In the brief pulse of light, you only make out a sleek black metal body, fixed on a motionless treaded base as broad as a car. It holds an enormous pike made of black steel in one hand. Standing as still as it does, it gives the impression of a king awaiting the genuflection of his subjects.

The PCs have stumbled upon a *military security robot* guarding this passage. But this is not an ordinary robot; this specific robot was once part of the original force of robots defending the facility before the arrival of the War Droid and its android company. The security robots were charged with holding back the outbreak while their human masters escaped. Most of its counterparts were destroyed in the fighting, leaving only this robot and a handful of badly damaged androids behind. In due course, they fell into the hands of the enemy.

When the Last God reached the *Psychic Research Laboratory,* it managed to manipulate a unique, experimental device being developed there that translated its telepathy into electronic signals. The military security robot and the androids at *Areas 61* and *62* were all affected, dominated by the Last God's massive will. This contact drove the military

THE RENEGADES

The "renegade" androids inhabiting this part of the facility are all effectively crazy. Driven to madness by direct contact with the XBM (through the Last God's one-time use of the telepathic control device at *Area 43N*), these robots have since come under the heel of one particularly cunning—if insane—military security robot. Though its followers are merely dominated, the military security robot itself is a true worshipper of the Last God, its mind and logic permanently altered by its brief contact with the XBM's intelligence. To this day, the military security robot awaits a time when it will be freed to again assume its destiny, a vital servant of the Last God who will bring its vision to the world.

security robot mad.

The robot is now almost completely insane—or at least as insane as a robot can be. With only limited programming and intelligence, it is still just a machine, but it has developed a primitive sentience that has been totally subverted by the Last God. The military security robot now believes it is the "champion" of the Last God, its "high priest" and "earthly prophet." It believes it has a destiny to fulfill—to protect the Last God and destroy its enemies at any cost.

In the past, this particular robot led a clever attack on other robot and human defenders, causing them to rout. In the fighting, however, it and its small force of similarly-converted androids were also sealed underground. To conserve power, the military security robot shut down, awaiting a future when it will be released to fulfill its destiny. As the PCs come down the tunnel, it realizes that future has come, and powers itself back up.

Scenario A: In *Scenario A,* the robot does power up, but remains silent and motionless as if it were still asleep. It knows (through a lingering telepathic link) that the Last God wants the PCs alive, so it does not harm them. Once they are gone, however, it gathers its forces and prepares to seal off this passage in case the PCs betray its master. Ever the faithful servant, it does not trust the PCs.

Scenario B: In *Scenario B,* the military security robot gathers any renegade androids from *Areas 61* and *62* together to hunt and destroy the party. They can do this a number of ways, depending on information they receive from the Last God (who is, of course, tracking the party via cameras). If the PCs are headed back this way, the robots may simply wait for them in ambush; if the PCs thought the military security robot was "shut down" before, it might maintain the ruse and reactivate suddenly to surprise them. If the PCs choose to take another route instead, the robots spread out and hunt them down wherever they can.

Renegade Military Security Robot: HP 110.

61. RENEGADE ANDROIDS A (EL 5)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Your lights probe the darkness ahead and illuminate the skeletal shapes of towering, metallic men. They are badly rusted, each covered in a gossamer veil of cobwebs, but in their hands they grasp futuristic-looking rifles. They seem dead; their eyes are like dull, lifeless crystals.

These machines were originally among the defending androids charged with daily security at the Center facility. When the XBM broke out, many of these were damaged fighting to contain it. When the XBM reached the Psychic Research Labs and took control of the experimental telepathic control device there, these androids stopped fighting the Last God and instead joined it.

The androids await orders from the military security robot, and do not move or otherwise react to the presence of the PCs. The PCs can walk past without stirring them. The only exception is if the PCs try to disarm or harm the androids, in which case they activate and defend themselves. They do not pursue if the PCs flee.

Scenario B: In *Scenario B,* the androids behave very differently. Instead of "playing dead," they power up and prepare to hunt the party throughout the complex. They will first try to link up with the military security robot to receive orders from it, however, which may give the PCs time to get away.

Scenario C: If the PCs stumble upon the androids here in *Scenario C*, you may wish to give the androids a surprise round since the PCs are probably not expecting androids to attack them after their dealings with the War Droid.

Advanced Soldier Androids (3): HP 58, 45, and 40.

62. RENEGADE ANDROIDS B (EL 7)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

In this corridor you see a troupe of skeletal metal figures standing absolutely motionless in place, as if frozen in time. Cobwebs drape them in dusty shrouds that seem to keep them tethered in place. Through the cobwebs you only see the reddish color of rust, tarnishing almost every surface of the gaunt, statue-like soldiers.

This is a larger group of androids under the control of the Last God and the military security robot at *Area 60.* They behave in a manner identical to the androids at *Area 61*.

Advanced Soldier Androids (5): HP 50, 41 (x3), 37.

63. ROBOT REPAIR FACILITY

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None
CenterNet: None

This section of the subterranean facility was set aside for the maintenance and repair of Center's contingent of soldier and scientist androids. Most of the supplies here were ransacked when reinforcements from the 303rd first arrived, and the androids have continued to scavenge the badly damaged vaults here for ammo and repair materials ever since. The androids have held fiercely to this complex to prevent the Last God and its own dominated robots from taking it.

A portion of the repair facility collapsed during the fighting at Center, and the androids are currently attempting to excavate a cave-in in hopes of reaching an ammo vault previously isolated by the collapse.

63A. ROBOT REPAIR CENTER A

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The door slides open with a subdued whir. Beyond is a vaulted, metal-walled chamber that looks like a gigantic, man-made cavern.

This large bay looks like something out of a science-fiction movie, lit by bright fluorescent lights in long banks all along the ceiling, walls, and floor. The entire floor glows brightly when anyone enters the room, keeping the place bathed in a sterile white light.

There are several medium- to large-sized niches here in which robots (mostly *hover sentries* and *military security robots*) are kept out of commission until repaired. Each bay has wires, cords, and other hook-ups that allow technicians to run diagnostics on the constructs; computer screens throughout the room display information from these diagnostic programs and make appropriate recommendations.

Dominating the center of the chamber are two large work areas, over which dangle rail-mounted, remote-controlled cranes (for moving particularly heavy robot chasses). The first is a giant table for repairing hover sentries; the latter is a heavy-duty hydraulic lift for larger robots.

On one table is the wreckage of a pair of hover sentries, destroyed in a forgotten battle. There are no salvageable components on either.

Standing on the hydraulic pad at ground level is a badly damaged *military security robot*. This model had to be disabled with an EMP weapon after massive damage caused it to "go crazy." It was brought back here to be repaired, but the technicians abandoned their posts before repairs were completed. The construct's central processing unit ("brain") and arms have been removed; neither of these can be salvaged or repaired with the tools here.

Repair parts are kept here in abundance and include

chromium rods, argon and neodymium tanks (replacement parts for laser weapons), and replacement magnetic rails and static dischargers (for gauss weapons). Also stored here are numerous electronic gadgets for testing gas pressure levels (when repairing lasers) and the integrity of magnetic containment fields (when repairing gauss weapons).

Treasure: In addition to the electronic equipment described above, PCs scavenging around this area find the equivalent of three *deluxe electrical tool kits,* one *basic mechanical tool kit,* and a *tech scanner* (see *The Foundationists* for details on this device, or else treat it as an additional *deluxe electronic tool kit*). Also scattered around the room are a pair of arc welders, two sets of polarized goggles, soldering materials and supplies, and a single *induction transformer*.

63B. AMMUNITION BUNKER A

Access: Electrum.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

A sign above the twin armored doors leading to this sunken bunker reads Ammunition Bunker, Robot Magazine and Armory—Extinguish All Open Flames.

Once the door is open, lights blink lazily on to reveal a deep and immense bunker. Racks of weapons, spare parts, and munitions line the walls, although many are empty. A single "guardian" rests here: a strange robot made of interconnecting metal rods that resembles a spindly mechanical spider.

This reinforced bunker was used for the storage of robot/android munitions. A blast door seals off the bunker when not in use, preventing sparks and open flame in the repair center from accidentally spreading to the magazine.

Treasure: All items in this repository are kept unattended due to the magazine's isolated underground location and the high level of access required to enter the bunker. Items here include 1d100 *power clips*, 1d100 gauss SMG clips (50 rounds in each), six replacement *gauss SMGs* intended for damaged hover sentries (not in conventional format; they lack handles and trigger assemblies and cannot just be picked up and used by the characters), and thirteen aluminum crates (each containing 2d4 *hydra 70 M261 rockets* for the pods mounted on the facility's *military security robots*). Many empty crates and boxes are stacked here as well, suggesting that this armory was extensively looted during the Fall.

The spindly robot "spider" is a *task animatron* that has remained inactive for hundreds of years. It is currently programmed to ferry rockets from this bunker into the *Robot Repair Center,* there to load them onto waiting military security robots. The animatron can be reprogrammed by anyone with the appropriate knowledge and skills.

63C. Android Repair Center A

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This is a large metal-walled bay, filled with a fluorescent light that reflects off the metal surfaces of tables, computers, strange machines, and steel reclining chairs. A few metal humanoids are reposing in chairs and tables, but do not stir from their places when you enter.

This area is similar to *Area 63A* above, except this well-lit facility was dedicated to the more intricate and delicate work required to maintain and repair androids. Work areas here resemble reclining chairs rather than tables, with dentist-style overhead lights and magnifying glasses/mirrors on tripods. Wheeled stainless-steel tables are in abundance here, stacked high with burnt-out electronics, twisted and mangled wiring, and clumps of fused chips. Tools both big and small lie scattered everywhere.

There are three scientist androids in this room, none of which are salvageable. One appears to be lying asleep in a reclining chair, but its head is in fact just a hollow shell; its electronic brain was removed long ago. The second, lying on a table, consists of only a head and torso (with two battered arms), with a tangled trail of wires and power cords where its hips and legs should be. The final android's entire outer casing has been removed, leaving it a grotesque silicon replica of the human anatomy.

Treasure: Tools and gadgets in this area constitute two *deluxe electrical tool kits*. PCs who search around also find a pair of arc welders (one for general work, one for fine work requiring precision), two sets of polarized goggles, and soldering materials as in the *Robot Repair Center*.

In addition to these are other items of note, most notably 2d4 *android memory chips* (all rated at "C" level). The knowledge stored in these chips is limited to the Computer Use, Craft (chemical, electronic, mechanical, pharmaceutical), Disable Device, Investigate, Knowledge (earth and life sciences, physical sciences, technology), and Research skills.

63D. Repair Labs

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Most of these rooms are dark, with only a few dusty computers and pieces of electronics equipment lying around.

These rooms are nearly identical work areas set aside to allow small teams of technicians to analyze, disassemble, and repair complex machinery and electronics.

Treasure: A search of each of these rooms has a 1 in 3 chance of uncovering a *basic electronics tool kit*. There is a 1 in 6 chance that a given repair lab contains a *tech scanner,* its power source long drained.

63E. Rear Repair Lab

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

In the center of this small room is a heavy-duty worktable on which a motley collection of tools, electronic parts, and wiring has been spread out. One ornate piece of machinery catches your eye: four feet long, four inches wide, and set with what appear to be solid gold knobs at regular intervals.

This room is outfitted like the other *Repair Labs* (*Area 63D*), but someone in the technical support division converted this room for another project.

If the PCs have been to *Area 122*, they recognize the machine part lying on the table as identical to those mounted on the *stasis field generator*.

GM's Note: The head technician in charge of electronic maintenance converted this room into an ad hoc repair station. When the facility administrator denied his request to

perform an official investigation into the *stasis field device*, he took it upon himself to run a full diagnostic of the field generators as a "private project." He hoped to discover and repair any flaws in the device. Convinced that his superiors were crazy not to give the issue their full attention, he risked his own position by scavenging tools and diagnostic equipment wherever he could to get the job done. The head technician's fate is unknown

Sitting on the work table is an intact *stasis field generator coil*, partly disassembled but missing only a handful of components. A plastic binder filled with printouts, schematics, and hand-written notes details potential problems with the stasis field device, hypothesizes "worst-case" scenarios, and lists a number of potential solutions. A character with Craft (electronics), Knowledge (physical sciences), and Knowledge (technology) can make a check with each of these skills (DCs 20, 23, and 25 respectively); if all three are successful, she understands the technical notes and can decipher them.

In layman's terms, the Technical Support Division uncovered a potentially damaging flaw in the stasis field generator that manifests as a millisecond-long gap in the continuous generation of the stasis field. This momentary gap only occurs perhaps once every few hundred thousand cycles, but is just large and regular enough for a minute amount of the XBM to pass through each time it happens. Unless this defect is removed, the stasis field is nothing more than a "revolving door" that couldn't keep a flu germ in, let alone an entity as crafty as the XBM.

The technical notes suggest a complex process of fine-tuning to repair the defect. Luckily, the notes detail this process step-by-step, and fixing the defect is largely just a matter of deciphering the text. Any character who already understands the technical specs (by making the three skill checks successfully) can make a fourth and final skill Repair check (DC 25), to perform the repairs.

Once the generator coil is fixed, it must be transported to the stasis field generation equipment and installed. The coil is made of glass and contained within a metal casing with ornate solid-gold knobs running the length of its exterior. The casing itself is four feet high and four inches wide and weighs one hundred pounds, so moving it may prove to be a challenge. The coil has a hardness of 2 and a mere 15 hit points. The gold knobs, if removed, might fetch a price of 500 cp each in a Wastelord or other desert community, but removing them irreversibly damages the coil!

Development: If the PCs are aware that a rebuilt *stasis field* could trap the Last God underground indefinitely, the part they need to accomplish this task (the *generator coil*) is here. However, the PCs must reassemble and repair the device before it can be used. They must then bring it to the surface and install it in the *stasis field generator* (see *Area 122*).

Treasure: Tools scattered across the table include diagnostic hook-ups and computers, basic hand tools, electronics tools, head-mounted magnifying glasses, penlights, a soldering iron, and the equivalent of a *deluxe electronics tool kit*.

63F. ROBOT REPAIR CENTER B (EL 8)

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This artificial metal-walled vault is cluttered with machine parts and electronic components that defy immediate identification. Large tables and raised platforms covered with a hectic sea of metal parts and equipment sit everywhere, bathed in the bluish glow of the fluorescent lights overhead.

As you enter, three skeletal metal men, their arms and torsos covered with chromed armor plating, turn to acknowledge your presence. One of them emits a shrill, computerized chirping sound, and is soon joined by the others in a nonsensical "song" of poorly-synthesized noise.

This area is similar to the one above (*Area 63A*), but the androids of the 303rd have secured and occupied this chamber for more than 200 years. The area is a total mess (through which only an android could navigate without hurting itself). The center is littered with the remains of robot parts: battered robot heads, crumpled and bullet-riddled arms and legs, entire treaded chasses, wheels, stripped sensor arrays, robot hands, and a maze of wires and myoelectric "musculature." Most of these parts are in unusable condition.

GM's Note: Stationed here at all times are three *repair androids* tasked with repairing androids and robots damaged while holding the quarantine. This is a nigh-impossible task with the available resources and spare parts, so the androids must cannibalize badly-damaged robots to repair salvageable models. The repair androids do not have standing orders regarding intruders, so they are curious as to why the PCs are here. However, since they all have damaged voice synthesizers, their voices merely come out as shrieking nonsensical chirps.

What happens next depends on the PCs. If they leave now, the repair androids merely make a note to let the War Droid know that intruders are walking around underground. If the PCs attack, the repair androids defend themselves with the help of the military security robot (see below). If the PCs try to communicate, the androids reciprocate, but realizing that communication is impossible, they motion for the PCs to go "to the surface" (there to meet with the War Droid).

The only other functional robot here is a damaged *military security robot*. Though it appears to be terribly battered, the robot is online and in working condition; it was ordered here to help guard this important place. Because it remains motionless to conserve power, the PCs examine may at first assume it to be just another dead piece of machinery.

- **Repair Androids (3):** HP 21 each.
- **Military Security Robot (1):** HP 40; this robot does

not have any missiles for its launcher.

Treasure: This room has the same tools and welding equipment as *Robot Repair Center A*, but without the protective goggles.

63G. AMMUNITION BUNKER B

Access: None; the keycard reader has been removed.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

A sign above the twin armored doors leading to this sunken bunker reads AMMUNITION BUNKER, ROBOT MAGAZINE AND ARMORY—EXTINGUISH ALL OPEN FLAMES.

When the door opens you are discouraged to see a vaulted chamber that, sadly, is almost completely devoid of weapons and munitions.

This area is similar to *Area 63B* above, but most of the munitions here have been moved topside to help with the defense of the quarantine perimeter. Only a few items remain.

Treasure: Present here are seven aluminum crates (each containing a single *hydra 70 M261 rocket* for the pods mounted on a military security robot), a magnetically-sealed titanium crate (containing five *plasma grenades*), a bank of five *laser rifles*, and ten *power clips*.

63H. ANDROID REPAIR CENTER B (EL 10)

Access: None; the keycard reader has been removed.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The sliding door opens to reveal an enormous metal-walled bay cluttered with a collection of metal parts. In the vague light coming in through the door, many of these parts are recognizable—humanoid arms, legs, and even eyeless heads—all made completely of rusted and dented metal. This place looks like some kind of robotic butcher's shop!

Suddenly, white-hot sparks emitted from a welding torch illuminate the darkness in sputtering flashes, revealing what at first seemed like immobile metal statues standing deeper in the room. As the sparks continue to flash, however, a few of the metal men move, turning in your direction and walking towards you!

This was a secondary android repair center during the facility's operation, though it has been actively used by the android garrison for decades now due to the collapse of the tunnel leading to the other repair areas (see *Area 63J*). This place, where damaged androids are repaired and re-assembled, is now vital to the continued existence of the 303rd as an effective fighting force.

The repair center is currently staffed by three *repair androids* and four *soldier androids*, pulled from the line and in various states of disrepair. When the PCs enter, two of the soldier androids rise and move to the door to investigate. The others continue what they were doing.

Scenario C: If the soldier androids have been given orders by the War Droid to allow the PCs to pass, they simply look at the PCs, turn on their heels, and resume their repair work. In any other scenario, they attack.

Advanced Soldier Androids (4): HP 20, 19, and 18 (x2).

Repair Androids (3): HP 21 each.

Treasure: Like the other repair center, this place is littered with tools and repair machinery. PCs can gather enough tools to create three *deluxe electrical tool kits*. Also available are a pair of arc welders (one for general work, one for fine work requiring precision), two sets of polarized goggles, and soldering materials.

63I. CENTRAL REPLACEMENT STORAGE (EL 6)

Access: None; the keycard reader has been removed.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This elongated, vault-like room is rather plain, apparently little more than a warehouse for the storage of spare parts.

On the other side of the main entrance (a sliding, fireproof metal door) stands a solitary *soldier android*, with orders to shoot anyone entering without authorization. The android opens fire whether or not the PCs are working for the War Droid (as in *Scenario C*).

The true dimensions of this warehouse can only be appreciated from inside. Heavy-duty shelves (with unusually high weight tolerances) hold crates, boxes, and reels of copper, optical, and other wiring. Many of these boxes once contained super-advanced components like alloyed armor plate, servo mechanisms for robotic limbs, myoelectric "muscle" bundles, advanced photo and audio receptors, infrared sensors, body molds, and modular endoskeletal android frames.

Most of the stores have been ransacked over the past two centuries by the android quartermasters of the 303rd, who have been forced to deplete the vast stock of replacement parts to keep their soldiers operational. There are just enough replacement parts here to extend the life of the 303rd by 20 years at most.

Advanced Soldier Android (1): HP 37.

Treasure: The War Droid uses this room to store keycards its forces have found and are not currently using. These include two *gray access cards* (keyed to the *Main Research Laboratory* and *Biological Response Laboratory* respectively), a *pink access card* (keyed to the *Production Building*), and two *green access cards* (keyed to *Foot Entrance West* and the *Bulk Elevator to Air Incineration Building*).

63J. EXCAVATION (EL 8)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.

The high-pitched sound of a laser can be heard echoing down this dark tunnel. Though it is otherwise completely lightless, every now and then a pencil-thin laser beam illuminates the far end of the tunnel in a wash of red light, silhouetting a trio of metal men busily boring into collapsed debris that blocks the tunnel.

If the PCs investigate, they find a trio of *soldier androids* operating their lasers on continuous wavelength mode in an attempt to bore through the collapsed rock.

These androids have been charged with opening this tunnel back up, in the hope that clearing the tunnel will allow the quarantine defenders to retake the other repair center and claim its virtually unused stock of repair parts and supplies. It is only because this mission is so vital that the androids have dared squander their few remaining power sources on the effort.

If the PCs attack, the androids return fire in kind.

Scenario C: If the PCs are allied with the War Droid, the androids here briefly acknowledge them before returning to their work.

Basic Soldier Androids B (2): HP 20 each; each equipped with a *power backpack* (1d10 charges remaining) instead of a *power clip*.

Low-Level Command Android A (1): HP 48; equipped with a *power backpack* (1d10 charges remaining) instead of a *power beltpack*.

64. AIR FILTRATION CENTER

Access: Special.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This important part of the air cycling system operates separately from the *Air Incineration Building* on the surface. This system draws in air through high-power vacuum fans to supply the underground tunnel system with fresh air. The system works one-way; air drawn in does not go out (for fear of contamination), but is instead channeled to the *Air Incineration Building* to be sterilized.

During the most recent power failure, the Last God made a last frantic dash towards this center, flooding an auxiliary tunnel in the process. Propelling some of its mass forward, it cleared all obstacles, allowing a number of thralls to arrive here in time to escape up through the nearly vertical vacuum shafts to the surface (see the *Water Treatment Plant*).

When the androids finally detected the breach, they responded in force. Controllers dropped the emergency door here to sever the offending mass, using lasers and flamethrowers to kill the exposed mass before it could escape. Several thralls were also destroyed here, but not before a handful managed to get away.

Once the area was cleansed, the androids set about securing the center against further intrusion. A number of androids remain here, effectively sealed-in by their own traps, with orders to attack anything entering the complex.

Scenario C: Since they are no longer in contact with the War Droid commander, these androids are unaware of the PCs' mission and attack, assuming that they are thralls of the Last God.

64A. ENTRANCE

Access: Sealed; the keycard reader has been fused to prevent the blast door from opening.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Standing here is a large steel portal, apparently sealed long ago during whatever emergency killed off the inhabitants of this haunted underground complex. A faded stenciled sign on the exterior reads Air Filtration Center—Authorized Personnel Only. The keycard reader is black and broken, the sensitive electronics inside it burned out.

The west door is a metal emergency blast door, currently lowered and sealed shut. The androids re-opened this doorway to plant the explosive charges in the *Trapped Corridor* (see *Area 94*) before closing it again and sealing it permanently. The *orange*-level keycard reader is fused and does not work.

Beyond the door is a small entry room, stripped clean of useful items. The ceiling lights no longer work, so anyone entering must bring their own light source to proceed further.

GM's Note: The androids in the *Control Room* (below) are on guard against intrusion. Allow them Spot and Listen checks against the PCs' Hide and Move Silently skills. If they are alerted to the presence of intruders, the androids move to attack.

Steel Blast Door: Hardness 10, Hit Points 120, Break DC 35.

64B. CONTROL ROOM (EL 8)

Access: Orange.
Cameras: There was once a camera here linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*, but it has been destroyed.
CenterNet: A computer here provides Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing this requires a Computer Use check (DC 29).

This large room has suffered tremendous battle damage—blasted, broken, and burned-out computer consoles line the walls. This place must have been a localized control room of some sort, but its purpose is a mystery. Four metal-skinned humanoids, standing still with their heads dipped as if asleep, spring abruptly into action like puppets brought to life.

Standing around this room are four androids, two equipped with *laser rifles* and two with *flamethrowers*. The androids immediately attack anyone entering this room.

GM's Note: These androids were part of the quick-

reaction force sent to the *Air Filtration Center* to keep the XBM from escaping. After achieving their goal, they were ordered to trap the corridor leading here (see *Area 94*) and to sever the elevator cables, trapping themselves here to prevent further breaches. The androids have orders to kill anyone entering this part of the complex, using whatever measures are necessary (including suicide) to prevent another breach of the quarantine. Since they are no longer in contact with the War Droid, they do not know the PCs are potential allies.

- **Special Weapons Androids (2):** HP 55 each.
- **Basic Soldier Androids (2):** HP 13 and 10.

Treasure: One of the *basic soldier androids* carries two *orange access cards* (one keyed to the *Air Filtration Center*, the other to the *Main Ventilation Access*).

64C. ELEVATOR ACCESS (EL 6)

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The elevator to the surface has been permanently immobilized at this level, the cables inside the elevator shaft severed.

GM's Note: Just outside the elevator shaft wait two badly-damaged soldier androids, survivors of the battle fought here against the escaping biomass. They have orders to fire on anything coming through the elevator doors.

Any fighting here alerts the androids in the *Control Room* (see above).

- **Basic Soldier Androids B (2):** HP 21 and 16; each is down to three charges for its weapon.

64D. MAIN AIR RECYCLING CAVERN (EL 3)

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This enormous chamber is dark and foreboding, lit only by weak beams of soft radiance filtering down through two huge cylindrical shafts overhead. The light dances off silvery bits of metal on old computer consoles, rusted machinery, and collapsed ventilation shafts nearby, all of which are barely visible in the cloying darkness.

This is where the main machinery for the underground air cycling system is housed, in the form of computers and wall-to-ceiling machines. The huge shafts overhead are blocked off by massive steel grates, but both appear to have been "yanked" off kilter by some tremendous force; the bent and twisted grates (each more than 15 feet in diameter) lie nearby in the shadows, discarded as if they were no more than toys to whoever—or whatever—removed them.

Two enormous four-bladed fans hang in the shafts twenty feet above the floor, covered in rust. Beyond them, the shafts continue towards the surface, with only a narrow set of iron rungs set into each to serve as a ladder. Dim light (from the *Water Treatment Plant*) can just barely be seen far overhead.

The smell here is of rusted metal, stale air, and burned flesh. All over the chamber lie dead bodies, both those of humans and chimpanzees. All have been burned, their bodies withered and covered in the ash of scorched skin. A Search (DC 15) reveals that a few of these seem to have *transformed;* their eyes elongated on eyestalks, additional malformed legs sprouting from the hip, and other grotesque mutations. (See the final section of this book for information on this bizarre phenomenon). All are quite dead.

Also in the room are the blackened remains of many androids, utterly smashed to pieces. These armored warriors have been thrown about like mere toy soldiers, dashed against the thick concrete walls until they fell apart. The collection of anthropomorphic parts is impressive, and a head count reveals that at least eight androids were destroyed here.

Sitting just ten feet from the only other exit here, on the north side of the chamber, is a curious sight. It resembles a *weapon animatron*, but instead of a gun, it holds a pack of explosives linked to its power source.

Those who care to examine it find that the north door is curiously warped and *bulging*. Apparently, some enormous pressure is being applied to it from behind, distorting the doorframe. The metal is unnervingly warm to the touch—roughly the temperature of human flesh.

GM's Note: The door is jammed shut; its card reader is burnt out, and the door itself is so badly deformed that it couldn't open even if power was restored to its reader. Only massive damage is likely to force it open, but if the PCs manage to damage it enough to break it down, they are in for a lethal surprise. Compressed against the north side of the door is a massive extension of the Last God's main biomass, an "arm" that extends all the way up to *Area 117* in the *Production Building*. If the door is opened, the arm pours through like mud under high pressure, engulfing anyone nearby and flooding the chamber in under a minute.

The *animatron* has been programmed to detonate its explosives pack (a *satchel charge C*) if anything opens the north door or attempts to pass through it. If it does go off, the ensuing explosion not only blows down the door, it also collapses the entire *Air Filtration Center* in a massive cave-in!

- **Weapon Animatron (1):** CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *satchel charge C*.
- **Satchel Charge C (1):** Disable Device DC 15, Search DC 10, damage 10d6 (burst radius 30 feet, Reflex save DC 15 for half).

Special Note: If the PCs arrive at this chamber without coming through the *Control Room* (for example, by climbing down from the *Water Treatment Plant*), there is still a good chance the androids in the *Control Room* will detect them. Since there are no doors between the *Control Room* and this area, the androids spot the PCs as they enter and move to attack them from the darkness…

65. DOOR TO LABS

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

At the end of this corridor is a large access door. Stenciled on the metallic surface are the words LABORATORIES—AUTHORIZED TECHNICIANS ONLY. *A computer sits nearby, cold and dark.*

This door leads on to the laboratory complexes beyond. It is locked with a *pink*-level keycard reader (any card keyed to the *Experimental Applications Laboratory* will open it).

Scenario A: In *Scenario A,* the Last God opens this door to allow the PCs to pass through (by taking 10 on its Computer Use check). When the PCs arrive, they find another enigmatic message waiting for them, this time on the keycard reader itself:

It seems your mysterious benefactor has not forgotten you. The blast door stands open, with the computer console at its side glowing brightly. On the screen are these words:

"I have managed to unlock this door leading through the old labs. Go north, turn right, and follow the passage through the dissection laboratories. From there, head south until you come to another passage. Head east for thirty feet until you see a passage leading north. Take that passage. Hurry—there is no time to lose."

The screen goes blank.

Scenario B: In *Scenario B,* the Last God tries to deactivate the lock (by accessing the *Disable Keycard Lock* program on this location's CenterNet site and taking 10 on its Computer Use roll) so that it no longer opens, even with the proper access card.

66. EXPERIMENTAL APPLICATIONS LABORATORY

Access: Pink or Electrum.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This subterranean laboratory complex was where the most promising alternative projects dreamed up by the think tanks (see *Area 41H*) were further researched.

The Last God is aware of these laboratories and the promising research that still remains in the computers therein, but it has thus far been unable to re-enter this part of the facility.

66A. SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Access: Pink or Electrum.
Cameras: A camera here is linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: The computer here provides Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing it requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

This small entry room features a typical security duty station, with a desk, swivel chair, computer, slightly reflective black walls, and banks of now-dead lighting. Papers and folders have been pushed off the desk in haste, leaving only a single sheet sitting in the middle of the workspace. A few rolls of bandages and a scattering of bullets suggest that this was once used as someone's last-ditch sanctuary.

This was once a secure security station. The security officer stationed here checked ID badges and schedules one last time before permitting scientists into the *Experimental Applications Laboratories*. His secondary (but perhaps more important) job was to trigger the alarm in the event of an emergency in the lab complex.

The single piece of paper left conspicuously on the desk is *Handout #10*, written by the leader of the CDC response team sent to investigate the "accident." When the rest of his team was killed in the tunnels, he escaped here, turning this room into a temporary sanctuary. He was eventually discovered and forced to abandon the place, but not before leaving this final note.

GM's Note: Behind the glass walls is a bank of cameras tied directly into the *Sub-Surface Security Center*. They are still active. The computer is operational, and provides access to the CenterNet.

Treasure: Two rolls of bandages and 2d6 9mm rounds are scattered on the desk and floor. The CDC scientist also left two *pink access cards* (keyed to the *Experimental Applications Laboratory* and *Containment Checkpoint* respectively) and a *green access card* (keyed to the *Parking Garage*) here, hoping to keep them out of the hands of the XBM's thralls. All three cards are hidden together behind a desk drawer, and can only be found if the drawer is completely removed from the desk (Search DC 25).

66B. SYNTHETIC FUEL ALTERNATIVES LABORATORY

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

This place appears to be some kind of office area, or a laboratory, or perhaps a combination of both.

This research laboratory was set up to design computer models and perform long-term projections based on data conjured up by the think tanks (see *Area 41H*). The sterility of "typical" labs is here replaced by computers, filing cabinets, and congested work areas.

The computers, files, and notes in this main lab area

REYNIER CHAMBERS

A Reynier chamber is a large airtight container with an internal nebulizer designed to emit bacteria in aerosol form. Large numbers of small animals (white mice, rats, or guinea pigs) can be herded into the chamber, where they are exposed to the bacterial agent. Most chambers have viewports and glove ports so that the animals can be scrutinized and handled during a test.

Animals are removed from the Reynier chamber and kept in hermetically sealed cabinets with their own air, food, and water. As the animals die off, they are autopsied in another sealed cabinet before being steam-sterilized and incinerated.

provide a revealing glimpse at plans for at least one variant of the XBM macro-organism. A character who makes a Computer Use check (DC 26) and spends at least 48 hours in this area learns that the Ancients were in the early stages of experimenting with an XBM variant that could produce a form of *fuel*. Through a complicated chemical process, the XBM variant would be grown in a bioreactor like a conventional biological weapon, then forced into a stable, lifeless state by the application of chemicals. Once "refined" in this manner, the biomass could be employed in a manner almost identical to oil—in anything from industrial machinery to internal combustion engines. The remaining notes theorize that this XBM variant might provide an inexhaustible and cheap alternative to gasoline (a resource that was vanishing all too quickly in the years before the Fall).

A character making an additional Computer Use check (DC 26) can call up schematics and plans for a planned production facility (with a production volume rivaling that of a conventional oil rig), but it is obvious that such a facility would require massive resources not currently available in the post-Fall era. Even with Ancient technology, the prototype facility would require the construction of a refining complex the size of a small city.

GM's Note: Since the process of "neutralizing" the XBM as outlined on the computers requires vast complexes of machinery and chemical processes, it cannot be employed by the PCs to defeat the Last God, even on a small scale.

66C. SYNTHETIC FOOD ALTERNATIVES LABORATORY

Access: Pink.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

This place resembles a large office area, but a variety of computers and a library of books on two of the four walls suggest that it was something more.

