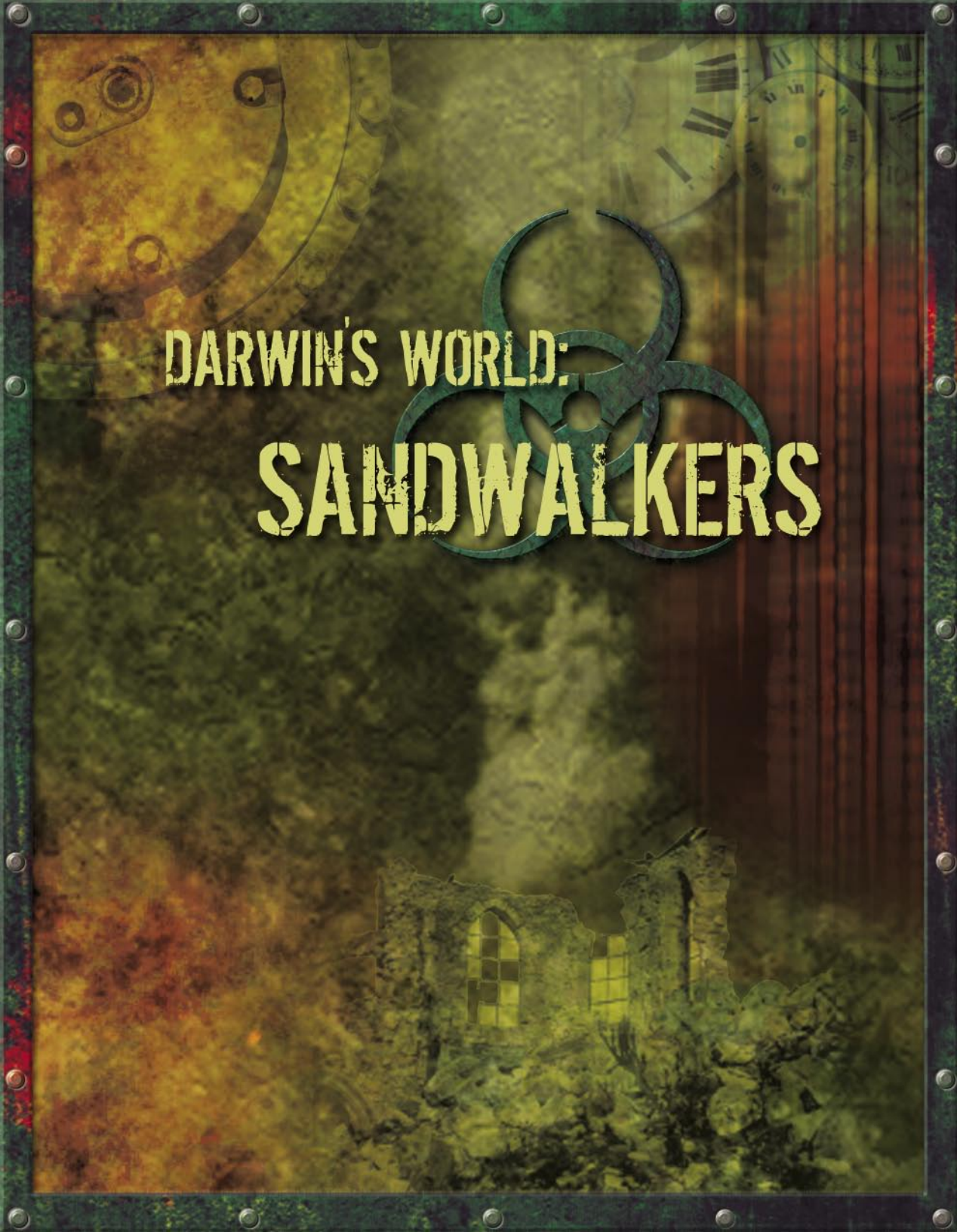




DARWIN'S WORLD: SANDWALKERS

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SANDWALKERS: HEROIC (AND VILLAINOUS) NPCS OF THE TWISTED EARTH

Welcome to *Sandwalkers*, a resource for the post-apocalyptic role-playing game *Darwin's World 2nd Edition*. *Sandwalkers* is intended to serve as a practical Gamemaster aid, providing concise information on a number of pre-generated NPC heroes and villains, potential campaign allies and enemies that you can slip into your games with little or no preparation.

HOW TO USE SANDWALKERS

Sandwalkers is filled from start to finish with characters that you can use to fill out possible voids in your adventures—well-developed non-player characters, each with a complete stat block, background, physical outline, and even a description of favored, pre-planned tactics. Each entry also includes possible “hooks” for encounters with or against these unique and unusual characters.