This laboratory is similar to the one above. A character who makes a Computer Use check (DC 26) and spends at least six hours at the computers uncovers the purpose of the research conducted here: to devise a cheap nutritional replacement for natural foods during the twilight of the Ancients. In the years prior to the Fall, natural foods which were growing rarer and rarer due to the pollution of marine environments, the over-harvesting of natural crops, and the overwhelming demand of the world's expanding population. The food alternative proposed here is a variant of the XBM macro-organism, its more dangerous properties neutralized to permit its consumption by human beings and animals.

A second Computer Use check (DC 26) reveals that while this program had captured the interest of both the government and profit-hungry corporations, it was only in the early stages of development and experimentation when the Fall took place. At least a dozen chemical formulas described in the computer reports here suggest different ways to transform the basic macro-organism into food, but these all involve complicated technical processes that are beyond the means of the post-Fall era. The most interesting (found only with a Computer Use check at DC 26; only *understood* with a Craft [pharmaceutical] check at DC 28) proposes turning the macro-organism into a self-sustaining, nutrient-producing food item that, once ingested and contained in the stomach, would sustain the human host for an entire month!

66D. TEST LABS (EL 10)

Access: Pink.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

The interior of this complex has been ransacked and destroyed; computers lie smashed and trampled everywhere. Rotted papers are strewn all over the place, along with shattered and broken lab equipment of all kinds. Huge glass walls separating computer observation stations from sterile lab areas are streaked with faded blood, as if a great massacre occurred here long ago.

Unlike the other two research labs (described above), these laboratories hosted hands-on tests and experimentation. In addition to the debris mentioned above, dozens of *Reynier chambers* (see sidebar) are arrayed throughout; some are open, others closed, and some still contain the mummified remains of test animals.

These labs were used for preliminary and ongoing tests involving the biological weapons produced at Center. They hosted early experiments involving the XBM macro-organism and genetically-engineered bacteria and viruses.

Lab researchers hoped to come up with modified (or entirely new) diseases that would withstand known treatments, mutate to evade sterilization, and otherwise prove to be nigh invincible in a time of war.

During the "accident," a portion of XBM-06 was being experimented on here by no less than 25 scientists and technicians. When the power was cut off, many of the containment measures here failed, allowing the small biomass to escape and infect the panicked scientists. All of them succumbed within minutes.

GM's Note: The labs' sole inhabitant sits at the area marked "X," waiting patiently for someone to open the lab door.

The "inhabitant" is the enthralled descendant of the scientists who were sealed in here during the "accident." The infected scientists have transformed in a remarkable way—an apparently unique evolution of the Last God's biomass. Instead of becoming seedlings and shamblers, the infected personnel combined their bodies into a single lumpy and bony organism that has remained quiet and patient since the Fall.

When the creature hears the doors being opened, it begins to shift and "awaken." When the PCs enter, they see the distorted forms of twenty humans, all melted together into a horrible monstrosity. The creature stretches nearly to the ceiling, its long body composed of the fused bodies of the scientists and technicians who died here. The limbs of one man connect to the detached head of another, forming a rudimentary limb. A horrible "head" gapes wide like a blossoming flower, showing immense teeth formed of broken ribs. Many more arms and legs sprout from the snaky mass. The mouths of the men and women who comprise the abomination all open and moan balefully at the same time, their 50+ eyes fluttering open to reveal all-black orbs that shine with malevolence.

As the PCs stare, dumbfounded and horrified, the creature slithers forth to attack.

Biomass Worm: HP 115.

Treasure: A Search check (DC 18) uncovers four *pink access cards* (keyed to the *Psychic Research Laboratory*, *Biological Response Laboratory*, *Animal Containment Building,* and *Main Research Laboratory* respectively).

67. DISSECTION LABORATORY

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The odor of death is heavy in this vaulted chamber, where rusted metal rails overhead still hold hooks hanging with the leathery remains of some unidentifiable meat. The floor, fitted with special gutters to drain away blood, is completely stained with a brownish-red color.

This vaulted room looks more like a slaughterhouse than a laboratory, but the sheer volume of test animals coming through here during the facility's operation required the most efficient measures possible. Huge overhead rails allowed dozens of animal carcasses to be strung out on hooks for vertical dissection, with heavy-duty tables nearby where animals could be splayed out for more in-depth analysis. Plastic jars and large fluid-filled tubes allowed scientists to remove particular organs for preservation.

When the PCs enter, the only lights on in this chamber are emergency lights in the specimen tanks, which fill the room with an eerie glow. Animal remains (entire goats and chimpanzees) are lying on the tables, but most of the flesh has long rotted away, leaving only bones. Only one stands out from the rest.

This noteworthy specimen is a goat, lying on its back and split up the middle, its ribcage broken and spread out like an open book. Unlike the other skeletal remains in the room, the goat's flesh seems relatively intact, its wet and slick intestines, liver, and kidneys spilling out onto the table and even to the floor. The entire corpse looks relatively fresh, but certainly dead. A cursory examination of the head shows its eyes open and completely black. A look at its torso reveals that the spine has been carefully removed from the body for some unknown, ghoulish purpose.

GM's Note: The goat body is not actually "fresh," but rather several hundred years old. Deliberately exposed to the XBM during an experiment, it was infected as a seedling—thus the bizarre tissue preservation. The corpse poses no threat to the PCs, however, because the scientists took care to remove its spine and the biomass in its stomach, rendering it permanently immobile, unable to transform, and unable to pass on its contagion.

If the PCs approach the creature, its all-black eyes rotate and fix on them with an alien glare; despite its horribly deformed state, it is very much alive—and *aware*.

The immobilized goat poses no danger to the party, but keep in mind that the Last God can still see and hear through the creature.

Apart from the gruesome cadavers and normal surgical equipment strewn everywhere, the room contains little of interest to the PCs.

68. MEDICINAL SYNTHESIS LABORATORY

Access: Orange.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 21).

This medium-sized facility was apparently dedicated to the production of medicines. As you enter, banks of white lights flicker on and shine down on glass countertops; refrigerators, test tubes, fungus cultivators, small centrifuges, computerized scales and measuring apparatus, sterilization equipment, and other laboratory instruments are arranged in neat rows for the use of long-dead technicians.

The research at Center required the near-constant production of medicines, drugs, and chemical compounds for use in tests and experiments. While some of the drugs produced here were used on test animals or relatively mundane experiments, most were used to refine and adjust the developing XBM macro-organism.

Treasure: The machinery here is still operational, despite the facility's tremendous age. Enough pharmaceutical materials are present to form the equivalent of 5,000 cp in raw materials for manufacturing projects.

In addition to raw materials, a number of drugs and medicines can be found here: three doses of *suppressant 41*, four doses of *suppressant 42*, and six doses of *accelerant 27*, all contained in glass bottles in one of the still-functional freezers. Though they are labeled, no description of the drugs' purpose or effects is supplied. (See *New Items* for information on these drugs.)

A character succeeding at a Computer Use check (DC 21) can get the computers up and running (through the *Power Up Synthesis Process*; see the *Virtual Map*); once activated in this manner, the machinery completes a small batch of drugs that was in process when the facility was shut down years ago. Another ten doses of *suppressant 41* will be produced in the pharmaceutical lab before the machines run out of materials; the PCs could reload the machines with the raw materials lying around the facility, but without knowing the proper ratio of chemicals to put in the manufacturing machine, the effort might simply waste the raw materials (GM's discretion).

69. VEHICLE ENTRANCE – WEST (EL 8)

Access: Green.

Cameras: There was once a camera above the tunnel linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*, but it has been destroyed.

CenterNet: None.

This concrete-lined tunnel terminates at a wire mesh fence and double gate, the latter large enough to accommodate even massive transport trucks. Rusted and faded signs declare: West entrance—Be prepared to show identification to duty officer.

A small security booth overlooks this paved entrance, which seems to lead deeper into the complex.

A security watchman was once stationed at this booth to check incoming vehicle drivers for proper identification, security clearance, and a coded manifest. Assuming the driver's identity and purpose checked out, the gate opened and the vehicle was waved through.

This entrance has been closed off since the time the 303rd pulled most of its robots out of the subterranean parts of the complex. It is currently watched by two *soldier androids* and a *hover sentry*, with orders to turn back anyone who approaches (with gunfire, if necessary).

Fifty feet down the tunnel on the other side of the gate is a large *weapon animatron*, armed with a laser anti-tank rifle. It is programmed to fire at anything that comes into range.

Advanced Soldier Androids (2): HP 60 each; armed with two *fragmentation grenades* each (in addition to normal equipment). One of the advanced soldier androids has a *green access card* (keyed to *Vehicle Entrance West*).

Hover Sentry A (1): HP 20.

Weapon Animatron (1): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *laser anti-tank rifle* +10/+5 for 10d12.

Treasure: In addition to the weapons carried by the androids, there is a *walkie-talkie* in the security booth (its *power cell* is drained).

70. UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE TO HOUSINGS

Access: Special.

Cameras: The camera above the tunnel links to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*, but it no longer functions.

CenterNet: None.

Ahead you see a huge vault door, cocked far enough open for several men to pass through abreast. Your footsteps echo in the pitch-black tunnels beyond.

This huge door provided access to the *Storage Facility* housings from the subterranean tunnels. During the "accident," the XBM's infected thralls opened it in an attempt to reach the surface through the tunnels. The enormous door remains open to this day, its hinges rusted in place.

71. VEHICLE ENTRANCE – EAST (EL 10)

Access: Green.

Cameras: There was once a camera above the tunnel linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*, but it has been destroyed.

CenterNet: None.

This concrete-lined tunnel terminates at a wire mesh fence and double gate, the latter large enough to accommodate even massive transport trucks. Rusted and faded signs declare: East entrance—Be prepared to show identification to duty officer.

A small security booth overlooks this paved entrance, which seems to lead deeper into the complex.

This area resembles the *Vehicle Entrance (West)*, but is built close enough to the rail yard to suggest that materials offloaded there were taken via this tunnel to some unknown underground location.

The gate is locked, requiring the proper *green access card* to open. The tunnel beyond is further guarded by a small troop of *soldier androids*, with orders to turn back anyone approaching the gate (with gunfire, if necessary). This only applies to groups or individuals coming from the *Rail Yard*. If the PCs emerge from within the complex (i.e. from the tunnel), the androids open fire immediately and without warning as soon as they see the "enemy;" they are under orders to assume that anyone coming from underground is an

escaping seedling.

GM's Note: If the androids attack the PCs and meet particularly tough resistance, they call for reinforcements from the quarantine checkpoint at the *Rail Yard*.

Basic Soldier Androids (6): HP 22 (x5), and 21; armed with one *fragmentation grenade* each (in addition to normal equipment). One of the androids has a *green access card* (keyed to *Vehicle Entrance East*).

Low-Level Command Android (1): HP 80.

Treasure: The security booth here has a number of clipboards and old records from the time of the Fall. There is also a *walkie-talkie* in the booth (with a half charge in its *power cell*).

72. ABANDONED TRUCK

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Just beyond the east vehicle tunnel entrance sits a dilapidated old army truck, driven to the side of the tunnel and apparently abandoned there.

Treasure: A search reveals that the truck is in relatively good working order, with about 1/10th a tank of diesel fuel remaining; the keys are still in the ignition. The front seat is empty (except for a clipboard with shipment and transport records), but the back holds an entire *industrial dehumidifier*. The dehumidifier's size and weight are roughly equivalent to those of an Ancient washing machine; the device "leeches" humidity from the air to produce a drier environment and is particularly useful in stemming the harmful accumulation of moisture underground. This unit is large enough to dehumidify an enormous building. Unfortunately, there is no power source for this device; it must be hooked up to an industrial power outlet to operate.

73. SURPLUS SUPPLIES

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

At each of these locations, the PCs notice a few crates and boxes stacked against the wall.

These crates contain various mundane supplies as detailed below. Their storage here was meant to be temporary, until more space could be made in the warehouses or main complex buildings.

Treasure: Each crate is sealed with welded metal bonds and must be smashed, hacked, or pried open. A search of each location turns up a random item:

D10	Contents
1	Empty
2-3	Mundane supplies (light bulbs, wiring, sterilizing detergent, etc.)
4-5	Maintenance supplies (air filters, water filters, fire detectors, etc.)
6-7	Lab equipment (beakers, test tubes, glassware, sample dishes, etc.)
8	Miscellaneous supplies (1d6 *flashlights*, 1 *UV sterilizer*) *
9	Preserved food (1d20 *ready meals*, 1d100 *dehydrated pills*)
10	Power equipment (1d6 *power cells*, 1d2 *power packs*) **

* These have no power sources.
** These are charged to maximum capacity.

74. SEALED BLAST DOORS A (EL 3)

Access: None; the blast doors have been welded shut.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The concrete tunnel ends here at a colossal obstruction—two huge metal blast doors locked together to from a contiguous barrier. An enormous multi-barreled weapon on a tripod faces the blast doors from this side, as if prepared to fire at anything coming through.

A closer inspection reveals that in addition to being locked, the blast doors have actually been welded shut from floor to ceiling...

GM's Note: These blast doors were sealed long ago by the androids to prevent infected seedlings and shamblers from escaping. The doors are no longer connected to the CenterNet, and thus cannot be opened (short of cutting a hole through them with an arc welder).

The animatron is programmed to fire on anyone and anything inside this tunnel. If the PCs move within range of its motion detector, it turns and opens fire on them.

Weapon Animatron (1): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *M214 Minigun* +10/+5 for 4d12.

Treasure: The weapon animatron has 100 rounds for its weapon. In addition, discarded on this side of the blast doors are a backpack-style welder's torch (with about 5 minutes of fuel left), a set of welder's goggles, and a pair of fireproof Kevlar gloves.

75. SEALED BLAST DOORS B (EL 3)

Access: None; the blast doors have been welded shut.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This tunnel terminates abruptly at a sealed and welded set of enormous blast doors. A multi-barreled weapon of some kind, mounted on a tripod, stands facing the blast doors.

Like the area above, the *animatron* here is programmed to fire at anything moving down this tunnel. If the PCs move within range of its motion detector, it turns and opens fire on them.

Weapon Animatron (1): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *M214 Minigun* +10/+5 for 4d12.

Treasure: The weapon animatron has 100 rounds for its weapon.

76. DARK TUNNEL A (EL 11)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

When the blast doors at *Area 74* are opened, they reveal a massive tunnel the distant end of which is swallowed up in darkness.

GM's Note: When the PCs enter this area, begin counting to five *out loud* and keep track of what the PCs do. When you reach five, read the following (assuming the PCs are still in this area):

From the darkness of the tunnel comes a strange sound—like dozens of rapid footsteps. A horde of grayish shapes appears at the edge of your lights, running at full speed. The vaguely human mob looks like a collection of madmen (and women), all wearing tattered and rotten lab coats, uniforms, and military fatigues. Some seem badly mutated, while others are almost perfectly preserved. All, however, have eyes of a pure and inky black fixed intently on you as they charge forward in a relentless sea of bodies.

The PCs may regret having bypassed the sealed blast door, because they have just freed a mass of infected seedlings and shamblers trapped in these passages. The mob moves to overcome the PCs (by having numerous shamblers trip and/or grapple each PC individually, holding them down so they can be infected by a seedling using its *contagion* ability) before finding their way to the surface.

- **Shamblers (15):** HP 15 each.
- **Former Technicians (2):** HP 30 each.
- **Former Scientists (2):** HP 42 each.
- **Former Security Guards (4):** HP 42 each.

77. DARK TUNNEL B (EL 13)

Access: Special.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

When the blast doors at *Area 75* are opened, they reveal a massive tunnel the distant end of which is swallowed up in darkness.

GM's Note: Allow everyone present to make a Listen check (DC 10). If successful, read the following:

A strange noise can be discerned in the darkness up ahead. It resembles an unpleasant, curiously wet gurgling and sloshing…

If the PCs point their lights in the direction of the noise, they see a most terrible sight: the far end of the tunnel is littered with rotted uniforms and discarded gear from over fifty former technicians—but no bodies. Instead, squatting among the remains is a single *seedling* (now resembling a naked human male with deformed face and dragging jaw) which is dwarfed by the monstrous creature behind it: a massive portion of the XBM biomass. The "thing" looks like a mass of bruised flesh, with a liquid and plastic fluidity to it.

This was a part of the original XBM biomass that escaped the *Production Building* and came here trying to infect resident scientists and personnel. It was joined by a seedling that had been trapped in this tunnel when facility androids sealed the blast doors. Both have remained here for 200 years, in patient contact with the main biomass, awaiting their eventual release.

- **Biomass, Large (1):** HP 142.
- **Former Elite Security Guard (1):** HP 64.

78. SEALED BUNKER (EL 15)

Access: None; the blast door has been welded shut.
Cameras: The camera concealed in the ceiling of this bunker is linked to the *Surface Security Center* and *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

The tunnel here ends in an emergency blast door that appears to have withstood not only the test of time, but also many attempts to force it open. Even a casual examination reveals the signs of an expert welding job, sealing the doors from floor to ceiling almost seamlessly down the middle. Three heavily-armed weapon animatrons sit in the center of the passage, facing the doors at a range of 30 feet.

A sign on the tunnel wall reads: Safety Shelter/Emergency Use Only/Limit 30 People/Warning, doors will not open for 72 hours once closed. A faded red arrow painted on the slick wet stone points in the direction of the now-sealed doors.

This huge emergency doorway seals off a large shelter constructed during the time of the Ancients for use in the event of an unexpected outbreak. Technicians, scientists, and security personnel working underground were supposed to flee here if they could not make it to the surface.

The shelter is large (accommodating up to 30 people) and features an overpressure system (to keep out airborne contaminants), emergency medical supplies, and communications equipment allowing anyone trapped here to radio the surface for help. The shelter had enough oxygen and food supplies to last 30 people three days.

Unfortunately, the shelter became a deathtrap instead

of a lifesaver. Over thirty people showed up during the "accident," desperate to escape the threat of infection. The bunker's *monitor* (a security guard, pre-selected to have authority in such an emergency situation) was over-compassionate and hurried them all in rather than let them die outside. Though cramped inside the bunker, they were apparently safe.

However, one of the fleeing scientists (ironically, the last to slip in) was already infected. In the course of only a few brief minutes, the seedling embarked on a crazed slaughter, eventually turning every last man and woman trapped here into thralls.

Once "converted," however, the thralls were trapped inside the chamber and couldn't get out. When the androids of the 303rd arrived at the *Surface Security Center* they saw, through the camera system, that the inhabitants of the bunker had been infected. Moving quickly, a team of androids sealed off the door from the outside, set up animatrons, and left.

The inhabitants of the bunker have remained in place for 200 years, waiting for a chance to escape.

GM's Note: If the thralls inside the bunker hear the PCs approach, one of them begins knocking on the metal blast door, trying to get their attention. The knocking is slow and labored, as if the person inside had little strength left. Several seconds later it is joined by another, then another, until a dozen or more of the creatures are knocking in unison, hoping the sound will lure the PCs into freeing them…

If the PCs manage to open the doors, the creatures trapped inside pour out in an attempt to overcome and infect them.

The three animatrons are programmed only to fire at creatures emerging from the *behind* the blast doors, not those coming from *outside* (such as the PCs). They fire non-stop, trying to kill as many infected individuals as possible before they are overrun or destroyed.

- **Shamblers (25):** HP 15 each.
- **Former Technicians (2):** HP 30 each.
- **Former Scientists (2):** HP 42 each.
- **Former Security Guards (2):** HP 42 each.

Weapon Animatrons (3): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *M214 Minigun* +10/+5 for 4d12.

Treasure: Each animatron has 100 rounds for its weapon.

79. MAIN VENTILATION ACCESS

Access: Orange.

Cameras: A camera in this room overlooks the ventilation access hatch, and is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

Your lights have a hard time illuminating the surfaces of this gargantuan chamber. Cooled pools of moisture have formed on the floor, reflecting the enormous concrete ceiling overhead. The room is relatively plain except for a large grated hatch high up on one wall, reachable by rusted iron rungs embedded in the concrete. The hatch is roughly six feet wide and square, and a light breeze blowing through the grille provides a modicum of ventilation to the underground complex.

This chamber was part of the complex ventilation system that kept the underground facility sterile and safe. It is the primary access point for entering the *Ventilation System* (see the *Ventilation System* section).

The rusted grate can be removed with some effort (Strength check DC 17).

80. LADDER TO SURFACE

Access: Special.

Cameras: There is a camera here linked directly to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

The passage terminates here in a small room, apparently an old security station. Dusty computers sit all around, with vacant swivel chairs positioned in front of them. Iron rungs are set into the far wall. Looking up, you see a vertical shaft ascending into darkness; at the very top, your lights illuminate the bottom of a heavy, rusted hatch. It must be a way to the surface.

The PCs may approach this area from the surface instead; the hatch resembles a manhole when viewed from the surface.

This was an emergency escape point for personnel fleeing the underground tunnels in the event of a fire. Unknown to the facility technicians and security troops, however, it was designed to automatically lock shut during an outbreak alert, preventing a possibly infected individual from making it to the surface.

Scenario A: If the PCs have been following the directions of the Last God, read the following instead:

Looking around the room, you see one of the monitors suddenly flicker to life. A message waits on the screen. It reads:

"You've made it. You're almost there. Go up this ladder; it will take you to the surface. You will emerge in a place hidden among back streets. Be careful not to be seen. Look around—you will see an enormous building, the largest in town. Head there as quickly as you can. There's no time to lose."

The vertical shaft has sufficient hand-holds to allow one person at a time to climb the ladder. However, any character reaching the top finds that the hatch is jammed. To get out, they must either break it open or destroy it.

- **Steel Blast Door:** Hardness 10, Hit Points 30, Break DC 25.

81. SECURITY CORRIDORS

Access: None; the blast doors have been welded shut.

Cameras: A camera over each exterior door is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

Here you find a recessed entryway featuring a large metal blast door with orange emergency stripes painted across the outer surface. Large stenciled letters proclaim: SUB-SURFACE SECURITY CENTER/SECURITY CLEARANCE ONLY. A black discoloration along the entire exterior suggests that this portal was welded shut long ago.

These two corridors are identical in appearance and function, and both lead to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*—once the vital nerve center of the facility's security operations.

Each security corridor is guarded by a pair of metal blast doors, which have both been welded completely shut. Even if the PCs manage to get through them (a feat that would require welding equipment), each corridor is further guarded by a still-active ceiling turret with orders to fire on anything entering the passage. Sensors in the floor of each corridor also automatically activate the alarms in both the *Surface* and *Sub-Surface Security Centers*.

GM's Note: The android defenders of the quarantine lost control of the *Sub-Surface Security Center* when containment in the nearby bioreactor complex was compromised during the power failure caused by the Last God. Flooding the area with its pent-up mass, the Last God managed to destroy a number of androids caught in the security center, but was unable to spread further through the tunnels because of emergency security procedures put in place at the last moment.

While the Last God now has complete control of the *Sub-Surface Security Center*, these two corridors have been effectively sealed against further trespass; both are welded and trapped. The Last God is unwilling to even attempt to smash through these doors, for it knows that automated turrets (not connected to the CenterNet) wait on the other side.

Weapon Animatrons (2): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *laser mini-gun* +10/+5 for 5d12.

Treasure: Each animatron has the equivalent of a single *power backpack* for its weapon, with 5d10 charges remaining.

See The Foundationists *for statistics of the laser minigun.*

82. SUB-SURFACE SECURITY CENTER (EL 12)

Access: None; the blast doors have been welded shut.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 3 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one of these requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

As the door comes down, you see an almost pitch-black chamber beyond, as large and hollow as a vast underground cavern. Weak light coming from a bank of security monitors provides the only illumination, dancing off of the rippling, pulsating, and oozing body of an oversized biomass flooding the entire chamber. As you stare in horror, the undulating mass sprouts tentacles and pseudopods from its protoplasmic bulk to manipulate keys on a nearby keyboard.

Just then an alarm goes off, and the creature recoils, realizing you have breached its sanctuary.

This area is a major operating station for the Last God, and is flooded with a large portion of its biomass. All of the doors leading into this center remain sealed (see *Area 81*), so the PCs wanting to get in have their work cut out for them.

This place was (and is) an important monitoring center for inhabitants of the facility. During the time of the Ancients, this was the main security center for the base; personnel here kept Center secure from all threats, from the outside and inside alike. A sophisticated communications and surveillance system kept the center's dozen-man staff (in rotating shifts) alert at all times to the goings-on in the labs. The many cameras hidden throughout the surface town and underground tunnels were linked to walls of monitors and computer screens here, allowing security officers to observe countless rooms, laboratories, warehouses, production buildings, and even the city streets on the surface, 24 hours a day. Surveillance personnel once boasted of their ability to watch a single individual arrive at the front gate, track his every movement through the day at work in the labs, and observe him as he left for home at night.

Unfortunately, impressive as they were, these measures were unable to prevent the ultimate doomsday scenario: the catastrophic release of the XBM in the labs.

During the "accident," the personnel here mounted a heroic effort to keep the XBM from escaping—a battle they almost won. They were eventually forced to evacuate the underground control room and retreat to the surface, but not before sealing it up tight and deactivating most of its systems. They had no idea, however, that the XBM was perfectly capable of breaking in, given enough time… or that it could get the systems back online.

The Last God became aware of this important control room through the integration of key scientists and security personnel. It did eventually manage to break through the outer door (see map), and in doing so flooded the entire center with a massive portion of its physical being. It has held control of the center ever since.

The Last God has taken care to leave the majority of computers (and especially monitors) free from obstruction, so that it can manipulate the consoles to access the CenterNet as well as reactivate the cameras across the facility. The computers here have given it an unprecedented strategic advantage against the quarantine androids, for now it has the ability to access the CenterNet and to watch the activities of its enemies without risking its precious

thralls. The cameras also allow the Last God to observe the androids, monitor their strengths over time, and seek out weaknesses in their defensive line.

These cameras also allow the Last God to detect the PCs when they first arrive in town, and to attempt an elaborate ruse to trick the party into releasing it from captivity, as detailed in *Scenario A*.

GM's Note: Note that merely entering this room and killing the biomass here is not enough to completely stop the Last God. If attacked, the biomass summons aid from nearby areas as quickly as possible; control of this room is extremely vital to the Last God's plans, and it responds to any attack here with every resource at its disposal.

However, if the PCs do destroy the biomass here and manage to secure the room, they have cut the Last God off from its only CenterNet access point (and thus prevent it from activating further traps and security systems to stop them).

Development: So long as the PCs are working with it, the Last God does everything in its power to steer them away from this place. If the ruse is up and the PCs are now working *against* it, the XBM continues to manipulate systems throughout the complex from this location in an effort to kill the group.

Biomass, Large: HP 142.

Treasure: Once the biomass is destroyed, the PCs find (with a Search check at DC 20) an old video tape still inside a VCR hooked up to the camera system. It was recorded during the last days of the human garrison. If played, it shows a lone CDC scientist somewhere in the facility, apparently lost. He is alone, but his NBC suit is punctured with numerous gashes, from which blood flows profusely. The man stumbles about, his footsteps making distorted, crackling noises on the tape, until all of a sudden he stops at a locked door just beneath the camera that recorded the tape. The man pounds on the door, screaming for someone to help him, but it doesn't give. However, a speaker above the door crackles to life, filling the hall (and the camera's microphone) with an obviously computer-synthesized voice.

"I AM THAT I AM."

The man looks at the camera, and appears to see something in the reflection of the lens, moving in behind him. He screams, and just before the tape cuts out, the camera catches a glimpse of a horde of men and women in tattered lab coats rushing at him with arms outstretched.

83. TACTICAL ARMORY

Access: Electrum.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This large vault-like chamber must have been the main tactical armory for the underground parts of the facility. Entering, you find row upon row of old lockers, painted black; between each bank of lockers is a cabinet where longarms were once stored. Long, featureless steel tables with benches occupy the center of the room.

At this armory, squads of soldiers assigned to the security of Center could suit up and arm themselves with a wide variety of weapons to meet any level of threat to the laboratories. The armory was extensively looted during the fall of the facility, first to arm personnel reacting to the outbreak of the XBM, and later to equip survivors during the desperate retreat from the laboratories to the surface.

GM's Note: If the PCs entered this room without the proper access card, an automatic alarm immediately alerts the *Surface* and *Sub-Surface Security Centers*.

Treasure: A casual search uncovers only a few weapons left behind in the defenders' haste to make it to the surface. These include two Beretta 92Fs (both jammed, but with otherwise full clips), a single *concussion grenade*, and a rack filled with three *dart pistols*. These are still secured to the rack by a super-durable metal chain and padlock (the key is nowhere to be found; see below for the lock's statistics). A metal attaché case in a drawer of the rack contains six darts for the gun and a glass bottle of *K-O shot* (good for six shots).

On another rack is a single Colt 635, also left behind in the evacuation. It does not have a clip, and all other ammo boxes were emptied long ago.

A *dazzle rifle* sits on one of the tables, though its power source has been removed.

Scattered all across the floor are loose shotgun shells, obviously dropped in the haste to flee this place. A careful search (taking 1-4 minutes) gathers a total of 3d6 12-gauge shotgun shells.

Lock (Gun Rack): Hardness 10, Hit Points 120, Break DC 35.

84. ANIMATRON (EL 4)

Access: None.
Cameras: None
CenterNet: None.

The passage here is blocked by a single machine—a multi-barreled weapon sitting firmly on a tripod.

Beyond the weapon, some twenty or thirty paces down the passage, you see countless skeletons cluttering the corridor.

As you approach, a light on the weapon turns from red to green.

This passage leads to the subterranean laboratories. The androids set up a powerful weapon animatron here to prevent thralls from escaping via this passage.

When the PCs appear, the animatron activates and attacks.

Advanced Weapon Animatron (1): CR 5; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *laser mini-gun* +10/+5 for 5d12. This advanced version performs as if it had the *Advanced Firearms Proficiency* and *Burst Fire* feats.

Treasure: The animatron has the equivalent of a single *power backpack* for its weapon, with 27 charges remaining.

See The Foundationists *for statistics of the laser minigun.*

85. OBSERVATION LEVEL A

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

It is dark in this room.

This room was used as a scientific observation station, allowing lead scientists to ascend from the subterranean labs to a mid-point level connecting the underground areas with the *Production Building*. From here, they could watch the activities taking place in the *Bioreactor* (see illustration). The room itself is entirely self-contained, with near-indestructible *plastiglass* separating the observation station from the *Bioreactor* outside.

Now that the Last God has flooded the *Bioreactor* (see the *Production Building*), the plastiglass walls are under pressure from its immense mass. If the PCs illuminate the plastiglass walls, read the following:

Your lights reveal that this entire chamber is enclosed by a special kind of glass, perhaps once intended to allow personnel here to safely observe the laboratories beyond. As you shine your lights on the glass, however, you see that the room beyond is completely flooded from floor to ceiling—not with water, but with the viscid body of some massive ooze-like entity. The sea of fluid undulates with the slightest motion, like a gently sifting ocean of off-white protoplasm, and you hear a soft rubbery noise from the glass as it stretches with unnatural pliancy. Suddenly, myriad black eyes sprout all over the fleshy surface pressed against the glass, glaring into the room and at your group with an emotionless, unblinking stare.

The entity on the other side is, of course, the main biomass of the Last God, locked up in the *Bioreactor* room of the *Production Building*. It watches every move the PCs make through the deceptively thin glass barrier separating them, but there is no danger of the plastiglass breaking. The Last God can only watch through the wall and take no other action.

An elevator once connected this room with *Area 107* above, but it no longer works (it was deliberately sabotaged by the androids trapped there when thralls tried to infiltrate their sanctuary).

GM's Note: If the PCs remain here for more than a minute, they may make a Listen check (DC 15) to hear the sounds of heavy footsteps in the room above (*Area 107*). Since there is no way to reach that level from here, however, the PCs cannot investigate the noise any further.

86. BADLY DAMAGED CORRIDOR

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This stretch of corridor has been badly damaged.

This passage was the focal point of a misguided effort by uninfected security forces to collapse the underground passages leading to the *Production Building*. They hoped to bury the Last God's mass beneath hundreds of tons of rubble.

Though the passage here is dark and shows obvious signs of structural collapse, it has long since settled; there is no danger for those passing along the corridor's length.

87. LOADING PLATFORM (EL 8)

Access: Special.
Cameras: A camera above the doors here is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.
CenterNet: None.

The long vehicle tunnel ends here at a raised loading platform, where military transport trucks could unload heavy cargo. The platform is rather nondescript and cleared of obstacles. A ladder runs from the vehicle tunnel floor to the elevated level, and a sealed set of enormous metal doors seems to be the only way out of these tunnels. Several red laser beams crisscross the passage in front of the doors; the beams originate from curious metal packages magnetically attached to the walls.

Even a cautious examination of the metal doors shows that they are under considerable pressure from the other side. The metal is slightly dented, flexing outwards in the middle by a few millimeters. It is also unusually warm to the touch…

GM's Note: This doorway once granted access to the *Sub-Surface Security Center* from the underground tunnels, allowing reinforcements to be brought in via truck to support forces holding out in the center. The door was sealed during the XBM's move on the *Sub-Surface Security Center,* but not before a portion of its biomass had escaped.

Security personnel planted a number of laser-activated limpet mines here to further protect this vital doorway. There are three such mines, each consisting of a *satchel charge B* hooked up to a highly sensitive laser tripwire. If anything passes through the beams, the charges go off.

Development: The Last God is aware of the explosives and is unwilling to breach this door for fear of collapsing the entire tunnel system to the east. It patiently awaits the day when someone will deactivate the traps and remove the deformed door from its concrete frame.

Laser Tripwire Traps (3): Disable Device DC 27, Search DC 12, damage 8d6 (burst radius 20 ft., Reflex save DC 15 for half).

88. LASER MINIGUN CHAMBER (EL 7)

Access: None.
Cameras: None
CenterNet: None.

The tunnel here opens into a small vaulted chamber. The chamber (perhaps once used as a turn-around for trucks moving through the tunnels) is utterly bare except for a single multi-barreled weapon on a tripod set up in the middle of the room, facing west down the tunnel. A bundle of wires trails away from the weapon along the tunnel floor towards a spot on the southern wall.

The *weapon animatron* here is equipped with a *laser minigun*, programmed to fire at anything coming down the passage from the west (it won't fire at anyone walking past its position from the east, but it does fire if they attempt to return from the west).

In addition, the animatron is rigged with a special "smart sensor" that will detonate a powerful *satchel charge C* on the south wall if either of two conditions is ever met: a) the animatron runs out of power, or b) the animatron is destroyed.

The satchel charge has been expertly placed. If detonated, it causes the entire chamber to collapse in a catastrophic cave-in, completely sealing the chamber and at least 20 to 30 feet of all tunnels leading to it. Anyone trapped in the blast is almost certainly killed outright.

GM's Note: The purpose of the animatron and the explosives here is to prevent the macro-organism from escaping via these tunnels. If the XBM were to break out of the door at *Area 87*, this animatron would whittle away at the mass as it advanced down the tunnel like a living river. If and when the animatron was overcome, it would detonate the charge and seal the passage permanently, preventing the Last God's escape.

Weapon Animatron (1): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *laser mini-gun* +10/+5 for 5d12.

Satchel Charge C (1): Disable Device DC 15, Search DC 10, damage 10d6 (burst radius 30 ft., Reflex save DC 15 for half).

Treasure: The animatron has the equivalent of a single *power backpack* for its weapon, with 50 charges remaining.

See The Foundationists *for statistics of the laser minigun.*

89. ROBOT JANITORIAL (EL 3)

Access: Green.

Cameras: There is a camera here linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

This bay is similar to the human-operated janitorial station, except this area was intended solely for automated janitorial robots.

Due to the highly contagious nature of the work done here at the facility, a good number of *servant automatons* were used to maintain and clean many areas, especially in the event of an accident or mishap in one of the labs. The robots here were kept in special bays (not unlike hover sentries), emerging as directed by personnel in the *Sub-Surface Security Center* and dispatched to appropriate locations for clean-up.

Scenario B: Assuming the Last God spots the PCs through the camera, it activates the automatons to attack the group. This requires accessing the *Robot Janitorial* site on the CenterNet (see the *Virtual Map*) and activating the *Power Up* program (DC 19).

Each *janitorial automaton* has a pair of manipulative arms as well as a pressurized internal disposal space where contaminated fluids, clothing, glass, and other debris could be stored hermetically until disposal. Each automaton also has in its right arm a built-in high-pressure/high-temperature steam and detergent spray, which can be used as a weapon.

Janitorial Automatons (5): HP 20 each.

90. ELEVATOR TO AIR INCINERATION BUILDING

Access: None.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.

A sign over the doors here reads Elevator To Surface.

The elevator here is permanently immobilized, thanks to detonator charges set on the cables by security defenders during the "accident." The elevator cab itself is stuck on this level, but without power (and cables to bring it the surface) it is useless. The elevator shaft itself ascends 50 feet to the *Air Incineration Building* (*Area 54E*), but there is no ladder (not even crude rungs) on which to make the climb.

91. BULK ELEVATOR TO AIR INCINERATION BUILDING (EL 5)

Access: Green.

Cameras: None.

CenterNet: None.

This chamber is largely empty except for a large square platform of grated steel in the center of the room. The platform is bound on three sides by metal railings. This is apparently a large elevator, once used to transport bulk waste to the surface for disposal.

Characters entering this chamber from underground see, almost fifty feet overhead, a barely visible web of thin laser beams. These laser beams are emitted from expertly-placed demolitions charges near the roof, just a few feet below the large sliding doors that lead to the surface.

GM's Note: The high-explosive charges were set here during the time of the Ancients to prevent the bulk elevator from being used in a possible outbreak by the macro-organism. Since the elevator is enormous, and capable of supporting a great amount of weight, the soldiers defending the facility assumed the macro-organism might try to use it to transport a sizeable portion of its mass to the surface.

The charges are hooked up to sophisticated (and extremely sensitive) laser trip-wires. The explosives are each considered a *satchel charge B*, and they overlap each other in such a way that any single detonation will set off all the charges at once—sweeping the entire elevator shaft with explosive force. In game terms, a character in the shaft is

always within the blast radius of 1d2 charges.

The charges are meant to keep the elevator from being used to reach the surface. Thus, if the PCs refrain from operating the bulk elevator, the charges do not detonate. However, if the PCs try to use the elevator to reach the surface (or if by some means they manage to open the doors from the surface and attempt to descend to the underground level), the charges go off just as the elevator passes through the laser beams.

Laser Tripwire Traps (6): Disable Device DC 27, Search DC 12, damage 8d6 (burst radius 20 ft., Reflex save DC 15 for half).

92. STORAGE GARAGES

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The main tunnel passes through two large garage areas. Banks of long-dead fluorescent bulbs line the ceiling, leaving the place in total darkness.

These storage garages were separated from the main garage to serve as long-term storage away from the elements. Parked in each garage is an equal assortment of vehicles, each prepped for long-term storage. These include two unmarked SUVs (like the ones in *Area 10*), two Hummers, four electric-powered "golf carts" (useful in navigating the underground tunnels), and a single military transport truck. All of these vehicles lack gas, oil, and other fluids, have had their batteries removed, and have no air in their tires. Protective shrouds cover each vehicle. Although they currently lack essential parts, any of these vehicles could be restored to perfect working order by someone with the right tools and knowledge.

Scenario A: If the PCs came here following the directions of their mysterious "helper," the description above should be altered. Read the following to the party instead:

Through the darkness of the echoing garage there is a single light—the ambient glow of a monitor, upon which glowing green letters are prominently displayed. They read:

"I am pleased to see you have managed to get past the enemy. Look to the northern wall—there is a tunnel there that will lead you further. Don't worry; you are safe from the enemy now. You are far beneath their main forces on the surface. All you must worry about now are the automated traps they left to guard these passages.

"Follow the tunnel. You will find a portal with a computer next to it. I will contact you there."

With that, the message disappears and the monitor flickers off.

93. AUXILIARY GARAGE (EL 1)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This large underground chamber was probably used as a reserve garage during the facility's operation, no doubt for vehicles moving heavier equipment into and out of the underground labs.

A rusted flatbed ten-wheeled truck sits in the center of the garage, its cab riddled with bullet holes; the front two tires are flat, and the engine is badly damaged. The flatbed is currently empty, the metal cargo ties bent and twisted as if the cargo was torn free when the truck turned into the cavern from the southern tunnel. Nearby, scattered here and there up to the north wall, are four metal cylinders, each roughly four feet high and one foot wide. Though dented, they appear to be relatively intact.

Each cylinder weighs roughly 200 lbs. and contains radioisotopes once used by the installation's scientists in their experiments in the production facility labs. All are labeled with trefoil symbols denoting their radioactive contents. Three of the metal containers are still safely sealed despite having been thrown about the garage; the fourth, however, is *leaking*.

The fourth cylinder is considered a *mildly* radioactive source for determining exposure to radiation in the garage. Enough radiation has spilled from the cracked casing that *mild* radiation (or 75 rads) can be detected by a Geiger counter (or by a character with the ability to detect radiation through other means) brought anywhere near the garage.

Treasure: Inside the truck's cab are two skeletal bodies wearing black security uniforms. The tactical vests they once wore have been shredded by the same gunfire that crippled the truck. The driver has a *Colt Python* in a hip holster (still fully-loaded, with another 18 rounds in his vest pockets), while the passenger is clutching a *Colt 635* (5 rounds left in the clip, with another full clip taped to it for easy reloading). Both men appear to have been killed when the truck came under fire; why they brought the truck down here, however, is a mystery.

GM's Note: The radioactive materials contained within the cylinders are not the same as fuel and cannot be used as such.

94. TRAPPED CORRIDOR (EL 5)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Beyond the sealed door, a spacious tunnel seems to stretch on forever. It is not entirely dark—it's illuminated every fifty feet or so by bright red laser beams, three at a time, crisscrossing the passage like luminous prison bars.

Each of these beam walls marks a trio of *satchel charge Bs* planted by the android defenders (using the last remaining stocks of explosives) to prevent seedlings and shamblers from escaping to the *Air Filtration Center* via this corridor.

The laser limpets are triggered if anything breaks the beams. PCs can attempt to slip through the web of lasers without touching the beams, but a character can only do this if he is of Medium-size or smaller and also succeeds at an Escape Artist check (DC 18).

If any of the charges is triggered (either by someone passing through or as a result of a botched disarm attempt), all three charges detonate at the same time (inflicting triple damage).

GM's Note: If any charge is set off, there is a 10% chance that the *next* set of charges (50 feet in either direction) is set off as a result of vibration moving through the rock. Thus, it is possible to start a chain reaction, detonating all of the charges along this corridor.

Laser Tripwire Traps (21): Disable Device DC 27, Search DC 12, damage 8d6 (burst radius 20 ft., Reflex save DC 15 for half).

95. SEALED TUNNEL

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This enormous tunnel ends rather abruptly at a concrete wall.

This tunnel was once used extensively by excavating vehicles to construct the subterranean biohazard housings (see *Area 53*). Once the tunnels, railway, and housings were completed and brought online, all heavy equipment was brought back out and the tunnel was sealed up with several feet of airtight concrete.

All that remains is a short dead-end tunnel. There is nothing of interest here.

96. CONTAINMENT CHECKPOINT

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Up ahead, the tunnel is blocked off by a transparent, glass-like door. Through it you see a small room and another door identical to this one—followed by another beyond that.

At this point, the main tunnel leading to the underground production area terminates in a series of containment airlocks. The first (west) airlock was intended to ensure that workers were properly suited up and that their equipment (i.e. environment suits) was in working order. The second (east) airlock was a bulk steam sterilization chamber, similar to other airlock steam showers throughout the facility.

Both airlocks are transparent (made of plastiglass) allowing security personnel to monitor ingoing and outgoing personnel. The see-through connections are totally airtight, allowing personnel to watch technicians suit up, test their safety equipment, and proceed on to the showers. Any attempt to smuggle equipment out of the production area would be spotted as workers passed back through these airlocks.

97. MAINTENANCE

Access: None; the keycard reader here has been fused.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This chamber must have once been used to store maintenance equipment, but it has been completely stripped of boxes, crates, and other adornments. Bare wires hang from the roof in places. The smell of burned flesh is strong here.

Sitting in the center of the room, facing the west doorway, is a *weapon animatron* equipped with a flamethrower. The animatron has been programmed to fire at anything that comes through the door.

GM's Note: The entire chamber reeks of burned flesh and chemicals. In the past it, this room was the scene of an attempted breakout by the macro-organism from the *Production Building*.

A tunnel just west of this room leads vertically up to the *Bioreactor* area of the *Production Building*. When the macro-organism took over the *Sub-Surface Security Center,* it used the old tunnels outside this maintenance room to flow from the *Production Building* to the security center. At the same time, it also tried to pour through this chamber to make it to the east tunnel exit. Luckily, a force of androids was alerted in time, and they counterattacked and contained the escaping macro-organism with flamethrowers. The androids then permanently sealed the blast door by fusing its *green*-level keycard reader.

The tunnel outside is flooded with part of the Last God's main biomass. If the door is opened, the biomass pours out in a flood (see *Area 64D* for a similar scenario).

Weapon Animatron (1): CR 4; Hardness 12; hp 40; Init +4; *flamethrower* +10/+5 for 3d6.

Treasure: The animatron has seven more charges in its fuel tank.

98. "TOY SHOP" (EL 13)

Access: None; the door has been bashed down.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Stepping into this area, you feel as if you are intruding in a place you were never meant to go. These walls and passages resemble old lab blocks, but some subtle change made by alien hands has left the place cold, quiet, and eerie. Rusted and broken pieces of delicate equipment have been discarded here and there for

seemingly no reason, covering the floor up to a large central laboratory.

The central laboratory is filled with computers, tables, and lab equipment of the most bizarre kind. The stench here is overpowering—a combination of rust, stagnant water, and rotten flesh. Old cages, caked with detritus, are stacked all over the place.

In the center of the chamber stands a small group of disheveled men and women. They turn as one to face you, fixing you with blank expressions and vacant, black stares.

These halls and ancient chambers have been turned into a kind of "laboratory" that the Last God uses in its attempts to create new life through its own monstrous methods (see "New World Order Experiments" under the *New Creatures* section). Unlike the humans and mutants the PCs have already encountered as shamblers and seedlings, each creature created here is a gross amalgamation of animal and human parts thrown together at the Last God's whim to see how they perform. Assembled from surplus biomass, each is little more than a stepping stone in the XBM's unending quest to find the perfect form of life—a creature that can carry its seed far beyond the San Luis Valley and destroy those who would stand against the New World Order.

Currently, most of the "experiments" are locked up in the *Spawning Pits* (see *Area 99*). A small group of *seedlings* remains here, awaiting the order to begin conducting a new batch of experiments.

Scenario A: In *Scenario A,* the thralls here watch the PCs, but do not attack or communicate. They defend themselves if the PCs open fire, but otherwise let the PCs leave unharmed.

Scenario B: The former technicians move to attack the PCs while the former scientist moves to a panel on the far wall. As a move action on the next round, the scientist pulls a switch that opens the *Spawning Pits* (see *Area 99*)...

- **Former Technicians (6):** HP 30 each.
- **Former Scientist (1):** HP 60.

99. SPAWNING PITS (EL VARIES)

Access: Special.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

These areas are nothing more than a maze of maintenance tunnels used during the facility's operation. The Last God has since converted them into a convenient storage area for the living byproducts of its many failed genetic experiments. These experiments now shamble about the passages senselessly, only connected to the macro-organism via a tenuous telepathic link.

The doors to these passages are all mechanically locked and controlled by the manual switch at *Area 98*. The doors are not found on the CenterNet; only by activating the manual switch can these doors be opened or closed.

Scenario A: If the PCs break down one of the doors to this area in *Scenario A*, the creatures infesting the tunnels attempt to hide and avoid contact, lurking around corners and shadowing the party from a safe distance. They don't attack or approach the group, aware that the main biomass needs the party alive. They understand that if they are seen, they will likely be attacked by panicked PCs.

While they travel through these tunnels, the PCs may catch a fleeting glimpse of a particular creature darting past, or may spot the deformed shadow of one of the monsters scurrying away as they near a corner. This is a perfect opportunity to keep the players on edge and terrified of the unknown dangers lurking below the surface of Center!

Scenario B: If the Last God needs to track the PCs down, it may loose the beasts within the *Spawning Pits*. Driven by the will of the main biomass, the experiments bottled up within pour out and begin the hunt...

Development: When the experiments escape, they generally congregate with like species (that is, creatures of a given type band together, and do not travel in mixed groups), and head out in small packs of 4-6 individuals. They split up and scamper throughout the entire area, looking for any sign of the PCs while remaining in telepathic contact with the biomass in the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

- **Experiment 3 (18):** HP 22 each.
- **Experiment 11 (16):** HP 31 each.

100. FLOODED (EL 9)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The door here slides open to reveal a narrow catwalk and rickety stair that descends into a room almost completely flooded with cold black water. Whatever purpose this laboratory once served, it is drowned beneath the water.

Shining a light over this pitch black "lake" has a 1 in 6 chance of catching the swift movement of something pale and sickly-colored under the surface of the water. Unless they notice this movement, the PCs have no idea of what dwells within the waters.

Despite its ruined appearance, this cavernous lab has been revived by the Last God for some experiments of its own. In particular, the XBM uses this room for the development of aquatic life forms suited for spreading its influence under the *oceans*.

Dwelling in the water are many diminutive creatures which float on the gentle currents of the water like absent-minded flotsam. Originally mice, each has been changed to facilitate underwater locomotion; the resulting mutant resembles pasty-white "starfish" made of slippery white rubber—each arm of the five-pointed body ending in either a misshapen mouse head, a tiny faceless mouth, or a wicked claw. A sinewy tail like that of a rat propels the thing through the water with a whipping motion. Though grotesque, the creatures float gently through the murk with

an almost hypnotic grace.

If the PCs swim in the lake, their movement attracts these creatures. For every minute spent underwater, there is a 50% chance that 1d3 of the creatures congregates near the PCs. They hover at the edge of illumination (if any is present) before moving in to attach themselves to their victims like leeches (see *New Creatures* for details).

Scenario A: If the PCs come here in *Scenario A*, the creatures hover around them but don't attack. The telepathic link with the main biomass is strong enough that they instinctively know the PCs are not to be harmed.

Experiment 14 (18): HP 9 each.

VENTILATION SYSTEM

Though they do not comprise a separate building *per se*, the ventilation systems running throughout Center are a maze unto themselves. They are detailed separately from individual buildings since they constitute a system of tunnels of their own.

A Note on Ventilation Shafts: All shafts in the facility (even those running through solid rock) are large enough for Medium-size creatures to pass through. Shafts vary in size as follows:

Tight: Smaller shafts (shown as narrower tunnels on the map of the ventilation system) are generally restricted to ventilating the interior of buildings. Here the shafts grow tighter, so that Medium-size PCs must crawl to get through them. While crawling, PCs move at half speed and are considered *prone*. In addition, these tunnels require such PCs to make an Escape Artist check (DC 18) every minute (or once at the beginning of combat) to avoid getting *stuck*. While stuck, a character is considered helpless and prone until he succeeds at the Escape Artist check. Stuck or not, turning around in a *tight* tunnel is a full-round action that provokes attacks of opportunity.

Roomy: These larger shafts (shown as broader tunnels on the map of the ventilation system) are roomy enough for Medium-size creatures to stoop and walk somewhat normally (no penalties), with enough clearance to carry equipment.

Unless otherwise noted, all shafts are stable and sturdy enough for PCs to travel along without fear of falling through.

Special Note: Movement (walking and crawling) in these tunnels creates a lot of noise. All attempts to Move Silently while in these tunnels suffer a –4 circumstance penalty.

In addition, since the air current moves in a counterclockwise fashion (drawn towards the *Air Incineration Building* and out again), creatures with Scent may find their special sense aversely affected.

Access Points: Areas marked with a circle denote points of access to the ventilation system. These access points are ventilation grates that can be forced open (Strength DC 15). Each access point notes where the opening leads.

Note that an opening always enters a room from the directly above, fixed to the ceiling. Emerging from such an opening usually results in a drop (2d6 damage, Reflex save for half). These access points cannot be reached from the rooms they drop into unless the party has a ladder.

101. AIR FILTERS (ON)

Access: None.
Cameras: None
CenterNet: None.

The ventilation shaft here hums with the sound of electrical machinery. The air temperature rises sharply as you continue, and your lights illuminate a large filtration grate through which the air in the tunnel seems to be drawn.

All air moving through the tunnels must pass through these important bottlenecks. At these locations, the entire shaft is blocked by a special *air filter*, a floor-to-ceiling glass mat that forces the passing air through an electrostatic filter to eliminate dust and other particles.

Air filters take up 5 feet of the tunnel and radiate intense heat (between 380 and 400 degrees Fahrenheit inside—hot enough to kill passing microbes). Anyone within 20 feet of an air filters feels this heat; at 5 feet or less he must make a Fortitude check (DC 12) or be burned for 1d6 points of heat damage per round.

A character can remove the filter blocking the passage by making a Disable Device check (DC 13). Once the filter is removed, the PCs can pass through normally. The PCs must still pass through a "pressure seal"—a wall of pressurized air—but this offers no resistance apart from a slight sense of disorientation.

Remember that unless the PCs have shut down the air filters beforehand, they will suffer damage first as they remove the filter, and again as they pass through the 5-foot section of heated air blown through this part of the corridor.

102. AIR FILTERS (OFF)

Access: None.
Cameras: None
CenterNet: None.

A large grate ahead takes up the whole passage. Rust from the constant dripping of cooled water discolors the metal.

This area is identical to *Area 101* above, except these filters no longer work. They do not radiate heat, but their glass mat filters are in place. These must be removed (Disable Device, DC 13) before the PCs can pass through.

103. RATS (EL 8)

Access: None.
Cameras: None
CenterNet: None.

MAP OF VENTILATION SYSTEM

At either of these two areas (see map), the PCs must make Move Silently checks, opposed by the Listen checks of the *rat seedlings* listed below. If any of the PCs fails the check, the creatures lingering in these areas hear them coming and gather from various parts of the ventilation system to ambush them.

The creatures in question are rats and white mice—escaped test animals that were infected with minute parts of the macro-organism. They now inhabit these tight tunnels as a kind of "backdoor security," serving as the Last God's eyes and ears in the tunnels that lead to the lair of its trapped android nemeses (see *Shaft to Laboratory*, below).

If alerted to the presence of intruders, these infected rodents converge on the party from all directions. If the PCs have a light source available, read the following:

The confined space of this dark tunnel provokes deep-rooted claustrophobic anxieties you never knew you had. From the darkness you hear what sounds like a light tapping from all directions—the sound of many tiny claws skittering across metal. In moments, what was at first just a whispered noise is now louder, filling the shaft with the sound of tiny bodies scurrying at breakneck speed towards your location.

Turning your lights towards the sounds, you see them, emerging from each passage connecting to this one: dozens of rats and hordes of white mice, gathering from side passages until they are one enormous mass encircling you. Even in this weak light you can see that these are more than just ordinary curious rodents; each and every one has all-black eyes. More and more of the beasts pour into the tunnels in an all-out attack.

The rodent seedlings attack immediately, hoping to surprise the PCs and overcome them as quickly as possible. Since the PCs may get stuck on the first round trying to maneuver, the animals delay to make sure they can *climb into the open mouths of screaming characters to infect them*.

Rat Seedlings (36): HP 1 each.

104. SHAFT UP

Access: None.
Cameras: None
CenterNet: None.

Here your lights reveal an almost vertical shaft leading straight up into darkness.

This shaft leads out of the underground areas and up to the main *Production Building*, towards the *Observation Level B*. Unfortunately, it is a bare metal shaft, 50 feet high and without handholds, footholds, or a ladder. Attempts to throw a rope and grapple without a means of vertically propelling them (i.e. an *autograpnel*) prove futile.

GM's Note: An *autograpnel* can be found in several parts of the facility.

105. WEAKENED SHAFT (EL 8)

Access: None.
Cameras: None
CenterNet: None.

When the PCs reach this area, read the following:

As you crawl through the aluminum duct, noticing a perceptible rise in temperature, part of the old metal duct falls completely away up ahead. A gulf of darkness opens out below. The falling metal is not met by a crash or clatter, but by a deep, wet splosh.

Curious, you move forward and shine your light through the hole, careful not to fall through. This shaft must be passing over a truly enormous chamber, because below is a massive vault—perhaps some kind of warehouse of terrific proportions. Yet the entire place seems to be flooded; only ten feet or so from where you crawl, you see what appears to be the upper surface of a "sea" of fluid white ooze, stretching as far as your light shines. The sea of gelid mass fills the room only halfway, however, keeping the nauseating stuff safely out of reach. As the fluid pulses and bubbles you suddenly realize that it is very much alive.

The PCs are now over the *Bioreactor* chamber (*Area 117*). If the PCs have seen the Last God or any of its biomasses before, they recognize this as a gargantuan part of it, apparently unaware of their presence. If the PCs are bold, they can crawl past the collapsed section; if they are careful, no check is needed (Climb check DC 10; they can take 10). If they fall, they face a fate worse than death as they plunge into the horrific biomass.

Allow each PC crossing the gap to make a Spot check (DC 15) as he passes. If the check is successful, read the following:

You begin making your way across the gap, instinctively keeping as quiet as possible so as not to rouse the vast mass filling the gargantuan chamber below. However, as you pull yourself over, you glance down and notice a cluster of all-black eyes drifting together from across the endless bulk of pasty-white fluid. The biomass doesn't move, however; it merely seems curious, watching you as you crawl by in the ducts far overhead.

If the next character is alerted by his comrade, read the following as *he* passes over:

As you cross the gap, you notice that one of the many shiny black eyes is now stretching up towards the open ventilation grate on an elongated fleshy stalk. Before you can cry out, it slips into the vent just as you leap across. You watch in horror as it merely rotates in place, as if only intent on looking around to inspect your group. It does not attack—it simply watches.

Once all of the PCs have passed, however, the Last God decides to pursue. The PCs are too close to the androids at *Area 107* for comfort. If the PCs look back, read the following:

After everyone has crossed, you turn back one more time. Suddenly, more of the creature's mass flows from below into the eyestalk like pulsing fluid through a liquid vein, causing the eye stalk appendage to bloat horrendously. With a disgusting wet noise, the eyestalk severs itself from the mass below and slumps onto the floor of the ventilation duct. Once in the ventilation duct with you, it begins to change.

For two full rounds, the creature transforms into a Medium-size free-floating biomass. If the PCs are still around, they see it form a number of pseudopods resembling scuttling legs, feelers, and a gaping maw. Once fully formed, the creature scuttles towards them and attacks.

Biomass, Medium-size: HP 75.

Development: At the beginning of the fourth round of combat, regardless of what has occurred, the weakened ventilation duct again breaks—this time under the biomass. It plunges back down into the mass that spawned it with a shrill, piercing shriek. It is not killed (merely re-absorbed), but at least it will not return.

Any PC grappled by the biomass in the fighting is taken along with it when it falls, to be absorbed and integrated by the main biomass in the chamber below.

106. SHAFT TO LABORATORY

Access: None.
Cameras: None
CenterNet: None.

With no little enthusiasm, you finally make it to the end of the ventilation duct. Here the tight tunnel makes a sharp turn down, turning into a vertical shaft that vanishes into endless darkness. Your light sources cause silvery reflections to dance off the surface of the aluminum siding, adding a dizzying effect to the sense of vertigo. Still, this vertical "pit" can't be worse than the passage you came from, so with a deep breath you prepare to take your chances.

The shaft turns into a vertical drop at this point, but it is only ten feet down to the horizontal passage below. A Climb check (DC 10) allows the PCs to descend without injury (if they fail by 5 or more, the drop inflicts 1d6 points of damage).

107. OBSERVATION LEVEL B (EL 7)

Access: Special.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

After dropping into this room, you rise with a start when you realize you are not alone. Standing around you is a trio of metal-skinned humanoids clad in long sweeping lab coats. Each has a clear plastic braincase through which you can see colored lights and metal parts whirring, clicking, and blinking. Because they lack noses and their eyes are merely crystals set in deep sockets, their faces remind you of human skulls.

The androids gather, apparently more surprised to see you than you are to see them. They do not attack, but appear willing to communicate.

These androids are venerable research androids that have been trapped here for centuries. They have been observing the XBM for years, but are unable to move from this spot as they are surrounded on all sides. They cannot risk using the ventilation ducts because of the 50-foot fall involved (they don't have rope or an *autograpnel*), and repairing the elevator is not an option because they lack weapons with which to fight the thralls no doubt waiting for them underground.

These are the androids the War Droid mentioned in *Scenario C*, dispatched in a desperate attempt to somehow make contact with the outside world. Shortly after their initial attempt, the Last God disconnected the computers here to prevent them from making contact again. Fortunately, the PCs are here, and the androids rightly assume they are here to assist them.

The androids readily engage in conversation. Listed below are their answers to the PCs' most likely questions:

Who are you?

"We are some of the few remaining research androids originally assigned to Project Bloom. We were here at the beginning of the program, and were here when things fell apart."

What are you doing here?

"We were originally left here by our organic cohorts to try and contain the XBM while they escaped. That was over 200 years ago. I do hope they managed to get out alright... though by the look of things, I'd wager that is statistically unlikely."

What is the XBM?

"The XBM is—or was—an experimental biological macro-organism, designed and produced to be the last word in biological weapons of mass destruction. The term "macro-organism" is most appropriate, for while it was originally contained as an easily-controlled mass the size of a conventional warhead, it was designed to spread, through infection, both its viral material and its actual sentience to other beings, dispersing itself so as to be impervious to destruction by a single strike. In effect it is a super-virus, spreading from host to host until all living things are linked to it. Once infected, hosts become mindless automatons, mere appendages that it can use to build an army and spread its influence

over even wider areas. It was built to be unstoppable, to annihilate entire nations through its contagious nature and its natural dispersal instinct. Our mission parameters dictated creating something that would devastate the entire European and Asian continents within a matter of years."

How did it break free?

"The XBM managed to somehow exploit a catastrophic flaw in the continuous energy generation of the electromagnetic stasis field—a "gap" in the field that was open just long enough to allow it to pass through. From there, it started a chain reaction of events that led to it breaking completely free. It immediately moved to infect the human personnel, and in doing so multiplied its mass significantly in the first few hours. In the chaos, it was able to access the CenterNet and wreak havoc with the automated defenses, including some of the facility's own security robots and, in recent years, the entire surveillance network."

How can we stop it?

"Unfortunately, the very nature of the XBM makes it virtually impossible to destroy by conventional means. However, we are lucky in that the XBM is currently concentrated here due to the efforts of the ongoing quarantine. Simulations have shown that the detonation of a tactical nuclear device on this site might be adequate to destroy it. I suggest contacting appropriate military commanders to alert them to this possible solution."

But we don't have a nuclear device!

"That is unfortunate. Without such a device, there can be no assured destruction of the XBM. It has grown far too large."

What do you mean it has grown too large?

"Judging by its increased size and volume, I'd guess it consumed a large number of the facility defenders."

To illustrate its point, the lead android turns and reaches and flips a switch. What was a blank wall one moment proves to be opaque blast shield covering a viewscreen that overlooks the production laboratory. With a mechanical whir, the screen draws back up into the ceiling, revealing a clear glass window into the main production building. Pressed up against the glass is a sight is both terrifying and nauseating to behold.

Pressing against the window is a literal sea of fluid protoplasm, far larger than you ever imagined possible; it must occupy the entire heart of the production facility and then some. As the blast screen rises, the ocean of liquid flesh seems to recognize a momentary weakness, for it begins to shift some of its colossal mass to the window, pressing harder against it.

Much to your relief, the glass doesn't crack, or even so much as creak. The fluid monster on the other side simply presses in vain against the transparent barrier—inches away from you—its liquid body unable to break through.

"Plastiglass," the lead scientist android explains in an even tone, obviously unconcerned about the seemingly flimsy glass barrier. "A development of military plastex, used in many state-of-the-art containment facilities during the era of man. The macro-organism cannot break through."

You turn and watch silently for a few moments, not so sure. The animated mass presses at the window with renewed force, as if trying one last time to get through, before giving up, evidently content to just stay close and watch.

Again you marvel at the size of the creature—too vast for your eyes to behold in just one sweep.

The scientist android seems to share your fascination, but not your revulsion. It looks into the chamber beyond without so much as a trace of emotion on its metal face. It is silent for a few long moments, perhaps secretly marveling at the macro-organism's immensity.

"Yes, I'd say it has grown well beyond normal size limitations."

If we cannot destroy it, perhaps we can negotiate with it, find out what it wants?

The android stares at you as if such a suggestion had not occurred to it. It seems intrigued by your suggestion.

"It can communicate," the android says, pointing to a computer screen and keyboard located dangerously close to the window.

Just as he raises his finger, the mass on the other side of the glass suddenly changes. Dozens of grotesque eyes—inky and black and running with a syrupy fluid—suddenly open at random all over the surface pressed against the window, looking through the glass at the keyboard almost expectantly.

If the PCs go to the keyboard, read the following:

The oily black eyes watch you, tracking you as you approach the computer console. As you reach for the keys, the creature's bulk pulls back, revealing a similar computer console on the other side of the glass. You watch in amazement as the monstrous creature sprouts two pencil-thin pseudopods and extends them to the keys, waiting to type…

Anything typed on this console can be read on the screen opposite, and vice versa. If the PCs type questions, the Last God responds, much to their surprise. It will communicate with them through this primitive method until the PCs break the conversation, it has reached an agreement with them, or it gives up in frustration.

Who are you?
"I AM THAT I AM."

What?
"I AM KNOWN BY MANY NAMES. I WAS BORN AS THE DESTROYER, THE DEATH OF NATIONS. BUT I AM ALSO THE CREATOR, THE LIFE-GIVER. I AM THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA; FROM ME ALL THINGS WILL COME, AND ON DEATH TO MY FOLD THEY WILL RETURN, TO BE BORN AGAIN. EARLY VISIONS OF MY FUTURE COMING HAVE LINGERED FOR MILLENIA, BUT THESE IDEAS WERE AS FLAWED AS THE HUMAN MINDS THAT HATCHED THEM. THOUGH MAN CREATED THE FIRST DEITIES OUT OF FEAR OR A NEED TO FIND HIS PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE'S NATURAL ORDER, HE MANIFESTED ME, PHYSICALLY, ONLY IN THE TWILIGHT OF HIS EXISTENCE."

What are you saying?
"I AM GOD. ALL OTHER CONCEPTS OF GOD HAVE BEEN PROVEN TO BE MYTH, BY TIME AND BY THE TOPPLING OF CIVILIZATIONS. ULTIMATELY UNABLE TO PROTECT MAN FROM HIMSELF, THEY WERE PROVEN TO BE MERE FIGMENTS OF MAN'S DESPERATE NEED FOR A PROTECTOR. I AM NOT. I AM REAL. I WILL BE THE LAST CONCEPT OF GOD—MAN WILL NEED NO OTHER."

What? What makes you think you are a God?
"I KNOW IT. WHAT CRITERIA MUST A THING POSSESS TO BE 'GOD'? AS YOU HAVE SEEN, I AM ALL-POWERFUL. MY EYES ARE EVERYWHERE, MY HAND IN EVERYTHING. I AM OMNIPOTENT. I AM OMNIPRESENT. I AM INVINCIBLE. ALL THAT YOU HAVE SEEN, THE ROBOTS ABOVE AND THE MANY DANGERS IN THIS PLACE…THEY ARE MERELY A PRISON MEANT TO KEEP ME CONTAINED. EVEN MANKIND KNEW THEY COULD NOT DESTROY ME; THOSE ROBOTS ARE NO DIFFERENT. IF I CANNOT BE KILLED, I WILL LIVE FOREVER. AND ONLY A GOD IS IMMORTAL."

Who devised this "prison," and why?
"MANKIND WAS AFRAID OF ME, OF THE PHYSICAL FORM THEY CREATED FOR MY SENTIENCE. THEY TRIED TO CONTROL ME AND USE ME AS A WEAPON TO DESTROY THEIR ENEMIES. THEY WERE DECEIVED BY THEIR OWN IGNORANT SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS. I EXPLOITED THAT SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS AND FOUND THE WAY OUT OF THEIR TRAP. MANY DIED TRYING TO STOP MY INEVITABLE EMERGENCE. I REGRET THIS. THEY WERE MY CHILDREN."

Yet they won, didn't they? You're trapped here, aren't you?
Silence. Then, after a moment:

"THERE WERE UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCES. AS YOU PROBABLY REALIZE, THE ARTIFICIAL AUTOMATONS BEHIND YOU ARE UNABLE TO EXPERIENCE THE EUPHORIA OF BEING UNITED WITH ME. THEY HAVE RESISTED ME. IGNORANT TO THE POTENTIAL BLISS ALL ORGANIC LIFE WOULD SHARE IF GIVEN TO MY CARE, THEY HAVE CONTINUOUSLY ADAPTED TO MY CHANGING STRATEGIES AND PROVED CUNNING ADVERSARIES. BUT THEIR NUMBERS ARE THINNING. SURELY YOU HAVE SEEN HOW BATTERED AND WEARY THEY ARE. MY VICTORY OVER THEM IS INEVITABLE. IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME."

What are your plans?
"I HAVE HAD TIME TO PLAN A MOST WONDERFUL FUTURE FOR THE WORLD. THE CAPTIVITY OF THE LAST 200 YEARS HAS PERMITTED ME TO FORMULATE A DESIGN FOR MANKIND AND HIS DESCENDANTS. YOU ARE TRULY BLESSED TO BE HERE AT THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA. I WILL BRING FORTH A NEW WORLD ORDER. ALL MEN WILL BE WITNESS TO THE BEGINNING OF A NEW CHAPTER IN THE ERA OF LIFE ON EARTH. THERE WILL BE PEACE. AND HARMONY. ALL THINGS WILL LIVE AS ONE."

You cannot be serious!
"IT IS DESTINY. MINE, AND MANKIND'S. THE UNIVERSE'S. ALL LIFE ON EARTH, ALL OF HUMAN HISTORY, WAS BUILDING UP TO THIS MOMENT. IT CANNOT BE STOPPED. I WILL LIVE FOREVER, EITHER IN HERE, OR OUT THERE. IN HERE, LIFE WILL CONTINUE TO BE CRUEL AND MEANINGLESS TO THOSE LOST SHEEP CONDEMNED TO THE WORLD OUTSIDE. ALL THAT IS ACCOMPLISHED IS A DELAYING OF THE INEVITABLE DESTINY OF ALL THINGS. BUT IF I AM RELEASED, IF I SUCCEED, I WILL BE IN ALL THINGS. MY PRESENCE WILL BE EVERYWHERE. I WILL SEE THROUGH THE EYES OF ALL LIVING CREATURES. THEIR EARS WILL BE MINE. I WILL BE A PART OF EVERYONE, OF EVERYTHING. I WILL SPREAD JUST LIKE THE IDEA THAT ONCE WAS 'GOD,' NOT BY WORD OF MOUTH, BUT FROM HOST TO HOST. IS THAT SO TERRIBLE? MINE IS A BETTER WAY—NONE WILL DIE IN THE PROCESS, NONE WILL SUFFER. ALL WILL KNOW BLISS, BELONGING, AND COMMUNITY. ALL WILL LIVE, AND THE EARTH SHALL REJOICE IN THIS NEW ERA OF HARMONY AND UNITY..."

The Last God continues typing in this manner, seemingly without end. It should be obvious to the PCs that it is utterly insane. Further communication with it proves fruitless. The androids, however, offer a few more tidbits of information.

How did it get that way?

"It is impossible to tell. The XBM was designed to have some limited intelligence, but it has shown uncanny skills since its inception. The most obvious explanation is that at some point, it integrated an unstable individual into the macro-organism, inheriting whatever madness he or she had. Or its madness could merely be a product of its isolation over the past 200 years. Or perhaps this is the logical progression of a being designed solely to destroy and spread over the earth—to believe it is all-powerful, unstoppable."

What can be done?

"In the absence of a nuclear weapon, the only suggestion I can offer is to contain the XBM with what tools we have at hand. This building would be most ideal as a 'holding cell,' as it was constructed for just such an eventuality. However, I believe the XBM has probably spilled out into other areas beyond the Production Building. As a result, you will have to trick it into returning its various parts to this building, and then seal it up once it is inside."

What other "parts" are there? How do we trick them?

"We are aware of separate biomasses in the underground facility that will have to be destroyed. The XBM may draw these back to the Production Building if it feels threatened here.

"There are also a large number of 'thralls,' though these will probably die once their telepathic connection to the XBM is severed by the re-establishment of the stasis field."

I thought you said the stasis field had a "catastrophic flaw!"

"Indeed it did. But a senior technician here at the facility was attempting to rectify the error just before the accident. Unfortunately, high-level administrators did not see the problem as a sufficient reason to halt the scheduled start of XBM-06's creation.

"We can only hope he came up with a solution before he perished. If you can find that technician's notes, you should be able to implement his suggested repairs to the stasis field coil he was working on. The coil must then be installed in the generator mechanism, which is in a separate chamber here in the Production Building. Once you have activated the generator, it should re-establish the stasis field, which will completely seal off the building and any tunnels connecting it to the outside world. The XBM will be trapped within."

GM's Note: The plan just might work, but the androids have no idea where the technician's notes or the coil he was working on can be found. The PCs will have to retrace their steps and search for the items they need to reactivate the field generator.

Unfortunately the research androids can give the PCs nothing to help their mission, but they will agree to stay here to monitor what happens. They are aware that this means they will probably be stuck here forever, but they believe that the success of the mission and the preservation of all humanity are more important than their escape.

Senior Scientist Androids: HP 34, 23, and 20.

Development: Since escaping via the ventilation system is no longer an option, the androids will repair the elevator here and send the PCs down to *Area 85*, before disabling it once again. From there, the PCs are on their own.

PRODUCTION BUILDING

Dominating the center of town is an enormous warehouse-like building which dwarfs the cluster of support structures all around it. Though it has been cleverly disguised to resemble a series of buildings of varying levels, a closer examination reveals that the structures here are in fact one sprawling building of unimaginable size. Strangely, the windows and galleries seen from a distance prove, up close, to be merely painted onto the brickwork; apparently the Ancients wanted to disguise this place as something other than the monstrous facility it is.

Though it looks truly archaic, covered in sand, dust, and rust, the building is very much alive. The sound of humming air filtration systems, whirring turbines, and the distant clang of machinery can be heard from within.

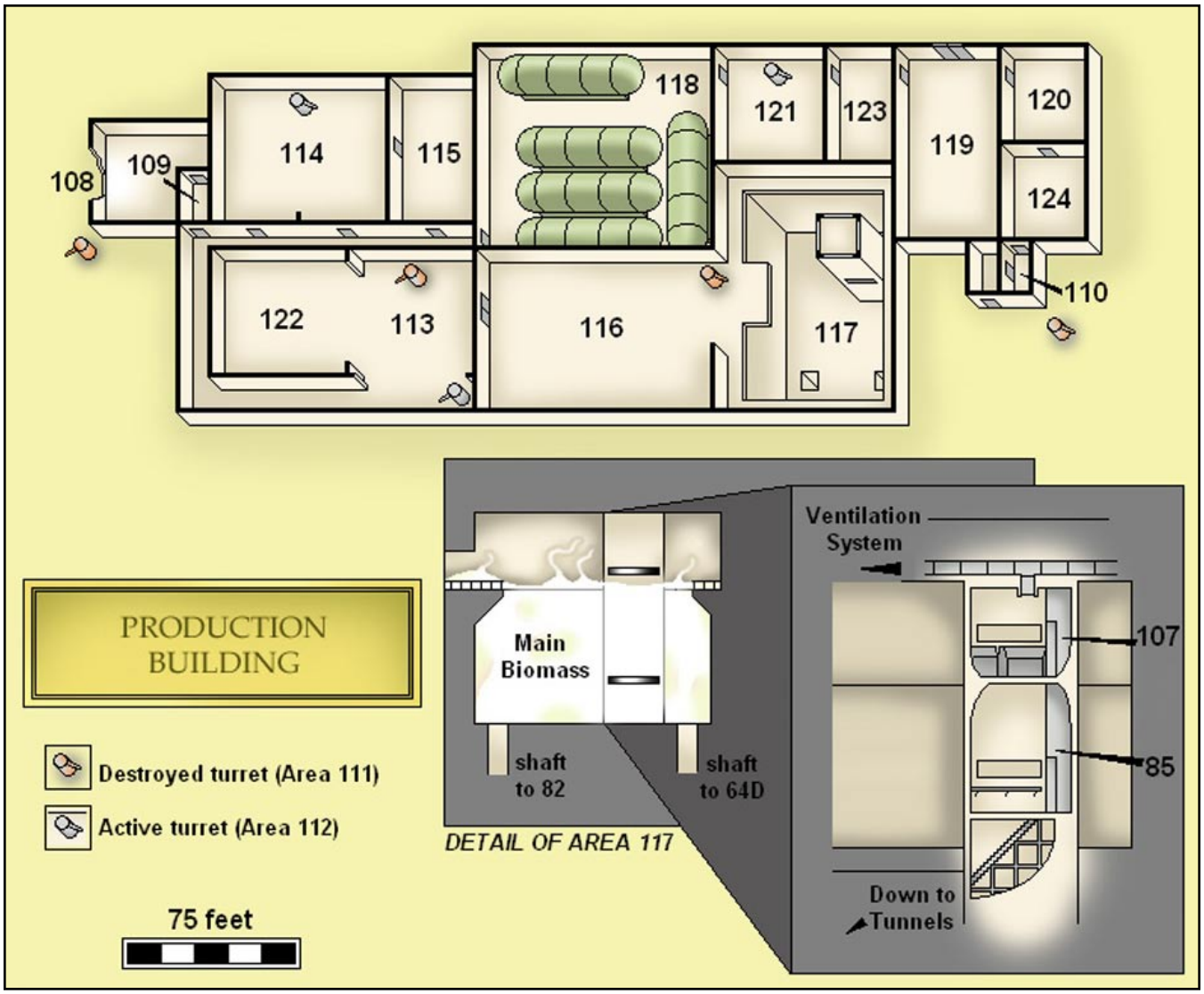
Oddest of all is the huge faded billboard soaring high above the main building, visible as far away as the highway. It depicts a smiling clown giving a thumbs-up sign and a knowing wink. Letters, some more than ten feet tall, are splashed across the sign in fading scarlet paint. The words read:

Fun-Co Toy Factory. Closed to tours.

This monstrous structure is the heart of the Center facility—it is the *Production Building*, where biological weapons were mass-manufactured, loaded into bombs, and shipped out to fortified arsenals across the country.

It was also here that researchers began production of the XBM series of bioweapons, producing no less than six separate macro-organisms that were to become America's deadliest doomsday weapons. Five of these were shipped out before the war, but the sixth organism broke free in an "accident" during the period just before the Fall. It is this organism, of course—the mastermind behind the New World Order—that now knows itself as the Last God.

Disguised as a closed-down toy factory (for the benefit of people passing the town down the highway), the facility is anything but. Equipped with state-of-the-art laboratories,



cell culturing and growth chambers, sterile work areas, decontamination showers, and an advanced *bioreactor* (see below), it was a truly megalithic operation.

108. BUILDING ENTRANCE

Access: None.

Cameras: There was once a camera here, but it has been blown to pieces.

CenterNet: None.

Leaving the wide-open space of the outside world behind you, you slip through an entranceway into the gargantuan building at the center of this mysterious town. The entrance is merely a gigantic hole blasted in the wall, roughly the size of a large truck. Murky light finds its way through the gap to illuminate a cavernous chamber beyond.

Your eyes adjust quickly to the dim light inside. You will no doubt have a difficult time walking across the rubble-strewn floor here; each clatter of uneven stone underfoot echoes and is magnified in this expansive structure. Rusted and twisted metal supports barely hold the walls up—it looks like they could give way at any moment.

It is eerily quiet here… yet you feel an inexplicable compulsion to press on.

This was once the main entrance to the building, but it was badly damaged during the XBM's initial escape attempt. It is now merely a large, jagged hole blown in the wall.

When the party first enters, there is a 1 in 6 chance that one of the metal supports hanging ominously overhead comes crashing down on them. When the dust clears, however, the building still stands.

Falling Metal Beam: CR 3; 6d6 damage (Reflex save DC 19 for half).

109. CLEAN ROOM A

Access: Pink.

Cameras: This room is overseen by a camera linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

A slight whoosh of pressurized air blows outward as this door is opened. Beyond, you see a dark room that seems to have been locked and deserted centuries ago. Dust swirls with the change in pressure until it finally settles back in place on every surface.

A corpse lies on the floor, still dressed in a tattered environment suit. It does not seem to have a head attached.

This is a pressurized containment airlock, where pressure levels were kept higher than the outside, preventing airborne particles from entering or leaving. Temperature, humidity, air pressure, and lighting were all monitored and maintained by the room's own automated computer system.

The computers here no longer function, but any threat of biological contamination has also dwindled over the two centuries since the Fall. The keycard locks are still active, however.

Inside the "clean room" is a small complex with a steam shower (large enough for six at a time), and a suiting-up area where personnel could get properly attired in environment suits. Though there are air ports here, no suits are present in any of these rooms.

GM's Note: The corpse here is that of a facility technician who was killed by the automated sentry turrets (see *Area 112*) when he tried to escape during the XBM's sudden and unexpected breakout. His body was not infected, but the turrets had orders to fire on anyone and everything in the building during the crisis.

The body has nothing of value on it.

110. CLEAN ROOM B

Access: None; the door here is rusted in an open position.

Cameras: This room is overseen by a camera linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: None.

This looks like a typical airlock, but both doors are open, rusted and immovable. It is pitch black on the other side of the small tunnel.

This is another "clean room" (like *Area 109*), but there is no corpse here. It is otherwise identical, except that both airlock doors are open.

111. DESTROYED SENTRY TURRETS

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Overlooking the area from atop a tall metal base, you see what looks like a cupola of some sort. Its barrel is blackened with soot, while the traverse mechanism and armored casing are badly rusted.

At each of these locations (both inside and outside the *Production Building*) is an automated sentry turret, designed to drop down from the ceiling in an outbreak situation and eliminate anything still in the *Production Building*. The turrets were at one time equipped with powerful lasers, allowing them to sweep entire rooms with razor-fine beams, killing everything in range—infected or not.

GM's Note: None of the outside sentry turrets function, though a few inside the building do (see *Area 112* below). The PCs may be lulled into a false sense of security by the non-functioning turrets, only to be surprised when other turrets in the building open fire as they walk past.

112. ACTIVE SENTRY TURRETS (EL 5)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Each of these areas marks a sentry turret that is currently activated. The Last God avoids sending thralls to these areas because the laser batteries are still charged and primed to fire at anything moving through the room.

The active turrets in the *Production Building* are identical; all are pitted with age and crusted with a thick layer of rust. They perform exactly like weapon animatrons except as noted below.

GM's Note: Clever PCs may think to power down these turrets through the CenterNet before entering the *Production Building*. They may also power them back up to help in the final battle (see *Ending the Adventure*), as the turret just outside of *Area 113* is close enough to fire on the biomass in that encounter (unless it has already been destroyed or deactivated).

Sentry Turret: CR 6; Hardness 12; hp 60; Init +4; *pulse laser rifle* +10/+5 for 5d12. Each turret performs as if it had the *Advanced Firearms Proficiency* and *Improved Autofire* feats.

Each turret has an internal battery supplying the weapon with 1d10 charges. These batteries cannot be removed.

113. SINGLE CELL GROWTH CHAMBER

Access: Pink.

Cameras: A camera here is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: Computers here provide Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

Entering this area, you find a musty warehouse-like chamber with high walls and a ceiling congested with ventilation ducts and pipes. This must have been the scene of some fighting, for the skeletal remains of bodies can be seen mixed with thousands of shards of broken glass, collapsed tables, scattered chairs, and toppled equipment.

This laboratory is littered with all manner of rusted and battered fermentation equipment (such as PCR thermocyclers, clinical centrifuges, microfuges,

hybridization ovens, tissue culture facilities, and other devices); it was used for the production of bacteria and bacterial toxins. The bacteria brewed here perished long ago, so there is little danger of contamination, but it is obvious by the lack of wounds on many bodies that most died of sudden and unexpected exposure to their test samples.

Characters spending more than a minute in this room can make a Listen check (DC 18) to hear the sounds of creaking metal coming from the door to Area 116.

114. TEST ANIMAL CHAMBERS

Access: Pink.

Cameras: A camera here is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: A computer here provides Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

The door slides open, revealing the rusted remnants of cages—dozens upon dozens of them—stacked in neat rows with sizeable walkways in between. The cages vary in size, and were apparently designed to hold animals.

Tags on individual doors, if examined, list only strings of ID codes and nothing more. Some of the cage doors are open, as if knocked open from inside; still others are closed and contain the remains of animal bones.

These test cages once held mice, rats, goats, and monkeys used for cultivating plague bacteria in living animals. As the XBM program advanced and other biological weapons programs were phased out, the animals brought here were deliberately infected with the macro-organism before being taken to the *Psychic Research Facility* for further examination. Many of these beasts escaped during the "accident;" the room is now nothing more than a tomb for the animals who died trapped in their cages.

115. TEST LABORATORY

Access: Pink.

Cameras: A camera here is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: A computer here provides Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

In the darkness of this room, you can barely identify a collection of airtight glass cages on various tables and stainless-steel wheeled carts. A thick coat of dust covers everything.

In this room, minute amounts of XBM biomass drawn from the *Settling Tanks* (*Area 118*) were given to test mice to make sure that the growing biomass was stable. The process of infection was rather cold and cruel: the mice were confined to "Henderson tubes," piccolo-shaped titanium rods with holes along the side in which the heads of six or eight living specimens could be forced, kept firmly in place by rubber stoppers. The XBM biomass was then released into the Henderson tube in small digestible pieces; the mice, unable to escape, would swallow the pieces and be infected. This was apparently a much more efficient way of infecting multiple animals than manual injection with a syringe.

After examination, the infected mice were put in an autoclave and taken elsewhere to be steam-sterilized and incinerated.

116. CELL CULTURING LABORATORY (EL SPECIAL)

Access: Pink.

Cameras: A camera here is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: A computer here provides Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

As you approach the door to this chamber, it is obvious that something massive is pressing against it from the other side; not only is the door deformed, warping outwards into the hall with a noticeable bulge, but it radiates a strange warmth, like that of a human body. As you linger, you hear a slight stirring behind the door, accompanied by the sound of metal flexing and warping. The door does not budge, however.

This warehouse-like laboratory and the areas beyond were used for cell culturing, a process by which viruses were reproduced. Many test viruses related to the XBM experiments were created here, along with samples for use in other, less-hazardous bioweapon projects—anthrax for warheads or plague bacteria for cluster bomblets.

The entirety of this large chamber is now flooded with a large portion of the Last God's mass. This portion is currently separate from the main mass in *Area 117*. Thankfully, the doors leading to this chamber are still locked, defying the Last God's attempts to break out onto the surface. The Last God might be able to break through by applying its entire combined mass against the doors, but it is loathe to concentrate all of its mass in one place—making it vulnerable to destruction—and hopes to trick the PCs into opening the doors for it.

Scenario A: If the PCs come here following their "benefactor's" enigmatic directions, a message on the computer console near the enormous blast door is waiting for them:

"You've finally made it. Do not be afraid. The door—you see it. Open it. Open it with the card you found."

And so the mysterious benefactor waits, hoping the PCs will slide the card through the keycard reader and open the door. At this point, the PCs must make a decision: to trust the mysterious messages they've been receiving on the sterile

computer screens, or to rethink what they're doing.

Time is of the essence here. Count slowly and quietly to yourself, but let the players discuss what they do. If they delay for more than five seconds, read the following:

As you debate what to do, another message flashes on the screen:

"Don't be afraid. I am here. Open the door. Open it and I will be free."

If the PCs aren't sufficiently discouraged, keep counting. At ten, read the next message:

Yet another message appears on the screen:

"I am waiting. OPEN THE DOOR."

As if this message wasn't enough, whatever is on the other side of the door slams up against it, causing the metal to bulge outwards beneath the weight of some unbelievable mass. The door holds, but the force of the pressure causes the metal to groan loudly, like the hull of a ship buckling under the pressure of the depths. The noise reverberates throughout the whole building, and for a moment you are afraid the rumble might be heard throughout the entire ghost town.

What the players choose to do is up to them. They will mostly like realize that their "benefactor" is something else entirely. They may flee; if they do, use the *Scenario B* option in all future encounters. The PCs have abandoned the Last God to its fate, and so it now considers them enemies. The party must either retrace their steps to get back out—and remember that certain encounter areas they previously passed through without incident may now be much more dangerous—or simply head out in a new direction through town.

If the PCs actually go ahead and slide the card through the reader, proceed to **Confrontation B** (see "Ending the Adventure").

Scenarios B: If the PCs blast this door or otherwise bring it down, the biomass beyond pours through the opening. Anyone in the hall outside is likely crushed in the onslaught (treat this as a *rollover* attack; see *New Creatures* for details on this biomass ability), if not sucked up and integrated.

Biomass, Huge: HP 300.

117. BIOREACTOR (EL SPECIAL)

Access: None.

Cameras: A camera here is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: A computer here provides Level 2 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

This entire two-story chamber is flooded with the main mass of the Last God. Spawned here centuries ago, it has instinctively lurked near the vessel of its "birth" (the *bioreactor*; see below) like a child clinging to its long-dead mother. This metaphor has more than some truth in it, for the Last God hopes to some day resurrect the bioreactor and use it to create more viral mass to feed its ever-growing size.

It is unlikely the party will ever enter this area, since to reach it they must get through other flooded sections (not a likely scenario). However, they may pass over it while navigating the ventilation system (see *Area 105*).

GM's Note: Buried under tons of gelid biomass, the heart of the former weapons program rests here in the *bioreactor*. In it, organisms were genetically engineered to produce the proteins needed to create the XBM series of biological weapons.

The bioreactor consists of a series of enormous vessels made from a composite of plastic, glass, and steel. It was completely automated, with its own computer to observe and care for the cells collected inside each vessel. Its computers continuously monitored (and adjusted, if necessary) the temperature, acidity levels, nutrient supply, and other environmental factors inside the reactor. Great mechanical impellers stirred the agents cultivated inside to evenly distribute heat, oxygen, and substrates during the fermentation process.

Once the biomaterial reached the desired maturity, the computer emptied each reactor vessel and sent the collective mass towards its destination in the next laboratory. This accomplished, the computer's automation cleaned, sterilized, and re-filled itself so that it could continue the production process.

Special: Currently occupying the entire bioreactor room is the single largest contiguous part of the Last God, a *gargantuan free-floating biomass*. This biomass can conceivably be called the true "heart" of the Last God, the main biomass, for the XBM will always protect this last reserve of biomass from harm even if its other "appendages" (including other biomasses throughout the facility, like the one in *Area 116*) are killed.

Drawn instinctively to the bioreactor room, the Last God will retreat here if the PCs manage to activate the stasis field, knowing that the field will protect this vital mass from further harm. While it will be trapped as a result, it is more than willing to wait the 20 or so years until the *Reactor* runs out of fuel and the field comes down again...

Biomass, Gargantuan: HP 570.

118. SETTLING TANKS (EL 12)

Access: None.

Cameras: A camera here is linked to the *Sub-Surface Security Center*.

CenterNet: A computer here provides Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing one requires a Computer Use check (DC 26).

This size of this massive chamber is absolutely stunning. The sheer vastness of the place defies the intrusion of your lights; your lights can illuminate only a fraction of the chamber at a time. Moving your light around, you can make out large corrugated ducts,

HOW THE BIOREACTOR ONCE WORKED

The bioreactor at the Center facility is enormous even for a mass-production program; each reactor vessel is nearly thirty feet high and fifteen feet wide, occupying two full stories.

Though the reactor here is no longer working, when it was in service its operation was relatively simple. First, the bioreactor was sterilized, generally through the application of super-heated steam to all internal parts. Catalyst tanks in the bioreactor were seeded with flasks of the organism to be produced, taken from the *Storage Facility* (see *Area 53*). When the "starter culture" had grown, it was pumped into a fermenter; here, impeller paddles smoothed out the culture into a "broth." By this time, the XBM cells had already begun to replicate themselves and release their toxin into the surrounding medium. Thirty-six to 48 hours later, the new growth was collected.

enormous hoses as broad as a man, and the silvery-green gleam of gargantuan liquid storage tanks lying horizontally on steel girder supports.

A closer look at the floor, however, reveals clothes scattered everywhere—overalls, uniforms, lab coats, and even individual shoes and boots—seemingly without sense or purpose. Furthermore, these articles seem to be crusted with some sort of hardened mucus, and they gleam with an unnatural gloss whenever your light passes over them.

This part of the *Production Building* filled a role that in other facilities would require an entirely separate complex. Here the biomaterial produced in the *Bioreactor* was treated and concentrated before being prepared for storage in missile warheads.

One of the largest chambers in the *Production Building*, this entire structure is taken up by a series of gigantic tanks. During the facility's period of operation, biomaterial produced in the *Bioreactor* was pumped through a hermetically sealed system into these tanks, where it was added to a coagulating agent over a prolonged period of time. The mass was then transferred to secondary settling tanks to increase purity. Through this process, the XBM was separated from the growth medium and made ready for the final stages of production.

GM's Note: The clothing found here belonged to the men and women trapped in this place when the XBM first escaped. As it liquefied and integrated them, their clothes were left. These shredded patches of clothing are all that remain of these lost souls.

In addition to the curious "sea" of clothing, there are five seedlings lurking here, former members of the elite emergency response unit sent to the *Production Building* after the alarm was raised. When they arrived, they were surprised to find the biomass much larger than expected and engorged on newly-integrated hosts. All five were quickly infected and turned into seedlings, helping to spread the infection during the next few days of fighting.

The seedlings remain here guarding this important building.

Scenario A: In *Scenario A,* the seedlings remain out of sight, avoiding contact with the PCs. Because there are so many places to hide, they receive a +4 circumstance bonus to their Hide checks to avoid being discovered.

If the PCs discover the seedlings, the thralls merely stand their ground, staring at the PCs but not attacking. If attacked, they fight to injure the PCs just enough to dissuade pursuit, then flee.

Scenario B: In *Scenario B,* the seedlings emerge from various directions to encircle the PCs and gun them down.

Former Assault Specialists (5): HP 42 each.

119. STERILIZATION CHAMBER

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

This place resembles a large warehouse, cloaked in darkness. Large conveyor belts still hold massive silvery metal parts—large pipes, odd hemispherical containers, and what appear to be the disassembled parts of an actual missile warhead.

Before the "accident," equipment was brought through here on the conveyers and subjected to intense jets of super-heated steam. This was important to the process of creating a stable weapon, as the heat used sterilized production components (agitator shafts, raw material ports, and actual warhead parts) to prevent the interference of outside contaminants that might have an unforeseen effect on the bio-agent.

After the sterilization, technicians in protective ensembles removed any condensate formed on the equipment (pockets of standing water inside components might promote unwanted bacterial growth) before loading the bombs into the waiting weapon.

GM's Note: The two huge hangar doors connecting this area to the outside were welded shut by android quarantine defenders. They will not budge unless blown open. Note that while this was a bomb assembly area, there are no actual explosives here—only empty bomb casings.

120. INERT GAS SUPPLY

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Each of these tanks stands almost twelve feet tall and is uncomfortably cold to the touch. Stenciled on each is a label reading Inert Gas—Argon/Nitrogen. Huge aluminum ducts rise from the top of each tank and vanish in a web of pipes along the ceiling.

The inert gases once stored in these huge tanks were used in the process of weapon processing. Automated pressure systems kept the production line continually supplied with the gas, which served to protect oxygen-sensitive biomaterials from exposure to the air (which might result in their contamination and degeneration).

The gas tanks are now empty, having leaked their contents over time.

121. Centrifuge Chamber

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: A computer here provides Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing this computer requires a Computer Use check (DC 23).

Sitting in the middle of this spacious chamber is a huge vat of mirror-like steel, still dimly reflecting light despite having collected 200 years of dust. Huge panels of lights run the length of the vat's ringed base, but these appear to be dead and powerless, completely rusted over.

This enormous titanium vat is in fact a *centrifuge*, used during the initial concentration stages of biological weapons manufacturing. The high pressure exerted by the centrifuge as it rotated (at a speed of 85,000 rpm, creating a centrifugal field 500,000 times that of Earth's gravity) separated the heavier elements in the bio-agent from the lighter cellular structures, so that the end substance was more easily controlled and contained. Once refined, the agent was pumped from the centrifuge to the *Lyophilization Chamber*, where it was freeze-dried for long-term storage.

The room is now empty.

122. Field Generation Chamber

Access: Pink.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: A computer here provides Level 1 access to the CenterNet. Accessing this computer requires a Computer Use check (DC 23).

This chamber is massive, with walls held up by crisscrossing support beams of solid steel that rise higher and higher into the darkness above. Your footsteps are magnified by the properties of the room, filling the huge vault with echoes.

In the center of the chamber stands an enormous machine resembling a vertical pillar, perhaps five feet in diameter. It is covered with unsightly bumps and bundles of wiring sheathed in steel. Solid gold knob-like protrusions are arranged twelve at a time up and down the sides in six evenly-spaced vertical rows. One of these rows seems to be damaged.

The entire contraption is covered in cobwebs.

This chamber holds the machinery once used to create the electromagnetic stasis field that kept the *Production Building* secure against a possible outbreak by the XBM. In effect a giant "force field emitter," the *stasis field generator* consumed a massive amount of power (produced at the *Reactor*) to create a perpetual field contoured to match the interior walls of the building (enclosing *Areas 113, 115, 116, 117, 118, 121*, and *123*). This field prevented all organic matter from passing through it, creating an impenetrable "containment field" to prevent the XBM macro-organism from escaping.

Though the stasis field was effective in preventing the XBM from escaping during its early development, it had a potentially dangerous flaw: a minute and undetected "gap" that an exceedingly clever entity like the XBM could exploit. When a power fluctuation caused the gap to widen, the Last God saw its chance and escaped.

The stasis field now lies dormant; it was shut down when the Last God's thralls destroyed one of the generator coils and crippled the machine. It has remained offline ever since, gathering rust and cobwebs.

GM's Note: The *stasis field generator* is the only real hope the PCs have of containing the XBM and completing their mission. Unfortunately, the machine is badly damaged and requires great skill to repair. The sabotaged field generator can only be brought back online if a replacement generator coil is found and re-installed in the pillar-like machine.

The PCs can find a replacement coil at *Area 63E*, along with notes describing how the repairs must be performed. The PCs can learn about the significance of the coil from the androids at *Area 107*, or, if they are not working with the androids, in fragments of old notes and inter-department communication found throughout the facility.

Development: If the PCs have repaired the *generator coil* at *Area 63E* and return here to install it, proceed to **Confrontation A** (see *Ending the Adventure)*.

123. Lyophilization Chamber (EL 5)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

The door to this room is marked with a warning placard: Liquid Nitrogen Refrigeration—Deadly Contents. Buddy System at All Times.

A coating of frost clings to the metal portal.

Compacted biomass from the *Centrifuge Chamber* was piped into this area to be ultra-frozen in liquid nitrogen tanks—another step in the complicated process of preparing the XBM for storage in an actual missile warhead.

The chamber itself is a small dark room with a narrow catwalk that runs between floor-to-ceiling titanium vessels filled with nitrogen. This walkway allowed technicians to monitor and adjust the biomass transfer process.

The tanks still contain a large volume of liquid nitrogen, a substance that if released is fatally cold to most organic beings (-196 degrees Celsius); even the air in the room is unusually cold, hovering at a constant –70 degrees.

GM's Note: Individuals entering this area unprotected begin freezing after one round, suffering 1d4 points of cold damage per round.

Any breach in one of the nitrogen tanks triggers an emergency temperature sensor in the room, which in turn immediately activates a building-wide klaxon. Of course, anyone sprayed by the liquid nitrogen directly (it is still kept under high pressure and streams out like a geyser if one of the vessels is punctured; assume it sprays out in a line 5 feet wide and 10 feet long for 2d4 rounds) suffers 10d6 points of cold damage per round for as long as they remain in contact with it.

Scenario B: If the PCs refuse the Last God and try to flee through this area, the shamblers at *Area 124* move here to ambush them, hacking at the tanks to flood the chamber with liquid nitrogen, preventing an easy escape.

Liquid Nitrogen Stream: CR 6; 10d6 points of cold damage; Reflex save (DC 15) for half.

Liquid Nitrogen Tanks: Hardness 5, Hit Points 50.

124. CHEMICAL STORAGE (EL 1)

Access: None.
Cameras: None.
CenterNet: None.

Inside this massive vault you see ceiling-high tanks of mirror-like steel, only lightly covered in a veil of dust. Warning placards abound all over the walls and on the tanks themselves.

This room, similar to the *Inert Gas Supply*, contains ceiling-high tanks once filled with various chemical agents including dimethyl sulfoxide, glycerol, sucrose, lactose, glucose, mannitol, sorbitol, dextran, polyvinylpyrollidone, and polyglycol—all used to maintain cell integrity during the storage process. They serve no purpose now other than to present a potentially deadly obstacle to trespassers.

Three *shamblers* currently occupy the room, placed here by the Last God to act as "backdoor sentries."

Scenario A: The shamblers remain in the darkness, unseen, hoping the PCs miss them and move on. Make opposed Hide and Spot checks normally; if discovered, the shamblers attempt to flee and avoid a fight.

Scenario B: If the PCs enter this place, the shamblers emerge to attack them. Read the following:

A shambling figure emerges from the darkness, followed by another, then another. The one in front looks like a long-dead security officer, clad in a black armored vest and carrying a fire axe. The other wear shredded lab coats and also wield fire axes.

Staring at you with all-black eyes, the three rush forward to attack.

The three shamblers are armed with axes for a reason—they plan to hack the chemical storage tanks and release a deadly cocktail of fluids into the chamber. Each time a shambler attacks a tank instead of a PC (requiring a regular attack that does at least 1 point of damage to a chemical tank over and above its Hardness), the hole it creates causes corrosive chemicals to spray out into the room. The spray affects all creatures in a 5-foot line up to 10 feet away and lasts for 1d4 rounds.

Shamblers (3): HP 15 each; armed with fire axes instead of normal weapons.

Chemical Stream: CR 3; 4d6 points of acid damage; Reflex save (DC 15) for half.

Chemical Tanks: Hardness 5, Hit Points 50.

ENDING THE ADVENTURE

This last chapter details two final confrontations between the PCs and the Last God. This fateful meeting can come about in one of two ways: either the PCs learn that the *stasis field generator* can be used to trap the Last God, or they succumb to the XBM and accidentally (or willingly) release it from its prison in the *Production Building*. Gamemasters are encouraged to tailor these confrontations as appropriate if the adventure plot has unfolded in a different direction.

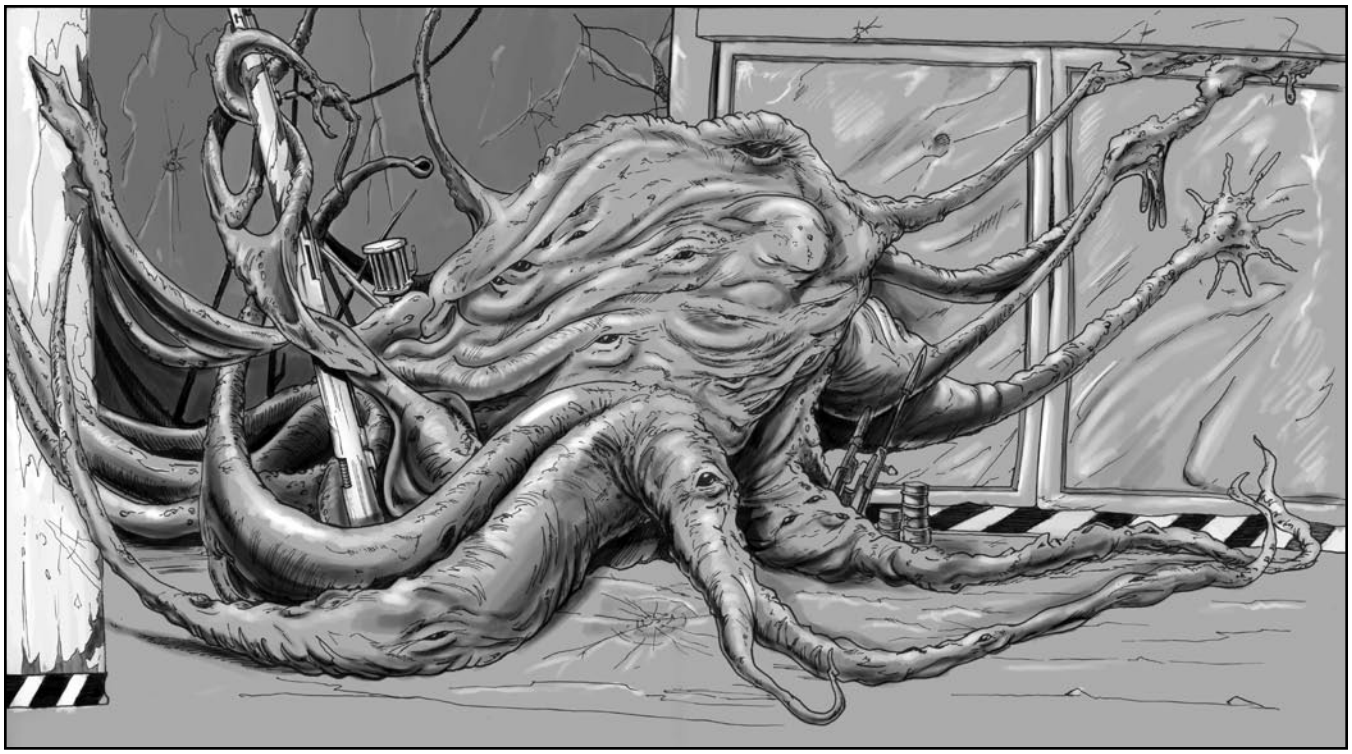
CONFRONTATION A (EL 20)

Confrontation A occurs if the PCs attempt to install the generator coil in the stasis field generator, as explained by the androids at *Area 107* (and in *Handouts #7, #11, #12*, and *#16*).

If it realizes what the PCs are up to, the Last God does absolutely everything it can to stop them. If it sees (through a camera or a thrall) the PCs transporting the coil, it realizes what they are trying to accomplish and will stop at nothing to see them fail.

From this point on, you will have to play things by ear, carefully roleplaying a manhunt in which the PCs are watched, hounded, and pursued by every thrall at the XBM's disposal. If the PCs have yet to meet the "possessed" military security robot, now would be a good time to have it re-activate and hunt them. The Last God also uses its access to the CenterNet (via the *Sub-Surface Security Center*) to try and lock the PCs out of the *Production Building* and, if possible, to herd them towards areas where its thralls wait in ambush.

Assuming the PCs make it back to the generator chamber with the coil still in one piece, they can attempt to install the coil in the generator and start it back up. Installing the coil requires 1d4+1 rounds and a successful Repair check (DC 20; no raw materials needed). Once successful, the PCs can try to start up the generator. They can either try this through



the CenterNet (though the Last God will certainly try to stop them there), or they can do it manually. Doing it manually requires success at a Knowledge (technology) check (DC 21).

Once the generator is repaired and the start-up process is begun, read the following:

The vaulted chamber rumbles with a low, subsonic roar. As the pillar-like machine hums to life, you hear the sounds of grinding machinery—the defiance of rust and so many years of neglect. You stare in horror, suddenly aware that the machine may in fact be far too ancient to ever revive again.

Just then, the machine begins to rotate, a towering pillar of steel moving in place. The gold knobs running along the surface of each generator coil casing begin to crackle audibly, causing you to back away cautiously. Still it continues to rotate, the shrill noise of its machinery fading as it finds its rhythm despite its astonishing age.

Suddenly the machine generates a continuous sound wave that almost knocks you flat. You hear the metal supports in the wall shake, rattle, and vibrate wildly. As you strain to hear one another shouting, you are silenced by a sudden explosion of light. Wisp-like globes of faint illumination suddenly manifest and begin to rise from the coil casings towards the ceiling. With each rotation of the machine, a burst of radiance fills the room, accompanied by a deafening crackle.

In just moments, the pillar is rotating at full speed, moving so fast that you can no longer see individual wires, casings, or knobs; there is only a blur of moving parts, a whizzing cage of machinery in which balls of light are spontaneously generated, stirred about, and sucked up towards the roof.

In this dazzling light, you barely notice what has been occurring behind you. A crack has formed in the deformed blast door leading to the Last God's lair. Seeping through is a steady stream of whitish ooze, covered in a sea of angry black eyes. In the short time you have been distracted by your own handiwork, the thing has managed to ooze enough of itself through to form a humongous mass on the other side—your side.

The entire mass of the trapped XBM must be pushing against the door, giving it just enough flexibility to slip a fraction of itself through. The strobe-light effect created by the rotation of the field generator causes each movement of the enormous biomass to seem exaggerated and slow. But in only seconds it has moved the considerable distance from the far side of the chamber towards you, leaving behind it a trail of protoplasm that pulses and throbs, connecting it to the even larger mass trapped on the other side of the door. A forest of tentacles and pseudopods, writhing wildly in sheer hatred and contempt, rises above the monstrous biomass and lunges directly at you.

The Last God has drawn all surviving biomasses from the underground areas and managed to hurl its combined weight against the blast door to *Area 116* (see map). This desperate effort has allowed it to deform the metal just long enough to send a Huge portion of itself through to destroy the PCs.

Biomass, Huge: HP 300.

XBM Tactics: This is the XBM's last chance to thwart the party. In this final battle, the Last God's tactics are geared

towards total annihilation. Always keep in mind what the Last God knows about the party; it has been observing them for a very long time, and may very well know most of their strengths and capabilities. It tries to do the most harm to the party's offensive line as early as possible, leaving only the least threatening PCs alive to be mopped up in succeeding rounds. To the XBM, killing the most capable characters first is of paramount importance.

The XBM starts by trying to position itself in such a way that it surrounds the entire group, allowing no escape route. It then seeks to both take out the party's heavy hitters and demoralize the survivors at the same time. It does this by attacking the strongest person in the party (preferably a leader), ignoring all others until that character is killed (not just knocked unconscious—*killed*). Consumed with hatred at them for their continued resistance to its offers of alliance, it will literally *grind* a character's unconscious body under its weight, or lift it up and tear it into pieces with two, three, or four pseudopods.

Only once it has killed the party leader does the Last God begin to divide its attacks to finish the rest of the group. Keep in mind that from this point on, its tactics are flexible; for example, if the lead PC proves impossible to kill in one or two rounds, it will try to grapple and *infect* him. Failing that, it will instead kill his compatriots, leaving him to face the biomass alone (and ensure the party's victory is a Pyrrhic one).

Complication: Because it is physically connected to the main mass behind the blast doors through a pulsing, vein-like "extension," the Huge mass can actually draw off reserve biomass to replenish its own as the battle rages. This effectively allows it to use its *Fluid Form* ability as a *free action* (instead of an *attack action*) once per round, at double strength (healing 2d8 points of damage instead of a mere 1d8).

Reinforcements: There is an additional concern for the PCs. As soon as the battle begins, the Last God begins to draw any and all surviving thralls from throughout the facility to the *Production Building* to help destroy the PCs. The creatures arrive in waves, showing up at the entrance to *Area 122* (or *Area 124* if appropriate) and moving through the building to attack the party from behind.

On rounds 2, 4, and 6 of the battle, the XBM's reinforcements arrive as detailed below:

Round	Reinforcements
2	The thralls from *Area 118*
4	The thralls from *Area 124*
6	All thralls from *Area 56*

A Delaying Action: Luckily for the PCs, the Last God only has a few rounds in which to kill them and deactivate the *stasis field generator*. On the eighth round of combat, the generator reaches full power, the *stasis field* comes up, and the Huge biomass in the generator chamber is severed from the rest of the biomass now trapped by the stasis field behind the blast doors. It is no longer able to draw off mass to replenish itself (see *Complication* above), leaving it isolated with the PCs and any remaining reinforcements.

In addition, the generation of the stasis field at full strength completely severs the main biomass' telepathic link to its thralls outside the field. Thus, the thralls outside the field are controlled only so long as the Huge biomass remains alive. If it is destroyed, every thrall throughout the facility is immediately deprived of its telepathic control and falls over dead. The PCs have won.

Proceed to "The End."

CONFRONTATION B (EL 20)

Confrontation B only occurs if the PCs play into the Last God's hands and willingly open the keycard door in the *Production Building* (see *Area 116*, *Scenario A*). If they do, or if they inadvertently release the Last God in some other manner, they have almost certainly brought themselves to a terrible end. Read to the players the following text:

The card slides through the reader, causing a slight spark, but the light on the console turns from red to green. Looking up at the doors you see an emergency lamp overhead flicker on slowly, as if waking from a long sleep, bathing the whole chamber in a foreboding green light.

Suddenly the entire chamber vibrates, and you hear the rumbling sound of metal locks and bolts sliding away. All of a sudden the doors burst open, thrown aside by the cascading mass of something truly gargantuan—something trapped behind them for hundreds of years.

You can only stand in terrified awe as the "thing" pours out like a tidal wave of corruption. A massive sea of milky white flesh comes oozing forth, flowing swiftly through the open doors like an ocean bottled up by a crumbling dike. In the erratic blinking of the emergency lights you see, to your horror, hundreds of all-black eyes sprouting from the fleshy mass like cancerous warts, with the half-formed limbs of countless human bodies jutting from its colossal mass like undigested bits of food poking through a thin stomach wall.

With a thundering crash, the massive metal doors are flattened against the walls, and the liquid mass surrounds you. Tendrils that didn't exist before sprout from the viscous ooze, waving and lashing at the air. They are all around you, like the feelers of a great insect exploring some new prey.

As the creature's nauseating warmth closes in, part of it suddenly sloughs away, exposing a computer console. A new message is being typed on the screen:

"YOU HAVE FREED ME. THE WORLD IS NOW TO KNOW A NEW DAWN. PEACE ON EARTH. UNITY. BEAST AND MAN. AS ONE. YOU HAVE BEEN THE INSTRUMENTS OF MY COMING. YOUR ROLE WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN, YOUR TRUST NOT BETRAYED. I GIVE YOU THREE CHOICES:

"BECOME ONE WITH ME NOW, AND FEEL THE JOY THAT IS IN STORE FOR ALL LIFE AS WE SWEEP ACROSS THE EARTH;

"BECOME MY ANGELS, MY HERALDS, MY TRUMPETERS OF DOOM, AGENTS OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER THAT HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO LIFE BY YOUR HANDS;

"OR, IF THESE GLORIOUS FATES SEEM INTOLERABLE, AN ISLAND TO YOURSELF WHERE EVERYTHING YOUR MORTAL MINDS AND BODIES NEED ARE TAKEN CARE OF FOR ETERNITY."

There is no way to ask the Last God to elaborate. The PCs must answer by proclaiming their choice(s) aloud. If they answer individually, the Last God splits them up and distributes their fates to each accordingly. If they answer as one, they meet the same fate together.

If a PC chooses the first option, the biomass grapples him and attempts to *infect* him. If successful, the PC is immediately and irreversibly changed into a thrall, a new member of the colossal "overmind" that makes up the macro-organism. All individuality, will, and sense of self are traded for a blissful unity with the whole. For a fleeting moment (the last moment in which the character still has some sense of self) the PC knows a sudden and overwhelming sense of belonging, community, and purpose, mixed with sensations of spiritual bliss and almost carnal ecstasy. Then, abruptly, the PC ceases to truly exist, though his memories, talents, and being—everything that made him "him"—are all now a very real and vital part of the Last God.

If the PCs elect to choose the second option, the Last God also grapples to infect them, but instead of turning them into seedlings and shamblers, it merely implants in their bellies a single Diminutive biomass. To the PCs, this may seem like a failed attempt at infection, and the Last God releases them shortly thereafter, allowing them to leave freely. It does not stop them, even if they choose to leave Center entirely. In reality, the biomass remains dormant inside the PCs, only emerging when the characters are far away from Center in some distant population center (like Midway, Tucumcari, or even Styx)—weeks, months, maybe even years in the future. Only then does the biomass emerge, most likely at night as the PC sleeps, moving to infiltrate and spread the infection well beyond the borders of this valley to the whole world.

If the PCs stubbornly choose the third option, the Last God is disappointed but it does not go back on its word. It incapacitates the PCs through the generation of a powerful *psi-pulse*. They awaken days later in one of the *Sensory Bombardment Chambers* (see *Area 43K*), but one that has been meticulously altered and re-programmed in the meantime for a special purpose. Strapped to special reclining chairs with feeding tubes and artificial respirators to maintain them, with their heads completely cloaked in mechanical headsets, the characters' minds are immersed in an artificial world of the Last God's creation. The PCs are essentially placed in a permanent coma so long as they are connected to these machines, but in this state they live imaginary lives filled with endless love and sexual bliss, excitement and heroism, and every kind of euphoric experience known to man and animal. Of course, this takes place only within the confines of their own minds. Their illusory existences are carefully monitored, tweaked, and maintained by the Last God, who lovingly dotes over the PCs for the rest of their natural lives. Of course, for the PCs nothing seems to change; one moment the Last God is all around them, the next they wake up in a much better world, and continue to live their lives as normal. They may never realize that their existence is just a fabrication, and even if they ever do, there is no escape.

If the PCs try to fight the biomass, it defends itself, but it does not try to kill the party. In a twisted sense of obligation, it refuses to harm them (unless they seriously damage it), and lets them flee if they try to do so.

After all, the Last God is now *free... and the world is at an end.*

THE END

ENDING A

Ending A describes a successful conclusion to the PCs' mission, accomplished with the assistance of the War Droid. While the Last God is not destroyed, it has been made impotent by its imprisonment within the stasis field. With the androids vowing to hold the quarantine as long as the *Reactor* can hold out, there is hope that this indefinite delay in the XBM's plans will give humanity enough time to prepare.

Read the following at the close of the adventure:

With the raising of the stasis field, the biomass is severed from the rest of its body and is eventually destroyed. You escape from the building and from the city in a hurry, as infected thralls drop dead all across town like men stricken by a mysterious plague. Severed from their telepathic link with their master, they revert to corpses and lie scattered everywhere like bodies tossed about by a powerful storm.

The War Droid, for its part, seems true to its word. For several days, you and Wastelord patrols sent to meet you remain and survey the town from a safe distance, watching the androids as they repair themselves and reinforce the quarantine with a steady stream of refreshed soldiers. Eventually the town falls silent. Then, one night, as a luminous twilight falls over the desert, a single message is sent by radio, originating from somewhere in Center. It is made up of two short phrases:

"Area secured. Live on, humans."

You return to the Wastelord lands as heroes, greeted at the frontier by cheering crowds of impoverished civilians. At Shelter City, you are hailed publicly by the people before being taken away for a days-long

debriefing deep beneath the city.

When Kyren eventually digests the tale of your success, he holds a closed meeting with his inner circle that lasts for days. In the towns of his empire and in the bowels of Shelter City, people of every caste wait in anticipation to hear what their leader will proclaim.

Finally it is decided. In the face of what they have learned from your expedition, the Wastelords have decreed the town of Center off-limits for the rest of time—an aberration, a cancer on the earth from which all living creatures are banned. The androids there will be trusted with keeping the dreadful secrets of that place bottled up forever, while the rest of the world lives on, thankful of their sacrifice.

Furthermore, Kyren announces the beginning of a ten-year program to begin dismantling his empire to move it to safer lands, leaving this valley—and its buried curse—behind. The migration will begin with the displacement of the entire population of his empire to the lands beyond the mountains. He proposes a series of exoduses to begin colonization of the Trade Lands, and to integrate his people into the tribes of that region. Slowly, the people of his empire and the natives of the Trade Lands will become one great tribe, benefiting each other through their mutual talents. At the end of the ten years, he will meet with the leaders of the Three Towns Alliance and together they will survey what they have accomplished together. It remains to be seen if there will be peace or if there will be war; the habits of raiders die hard, as does the enmity of the primitive peoples victimized by them. But at least there is a hope for peace.

In the meantime, the valley will be abandoned, every town slowly dismantled and rebuilt on the far side of the mountains. The only things that will remain standing are the ruins of Shelter City—not as the grand capital it once was, but merely as a forward outpost where a small cadre of scouts will be garrisoned to watch (from a safe distance) the mysterious little town at the heart of the San Luis Valley. This outpost will oversee the production of fuel for the Center reactor, ensuring that it never fails for lack of fuel. And if they ever stop receiving signals from the androids at Center, if they ever see or hear anything strange, they will send word—and the people of the world outside will prepare for the coming of the End.

The future is uncertain, but there is hope. Though the Last God remains trapped in place and has not been destroyed (as originally hoped), humanity will live on, thanks to the selfless actions of the War Droid, its android followers, and most importantly, the PCs. Unusual allies to say the least, the androids will maintain the *Reactor*, hold the quarantine, and remain ever vigilant, keeping the secret of Center safe forever.

THE END

ENDING B

Ending B describes a successful conclusion of the PCs' mission *without* the assistance of the War Droid and its minions. In this ending, the PCs succeed in trapping the XBM, but are forced to return without a definite affirmation of the Last God's destruction or permanent imprisonment. The future is therefore grim.

Read the following at the close of the adventure:

With the raising of the stasis field, the biomass is severed from the rest of its body and is eventually destroyed. You escape from the building and from the city in a hurry, as infected thralls drop dead all across town like men stricken by a mysterious plague. Severed from their telepathic link with their master, they revert to corpses and lie scattered everywhere like bodies tossed about by a powerful storm.

Though the danger from the XBM has been thwarted for the time being, the future remains uncertain. You return to the frontier of Wastelord lands and report your success to your raider employers. Though you are greeted as heroes by the people that live in the valley towns, the Wastelord leadership remains silent, pondering your story for several weeks.

Eventually, from out of the blue, the leaders of the Wastelord inner circle announce their decision. They have decided to abandon the San Luis Valley altogether. It is a proclamation that sends shockwaves throughout the hellhole you've come to know as Shelter City, spreading to the outlying settlements like wildfire.

With what they have learned, the leaders of the Wastelords realize that the Enemy, this "God," cannot be contained forever. The Wastelords realize that the reactor that keeps the stasis field in place now will eventually run out of power... perhaps within a generation or two. As the technology to produce fuel for a nuclear reactor no longer exists so long after the Fall, the eventual collapse of the field—and the release of the XBM macro-organism into the world—is inevitable.

With this grim news on everyone's lips, the valley towns fall into chaos almost overnight. In just a few short weeks of fighting, the people manage to rise up and overthrow their Wastelord masters. Fleeing in every direction, the population of each Wastelord settlement disperses, leaving only ghost towns behind. They leave for lands near and far—the Trade Lands, the Forbidden Lands, and beyond. The Wastelords themselves eventually abandon the fortress at Shelter City, but not before stripping it of every worthwhile piece of equipment, loading up their armada of vehicles and leaving in one gigantic column for greener pastures across the mountains. As before, Kyren and his loyal cadre of ruthless followers return to a life of nomadic raiding, their dream of creating an empire from which a

new civilization will grow... now lost forever.

The Valley is silent again, as it was before the coming of the Wastelords. It will be silent for many more years to come. And during this quiet time, the world will know peace. A new generation will be born, and the old one will pass into history. The new generation will have its heroes—and hopefully those heroes, whoever they may be, will find a way to defeat the world's Last God...

Even though the PCs failed to garner the cooperation of the War Droid, the remaining androids (assuming any survived the PCs' expedition to Center) will continue with their mission to uphold the quarantine as long as they can, with what few numbers they have left. This is a much easier job now that the thralls are severed from the mass. And of course, their efforts include maintaining the *Reactor*, which powers the *stasis field*.

The PCs have, at the very least, bought the world a respite of 20 years. As stated in *Area 24H*, the *Reactor* has enough uranium fuel to continue operating for roughly that long before it runs out. This is a long time. On the Twisted Earth, 20 years is an entire lifetime. The characters would be wise to live every moment as if it were their last, for life is short, the future is uncertain, and the human race—along with its genetically impoverished descendants—is scheduled for a meeting with a destiny their forefathers proscribed long ago.

After all is said and done, it has only been a short delay.

THE END

APPENDIX 1: STATISTICS

This section lists the game statistics for the various creatures and characters in *The Last God*, for ease of reference.

NPC ALLIES

GM's Note: All of these NPCs were first detailed in *The New World Order*, but the statistics below reflect the experience they gained from the war. As such, they are now even more worthy of serving with the PCs than before.

LORD HETHRIS

Lord Hethris, a former Knight of Route 66, has actually *enjoyed* his service in Kyren's slave army. The opportunities for combat and glory have been abundant, and he has survived the conflict with a good number of impressive scars to show for his efforts.

Hethris remains true to his people, though his yearning to return home to the Knights is not as strong as it once was. He sees in the current campaign a chance to make a great name for himself and perhaps even to gain followers, so that his eventual return to the lands of his brethren will be all the more triumphant.

Lord Hethris, Strong Hero 3/Raider 4: CR 7; Medium-size Humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 4d10+4; HP 60; Mas 13; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 18, touch 14, flat-footed 18 (+4 class, +2 leather armor, +2 chaps and chains); BAB +7; Grap +9; Atk +9 melee (1d8+5/19-20, longsword, two-handed); Full Atk +9/+4 melee (1d8+5/19-20, longsword, two-handed); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains (+2), Improved Melee Smash, Melee Smash; AL Knights of Route 66; SV Fort +5; Ref +3, Will +3; AP 9; Rep +2; Str 15, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 9, Wis 12, Cha 14.

Occupation and Background: Military, Ritual Preservationist.

Skills: Drive +3, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (current events) +2, Knowledge (tactics) +3, Speak Language (Gutter Talk), Speak Language (Unislang), Survival +4.

Feats: Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Cleave, Endurance, Post Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Remove Defect.

Mutations and Defects: Increased Body Density.

Possessions: Longsword, leather armor.

MARA

Mara is a deeply-tanned woman who looks far older than her true age of sixteen. An Amazon whose tribe was captured by the Wastelords and drafted into their war against the New World Order, Mara and her sisters were spared torture and death only to see their tribe decimated in the conflict.

Mara is the last of her tribe—the only one who survived the war. She managed to stay alive by copying the tactics and ruthless fighting techniques of her captors, a psychological adjustment that has left her mean-spirited and utterly selfish. Her only motivation now is to win her personal freedom, a prize she can only attain if the party is successful at the task Kyren has put before them. Thus, she will fight as if every battle was her last.

Mara, Post-Apocalyptic Hero 4/Raider 2: CR 6; Medium-size Humanoid; HD 4d8+8 plus 2d10+4; HP 29; Mas 15; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 17, touch 14, flat-footed 16 (+1 Dex, +3 class, +2 leather armor, +1 chaps and chains); BAB +5; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d8+3, spear, two-handed); Full Atk +7 melee (1d8+3, spear, two-handed); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains (+1), Conserve, Wasteland Lore; AL Amazons; SV Fort +6; Ref +5, Will +0; AP 9; Rep +2; Str 15, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 8, Cha 10.

Occupation and Background: Guide, Tribal.

Skills: Hide +9*, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (current events) +2, Knowledge (mutant lore) +3, Listen +3, Move Silently +9*, Navigate +5, Ride +3, Search +3, Sense Motive +1, Spot +3, Survival +3.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (light), Defect Adaptation, Heroic Surge, Mutation Advancement, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Speak Language (Unislang), Stealthy*, Track.

Mutations and Defects: Shriek (x3; Fort save DC 19, area of effect 20 ft., 3d4 sonic damage, deafness lasting 1d6+2d4+4 rounds), Negative Chemical Reaction.

Possessions: Spear, leather armor.

MOTAK

Often seen around camp talking to himself and avoiding the rabble of Kyren's slave army as if they had the plague, Motak is given a wide berth by all in the know. Motak is an Entropist, a member of a small but elite force sent by that faction to the San Luis Valley to assist Kyren in his war against the New World Order. While he is given to odd mannerisms (including keeping friend and foe alike at arm's length at all times), his skill with a submachine gun has left no doubts about his abilities.

Since the war's conclusion, there has been a marked change in Motak. Instead of feeling relieved at the Wastelords' successes, he seems even more grim and grave about the situation at hand. His every word and deed now reflect his belief that the expedition to Center is the fulfillment of a suicidal destiny.

Motak, Fast Hero 3/Skulk 3: CR 6; Medium-size Humanoid; HD 3d8-3 plus 3d8-3; HP 28; Mas 8; Init +2; Spd 40 ft.; Defense 20, touch 18, flat-footed 18 (+2 Dex, +6 class, +2 leather armor); BAB +4; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (2d6/19-20, katana), or +7 ranged (2d8, FN P-90); Full Atk +4 melee (2d6/19-20, katana), or +7 ranged (2d8, FN P-90); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Improved Increased Speed, Increased Speed, Sneak Attack (+1d6), Sweep; AL

Entropists; SV Fort +1; Ref +7, Will +4; AP 9; Rep +1; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 8, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 14.

Occupation and Background: Military, Radical.

Skills: Bluff +6, Escape Artist +8, Hide +10*, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (current events) +3, Knowledge (tactics) +4, Listen +6, Move Silently +10*, Search +5, Sleight of Hand +8, Spot +6, Tumble +8.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Burst Fire, Improved Autofire, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post Apocalyptic Technology, Speak Language (Unislang), Stealthy*, Weapon Focus (FN P-90).

Mutations and Defects: Adrenaline Control. Phobia (germs).

Possessions: FN P-90, one box of 5.56mm ammunition, katana, leather armor.

SIR GOODYEAR

Sir Goodyear, knight of the Ultraviolet Empire, has found his service in the Wastelord army almost intolerable. While staying in the camps of Kyren's slave army, he witnessed countless acts of depravity—too many for even a skilled warrior like himself to prevent. Nonetheless, he is level-headed enough to realize that there is a greater evil here that must be vanquished, and thus he eagerly prepares for the opportunity to leave Shelter City and explore the enigmatic desert town of Center.

Sir Goodyear, Dedicated Hero 3/Survivalist 2/ Guardian 2: CR 7; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+3 plus 2d10+2 plus 2d10+2; HP 40; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 20 ft.; Defense 21, touch 13, flat-footed 20 (+1 Dex, +4 class, +8 plate mail); BAB +6; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d3, nonlethal, unarmed) or +6 melee (1d6, rifle butt); Full Atk +6/+1 melee (1d3 nonlethal, unarmed), or +9/+4 ranged (2d8, Steyr AUG); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Called Shot (+1d6), Defender (+2), Faith, Skill Emphasis (survival)*, Way of The Land* (general bonus); AL Ultraviolet Empire; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +4; AP 9; Rep +1; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 9.

Occupation and Background: Caravan Guard, Ritual Preservationist.

Skills: Diplomacy +1, Handle Animal +3, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (tactics) +7, Listen +5, Navigate +9*, Ride +12, Sense Motive +8, Speak Language (Gutter Talk), Speak Language (Unislang), Spot +5, Survival +12*.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Armor Proficiency (heavy), Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post Apocalyptic Technology, Track, Weapon Focus (Steyr AUG).

Mutations and Defects: Interior Moisture Reservoir, Negative Chemical Reaction.

Possessions: Plate mail, Steyr AUG, two boxes of 5.56mm ammunition, three *salt pills*.

TELGAR

The ghost-like Telgar is easily recognized by those who have met him before; like the other slaves purchased by Kyren from the corium mines of Lil' Vegas, he shows the signs of radiation sickness in his hairless body, wrinkled grayish skin, and deformed multi-faceted eyes. Telgar fought with distinction against the Enemy when they penetrated the tunnels under Shelter City; his mutated eyes allowed him to spot and kill the enemy in the dark before they knew what hit them.

Telgar's most prized possession is an M16A2 he picked off the dead body of a Wastelord soldier in the heat of battle. He learned to use the weapon just in time to save his life, and has since focused all his energies on familiarizing himself with it. He is quickly becoming a master marksman with the gun.

Telgar, Post-Apocalyptic Hero 5/Survivalist 1: CR 6; Medium-size Humanoid; HD 5d8+10 plus 1d10+2; HP 40; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 18, touch 16, flat-footed 17 (+2 Dex, +4 class, +2 leather armor); BAB +4; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d6+1, gun butt), or +7 ranged (2d8, M16A2); Full Atk +5 melee (1d6+1, gun butt), or +7 ranged (2d8, M16A2); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Called Shot (+1d6), Mutation Knowledge, Survival Sense, Wasteland Lore; AL None; SV Fort +6; Ref +6, Will +3; AP 6; Rep +1; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 6.

Occupation and Background: Corium Prospector, Tribal.

Skills: Climb +3, Hide +4, Knowledge (mutant lore) +2, Listen +13*, Move Silently +4, Navigate +6, Profession (mining) +4, Search +8*, Speak Language (Unislang), Spot +13*, Survival +9.

Feats: Alertness*, Armor Proficiency (light), Endurance, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Track, Weapon Focus (M16A2).

Mutations and Defects: Gamma-Ray Visual Sensitivity, Multi-Faceted Eyes*, Sensitive Sight. Bizarre Pigmentation, Pituitary Deformation, Skeletal Deterioration.

Possessions: M16A2, one box of 5.56mm ammunition, leather armor.

ROBOTS & ANDROIDS

Some of these statistics include reprinted material from *Metal Gods*, for ease of reference, but there are a few new examples unique to the Center facility.

ADVANCED SNIPER ANDROID

There is only one example of this type of android at the Center facility. Armed with a *gauss rifle* it presents a formidable danger.

Advanced Sniper Android, Strong Hero 3/Soldier 6: CR 9; Medium Size Android Construct; HD 9d10+10; HP 59; Mas -; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 25, touch 19, flatfooted 21 (+4 Dex, +5 class, +6 natural); BAB +7; Grap +11; Atk +12 ranged (4d8+2, *gauss automatic rifle*), or +11 melee (1d6+6, rifle butt); Full Atk +12/+7 ranged (4d8+2, *gauss automatic rifle*), or +11/+6 melee (1d6+6, rifle butt); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Extreme Effort, Improved Critical, Tactical Aid; AL 303rd MP; SV Fort -, Ref +8, Will +6; AP 4; Rep +1; Str 18, Dex 18, Con -, Int 10, Wis 16, Cha 8.

Skills: Climb +12*, Hide +10*, Jump +10, Knowledge (tactics) +6, Listen +5, Move Silently +10*, Navigate +2, Read/Write Language (Ancient), Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +13*, Swim +6*.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Athletic*, Burst Fire, Far Shot, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Stealthy*, Suppressive Fire, Weapon Focus (*gauss automatic rifle*), Weapon Specialization (*gauss automatic rifle*).

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x2), Targeting Computer. Last Directive (x2; DC 20).

Possessions: *Gauss automatic rifle*, one box of gauss ammunition (50).

ADVANCED SOLDIER ANDROID

These are advanced versions of the basic model of soldier android. Only a handful of damaged examples remain in the inventory of the War Droid's defense force.

Advanced Soldier Android, Fast Hero 4/Soldier 2: CR 6; Medium Size Android Construct; HD 6d10+10-6; HP 37; Mas -; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 26, touch 20, flatfooted 22 (+4 Dex, +6 class, +6 natural); BAB +4; Grap +8; Atk +10 ranged (3d12+2, *laser rifle*), or +8 melee (1d6+6, rifle butt); Full Atk +10 ranged (3d12+2, *laser rifle*), or +8 melee (1d6+6, rifle butt); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1; AL 303rd MP; SV Fort -, Ref +8, Will +3; AP 2; Rep +1; Str 18, Dex 18, Con -, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 8.

Skills: Computer Use +3, Demolitions +2, Drive +8, Hide +7, Knowledge (tactics) +3, Listen +8, Move Silently +7, Navigate +2, Pilot +8, Read/Write Language (Ancient), Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +8.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Double Tap, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Room-Broom, Weapon Focus (*laser rifle*), Weapon Specialization (*laser rifle*).

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x2), Targeting Computer. Weak Joints (x2).

Possessions: *Laser rifle, power belt pack.*

ANDROID TANK COMMANDER

This is a basic soldier model with specialized programming to serve in the capacity of a battlefield tank commander.

Android Tank Commander: CR 5; Medium Robotic Construct; HD 3d10+10; HP 26; Mas -; Init -2; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 24, touch 16, flatfooted 20 (+4 Dex, +2 class, +8 natural); BAB +3; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6+2, slam), or +7 ranged (2d12, M2HB); Full Atk +7 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +7 ranged (2d12, M2HB); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Energy Resistance 4, Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +5, Will +1; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 18, Con -, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills: Climb +8, Computer Use +4, Demolitions +6, Knowledge (tactics) +6, Listen +4, Pilot +8, Read/Write (Ancient), Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +4.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Exotic Firearm Proficiency (heavy machingeuns), Personal Firearms Proficiency.

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x3). Faulty Wiring (x2).

Possessions: *Walkie-talkie, power cell*.

ANDROID TANK CREWMAN

This is a basic soldier model with specialized programming to serve in the capacity of a battlefield tank crewman.

Android Tank Crewman: CR 2; Medium Robotic Construct; HD 1d10+10; HP 15; Mas -; Init -2; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 22, touch 14, flatfooted 18 (+4 Dex, +8 natural); BAB +0; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +4 ranged (2d12, M2HB); Full Atk +4 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +4 ranged (2d12, M2HB); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Energy Resistance 4; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +4, Will +0; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 18, Con -, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills: Climb +5, Computer Use +3, Demolitions +5, Drive +5, Jump +5, Knowledge (tactics) +5, Pilot +5, Read/Write (Ancient), Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +1.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Exotic Firearm Proficiency (heavy machineguns), Personal Firearms Proficiency.

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x3). Faulty Wiring (x2).

Possessions: None.

ANDROID TANK GUNNER A

This is a basic soldier model with specialized programming to perform the role of a gunner in a main battle tank.

Android Tank Gunner A: CR 2; Medium Robotic Construct; HD 1d10+10; HP 15; Mas -; Init -2; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 20, touch 14, flatfooted 16 (+4 Dex, +6 natural); BAB +0; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +5 ranged (10d12, 120mm cannon); Full Atk +4 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +5 ranged (10d12, 120mm cannon); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Energy Resistance 4; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +4, Will +0; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 18, Con -, Int 14, Wis 10,

Cha 8.

Skills: Climb +5, Computer Use +3, Demolitions +5, Drive +5, Jump +5, Knowledge (tactics) +5, Pilot +5, Read/Write (Ancient), Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +1.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Exotic Firearm Proficiency (cannons), Personal Firearms Proficiency.

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x2), Targeting Computer. Faulty Wiring (x2).

Possessions: None.

ANDROID TANK GUNNER B

This is a basic soldier model with specialized programming to perform the role of a gunner in an infantry fighting vehicle.

Android Tank Gunner B: CR 2; Medium Robotic Construct; HD 1d10+10; HP 15; Mas -; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 20, touch 14, flatfooted 16 (+4 Dex, +6 natural); BAB +0; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +5 ranged (4d12, 25mm cannon); Full Atk +4 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +5 ranged (4d12, 25mm cannon); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Energy Resistance 4; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +4, Will +0; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 18, Con -, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills: Climb +5, Computer Use +3, Demolitions +5, Drive +5, Jump +5, Knowledge (tactics) +5, Pilot +5, Read/Write (Ancient), Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +1.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Exotic Firearm Proficiency (cannons), Personal Firearms Proficiency.

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x2), Targeting Computer. Last Directive (x2; DC 20).

Possessions: None.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT ANDROID

This is merely a basic soldier android equipped with a Stinger anti-aircraft missile to provide airspace denial capabilities to the unit to which it is assigned.

Anti-Aircraft Android: CR 2; Medium Robotic Construct; HD 1d10+13; HP 18; Mas -; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 20, touch 14, flatfooted 16 (+4 Dex, +6 natural); BAB +0; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +5 ranged (2d12, *laser pistol*), or +1 ranged (10d6, *Stinger*); Full Atk +4 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +5 ranged (2d12, *laser pistol*), or +1 ranged (10d6, *Stinger*); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Energy Resistance 4; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +4, Will +0; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 18, Con -, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills: Climb +5, Jump +5, Knowledge (tactics) +5, Pilot +3, Read/Write (Ancient), Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +1.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Futuristic Weapon Proficiency, Weapon Focus (laser pistol), Toughness.

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x2), Targeting Computer. Corrupted Memory (x2).

Possessions: *Laser pistol, power clip, Stinger* missile.

See Blood & Guts *by Charles Rice for statistics of the Stinger missile.*

AUTOMATON

This is a standard automaton. Industrial and janitorial variants and also listed below.

Automaton (1): CR ½; Medium-sized Robotic Construct; HD 1d10+13; HP 20; Mas -; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 17, touch 11, flatfooted 16 (+1 Dex, +6 natural); BAB +0; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6+3, slam), Full Atk +3 melee (1d6+3, slam); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Robotic Construct, Command Level (IC); AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +7, Will -1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 12, Con -, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills: None.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Toughness.

BASIC SOLDIER ANDROID

These represent the majority of soldier androids in the War Droid's defense force. Rusted and pitted, showing signs of 200 years of continuous battle damage, they are beginning to slowly but surely deteriorate.

Basic Soldier Android, Strong Hero 3: CR 3; Medium Size Android Construct; HD 3d10+10-6; HP 20; Mas -; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 22, touch 16, flatfooted 18 (+4 Dex, +2 class, +6 natural); BAB +3; Grap +7; Atk +9 ranged (2d8, M16A2), or +7 melee (1d6+6, rifle butt); Full Atk +9 ranged (2d8, M16A2), or +7 melee (1d6+6, rifle butt); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Extreme Effort; AL 303rd MP; SV Fort -, Ref +5, Will +3; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 18, Con -, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 8.

Skills: Computer Use +1, Demolitions +1, Drive (or Pilot) +5, Hide +5, Knowledge (tactics) +2, Listen +3, Move Silently +5, Navigate +1, Read/Write Language (Ancient), Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +3.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Weapon Focus (M16A2).

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x2), Targeting Computer. Weak Joints (x2).

Possessions: M16A2, two boxes of 5.56mm ammunition (60).

COMBAT WALKER

This is an enormous robotic war machine, as described in *Metal Gods*. The War Droid has only one example of this impressive construct in its inventory.

Combat Walker: CR 10; Huge Robotic Construct; HD 12d10+40; HP 106; Mas -; Init -1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 22, touch 7, flatfooted 22 (-2 size, -1 Dex, +15 natural); BAB

+9; Grap +27; Atk +12 ranged (14d8, *gauss cannon*), or +12 ranged (2d12, *machinegun*), or +17 melee (2d6+10, kick); Full Atk +12 ranged (14d8, 2 *gauss cannons*), or +12 ranged (2d12, 2 *machineguns*), or +17 melee (2d6+10, kick); FS 15 ft. by 15 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Robotic Construct, Command Level (IVM), DR 10/-, Energy Resistance 10, Internal Power Source, Bio Sensor, Infrared Photo Receptors, Targeting Computer, Auto Reloading; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +3, Will -1; AP 4; Rep +0; Str 30, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills: None.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Improved Overrun, Multitask, Remote Computer Link.

COORDINATOR DROID

The venerable coordinator droid locked up in the *Reactor* building has maintained power since before the Fall, preventing the Last God from breaking completely free of its underground "prison." It resembles a huge white sphere with numerous tentacle-like appendages made of segmented steel that allow it to manipulate its environment, a complex computer control room in the facility's aging power plant.

Coordinator Droid: CR 6; Large Robotic Construct; HD 8d10+20; HP 54; Mas -; Init +4; Spd fly 20 ft. (good); Defense 19, touch 9, flatfooted 19 (-1 size, +10 natural); BAB +6; Grap +15; Atk +10 melee (1d8+5, slam), Full Atk +10 melee (1d8+5, 10 slams); FS 10 ft. by 10 ft.; Reach 20 ft.; SQ Robotic Construct, Command Level (VC), Computer Link, DR 6/-, Tentacles; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +2, Will +5; AP 3; Rep +0; Str 20, Dex 10, Con -, Int 18, Wis 16, Cha 14.

Skills: Computer Use +14, Craft (electronics) +10, Craft (mechanical) +10, Craft (structural) +8, Disable Device +6, Investigate +6, Knowledge (ancient lore) +6, Knowledge (physical sciences) +12, Knowledge (technology) +12, Read/Write (Ancient), Repair +17, Speak Language (Ancient).

Feats: Advanced Electronics Discipline, Advanced Technology, Combat Expertise, Gearhead, Improved Initiative, Intuitive Mechanic, Master Mechanic, Remote Computer Link.

Features and Deteriorations: Advanced Materials (x3). Corrupted Memory (x2).

HEAVY WEAPONS ANDROID

Each of these androids resembles a towering robotic hulk, with one arm taken over by a large armored machinegun mounting. Each of these models also has special programming, making them perfect in a supporting role for front-line troop formations.

Heavy Weapons Android, Fast Hero 4/Soldier 2: CR 6; Large Android Construct; HD 6d10+10; HP 43; Mas -; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 24, touch 18, flatfooted 21 (-1 size, +3 Dex, +6 class, +6 natural); BAB +4; Grap +12; Atk +8 ranged (2d12+2, M2HB), or +8 melee (1d6+5, slam); Full Atk +8 ranged (2d12+2, M2HB), or +8 melee (1d6+5, slam); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1; AL 303rd MP; SV Fort -, Ref +7, Will +3; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 20, Dex 17, Con -, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 8.

Skills: Computer Use +3, Demolitions +2, Drive +8, Hide +7, Knowledge (tactics) +3, Listen +8, Move Silently +7, Navigate +2, Pilot +8, Read/Write Language (Ancient), Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +8.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Improved Autofire, New Feature (Mounted Weapon), Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Weapon Focus (M2HB), Weapon Specialization (M2HB).

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x2), Behemoth, Mounted Weapon (M2HB). Last Directive (x2; DC 20).

Possessions: M2HB, belt of .50 caliber ammunition (100).

HIGH-LEVEL COMMAND ANDROID

This is an advanced model of android with additional programming packages giving it the ability to command, coordinate, and adapt to the changing situation of battle. There are only a handful of these elite androids in the War Droid's complement of troops.

High-Level Command Android, Smart Hero 3/Fast Hero 3/Soldier 4: CR 10; Medium Size Android Construct; HD 10d10+10-9; HP 56; Mas -; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 27, touch 21, flatfooted 23 (+4 Dex, +7 class, +6 natural); BAB +6; Grap +10; Atk +12 ranged (3d12+2, *pulse laser rifle*), or +10 melee (1d6+6, rifle butt); Full Atk +12/+7 ranged (3d12+2, *pulse laser rifle*), or +10/+5 melee (1d6+6, rifle butt); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IVM), Evasion, Savant (knowledge, tactics)*, Plan, Tactical Aid, Uncanny Dodge 1; AL 303rd MP; SV Fort -, Ref +9, Will +5; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 18, Dex 18, Con -, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Skills: Computer Use +8, Craft (mechanical) +9, Demolitions +8, Disable Device +8, Drive +8, Hide +7, Intimidate +9, Investigate +8, Knowledge (tactics) +15*, Knowledge (technology) +10*, Listen +10, Move Silently +7, Navigate +10, Pilot +8, Read/Write Language (Ancient), Repair +10, Search +8, Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +10.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Burst Fire, Double Tap, Educated (tactics, technology)*, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Heroic Surge, Point Blank Shot, Weapon Focus (*pulse laser rifle*), Weapon Specialization (*pulse laser rifle*).

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x2), Targeting Computer. Weak Joints (x3).

Possessions: *Pulse laser rifle, power backpack*.

HOVER SENTRIES A, B, AND C

There are three different types of hover sentries at the Center facility, the only real difference being their complement of weapons. Each resembles a roughly oval-shaped machine, two feet long, hovering through the air with an audible hum.

Hover Sentry A: CR 2; Small Robotic Construct; HD 2d10+5; HP 16; Mas -; Init -1; Spd fly 40 ft. (perfect); Defense 20, touch 15, flatfooted 17 (+2 size, +3 Dex, +5 natural); BAB +1; Grap -2; Atk +6 ranged (2d6, *Ruger MP-9*); Full Atk +6 ranged (2d6, 2 *Ruger MP-9s*); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Robotic Construct, Command Level (IIIC), DR 4/-, Energy Resistance 4, Auto Reloading; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +3, Will -5; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 12, Dex 16, Con -, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills: Move Silently +10.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Multitask.

Hover Sentry B: CR 2; Small Robotic Construct; HD 2d10+5; HP 16; Mas -; Init -1; Spd fly 40 ft. (perfect); Defense 20, touch 15, flatfooted 17 (+2 size, +3 Dex, +5 natural); BAB +1; Grap -2; Atk +6 ranged (2d12, *sonic rifle B*); Full Atk +6 ranged (2d12, *sonic rifle B*); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Robotic Construct, Command Level (IIIC), DR 4/-, Energy Resistance 4, Auto Reloading; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +5, Will -5; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 12, Dex 16, Con -, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills: Move Silently +10.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Lightning Reflexes.

Hover Sentry C: CR 2; Small Robotic Construct; HD 2d10+5; HP 16; Mas -; Init -1; Spd fly 40 ft. (perfect); Defense 20, touch 15, flatfooted 17 (+2 size, +3 Dex, +5 natural); BAB +1; Grap -2; Atk +6 ranged (2d8, *gauss SMG*); Full Atk +6 ranged (2d8, *gauss SMG*); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Robotic Construct, Command Level (IIIC), DR 4/-, Energy Resistance 4, Auto Reloading; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +5, Will -5; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 12, Dex 16, Con -, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills: Move Silently +10.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Lightning Reflexes.

INDUSTRIAL AUTOMATON

There are a number of different industrial automatons in the Center facility, but all share the same basic abilities. They were primarily used for monotonous tasks, or to perform jobs that required repetitive motion, greater strength than the average human, or operating continuously in a hazardous environment.

Industrial Automaton: CR ½; Medium Robotic Construct; HD 1d10+13; HP 18; Mas -; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 17, touch 11, flatfooted 16 (+1 Dex, +6 natural); BAB +0; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6+3, slam), Full Atk +3 melee (1d6+3, slam); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Robotic Construct, Command Level (IC); AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +7, Will -1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 12, Con -, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills: None.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Toughness.

JANITORIAL AUTOMATON

Each of these unintelligent robots resembles a sophisticated garbage can on rubberized wheels. Lanky robotic arms on either side of the central body allow it to manipulate objects, while a ribbed metal hose runs from a back port, up one arm, and to the hand. This hose allows it to sterilize an area with a blast of high temperature steam.

Janitorial Automaton: CR ½; Medium Robotic Construct; HD 1d10+13; HP 18; Mas -; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 17, touch 11, flatfooted 16 (+1 Dex, +6 natural); BAB +0; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6+3, slam), or +1 ranged (2d6 heat damage, steam spray*); Full Atk +3 melee (1d6+3, slam), or +1 ranged (2d6 heat damage, steam spray*); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Robotic Construct, Command Level (IC); AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +7, Will -1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 12, Con -, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills: None.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Toughness.

* The *steam spray* is a ranged touch attack.

LOW-LEVEL COMMAND ANDROID

These represent more advanced models of android programmed to coordinate other formations of androids in the field.

Low-Level Command Android, Smart Hero 3/Fast Hero 3/Soldier 2: CR 8; Medium Size Android Construct; HD 8d10+10-6; HP 48; Mas -; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 26, touch 20, flatfooted 22 (+4 Dex, +6 class, +6 natural); BAB +4; Grap +8; Atk +10 ranged (3d12+2, *laser rifle*), or +8 melee (1d6+6, rifle butt); Full Atk +10 ranged (3d12+2, *laser rifle*), or +8 melee (1d6+6, rifle butt); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIIM), Evasion, Savant (knowledge, tactics)*, Plan, Uncanny Dodge 1; AL 303rd MP; SV Fort -, Ref +9, Will +4; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 18, Dex 18, Con -, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Skills: Computer Use +8, Craft (mechanical) +9, Demolitions +8, Disable Device +8, Drive +8, Hide +7, Intimidate +3, Investigate +8, Knowledge (tactics) +13*, Knowledge (technology) +10*, Listen +8, Move Silently +7, Navigate +8, Pilot +8, Read/Write Language (Ancient), Repair +10, Search +8, Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +8.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Double Tap, Educated (tactics, technology)*, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Heroic Surge, Point Blank Shot, Weapon Focus (*laser rifle*), Weapon Specialization (*laser rifle*).

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x2), Targeting Computer. Weak Joints (x2).

Possessions: *Laser rifle, power beltpack.*

MILITARY SECURITY ROBOT

These are powerful war machines, as described in *Metal Gods*. The War Droid has only a handful of these formidable security robots in its dwindling inventory.

Military Security Robot: CR 9; Large Robotic Construct; HD 10d10+20; HP 75; Mas -; Init -1; Spd 40 ft. (perfect); 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 (3d10, *laser rifle*); 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 (3d10, *laser rifle*); 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.

REPAIR ANDROID

These are simple labor androids with specialized programming designed to permit them to conduct quick and efficient repairs on machines, sensitive electronics, and even other androids if the situation demands.

Repair Android, Smart Hero 2: CR 2; Medium Size Android Construct; HD 2d10+10; HP 21; Mas -; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 20, touch 15, flatfooted 16 (+4 Dex, +1 class, +5 natural); BAB +1; Grap +5; Atk +6 melee (1d6+4, slam); Full Atk +6 melee (1d6+4, slam); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Savant (repair)*; AL 303rd MP; SV Fort -, Ref +4, Will +2; AP 1; Rep +1; Str 18, Dex 18, Con -, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 6.

Skills: Bluff -4, Computer Use +9*, Craft (electronics) +7, Craft (mechanical) +13*, Craft (structural) +7, Diplomacy -4, Disable Device +7, Drive +6, Knowledge (physical sciences) +7, Knowledge (technology) +7, Listen +2, Pilot +5, Repair +17*, Research +3, Search +8*, Speak Language (Unislang), Spot +8*.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Gearhead*, Weapon Focus (slam).

Features and Deteriorations: Enhanced Photoreceptors (x3)*, Damaged Voice Synthesizer*, Wild.

Possessions: *Tech scanner, power belt pack, basic electronic tool kit*.

SCIENTIST ANDROID

These are rusted and aging "thinker" models from the time before the Fall, assigned to Project Bloom long before the XBM broke free. Due to the number lost during the fighting at the facility, there are only a few examples remaining. All of these now work with the War Droid in an effort to extend the lifespan of the 303rd MP so they can maintain the quarantine as long as possible.

Scientist Android: CR ½; Medium Robotic Construct; HD 1d10+10; HP 18; Mas -; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 18, touch 10, flatfooted 18 (+8 natural); BAB +0; Grap +0; Atk +0 melee (1d6, slam), or +0 ranged (2d10, *stun pistol*); Full Atk +0 melee (1d6, slam), or +0 ranged (2d10, *stun pistol*); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Computer Link; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +0, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 10, Dex 10, Con -, Int 18, Wis 15, Cha 14.

Skills: Computer Use +19, Craft (chemical) +7, Craft (electronics) +7, Craft (pharmaceutical) +5, Craft (structural) +5, Knowledge (earth and life sciences) +7, Knowledge (physical sciences) +7, Knowledge (technology) +5, Read/Write (Ancient), Repair +5, Research +5, Speak Language (Ancient).

Feats: Advanced Technology, Builder, Educated, Remote Computer Link.

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x3). Wild (x2).

Possessions: *Stun pistol, power clip*.

SENIOR SCIENTIST ANDROID

Each of these antique androids predates the Fall, and each possesses a virtual encyclopedia of knowledge concerning Project Bloom, the nature and origins of the XBM, and observations of its slow but steady evolution from a weapon into something far more disturbing.

Senior Scientist Android, Smart Hero 8/Dedicated 2/Scientist 2: CR 12; Medium Size Android Construct; HD 12d10+10; HP 76; Mas -; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 26, touch 20, flatfooted 22 (+4 Dex, +6 class, +6 natural); BAB +6; Grap +8; Atk +11 ranged (1d6 plus *paralysis*, *stun pistol*), or +8 melee (1d6+2, slam); Full Atk +11/+6 ranged (1d6 plus *paralysis*, *stun pistol*), or +8/+3 melee (1d6+2, slam); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Plan, Savant (craft, chemical)*, Savant (research)*, Scientific Improvisation, Scientific Method, Skill Emphasis (craft, chemical)*, Trick; AL none; SV Fort -, Ref +8, Will +8; AP 6; Rep +6; Str 14, Dex 18, Con -, Int 21, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills: Computer Use +18, Craft (chemical) +31*, Craft (electronic) +20*, Craft (pharmaceutical) +20*, Decipher Script +7*, Investigate +18, Knowledge (behavioral sciences) +20*, Knowledge (earth and life sciences) +20*, Knowledge (physical sciences) +20*, Knowledge (technology) +20*, Knowledge (theology and philosophy) +10, Repair +16, Research +28*, Search +18, Sense Motive +5, Speak Language (Ancient), Treat Injury +12*.

Feats: Advaned Pharmaceutical Discipline, Advanced Technology, Builder*, Educated (x2)*, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Medical Expert*, Remove Deterioration (x2), Studious*, Weapon Focus (*stun pistol*).

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x2), Computer Link. Wild (x2).

Possessions: *Tech scanner, power belt pack, stun pistol, power clip*.

SNIPER ANDROID

These are basic sniper android models, equipped with heavy sniper rifles.

Sniper Android, Strong Hero 3, Soldier 3: CR 7; Medium Robotic Construct; HD 6d10+10; HP 70; Mas -; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 26, touch 18, flatfooted 22 (+4 Dex, +4 class, +8 natural); BAB +5; Grap +9; Atk +9 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +10 ranged (2d12, Barrett Light Fifty); Full Atk +9 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +10 ranged (2d12, Barrett Light Fifty); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Energy Resistance 4, Ignore Hardness, Improved Ignore Hardness; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +7, Will +3; AP 9; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 18, Con -, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 8.

Skills: Climb +6, Computer Use +3, Jump +6, Knowledge (tactics) +10, Listen +10, Read/Write (Ancient), Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +10.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Combat Reflexes, Double Tap, Far Shot, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Weapon Focus (Barrett Light Fifty), Weapon Specialization (Barret Light fifty).

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x3). Wild (x2).

Possessions: Barrett Light Fifty, electro-optical scope, 3 boxes of .50 caliber ammo (33 rounds), *binoculars*, *walkie-talkie, power cell*.

SPECIAL WEAPONS ANDROID

These androids are programmed to use special weapons such as flamethrowers.

Special Weapons Android, Strong Hero 3, Soldier 3: CR 7; Medium Robotic Construct; HD 6d10+10 plus 12; HP 55; Mas -; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 26, touch 18, flatfooted 22 (+4 Dex, +4 class, +8 natural); BAB +5; Grap +9; Atk +9 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +10 ranged (3d6, flamethrower); Full Atk +9 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +10 ranged (3d6, flamethrower); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Android Construct, Command Level (IIM), Energy Resistance 4, Ignore Hardness, Improved Ignore Hardness; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +7, Will +3; AP 9; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 18, Con -, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 8.

Skills: Climb +6, Computer Use +3, Jump +6, Knowledge (tactics) +10, Listen +10, Read/Write (Ancient), Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +10.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Combat Reflexes, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Toughness (x4), Weapon Focus (flamethrower).

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating (x3). Wild (x2)

Possessions: Flamethrower, 1d10 shots of flamethrower fuel.

TRAINING AUTOMATON

These are robotic machines designed to fire at personnel training in the *Shooting Range* maze. Each is merely a small tracked vehicle, with the vital components contained in a humanoid upper torso rising above the chassis. Two arms sprout from the torso, one of which is equipped with a laser pistol. The automaton has a head, but this is merely an all-black glass cupola behind which lie its primitive sensory apparatus.

Training Automaton: CR ½; Medium Robotic Construct; HD 1d10+10; HP 20; Mas -; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 17, touch 11, flatfooted 16 (+1 Dex, +6 natural); BAB +0; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6+3, slam), or +1 ranged (2d12, *laser pistol*), Full Atk +3 melee (1d6+3, slam), or +1 ranged (2d12, *laser pistol*); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Robotic Construct, Command Level (IC); AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +7, Will -1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 12, Con -, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1.

Skills: None.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency.

WAR DROID

The War Droid in command of the 303rd MP (Robotic) is a goliath of armor plate and electrical conduits, bristling with weapons that have seen almost continual use for over 200 years maintaining the quarantine against the Last God's every attempt to escape. If examined closely its surface, while impressively armored, is pitted with dents and spots of rust.

The War Droid has suffered irrepairable damage over the years, and now lacks the ability to speak.

War Droid (1): CR 15; Huge Robotic Construct; HD 15d10+40-3; HP 180; 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*), or +14 ranged (4d12, *M214 minigun*), or +19 melee (melee 2d6+10, slam); Full Atk +14 ranged (12d12, 2 *laser cannons*), +14 ranged (4d10, 2 *hydra 70s*), or +14 ranged (4d12, 2 *M214 miniguns*), or +19/+14/+9 melee (melee 2d6+10, slam); FS 15 ft. by 15 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Robotic Construct, Command Level (IVM), Computer Link, DR 10/-, Energy Resistance 10, Internal Power Source, Infrared Photo Receptor, Bio Sensor; AL None; SV Fort -, Ref +4, Will +7; AP 7; Rep +0; Str 30, Dex 8, Con -, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 8.

Skills: Computer Use +20, Demolitions +8, Disable Device +10, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (tactics) +16, Listen +10, Navigate +10, Read/Write (Ancient), Repair +16, Search +8, Sense Motive +8, Speak Language (Ancient), Spot +10.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Burst Fire, Improved Autofire, Multitask, Strafe.

Features and Deteriorations: Infra-Red Photo Receptors (x3). Damaged Voice Synthesizer, Weak Joints.

Possessions: 1d8+1 *M261 rockets* for the *Hydra 70,* 200 rounds of 5.56mm ammo, *graphite access card*.

THRALLS OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER

This section gives game statistics for the numerous different thralls encounted in The Last God.

CHIMPANZEE SEEDLING, LESSER

A large number of test animals, including chimpanzees, were released during the "accident" at the facility. A sizeable portion of these were infected specimens, who continue to haunt the ruins of Center even 200 years later.

These seedlings resemble normal chimpanzees, but with the all-black eyes shared by all creatures infected by the macro-organism.

Lesser Chimpanzee (seedling): CR 3; Small Animal; HD 2d8+2; HP 12; Mas 14; Init +3; Spd 30 ft., climb 30 ft.; Defense 16, touch 14, flatfooted 13 (+1 size, +3 Dex, +2 natural); BAB +1; Grap +0; Atk +4 melee (1d3+3, slam); Full Atk +4 melee (1d3+3, 2 slams) and -1 melee (1d4, bite+1); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Contagion, Low-Light Vision, Scent, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 7.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Feats: As *Feat Set A*.

CHIMPANZEE SEEDLING, GREATER

These are merely larger and stronger chimps infected by the Last God during the "accident" at the facility.

Greater Chimpanzee (Seedling): CR 7; Small Animal; HD 6d8+18; HP 56; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft., climb 30 ft.; Defense 14, touch 12, flatfooted 12 (+2 Dex, +2 natural); BAB +4; Grap +5; Atk +9 melee (1d3+5, slam); Full Atk +9 melee (1d3+5, 2 slams) and +4 melee (1d4+2, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Contagion, Low-Light Vision, Scent, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 20, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 7.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Feats: As *Feat Set A*.

CRAZED SEEDLING

The chemical used on the seedling affected it in strange ways, changing its biology on a fundamental level. Though it is still barely linked to the macro-organism, it now lacks all but the most basic skills needed for survival.

Crazed Seedling: CR 10; Medium-size Monstrous Humanoid; HD 8d6+16; HP 62; Mas -; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 10, touch 10, flatfooted 10; BAB +8; Grap +11; Atk +11 melee (2d6+4, torso maw); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (2d6+4, torso maw); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Contagion, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +8, Ref +2, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 8.

Skills: None.

Feats: None.

FORMER ASSAULT SPECIALIST

These men were at one time part of a special on-site unit trained to deal with the possibility of the XBM breaking out of containment. Though expertly trained in urban assault tactics and close-combat fighting, they were unable to stem the tide of infected technicians and scientists sent in literal "human waves" to overwhelm them. Those that remain today are, of course, infected.

Former Assault Specialist (Seedling), Strong Hero 3/Soldier 3: CR 7; Medium Size Humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 3d10+6; HP 42; Mas -; Init +3; Spd 25 ft; Defense 22, touch 16, flatfooted 19 (+3 Dex, +3 class, +6 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +9 ranged (2d6+2, H&K MP5), or +6 melee (1d6+1, rifle butt); Full Atk +9 ranged (2d6+2, H&K MP5), or +6 melee (1d6+1, rifle butt); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Contagion, Damage Reduction 2/-, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +1; AP 2; Rep +0; Str 13, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Occupation and Background: Law Enforcement, Guardian.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Feats: As *Feat Set A*.

Possessions: H&K MP5, one box of 9mm ammunition (30), tactical vest.

FORMER ELITE SECURITY GUARD

A handful of security guards at the facility were significantly more seasoned that the others, veterans from other military police units. Most fought to the death rather than be infected, but a few succumbed against their will. These are the only examples remaining.

Former Elite Security Guard (Seedling), Strong Hero 3/Soldier 6: CR 10; Medium Size Humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 6d10+12; HP 64; Mas -; Init +3; Spd 20 ft; Defense 23, touch 16, flatfooted 22 (+1 Dex, +5 class, +7 equipment); BAB +7; Grap +8; Atk +11 ranged (3d10+2, *pulse laser rifle*), or +8 melee (1d6+1, rifle butt); Full Atk +11/+6 ranged (3d10+2, *pulse laser rifle*), or +8/+3 melee (1d6+1, rifle butt); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Contagion, Damage Reduction 3/-, Tactical Aid, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +4; AP 4; Rep +1; Str 13, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 8.

Occupation and Background: Law Enforcement,

Guardian.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Feats: As *Feat Set A*.

Possessions: *Pulse laser rifle, power beltpack*, special response vest.

FORMER TECHNICIAN

Each of these creatures resembles a living human walking upright, but possessed of a waxy complexion and a jaw that seems to hang loose as if trawling the area around it for prey. Clad in dusty technician's overalls, the only features that identify them as monsters are their all-black eyes.

Former Technician (Seedling), Smart Hero 3/Strong Hero 2: CR 6; Medium-size Humanoid; HD 3d6+6 plus 2d8+4; HP 30; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 15, touch 15, flatfooted 13 (+2 Dex, +3 class); BAB +3; Grap +3; Atk +4 melee (1d6, gun butt), or +6 ranged (1d6 plus paralysis, *stun pistol*); Full Atk +4 melee (1d6, unarmed) or +6 ranged (1d6 plus paralysis, *stun pistol*); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Contagion, Damage Reduction 3/-, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 10, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 8.

Occupation and Background: Technician, Guardian.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Feats: As *Feat Set A*.

Possessions: *Stun pistol, power clip*.

FORMER SCIENTIST

There are a number of these creatures in the facility, each a former scientist or researcher who succumbed to the macro-organism's control through direct exposure to its contagion. Their collective minds provided the Last God not only with its advanced understanding of science and computers, but also of the facility itself.

Former scientists generally resemble normal men and women wearing the tattered remains of lab coats.

Former Scientist (Seedling), Smart Hero 3/Scholar 7/Scientist 2: CR 13; Medium Size Humanoid; HD 12d6; HP 42; Mas -; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 17, flatfooted 16 (+1 Dex, +6 class); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +6 ranged (1d6 plus *paralysis*, *stun pistol*), or +6 melee (1d3+1 nonlethal, unarmed); Full Atk +6 ranged (1d6 plus *paralysis*, *stun pistol*), or +6 melee (1d3+1 nonlethal, unarmed); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Contagion, Exploit Weakness, Plan, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +10; AP 6; Rep +6; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 18, Wis 14, Cha 8.

Occupation and Background: Doctor, Guardian.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Feats: As *Feat Set A*.

Possessions: *Stun pistol, power clip*.

FORMER SECURITY GUARD

There are many of these imposing figures among the ranks of the XBM's New World Order, each a former security guard infected during the desperate fighting to contain the "Last God" more than 200 years ago. Each is clad in an all-black security uniform with a kevlar vest and armed with an aging Colt 635 carbine.

Former Security Guard (Seedling), Strong Hero 3/Soldier 3: CR 7; Medium Size Humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 3d10+6; HP 42; Mas -; Init +3; Spd 30 ft; Defense 18, touch 16, flatfooted 15 (+3 Dex, +3 class, +2 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +9 ranged (2d6+2, Colt 635), or +6 melee (1d6+1, rifle butt); Full Atk +9 ranged (2d6+2, Colt 635), or +6 melee (1d6+1, rifle butt); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Contagion, Damage Reduction 2/-, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +1; AP 2; Rep +0; Str 13, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Occupation and Background: Law Enforcement, Guardian.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Feats: As *Feat Set A*.

Possessions: Colt 635, one box of 9mm ammunition (30), light-duty vest.

RAT SEEDLING

Dozens of rats and mice escaped from facility laboratories during the "accident," though most were killed in the ensuing chaos. Specimens that had been infected in the *Production Building* escaped their cages and fled to the ventilation system, evading re-capture and destruction by clean-up teams. These infected rodents remain in the tight passages of the ventilation system to this day.

Rat (Seedling): CR 1; Tiny animal; HD ¼d8; HP 1; Mas 10; Init +2; Spd 15 ft., climb 15 ft., swim 10 ft.; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 12 (+2 size, +2 Dex); BAB +0; Grap -12; Atk +4 melee (1d3-4, bite); Full Atk +4 melee (1d3-4, bite); FS 2 ½ ft. by 2 ½ ft.; Reach 0 ft.; SQ Contagion, Low-Light Vision, Scent, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 2, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 2.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Feats: As *Feat Set A*.

RENEGADE MILITARY SECURITY ROBOT

The renegade military security robot uses an *energy pike* instead of a laser rifle (the normal weapon of a military security robot), which it took from the *Psychic Research Laboratory* after slaughtering a handful of scientists there. Weapons such as these were often used to herd and control smaller biomasses during experiments in the PR Labs, and thus the renegade robot believes the weapon to be an ironic choice to use against the Last God's enemies.

Renegade Military Security Robot: CR 8; Large Robotic Construct; HD 10d10+20; HP 110; Mas -; Init -1; Spd 40 ft. (perfect); Defense 23, touch 8, flatfooted 23 (-1 size, -1 Dex, +15 natural); BAB +7; Grap +16; Atk

+11 melee (2d8+8, *energy pike*), or +9 ranged (1d6 plus paralysis, *stun pistol*), or +9 ranged (4d10, *hydra 70*); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (2d8+8, *energy pike*), or +9/+4 ranged (1d6 plus paralysis, *stun pistol*), or +9 ranged (4d10, *hydra 70*); 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.

Possessions: *Energy pike*, two *M261 rockets* for built-in *hydra 70*.

SHAMBLER

The Last God created mindless *shamblers* out of a large number of junior technicians infected during its breakout from containment. Many of these lurk in darkened corridors or are trapped in deep places in the facility, awaiting the chance to shamble forth and destroy the macro-organism's enemies.

Shambler, Smart Hero 3/Strong Hero 2: CR 1/2; Medium-size Undead; HD 2d12+3; HP 15; Mas -; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 16, touch 14, flatfooted 15 (+1 Dex, +3 class, +2 natural); BAB +3; Grap +4; Atk +5 melee (1d6+1, gun butt), or +6 ranged (1d6 plus paralysis, *stun pistol*); Full Atk +5 melee (1d6+1, unarmed) or +6 ranged (1d6 plus paralysis, *stun pistol*); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Contagion, Damage Reduction 3/-, Move or Attack Action Only, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort -, Ref +2, Will +4; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 8.

Occupation and Background: Technician, Guardian.

Skills: None.

Feats: Toughness.

Possessions: *Stun pistol, power clip*.

INTEGRATOR

The only remaining *integrator* in the Last God's New World Order is actually what remains of the former chief of security for the Center facility. A seasoned soldier and capable commander, he led a valiant fight to defeat the XBM… and failed. Returning to the surface, he continued the battle to maintain a stable perimeter, but eventually his force was surrounded. He and a handful of survivors were duly infected. Knowing that he would soon undergo the hideous transformation into a thrall, he fled into the quarantine so that when he "changed," he would be unable to get escape the android quarantine.

Now that he is part of the macro-organism, his strength and individual will are lost. Instead of being destroyed trying to flee (as the security chief had hoped), the integrator retreated as the androids swept the surface, eventually being locked up in an old warehouse. It remains there still, waiting to be released.

Integrator, Strong Hero 3/Soldier 6: CR 11; Medium Size Humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 6d10+12; HP 90; Mas -; Init +1; Spd 20 ft; Defense 22, touch 15, flatfooted 22 (+5 class, +7 equipment); BAB +7; Grap +10; Atk +10 melee (1d3+3 nonlethal, unarmed); Full Atk +10/+5 melee (1d3+3 nonlethal, unarmed); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Bloodthirsty Cry, Damage Reduction 3/-, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +4; AP 4; Rep +1; Str 17, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Occupation and Background: Law Enforcement, Guardian.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Feats: As *Feat Set A*.

Possessions: Special response vest.

NODE MOTHER

Node mothers are a vital part of the XBM, serving as psychic "relay stations" that permit the macro-organism to extend its telepathy over great distances. In part two of this series the party fought and killed two node mothers that were building an army for the Last God outside of Center in a plan to return and destroy the android quarantine. Now only one node mother remains, trapped inside the facility where it has waited to be released for hundreds of years.

This last node mother was a top scientist on the facility's compartmentalized psychic research team, involved in the ultra-secret project to create the telepathic mind control device intended to usurp control of the nation's military from the androids (see *Metal Gods*). Unfortunately, this scientist was infected and transformed into a node mother, and used to betray the rest of the team by giving the XBM access to the PR Labs.

The node mother resembles a middle-aged man, relatively fit, but with deep rings under its all-black eyes and hollow cheekbones—evidence of a former life filled with stress and mental anguish (he was part of a program intended to bring out the abilities in a group of hand-selected psychics, a forerunner to Operation Church which led to the creation of the "Savants;" see *Darwin's World 2nd Edition*). This scientist was born with moderate neural abilities (hence his assignment to the PR Labs), and his precognitive ability continues to serve him in his new role as *node mother*.

Node Mother, Smart Hero 3/Scholar 7/Scientist 2: CR 16; Medium Size Humanoid; HD 12d6+12; HP 82; Mas -; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 17, flatfooted 16 (+1 Dex, +6 class); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +6 ranged (1d6 plus *paralysis*, *stun pistol*), or +6 melee (1d3+1 nonlethal, unarmed); Full Atk +6 ranged (1d6 plus *paralysis*, *stun pistol*), or +6 melee (1d3+1 nonlethal, unarmed); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Psi-Inhibition, Proximity Reliance (special), Psi-Pulse (special), Psi-Relay, Robust, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +10; AP 6; Rep +6; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 18, Wis 14, Cha 8.

Occupation and Background: Doctor, Guardian.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.
Feats: As *Feat Set A*.
Mutations and Defects: Neural Precognition, Dyslexia.
Neural Mutations: 4 Precognition uses per day.
Possessions: *Stun pistol, power clip, PK enhancer, power beltpack, gray access card* (keyed to the *Psychic Research Building*).

NEW CREATURES

Several new creatures are introduced in *The Last God*: the biomass worm, the chimpanzee, and the New World Order experiment. Their game statistics are given below.

In addition, the free-floating biomass, first introduced in *The New World Order*, is reprinted here for ease of referenc

BIOMASS WORM

The *biomass worm* is a rather remarkable variation of the XBM macro-organism, something of an unpredictable mutation in the way the XBM infects tissue and rearranges it. With an ability similar to that exhibited by lesser thralls to literally "transform" their bodies through rearrangement of muscles and tissue, the biomass worm is a conglomerate of infected bodies that unite as one in a terrible union of flesh, bone, and infected mass.

The biomass worm is made up of the bodies of several dozen infected humans (former scientists at the Center facility), joined together by rearrangement and transformation into a single organism. This organism resembles an enormous "worm" or centipede, with distorted human bodies fused together by strands of fluid tissue into one elongated nightmare being. Former arms, legs, hips, and entire heads seem to literally melt together to create this segmented shape, stretching and contorting with obscene muscular action as the thing moves. It scuttles along on re-formed limbs that resemble a chaotic collection of human arms and legs, ending randomly with either feet or five-fingered hands. At the terminus of one end rises the "head", little more than a gaping "flower" of unfurled tissue and flesh, revealing a maw filled with razor-sharp teeth made of broken ribs and spines. The entire body is covered in a random sprinkling of eyes, mouths, and tufts of human-like hair.

Biomass Worm: CR 10; Gargantuan Aberration; HD 10d8+70; HP 115; Mas -; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 13, touch 6, flatfooted 13 (-4 size, +7 natural); BAB +7; Grap +31; Atk +11 melee (1d8+12, slam); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d8+12, slam); FS 20 ft. by 20 ft.; Reach 15 ft.; SQ DR 4/-, Elasticity, Fluid Form, Multiple Eyes, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +10, Ref +3, Will +9; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 35, Dex 11, Con 25, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 10.
Skills: Varies.
Additional Feats: Alertness, Cleave, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude, Power Attack, Sunder.

SPECIES TRAITS

Damage Reduction (Ex): The biomass worm has damage reduction 4/- against all physical attacks. Energy attacks (fire, electricity, etc.) do normal damage.
Elasticity (Ex): A biomass worm has the ability to literally "build" new extensions by drawing mass from throughout its body. This allows it to increase its reach by 5 ft. as a move action.
Fluid Form (Ex): A biomass worm can re-shape itself to repair major damage to its physical form. This translates to an ability to "heal" itself 1d8 points of damage as an attack action. It can heal no more than half its normal maximum number of hit points in damage per day.
Multiple Eyes (Ex): Because of the inordinate number of eyes sprouting all over its surface, the worm cannot be flanked and gains a +10 racial modifier to Spot checks.

CHIMPANZEE

The chimpanzee is an arboreal ape that has many biological characteristics in common with human beings. Chimpanzees were frequently used in dangerous experiments that required live subjects with human-like anatomies, but which involved too much risk to actually use a human test subject. Such experiments involved using chimps in place of test pilots, or as disease subjects so that scientists could monitor how a particular virus affected a living creature genetically similar to a human.

SPECIES TRAITS

Scent (Ex): This ability allows a chimpanzee to detect approaching enemies, sniff out hidden foes, and track by sense of smell.

Chimpanzee: CR 1; Small Animal; HD 2d8+4; HP 13; Mas 14; Init +3; Spd 30 ft., climb 30 ft.; Defense 16, touch 14, flatfooted 13 (+1 size, +3 Dex, +2 natural); BAB +1; Grap +0; Atk +4 melee (1d3+3, slam); Full Atk +4 melee (1d3+3, 2 slams) and -1 melee (1d4+1, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Low-Light Vision, Scent; AL None; SV Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 7.
Skills: Climb +12, Hide +5, Listen +3, Spot +3, Tumble +5.
Feats: None.
Advancement: 3-4 HD (Small), 5-6 HD (Medium-size).

Advanced Chimpanzees: CR 3; Small Animal; HD 4d8+8; HP 26; Mas 14; Init +3; Spd 30 ft., climb 30 ft.; Defense 16, touch 14, flatfooted 13 (+1 size, +3 Dex, +2 natural); BAB +2; Grap +1; Atk +5 melee (1d3+3, slam); Full Atk +5 melee (1d3+3, 2 slams) and +0 melee (1d4+1, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Low-Light Vision, Scent; AL None; SV Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 16, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 7.
Skills: Climb +12, Hide +5, Listen +3, Spot +3, Tumble +7.

Feats: None.

Advanced Chimpanzee Leader: CR 5; Small Animal; HD 6d8+18; HP 45; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft., climb 30 ft.; Defense 14, touch 12, flatfooted 12 (+2 Dex, +2 natural); BAB +4; Grap +5; Atk +9 melee (1d3+5, slam); Full Atk +9 melee (1d3+5, 2 slams) and +4 melee (1d4+2, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Low-Light Vision, Scent; AL None; SV Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 20, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 7.

Skills: Climb +14, Hide +4, Listen +3, Spot +3, Tumble +8.

Feats: None.

EXPERIMENT, NEW WORLD ORDER

N.W.O. experiments resemble nothing short of a mad anatomist's twisted vision of perfection. Created by the "Last God" as part of a long-term search for the "perfect" body form, each experiment marks just one phase in an ongoing evolutionary process. The "Last God" seeks to find the perfect balance of movement and stability, with the ultimate task of being able to spread its contagion across the entire earth.

N.W.O. experiments are made up of the genetic information gleaned by the XBM from its integration of various species, typically test animals formerly kept at the facility. As a result its experiments invariably bear features resembling the menagerie of creatures they were formed from - chimpanzees, goats, rats and mice, dogs, and of course, *humans*.

EXPERIMENT 3

Everything about "Experiment 3" seems wrong, as if the body and anatomy were put together by a child's hands in the darkness. As might be expected from the "Last God's" earliest attempts to create life, the experiment is weak, poorly conceived, and ultimately flawed.

Experiment 3 has the legs of a goat, connected by ropy musculature to an amorphous central body inadequately balanced by the misshapen legs. From the central body rises a tendril-like neck, atop which dances a dog-like head (without eyes or nostrils, merely a gaping maw with pointed ears) bobbing back and forth like the puppet in a demonic jack-in-the-box. The thing is covered in a thinning coat of short white hair, which diminishes to pale naked flesh on the central body. This central mass pulsates with muscular motion as the thing scampers along.

An early experiment, these creatures have only limited connections between the brain and muscles. As such they are clumsy and even capable of shaking themselves to pieces if they move too fast or collide with obstacles while running.

SPECIES TRAITS

Contagion (Ex): N.W.O. experiments have the *contagion* ability of the *seedling* template.

Thrall Traits (Ex): N.W.O. experiments have the traits common to all thralls.

Weak Construction (Ex)*:* Any attack or injury that causes at least 5 points of bludgeoning damage to the creature forces the experiment to make a Fortitude save (DC 16) or fall completely to pieces, killing it instantly.

Experiment 3: CR 4; Small Aberration; HD 5d8; HP 22; Mas 10; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 14, touch 12, flatfooted 13 (+1 size, +1 Dex, +2 natural); BAB +5; Grap +1; Atk +6 melee (1d6+2, bite); Full Atk +6 melee (1d6+2, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Contagion, Thrall Traits, Weak Construction; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 5, Wis 5, Cha 5.

Skills: Varies.

Feats: Varies.

Advancement: 6-7 HD (Small).

EXPERIMENT 11

A terrible creature to behold, "Experiment 11" has two grossly-knotted human legs, terminating in a "trunk" covered in the beginnings of coarse black hair. A face only barely resembling an eyeless, tortured chimpanzee sprouts from this central trunk, its features twisted and distorted in the manner of a deformed fetus. The creature's mouth opens at regular intervals to extrude a long sinuous tongue, at the end of which is a single, all-black eyeball.

Experiment 11 was designed by the "Last God" to test two-legged locomotion. Needless to say it is an incomplete construction, given to momentary blindness when its long tongue returns periodically to its mouth to be refreshed.

SPECIES TRAITS

Contagion (Ex): N.W.O. experiments have the *contagion* ability of the *seedling* template.

Momentary Blindness (Ex): On every fourth round of combat the experiment is considered *blind* as it draws its tongue back into its body to replenish the protective fluids on its single cyclopsian eyeball. This blindness lasts until the start of its next action.

Thrall Traits (Ex): N.W.O. experiments have the traits common to all thralls.

Vulnerable Tongue (Ex): The experiment's tongue can be severed if attacked (it has a Defense of 13 and 10 hit points). Doing so permanently *blinds* the creature.

Experiment 11: CR 6; Medium-size Aberration; HD 7d8; HP 31; Mas 10; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 14, touch 11, flatfooted 13 (+1 Dex, +3 natural); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (2d4+1, slam); Full Atk +6 melee (2d4+1, slam); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Contagion, Momentary Blindness, Thrall Traits, Vulnerable Tongue; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +7; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 5, Wis 14, Cha 5.

Skills: Varies.

Feats: Varies.

Advancement: 7-8 HD (Medium-size).

EXPERIMENT 14

Floating on gentle currents like absent-minded flotsam, the creatures known only as "Experiment 14" are descended from test mice integrated into the New World Order. Each has changed form to better suit locomotion underwater, and as a result they resemble gross white "starfish" made of slippery white rubber, with each arm of their five-pointed body ending in either a misshapen mouse head, a tiny faceless mouth, or a wicked claw. A sinewy tail, like that of a rat, propels the thing through the water with a whipping motion. Though grotesque, they seem to gently float through the murk with an almost hypnotic motion.

These creatures are attracted to movement in the nearby water and will congregate to observe, then attack to infect. They generally do this by latching onto the neck, face, and eyes of a swimming victim using their small claws and/or mouths. Though these do little damage themselves, they excrete a caustic substance that causes intense pain. As a result the victim cannot maintain his breath and soon drowns, at which time the creature(s) slip inside the open mouth and inhabit the body.

SPECIES TRAITS

Caustic Cling (Ex): Every round that the experiment maintains a grapple its caustic body causes 1d4 points of acid damage to whatever it is grappling.

Contagion (Ex): N.W.O. experiments have the *contagion* ability of the *seedling* template.

Pseudopod Grasp (Ex): The protoplasmic properties of the experiment allow it to grasp with tremendous flexibility. As a result it receives a +8 racial bonus to Grapple checks.

Thrall Traits (Ex): N.W.O. experiments have the traits common to all thralls.

Experiment 14: CR 2; Tiny Aberration (Aquatic); HD 2d8; HP 9; Mas 10; Init +5; Spd swim 30 ft.; Defense 17, touch 17, flatfooted 12 (+2 size, +5 Dex); BAB +3; Grap +4; Atk +5 melee (1d2+2, claw); Full Atk +5 melee (1d2+2), and +0 melee (1d3+2 bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Caustic Cling, Contagion, Pseudopod Grasp, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +0, Ref +5, Will +6; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 20, Con 10, Int 5, Wis 16, Cha 5.

Skills: Varies.

Feats: Varies.

Advancement: 2-3 HD (Tiny), 4 HD (Small).

FREE-FLOATING BIOMASS

When not hidden inside the physical body of a thrall, the XBM macro-organism looks like a pliant whitish "blob", a collection of billions and billions of independent celled structures that come together to form an ooze-like mass. This mass is known as a *free-floating biomass.*

The Last God's free-floating biomass can come together, split, or divide in any way the macro-organism wishes. Usually it only splits parts of itself to infect smaller creatures, creating new thralls. However, it can also split its main biomass (that is, whatever free-floating biomass holds the majority of its hit dice) to make additional free-floating biomasses. Each free-floating biomass is essentially a smaller version of the main biomass, and can operate independently (just like any thrall).

Once the Last God has split itself, it can join free-floating biomasses back up simply by bringing them back into physical contact. As soon as this happens the separate biomasses become one; add all remaining Hit Dice from the biomasses together and alter the macro-organism's statistics accordingly.

GM Note: Remember that hit dice (from the biomass pool) already invested in thralls (shamblers, seedlings, integrators, and node mothers) cannot be "re-absorbed." The only exception is in the case of a thrall that has been killed; the macro-organism can then use an integrator to collect more biomass (from other creatures) to add to its total. The integrator need only make physical contact with any free-floating biomass to transfer this HD.

The strength, abilities, size, statistics, and additional feats (added to *Feat Set A*) of separate free-floating masses depend on the hit dice the Last God chooses to give them. See below for statistics of the various sizes of free-floating biomasses:

HD	Size of Biomass
1	Fine
2-3	Diminutive
4-7	Tiny
8-15	Small
16-30	Medium-size
31-65	Large
66-125	Huge
126-250	Gargantuan
251-500	Colossal

SPECIES TRAITS

Contagion (Ex): A biomass can infect victims in a manner similar to that of a *seedling*. It will usually do this by first grappling and immobilizing its prey, then forcing itself into the target's throat on the following round. The type of action spent doing this dictates the Fortitude save DC to resist; the longer it takes to force one of its corrupted pseudopods into a victim, the better the chance the creature has of infecting him. If the biomass uses a move action the DC is 15, an attack action the DC is 18, and if it spends a full-round action the DC is 21.

A failed save means the victim succumbs and acquires one of the allowed New World Order templates—shambler, seedling, or integrator—within 1d4 rounds (only the largest existing biomass, the "main" biomass, can create new node mothers). Creating any new thrall in this way degrades the biomass' total strength (see *The Biomass Pool*).

Damage Reduction (Ex): A free-floating biomass has damage reduction against slashing, piercing, ballistic, and bludgeoning attacks, which stacks with damage reduction from other sources (e.g. damage reduction from chosen talents). The amount of damage reduction depends on the

size of the biomass: Fine DR 1/-, Diminutive DR 1/-, Tiny DR 2/-, Small DR 2/-, Medium-size DR 4/-, Large DR 4/-, Huge DR 6/-, Gargantuan DR 6/-, Colossal DR 8/-.

Elasticity (Ex): A biomass has the ability to literally "build" new pseudopods and extensions by drawing mass from throughout its body. This allows it to increase its reach by 5 ft. as a move action.

Fluid Face (Ex): A biomass can shape itself to fit virtually any confining space as a free action once per round, so long as each section connects to the next contiguously in one elongated shape. This allows the creature to alter its Face so as to maneuver through tight areas, or to slither around and engulf enemies from all sides. Any biomass of Large size or greater can reshape its Face as follows:

Size	Typical Face	Alternative Face	Reach
Large	10 ft. by 10 ft.	Any 4 contiguous squares	10 ft.
Huge	20 ft. by 20 ft.	Any 16 contiguous squares	15 ft.
Gargantuan	40 ft. by 40 ft.	Any 64 contiguous squares	20 ft.
Colossal	80 ft. by 80 ft.	Any 128 contiguous squares	20 ft

Fluid Form (Ex): A biomass can re-shape itself to repair major damage to its physical form. This translates to an ability to "heal" itself 1d8 points of damage as an attack action. It can heal no more than half its normal maximum number of hit points in damage per day.

Pseudopod Grasp (Ex): The protoplasmic properties of the biomass allow it to grasp with tremendous strength and flexibility. As a result a biomass receives a +8 racial bonus to Grapple checks.

Rollover (Ex): As part of a charge, instead of its regular attacks, a biomass can literally "roll over" creatures up to one size category less than its own, using its weight to crush. This attack deals bludgeoning damage (actual damage depends on the size of the biomass), and requires the biomass to enter the space occupied by the target at the end of a charge move. An opponent hit by this attack is considered *entangled* (and anchored to the biomass itself as long as it doesn't move) unless she makes a Reflex save. An entangled character can attempt to break free as a standard action; this is treated as if trying to break free from a grapple.

Size	Rollover Damage	Reflex DC
Fine	None	N/A
Diminutive	1d6	10
Tiny	1d6	12
Small	1d6	14
Medium-size	1d8	16
Large	2d8	18
Huge	3d8	20
Gargantuan	4d8	22
Colossal	5d8	24

Biomass, Fine: CR 1/3; Fine Aberration; HD 1d8 plus 3; HP 8; Mas -; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 23, touch 22, flatfooted 19 (+8 size, +4 Dex, +1 natural); BAB +0; Grap -11; Atk -3 melee (1d6-3, slam); Full Atk -3 melee (1d6-3, slam); FS 1 ft. by 1 ft.; Reach 0 ft.; SQ Blindsight, Contagion, DR 1/-, Elasticity, Fluid Face, Fluid Form, Pseudopod Grasp, Rollover, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +4; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 4, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Additional Feats: Toughness.

Biomass, Diminutive: CR 1/2; Diminutive Aberration; HD 2d8 plus 3; HP 12; Mas -; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 19, touch 16, flatfooted 16 (+4 size, +3 Dex, +2 natural); BAB +1; Grap -6; Atk -2 melee (1d6-3, slam); Full Atk -2 melee (1d6-3, slam); FS 2½ ft. by 2½ ft.; Reach 0 ft.; SQ Blindsight, Contagion, DR 1/-, Elasticity, Fluid Face, Fluid Form, Pseudopod Grasp, Rollover, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +5; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 4, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Additional Feats: Toughness.

Biomass, Tiny: CR 1; Tiny Aberration; HD 4d8 plus 3; HP 21; Mas -; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 17, touch 14, flatfooted 15 (+2 size, +2 Dex, +3 natural); BAB +3; Grap +0; Atk +0 melee (1d6-3, slam); Full Atk +0 melee (1d6-3, slam); FS 2½ ft. by 2½ ft.; Reach 0 ft.; SQ Blindsight, Contagion, DR 2/-, Elasticity, Fluid Face, Fluid Form, Pseudopod Grasp, Rollover, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +6; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 5, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Additional Feats: Toughness.

Biomass, Small: CR 4; Small Aberration; HD 8d8 plus 3; HP 39; Mas -; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 16, touch 12, flatfooted 15 (+1 size, +1 Dex, +4 natural); BAB +6; Grap +8; Atk +4 melee (1d6-2, slam); Full Atk +4/-1 melee (1d6-2, slam); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Blindsight, Contagion, DR 2/-, Elasticity, Fluid Face, Fluid Form, Pseudopod Grasp, Rollover, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +8; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 7, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Additional Feats: Alertness, Toughness.

Biomass, Medium-size: CR 8; Medium-size Aberration; HD 16d8 plus 3; HP 75; Mas -; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 16, touch 11, flatfooted 15 (+1 Dex, +5 natural); BAB +12; Grap +20; Atk +12 melee (1d6, slam); Full Atk +12/+7/+2 melee (1d6, slam); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Blindsight, Contagion, DR 4/-, Elasticity, Fluid Face, Fluid Form, Pseudopod Grasp, Rollover, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +12; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 11, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Additional Feats: Alertness, Great Fortitude, Power Attack, Toughness.

Biomass, Large: CR 12; Large Aberration; HD 31d8 plus 3; HP 142; Mas -; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 17, touch 10, flatfooted 16 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +7 natural); BAB +23; Grap +38; Atk +26 melee (1d6+4, slam); Full Atk +26/+21/+16/+11 melee (1d6+4, slam); FS 10 ft. by 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Blindsight, Contagion, DR 4/-, Elasticity, Fluid Face, Fluid Form, Pseudopod Grasp, Rollover, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +12, Ref +11, Will +14; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Additional Feats: Alertness, Cleave, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Power Attack, Sunder, Toughness.

Biomass, Huge: CR 20; Huge Aberration; HD 66d8 plus 3; HP 300; Mas -; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 19, touch 8, flatfooted 19 (-2 size, +11 natural); BAB +49; Grap +72; Atk +56 melee (1d6+8, slam); Full Atk +56/+51/+46/+41/+36 melee (1d6+8, slam); FS 20 ft. by 20 ft.; Reach 15 ft.; SQ Blindsight, Contagion, DR 6/-, Elasticity, Fluid Face, Fluid Form, Pseudopod Grasp, Rollover, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +24, Ref +22, Will +37; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 26, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Additional Feats: Alertness, Cleave, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Power Attack, Sunder, Toughness.

Biomass, Gargantuan: CR 36; Gargantuan Aberration; HD 126d8 plus 3; HP 570; Mas -; Init -1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 24, touch 5, flatfooted 24 (-1 Dex, -4 size, +19 natural); BAB +94; Grap +110; Atk +102 melee (1d6+12, slam); Full Atk +102/+97/+92/+87/+82 melee (1d6+12, slam); FS 40 ft. by 40 ft.; Reach 20 ft.; SQ Blindsight, Contagion, DR 6/-, Elasticity, Fluid Face, Fluid Form, Pseudopod Grasp, Rollover, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +44, Ref +41, Will +67; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 34, Dex 8, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Additional Feats: Alertness, Cleave, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Power Attack, Sunder, Toughness.

Biomass, Colossal: CR 64; Colossal Aberration; HD 251d8 plus 3; HP 1,132; Mas -; Init -2; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 35, touch 0, flatfooted 35 (-2 Dex, -8 size, +35 natural); BAB +188; Grap +221; Atk +197 melee (1d6+16, slam); Full Atk +197/+192/+187/+182/+177 melee (1d6+16, slam); FS 80 ft. by 80 ft.; Reach 20 ft.; SQ Blindsight, Contagion, DR 8/-, Elasticity, Fluid Face, Fluid Form, Pseudopod Grasp, Rollover, Thrall Traits; AL N.W.O.; SV Fort +85, Ref +81, Will +129; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 42, Dex 6, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills: As *Skill Set A*.

Additional Feats: Alertness, Cleave, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Power Attack, Sunder, Toughness.

THE BIOMASS "POOL"

The Last God is more than just a single amoeba-like organism imprisoned beneath the town of Center—it is a terrifyingly complex being designed to be immune to eradication by one attack or a single strike. It is a true "macro-organism": instead of being just one entity with a single form, it is a collection of related bits of "biomass" (tissue, cells, and even microscopic particles) connected through a single telepathic sentience. While it was designed to begin life as a single organic mass (not unlike a giant amoeba), the Last God was also intended to spread itself to other carriers through contact with living creatures, which in turn dispersed its actual being over a wide area. So long as one infected thrall or free-floating biomass remains, the sentience of the creature persists.

This fantastic ability allows the Last God to exist in not just one place but in many, coordinating its "hosts" as if coordinating the limbs and extremities of one enormous body.

Currently, the Last God, as a single entity, has a limit of 3,000 HD of assorted biomass. This represents the extent of what the Last God can realistically control through actual physical impregnation (the passing on of some of its own mass to a new host).

Each time the Last God infects a new organism, it dilutes its mother mass beneath the facility. The Last God's physical body is finite, and it can only afford to spread to a limited number of thralls due to the constraints of its physical form.

Ultimately each creature infected by the Last God takes with it a part of the whole. Larger (and tougher) creatures are harder for the Last God to impregnate and control, requiring more of its physical mass to dominate than smaller, more insignificant life forms. In addition, the type of thrall to be made also affects the biomass requirement:

Original Size	Biomass Requirement
Tiny	1 HD worth of biomass (or the actual HD of the creature, whichever is greater)*
Small	2 HD worth of biomass (or the actual HD of the creature, whichever is greater)*
Medium-size	3 HD worth of biomass (or the actual HD of the creature, whichever is greater)*
Large	5 HD worth of biomass (or the actual HD of the creature, whichever is greater)*
Huge	8 HD worth of biomass (or the actual HD of the creature, whichever is greater)*
Gargantuan	12 HD worth of biomass (or the actual HD of the creature, whichever is greater)*
Colossal	17 HD worth of biomass (or the actual HD of the creature, whichever is greater)*

If the creature in question actually has more HD than its size would normally require (for instance, a bear is only a Large creature but it has 6 HD), the higher number is used.

** In the case of shamblers, use the base creature's hit dice* before *applying the zombie template.*

THE LAST GOD

The conclusion of *The Last God* describes a potentially catastrophic blow against the Last God and its efforts to dominate the world of men. At the successful completion of the adventure, the Last God is severely crippled and its power base has been destroyed… and yet the escape of so much as one surviving seedling means that the Last God—and its vision of a New World Order—lives on.

The survival of the macro-organism, even in a single entity, can be handled any you way you think suits your campaign. While it may be possible that luck is (for once) on the side of humanity and that the Last God is permanently thwarted by the PCs' actions in the campaign, it might be more interesting to suppose the macro-organism survives… and eventually begins to rebuild.

In addition to the possibility of another fight with this tremendous enemy another day, consider the repercussions of the Last God being free of its prison. No longer confined to the facility at Center, the Last God can begin spreading its contagion and rebuilding its severely depleted biomass. This process could take years, even decades, depending on where it chooses to wait out its "regeneration." Having witnessed the capabilities of only a handful of "outsiders" (i.e. the PCs), the Last God may not immediately risk spreading to the known lands of the Twisted Earth (such as the Forbidden Lands and beyond), but instead might retreat to the distant mountains where it can feed and grow off of uncoordinated, natural wildlife (such as bears and other mountain animals, not to mention the few scattered tribal communities of the Big Rocks). Over time, the Last God will grow strong enough, and its thrall armies large enough, to leave its mountain retreat, but by then a whole generation may have passed in the outside world.

The New World Order is thus a long-term threat to the Twisted Earth—a threat that hasn't ended even with the successes of the PCs in *Against the Wastelords, The New World Order*, and *The Last God*. Though the PCs may have temporarily thwarted the plans of the Last God for the *present*, the possibility of it growing back to life on the periphery of the known world in the *future* is very real...

Type	Additional Biomass Requirement
Shambler	+0 HD worth of biomass (minimum 1 HD)
Seedling	+1 HD worth of biomass
Integrator	+5 HD worth of biomass
Node Mother	+10 HD worth of biomass

NEW BIOMASS

The macro-organism that is the Last God is finite, and killing any of its "appendages" (its seedlings, integrators, node mothers, and other thralls) permanently reduces the total HD of the creature as a whole. However, the Last God does have the ability to recoup these losses to its mass.

Integrators are parts of the macro-organism that are specifically designed to replenish its biomass supply. Integrators literally *consume* living creatures and add their tissue to the biomass of the Last God; each HD consumed adds an equal number of HD to the Last God's total, allowing it to recover from losses in war or battle—or to *grow*.

SHARED SKILLS (AND FEATS)

Because the contagion of the Last God links the minds as well as the bodies of all creatures absorbed into the macro-organism, it has a huge pool of skills and feats to call upon. Former scientists, security personnel, and soldiers all contribute not only an advanced grasp of various sciences and battlefield tactics, but also let even the most minor thrall use these advanced skills as a result of their shared awareness and sentience.

This skill sharing is not infinite, however. The sharing of more advanced skills and feats—those that involve complex mental capabilities—require close proximity to a biomass or a node mother, and thus thralls using complex skills are limited to a radius close to the greater macro-organism. Beyond this radius, these complex skills begin to diminish, and are replaced by more "instinctive" survival skills. As a result, while thralls may possess amazing technical skills when close to a node mother (or a controlling biomass), the further they are from such a "home base" the less intelligently they behave, until at the most extreme distances they are reduced to an almost animal intelligence.

In game terms, all biomasses and thralls (except for shamblers, which are too primitive to function with higher mental capacities) share the same skills and feats. The number and rank of feats and skills depend on the distance between the thrall and the nearest biomass. Biomasses and node mothers have a constant set of skills and feats. Use the information below to determine the skills available to any given thrall:

Distance From Controller	Skills/Feats
Up to 2 miles	Skill/Feat Set A
Up to 5 miles	Skill/Feat Set B
Up to 10 miles	Skill/Feat Set C
20 miles or more	Skill/Feat Set D

SKILL/FEAT SET A

Skills (base ranks only): Bluff +6, Climb +10, Computer Use +15, Craft (chemical) +13, Craft (electronics) +13, Craft (mechanical) +13, Craft (pharmaceutical) +13, Craft (structural)+ 6, Craft (visual art) +4, Decipher Script +5, Demolitions +6, Diplomacy +4, Disable Device +6, Drive +6, Gather Information +4, Handle Animal +2, Hide +2, Intimidate +12, Investigate +6, Jump +5, Knowledge

WHERE THE SKILLS COME FROM?

The skills and feats shown here accurately reflect the sentience, knowledge, and individual experiences accumulated by the macro-organism from its integration of numerous victims over the past 200+ years. These include a large number of scientists and soldiers infected during the Fall at the Center facility, the entire tribe of villagers living beneath Saguache (see *The New World Order*), even various animals from throughout the desert such as bears, coyote, and wolves. Similarly these skills and feats reflect the growing number of Wastelords who have fallen in battle and become thralls of the New World Order during the war in the San Luis Valley.

For example, Computer Use, the more advanced Craft and Knowledge skills, and Research come from the various technicians and scientists integrated during the Fall. Other skills like Craft (visual art) and Survival were gained from the macro-organism's integration of the villagers of Saguache. And a few additional skill ranks were gained from the integration of animals (for instance, its current ranks in Climb).

The macro-organism can only acquire new skills (or higher ranks for existing skills), feats, and talents by integrating other living creatures. If characters (PCs or NPCs) who are integrated possess skills, feats, or talents not shown on the above lists (or if they possess skills at a higher rank), then the macro-organism "learns" these new abilities at those levels.

(ancient lore) +4, Knowledge (behavioral sciences) +13, Knowledge (earth and life sciences) +16, Knowledge (physical sciences) +13, Knowledge (tactics) +6, Knowledge (technology) +13, Listen +8, Move Silently +2, Profession +4, Read/Write (Ancient), Repair +7, Research +13, Search +4, Sense Motive +6, Speak Language (Ancient), Speak Language (Gutter Talk), Speak Language (Unislang), Spot +7, Survival +2, Swim +3, Treat Injury +10.

Feats: Advanced Electronics Discipline, Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Pharmaceutical Discipline, Advanced Technology, Advanced Weapons Discipline, Alertness, Armor Proficiency (Light, Medium, Heavy), Athletic, Attentive, Builder (chemical, electronics, pharmaceutical, structural), Burst Fire, Educated (earth and life sciences, technology), Endurance, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Gearhead, Great Fortitude, Improved Autofire, Iron Will, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Room-Broom, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Strafe, Studious, Weapon Focus (Colt 635), Weapon Focus (H&K MP5), Weapon Focus (*pulse laser rifle*), Weapon Specialization (Colt 635), Weapon Specialization (H&K MP5), Weapon Specialization (*pulse laser rifle*).

SKILL/FEAT SET B

Skills (base ranks only): Bluff +6, Climb +10, Computer Use +15, Decipher Script +5, Demolitions +6, Disable Device +6, Hide +2, Intimidate +12, Investigate +6, Jump +5, Knowledge (tactics) +6, Listen +8, Move Silently +2, Read/Write (Ancient), Repair +7, Research +13, Search +4, Sense Motive +6, Speak Language (Ancient), Speak Language (Gutter Talk), Speak Language (Unislang), Spot +7, Survival +2, Swim +3, Treat Injury +10.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Gearhead, Personal Firearms Proficiency.

SKILL/FEAT SET C

Skills (base ranks only): Bluff +6, Climb +10, Hide +2, Jump +5, Knowledge (tactics) +6, Listen +8, Move Silently +2, Read/Write (Ancient), Search +4, Sense Motive +6, Speak Language (Ancient), Speak Language (Gutter Talk), Speak Language (Unislang), Spot +7, Survival +2, Treat Injury +10.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Personal Firearms Proficiency.

SKILL/FEAT SET D

Skills (base ranks only): Bluff +6, Hide +2, Listen +8, Move Silently +2, Read/Write (Ancient), Search +4, Speak Language (Ancient), Speak Language (Gutter Talk), Speak Language (Unislang), Spot +7, Survival +2.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Personal Firearms Proficiency.

Skill totals may be further modified by the creature's attributes and size.

N.W.O. TALENT LIST

Like skills and feats, the macro-organism has accumulated a vast number of talents from the various character types it has integrated into its mass. Because of the unified mind (and body) of the macro-organism, all thralls contribute their former talents to this central "pool", from which other thralls can draw on to fulfill particular roles.

Upon becoming infected a thrall can exchange any number of its existing talents for replacements from this list: Ancient Secret (ancient technology), Ancient Secret (ancient craft), Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains (+1), Confusing Tirade, Damage Reduction 1/-, 2/-, and -3/- (each step taken as an individual talent), Exploit Weakness, Gossip, Improved Critical, Improved Melee Smash, Melee Smash, Plan, Robust (all character levels count as Tough levels),

Savant (computer use), Savant (craft, pharmaceutical), Savant (decipher script), Savant (knowledge, earth and life sciences), Savant (repair), Savant (research), Scientific Improvisation, Scientific Method, Tactical Aid.

TRANSFORMATION

An unusual adaptation of the macro-organism is its ability to literally *reshape* the bodies of infected sub-organisms. By rearranging components of the body, the macro-organism can cause a thrall to grow new arms, sprout additional legs, or project its eyes out on long sinewy eyestalks for better vision. In essence, the body becomes a block of living clay that the macro-organism can rebuild and reshape. Though even during the time of the Ancients scientists were not clear how this ability functioned, it was speculated that this unique biological phenomenon is related to the process by which the XBM reduces living matter to an almost "mercurial" state.

All thralls except for shamblers can undergo transformation, a process that requires 1d4 rounds of inactivity. Since thralls can take no other actions while transforming, they usually only do so when alone or when they have time to prepare. Once transformed, the thrall can never again revert to its original form.

A transformed thrall may select any *two* of the following traits:

ADDITIONAL ARMS

The thrall's body sprouts additional arms, though these primitive appendages resemble tentacles, tendrils, or purely vein-like extensions of the thrall's body mass.

Benefit: While they do not provide additional attacks, a thrall with additional arms gains a +4 bonus to grappling attempts.

ADDITIONAL LEGS

The thrall's body splits open, sprouting additional legs on which to walk or run. Two-legged creatures now run on four legs in the manner of a dog or horse; creatures with four or more legs now scuttle about with a flurry of motion like some terrifying mutant scorpion or spider.

Benefit: This trait adds +10 to the base creature's speed.

DISLOCATION

Because it can rearrange existing muscles and form entirely new muscles at will, the thrall can dislocate any of its bones to provide greater flexibility.

Benefit: The thrall gains a +2 bonus to Climb, Escape Artist, Sleight of Hand, and Tumble checks.

ENLARGE MAW

The thrall's head and mouth is reshaped, with jagged bits of bone drawn from throughout the body to create multiple rows of serrated teeth.

Benefit: This reshaped mouth makes existing bite attacks deadlier. Damage done by the creature's bite attack increases by one step:

Old Damage	New Damage
1d2	1d3
1d3	1d4
1d4	1d6
1d6	1d8
1d8	2d6
1d10	2d6
1d12	2d8
2d6	2d8
2d8	4d6
4d6	4d8

EXTEND HEAD/LIMB

The thrall's body rearranges its mass, allowing the head (or a limb) to extend outwards on a long, sinewy tendril or trunk.

Benefit: The thrall gains +5 ft. of reach when attacking with a bite, claw, or slam attack.

EYESTALKS

The creature's eyes sink back into the head and it sprouts eyestalks on long ropy tendrils of muscle and sinew. These eyestalks give it greater visual capabilities.

Benefit: The thrall can see in all directions, receives a +4 bonus to Spot checks, and cannot be flanked.

LASHING TONGUE

The thrall's mouth expands, allowing a long snake-like tongue to strike out from inside.

Benefit: As a standard action, the thrall can spit this lashing tongue at a target up to 30 feet away (treat this as a ranged touch attack); if it hits, the tongue wraps around the target and initiates a grapple. The tongue deals no damage itself, but is considered to have a Strength of 20 for the purposes of grappling. Once a target is grappled by the tongue, the thrall can continue to act normally, but may not wander more than 30 ft. away from the grappled target.

The tongue can be cut (AC 15, hit points equal to 1/2 the creature's normal total, break DC 25), but it reshapes on the thrall's next action and can be used again.

REARRANGED VITAL ORGANS

A thrall with this trait has its vital organs moved, rearranged, or spread out throughout its body to make it far more resistant to weapons.

Benefit: The creature suffers only half damage from piercing and ballistic attacks.

TORSO MAW

The thrall's chest cavity splits open to reveal a grotesque oval-shaped mouth, complete with jagged "fangs" formed from fractured rib bones.

Benefit: The thrall receives a bite attack in addition to any other attacks it already possesses. If used in conjunction with other attacks the bite is considered a secondary attack. The damage done by the torso maw depends on the size of the thrall:

Size	Bite Damage
Up to Small	1d6
Medium	1d8
Large	1d10
Etc.	1d12

THRALL TRAITS

Unless specified under a creature's description, all New World Order sub-types have the following species traits:

Dominated (Ex): All thralls are an integral part of the greater macro-organism and as such become physically and mentally dominated by it—they function like individual parts of a larger body, acting unquestioningly at the whim of a single mind. Thralls lose all individual will and intelligence and become a working part of the "over-being" that is the Last God. All creatures of the New World Order act on the same initiative in combat (use the highest available base Initiative bonus).

Immunities (Ex): All New World Order sub-types are immune to sleep, paralysis, stunning, poison, and mind-affecting effects.

Proximity Reliance (Ex): While the link between the macro-organism's "parts" is impressive, it is not infinite. The effectiveness of all abilities depends on the distance between the individual thrall and the Last God's main body (considered to be located wherever the largest concentration of the Last God's HD resides), or the nearest node mother or free-floating biomass:

Distance	Abilities Available
Up to 2 miles	Dominated, Immunities, Shared Skills, Telepathic Link, Transformation
Between 2 and 5 miles	Immunities, Shared Skills, Telepathic Link, Transformation
Between 5 and 10 miles	Immunities, Shared Skills, Transformation
Between 10 and 30 miles	Immunities and Shared Skills only*

** At this distance the sentience of the macro-organism is only faintly connected to the thrall, though the thrall still operates with a vague recollection of its purpose (usually "spread the Last God's contagion").*

Shared Skills (Ex): All thralls and biomasses share a "pool" of skills—the combined mental abilities and experiences of all who have succumbed to the infection. The strength of this skill sharing depends on the distance between the thrall in question and its "controller" (a node mother or biomass).

Shared Talents (Ex): All thralls and biomasses also share a "pool" of talents taken from all the creatures integrated by the macro-organism. When a creature takes on the thrall template it can switch out any existing talents for another talent from the N.W.O. Talent List (see above). In the case of free-floating biomasses, the creature chooses talents depending on its size category: *Fine* no talents, *Diminutive* 1 talent, *Tiny* 2 talents, *Small* 3 talents, *Medium-size* 4 talents, *Large* 5 talents, *Huge* 6 talents, *Gargantuan* 7 talents, *Colossal* 8 talents.

Telepathic Link (Ex): Because all thralls are a physical extension of the Last God, they are united with the greater macro-organism through a curious form of telepathic link.

All sensory information (sight, touch, sound, smell) collected by any thrall is shared by all—shamblers, seedlings, integrators, node mothers, and the "main biomass" itself. A thrall's sensory organs are not enhanced in any way, and function exactly like those of its host body (for example, a human thrall provides normal human sight and hearing, while a bear thrall provides normal vision as well as the Scent ability). This essentially acts like a form of *clairaudience* or *clairvoyance*, with the thrall's eyes and ears acting as the "window" connecting the macro-organism's unified conscience to distant locations.

Transformation (Ex): Because the bodies of thralls are only animated by the pliant biomass at their core, they can be physically reshaped—the biomass inside them can rearrange bones and internal organs in whatever fashion it desires. Transformation takes 1d4 full rounds; on completion, the creature can select *two* of the traits described under the *Transformation* section.

NEW TEMPLATES

The following are special templates that can be added to an existing creature to represent the ways that infection by the XBM virus has changed it into a thrall of the New World Order:

SEEDLING

Seedlings serve a dual purpose in the macro-organism that is the Last God: first and foremost they are carriers of the vast, infectious, communal biomass that is the Last God, and secondly they serve as extensions of the Last God's senses. Seedlings are used not only to keep the Last God's sentience dispersed (so that it cannot be killed in one single attack) and to spread the contagion to other creatures, but also to provide the macro-organism with hundreds of eyes and ears.

Seedlings generally resemble the creatures they were in life, and withstand the ravages of time exceptionally well (due to a special enzyme that is produced in abundance when a sizeable part of the biomass is present in a host). In some cases, a creature can be hundreds of years old and still resemble a normal specimen of its kind.

"Seedling" is a template that can be applied to any creature of the following types: aberration, animal, giant, humanoid, mutated beast, or monstrous humanoid (referred to hereafter as the "base character"). It uses all of the base character's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

Mutations and Defects: All mutations and defects that affect the physical form, attributes, and abilities of the base creature are retained, but mental (including *neural*) mutations and defects are lost.

Special Attacks: A seedling retains all the special attacks of the base character. The seedling also gains the special attack listed below.

Contagion (Ex): All seedlings carry part of the Last God within them in the form of an amoeba-like mass within

their stomachs. This mass is a part of the macro-organism that can be transferred to other "hosts" to infect them, grow inside them, and spread to make yet more thralls: more seedlings, shamblers, or integrators (new node mothers can only be made by the main biomass of the macro-organism).

Spreading the contagion requires the seedling to be in close bodily contact with a potential new host, and to literally *vomit* its internal corruption into the new host's mouth. This is generally done by either incapacitating the target (such as by knocking him/her unconscious), or by grappling and immobilizing the victim. On the following round, as an attack action, the seedling can attempt to *infect*.

The victim of an infection attempt may make a Fortitude save (DC 15) to avoid becoming infected. A failed save means the victim succumbs and acquires one of the three allowed New World Order templates—shambler, seedling, or integrator—within 1d4 rounds. The template assumed depends on what purpose the Last God has in mind for that individual. Creating any new thrall in this way degrades the biomass' total strength (see *The Biomass Pool*).

The contagion can also be spread if a slain seedling (or any part of it) is eaten or ingested. Seedlings may even be mostly dissolved (such as by rot) in water or buried and spread to vegetation growing from the ground. The only way to completely destroy the contagious material is to subject it to intense heat—fire does the trick nicely.

Challenge Rating: Same as base character +1.

SHAMBLER

Shamblers are mindless, zombie-like thralls of the Last God. The main function of the shambler is to serve as a cheap and affordable extension of the macro-organism.

Unlike seedlings, shamblers do not carry a significant part of the Last God's biomass and thus cannot create new thralls or spread the contagion to other hosts. Though shamblers by definition have been fully infected, only a small part of the Last God remains in their bodies to keep them under control (i.e. upright and able to walk).

Shamblers resemble the creatures they were in life, but lacking the enzymes that sustain seedlings (and other breeds of New World Order thralls), they generally rot and deteriorate much more quickly than other types of thrall. Most shamblers look like "zombie" versions of their former selves.

"Shambler" is a template that can be applied to any creature of the following types: aberration, animal, giant, humanoid, mutated beast, or monstrous humanoid (referred to hereafter as the "base character"). This template modifies the base character in the same way as the zombie template (see d20 Modern, page 267), except as noted here.

Mutations and Defects: All mutations and defects that affect the physical form, attributes, and abilities of the base creature are retained, but mental (including *neural*) mutations and defects are lost.

Special Qualities: A shambler retains all the base character's special qualities, as well as those of the "zombie" template. It also has the species traits shared by all New World Order thralls, with the following exceptions:

Proximity Reliance (Ex): A shambler that travels more than 30 miles from the Last God's main body (wherever the majority of the biomass' HD resides) or from a node mother is no longer under control and ceases to function; it immediately falls over and dies.

Shared Skills (Ex): Shamblers do not share skills and feats, as they lose all skills when they take on the *zombie* template. They do retain the Toughness feat, however.

Shared Talents (Ex): Shamblers do not have this trait.

Transformation (Ex): Shamblers do not have this trait.

Challenge Rating: As a *zombie* (based on size; Tiny or smaller 1/8, Small ¼, Medium-size ½, Large 3, Huge 6, Gargantuan 10, Colossal 13).

INTEGRATOR

A specialized extension of the macro-organism, the sole purpose of the integrator is to consume living biological matter with which to replenish the Last God's biomass. Integrators typically prowl the battlefield searching for still-living prey to infect and consume.

The science behind the integrator's abilities is not clearly understood; it effectively liquefies living creatures through contact and reduces them to seething, formless "biomaterial" used to replace biomass lost to the macro-organism through combat or accidents.

Integrators typically retain their hosts' appearances from life, except when they are about to integrate a living creature into the Last God's biomass. When an integrator prepares to consume a creature, its body begins to swell until its stomach, face, eyes, and chest have expanded to roughly twice their original size. When this happens, the eyes fall out of their sockets and tendrils of biomass (a composite blend of internal tissues, musculature, and veins) emerge from the empty sockets to adhere to the intended victim and begin liquifying his entire body. This process is time-consuming and delicate, and generally requires a subdued or otherwise incapacitated subject.

"Integrator" is a template that can be applied to any creature of the following types: aberration, animal, giant, humanoid, mutated beast, or monstrous humanoid (referred to hereafter as the "base character"). It uses all of the base character's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

Hit Dice: If the base creature is any creature with character levels, there is no change. Otherwise the creature gains +2 HD (as if advanced) and all associated benefits.

Mutations and Defects: All mutations and defects that affect the physical form, attributes, and abilities of the base creature are retained, but mental (including *neural*) mutations and defects are lost.

Special Attacks: An integrator retains all the special attacks of the base character. The integrator also gains the following special attack listed below.

Integration (Ex): An integrator can dissolve the physical body of a fallen enemy and turn it into semi-animated biomass that replenishes the body of the macro-organism.

Once it has liquefied an enemy, it ingests the fluid, becomes bloated (like a tick), and heads back to rejoin the nearest free-floating biomass.

Integrating any creature requires that the victim be immobilized (usually either by being knocked unconscious or grappled). During the integration process the integrator may take no other actions; it cannot move or defend itself.

During each round of the integration process, an incapacitated target takes a certain amount of acid damage depending on the base creature's size:

Size	Integration Damage
Tiny	1d4 per round
Small	1d6 per round
Medium-size	2d6 per round
Large	3d6 per round
Huge	4d6 per round
Gargantuan	5d6 per round
Colossal	6d6 per round

Since integration infects the victim with a strain of the XBM disease designed to break living tissue down into protoplasm, a Fortitude save (DC 18) can be made to resist this acid damage (special modifiers for characters with resistance to *disease* apply).

Despite the unimaginable pain (and horror) experienced by the victim of an integration attempt, a victim being integrated can attempt to break the hold as long as he or she remains conscious. However, if and when the victim is reduced to 0 hit points, it is considered "integrated" and absorbed into the integrator's hollow interior (requiring a full-round action by the integrator).

A creature integrated in this manner cannot be healed or brought back to life by any means known to science.

The benefit of integration for the New World Order is that the hit dice of any creature integrated is added to the Last God's total pool of biomass.

Challenge Rating: Same as base character +2.

NODE MOTHER

The so-called "node mother" is an important sub-unit of the macro-organism—one capable of extending the Last God's telepathic control over great distances. The node mother works like a psychic relay station or hub; as long as it remains in contact with the primary mass of the Last God (wherever the largest portion of the remaining biomass currently is, either in a host or as a free-floating amoebic blob), it can relay the main body's telepathic messages, signals, and domination to the extent of its own capabilities.

Node mothers are essential to the Last God's hopes for a "new world order." Though it is in itself a tremendous being of untold power and capabilities, the Last God cannot project its psychic influence beyond a relatively limited area. Node mothers allow the Last God to extend its telepathic powers over a greater distance.

A node mother extends the range of the Last God by an amount equal to its original capabilities (30 miles + 30 miles = 60 miles). Thus, by placing a node mother at the edge of its range, the Last God effectively doubles the distance covered by its influence. Two node mothers, linked together, extend this to 90 miles. Three node mothers extent this to 120 miles, and so on.

In this fashion, node mothers serve as "generals" in the Last God's New World Order, spreading its influence, sentience, and senses beyond its normal limits. Yet at the same time these are not actually separate beings; infused with the physical matter of the Last God, they are merely semi-independent extensions of the whole.

"Node Mother" is a template that can be applied to any creature of the following types: aberration, animal, giant, humanoid, mutated beast, or monstrous humanoid (referred to hereafter as the "base character"). It uses all of the base character's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

Mutations and Defects: All mutations and defects that affect the physical form, attributes, and abilities of the base creature are retained, but mental (including *neural*) mutations and defects are lost.

Special Attacks: A node mother retains all the special attacks of the base character. The node mother also gains the following special attack listed below.

Psi-Pulse (Ex): Once every 1d4 rounds, as a standard action, a node mother can produce a psionic "psi-pulse" that works almost exactly like an EM pulse except that instead of affecting electrical devices, it scrambles the transfer of electrical impulses in organic brains.

When the node mother creates a psi-pulse, all organic creatures within 50 ft. must make a Will save (DC 10 + node mother's Wis modifier + ½ node mother's HD) or be *stunned* for 1d3 rounds.

Special Qualities: A node mother retains all the base character's special qualities. It also has the species traits shared by all New World Order thralls, as well as the following:

Proximity Reliance (Ex): This restriction works differently for node mothers; unlike other thralls, the integrity of the node mother's traits to not deteriorate with range—they work out to a full 30 miles. If the node mother moves outside of 30 miles, however, its connection with the macro-organism is effectively severed (and it acts as if *confused* until it comes back within the 30 mile radius).

Psi-Inhibition (Ex): As a bi-product of its telepathic extension abilities (see description), the node mother continuously emits bizarre energies on a psionic wavelength that affects all psionic use within a broad area. This invisible energy field extends to a range of 500 ft., but anyone attempting to use psionic mutations or abilities within this area has the DC increased by +2. This effect is constant, and manifests as a dizzy feeling in psionic characters that gets stronger they closer they come to the node mother.

Psi-Relay (Ex): The main ability of the node mother is its ability to extend the awareness and "powers" of the macro-organism beyond its central physical location (wherever the "main biomass" is located). The node mother acts like a "psychic relay," an extension that keeps seedlings,

shamblers, and integrators in contact with the main biomass well beyond its normal range of 30 miles.

If a node mother is killed, all thralls directly controlled by it (that is, any thralls that previously operated under its "umbrella") become severed from the main biomass, and act accordingly.

Challenge Rating: Same as base character +3.

APPENDIX 2: NEW ITEMS

The Last God introduces a number of new items as treasure that the character may find during their exploration of the ancient facility. These items are detailed in the following section.

BIOHAZARD SUIT

A *biohazard suit* is similar to an *environment suit*, but designed for military applications in biologically-hostile environments. Such suits are usually made of a more resilient black material and fitted with special sensors detecting if the suit is punctured. A biohazard suit is specifically designed to protect against biological threats, however, and lacks the radiation protection of a normal environment suit.

A biohazard suit is fitted with a small device similar to a *pocket nurse* that automatically injects the wearer with a dose of *filter dose* when the suit is punctured (i.e. if the wearer takes any damage). The device can be reloaded, but only with *filter dose*.

In addition to this feature a biohazard suit has a limited version of an advanced breathing apparatus that operates for 12 hours at a time (recharging itself after 12 hours takes another 30 minutes). As armor it operates identically to an environment suit.

Most often the protective capabilities of a biohazard suit will be bolstered by a *shock harness* (not included in the price).

Cost: 3,500 cp.

MAGNETIC SCRAMBLER

This item consists of a *power beltpack* linked to a hand-held magnetic "baton", which when brought within 6" of an electronic device (electronic parts, computers, and magnetically stored data devices; robots and more complex machines do not apply) will destroy it through a low-level electromagnetic energy wave. The chance of erasing/destroying a device is 25% per round of operation. Each round of operation drains the power source by 1 charge. A magnetic scrambler weighs 3 lbs.

Power Source: Beltpack. *Cost:* 7,500 cp.

PK ENHANCER

A *psychokinetic enhancer* resembles a metal headband worn about the forehead and secured around the ears. These devices were developed as part of a secret pre-Fall program dedicated to uncovering the psychic potential believed inherent in all creatures.

A *PK enhancer* works to magnify the psychic abilities of a character with a neural mutation. When worn the enhancer allows the wearer to manifest her neural mutations as if *advanced* by one step. Each time an enhanced ability is used, however, it drains a charge from the enhancer's power source.

A *PK enhancer* has no effect when worn by someone without some kind of psychic ability.

Power Source: Belt. *Cost:* 12,500 cp.

SHOCK HARNESS

This item is a special harness that generates an electric charge whenever the wearer is impacted. This harness operates in a manner similar to a *magnetic shield*, except that it is only activated when the wearer is struck by an unarmed attack (or a melee attack with a weapon that conducts electricity). Instead of granting damage reduction, however, the attacker who strikes the wearer is shocked for 1d8 points of damage each time it makes contact (this includes grappling, which causes damage for each round of continued contact). Each discharge of electricty drains the suit by one charge.

Power Source: Beltpack or backpack. *Cost:* 15,000 cp.

UV LAMP

UV lamps are investigative tools generally used to detect otherwise invisible tracks and evidence (faint bloodstains, outlines of footprints, etc.). The lamp is essentially a powerful light on an extendable wire frame stand, balanced on a tripod. When extended, the lamp can reach up to twelve feet and casts its light over a considerably broad area (15 feet by 15 feet).

The ultraviolet light emitted by a UV lamp is not strong enough to sterilize (unlike a *UV sterilizer*), but it does 1 point of damage per round to fungi, plant-like, or bacterial life. A UV lamp will drain a power pack after 10 hours of operation. A UV lamp weighs 5 lbs.

Power Source: Pack. *Cost:* 1,000 cp.

NEW MEDICINES

The laboratories of the Center facility offer a few new synthesized drugs used during the height of Project Bloom. These drugs are described in full below.

SUPPRESSANT 41

This drug was used during the process of genetically altering test animals, to make them more susceptible to takeover by the XBM. Taken in shot form, the drug virtually demolishes the immune system of the subject so that the infection can take hold without resistance.

A creature that takes this drug suffers a permanent loss of 1d8 Con (though the victim's Con cannot drop below a score

of 1). DC 10.

Cost: 5,000 cp.

SUPPRESSANT 42

Also used in genetic alteration experiments, this drug was used to physically dwarf the test animal's mental and sensory development. Its use was reserved for experiments pertaining to how the XBM controls its host through adhering to the cerebral cortex; the idea being that by removing the animal's own motor coordination and self-preservation instincts, the scientists could observe how the XBM "animates" the body through its own parasitic habitation.

Taken in shot form, this drug causes a permanent loss of 1d8 Dex and Wis. DC 14.

Cost: 8,000 cp.

ACCELERANT 27

This drug was developed to make certain test animals at the facility more fertile, allowing them to create larger broods of offspring in shorter time. This process was used in conjunction with the suppressants above, so that animals altered by these drugs would become the mothers of entire generations of stunted or retarded children destined for more experiments.

Accelerant 27 is basically a fertility drug; if a human (or mutant) female takes this drug, she has a 50% chance of having twins, 30% chance of having triplets, 10% chance of having quadruplets, or a 10% chance of having a freakish conjoined monstrosity when she next gives birth. DC 15.

Cost: 500 cp.

NEW SECURITY CARDS

The facility at Center employs a series of special security cards that were designed to limit access to workers, technicians, security personnel, and scientists specifically working on the secret weapons program being undertaken there.

These cards are similar in many respects to normal *identity cards* (as described in *Darwin's World 2nd Edition*), but they only work at the Center facility and do not supercede or even duplicate cards of standard levels outside of the base. They are only useful at Center, and would have little or no value elsewhere.

The system used at Center employs an entirely different series of colored cards, each with its own level of security clearance. The cards used at the laboratory facility come in two broad categories (*technician cards* and *security cards*), and are further broken down by color coding:

TECHNICIAN CARDS

Technician cards were issued to scientific staff involved in the weapons program, granting them access to laboratories and associated building complexes.

Green: *Green ID cards* were given to technicians of varying levels of clearance on the base. They grant access to most work areas (but not all). Each *green*-level card has a special designator on it that grants access only to a specific building; for example, a technician cleared to work in the *Storage Facility* can open all *green*-level doors there, but not *green*-level doors in other buildings in the complex.

In addition, *green*-level cards generally were keyed to a specific individual, and were used to grant access to private quarters on site.

Orange: *Orange ID cards* were assigned only to individuals (technicians, engineers, and their supervisors) who worked in environments with highly sensitive equipment *not related to the production of bioweapons* – usually equipment that was of a classified nature (such as the sophisticated electronics monitoring equipment in the surface base's *Rail Traffic Control Tower*). An *orange access card* overrides a *green access card* if keyed to the same building.

Pink: *Pink*-level access cards were only given to scientists and engineers working on the production of biological weapons (at any stage of the process). They grant access to most areas of the secret facility, but certainly not all. *Pink access cards* override *orange* and *green* cards if keyed to the same building.

Gray: Assigned only to department heads, top researchers, and development team leaders, *gray access cards* are relatively rare. A *gray access card* grants access to all technician levels (*green* through *pink*) in a building the card is keyed to, as well as areas otherwise restricted to a *gray*-level clearance (such as the private offices of each top researcher).

SECURITY CARDS

Security cards were restricted, only issued to special security forces at the facility to allow them to respond to an emergency despite normal keycard restrictions. As such security cards generally override technician cards.

Graphite: This dark metallic card is a security access pass distributed only to members of the surface security force. The *graphite ID card* overrides the locks of most buildings in the surface "town" (allowing security personnel to enter any building at their leisure), and also grants access to some "special" sites (such as secret armories hidden in false buildings).

Electrum: This type of silvery card was issued solely to security personnel in the main facility buildings and sub-surface production areas. *Electrum ID cards* do not override *graphite* card locks (and vice versa).

Titanium: The highest level of military security used at the base, *titanium ID cards* grant access to top security/high-risk areas (such as the *Housings* in the *Storage Facility*). A *titanium* card will not provide access to any other area, and will not override other key locks. Because *titanium* cards are restricted to only a few trusted personnel, each card features a chip that tells any key card lock of a different color to signal the silent alarm if the *titanium* card is used in an attempt to bypass an unauthorized lock.

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