Each character described in this book is designed to be a challenge for a particular level of game play, ranging from low level (5th and above) to the most epic (topping out at 20th level). In addition, each character not only represents a varying level of danger (or help), but also a unique “take” on each advanced class that will give more depth and variety to *Darwin's World's* iconic character types.

While some of these NPCs use advanced classes, feats, and/or equipment from other RPG Objects products, most of these are relatively self-explanatory. If you do not have the sourcebooks

mentioned, with only a little modification you can swap out these features for ones of your choosing.

SPANNER (TINKER)

Spanner is an often overlooked yet vitally important part of the Ravagers, a nihilistic raider gang with which he's lived for most of his life. Captured as a child when the Ravagers discovered his *Hedonistic* community in its long-lost dome in the desert, he

suffered brutally at the hands of his new masters until someone, somewhere, noticed his aptitude for repair and tinkering. In most raider gangs, weaker individuals would have died off from torture and years of unmentionable depravity, but Spanner was stubborn (and lucky) enough to survive to the age of nineteen; he is now an accepted part of that most feared of raider armies.

Though Spanner rides to war with everyone else in the raider legion, he is seldom noticed in the sea of

TABLE 1: NPCS BY CR

Name	Type	CR
Spanner	Tinker	5
Ferret	Skulk	6
Sister Radiance	Psionic	6
Doc Hacksaw	Juju Doctor	7
Randi	Raider	7
Boy	Barbarian	8
Rider	Survivalist	8
Packrat	Scav	9
Star Commander Dawson	Demagogue	9
Tin Man	Guardian	10
Motorcycle Man	Road Warrior	11
Dougal	Medicine Man	12
Mr. Death	Symbiote	12
Dinah Might	Champion	13
Tarando	Trader	13
Bixby	Scholar	14
Grampa	Mech	15
Prof. Richard Frost	Scientist	15
O-Chana	Warrior Monk	16
Faith	Sister of the Desert	17
Digger	Tech Looter	18
Margus H'an	Trade Master	19
Claudius 13	Mutant Hunter	20

racing vehicles and well-armed raider road warriors. Covered in grease and caked with the vaporous sewage belched from the vehicular mounts of his masters, he is an almost invisible part of whichever machine he currently rides. In recent months his skills have attracted the attention of none other than a powerful Doomrider army leader, who has put him in charge of maintaining his personal command vehicle. This means climbing out and performing jury-rigged repairs on it even during the height of battle—while the vehicle is trucking at top speed!

USING SPANNER

Spanner is nothing alone, merely an extension of the war machine his master rides into battle. You can use Spanner as a minor enemy in adventures against vehicle-born raiders (such as the Ravagers, though he could easily be ported to any other gang—the Doomriders, Wastelords, etc.). In battle, he'll be found sitting in the back of a more powerful raider's vehicle, continually repairing damage done to his master's ride, keeping it (and his master) in the running. While he's merely there to enhance a more powerful enemy's capabilities, the grungy little man might even put up a fight if the PCs manage to board his master's vehicle, emerging from hiding in the back to take the would-be heroes off guard!

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Spanner has suffered much in his years with the Ravagers, and is small, malnourished, and weak. Despite this he has learned to be agile and acrobatic, slipping out of his "cage" in the back of his master's vehicle to perform whatever repairs are needed—patching up bullet holes with scrap, taping up hydraulic lines with rolls of ion bonding tape, and even putting out fires with extinguishers (or his urine

and bare hands if need be). Virtually a part of the machine he rides, he is tainted with the stench of rust, burnt rubber, and poisonous exhaust.

In battle, Spanner will busies himself repairing his master's vehicle as it is hit (using *Jury-Rig*, or even *Tinkering* to squeeze out extra maneuverability), or else applying medicines to his master as he drives, allowing him to concentrate on fighting. Only if enemies board the vehicle will Spanner draw his small pistol and attempt to fight.

Spanner (Mutant Fast Hero 3/Tinker 2): CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8 plus 2d6; HP 21; Mas 10; Init +4; Spd 40 ft, climb 15 ft.; Defense 19, touch 19, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +4 Dex, +5 class); BAB +3; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6, pistol butt), or +7 ranged (2d6, GSH-18); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Ravagers; SV Fort +1, Ref +6, Will +4; AP 2; Rep +2; Str 11, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Occupation: Repairmen (Disable Device, Repair).

Background: Hedonist (Computer Use, Knowledge [Physical Sciences], Knowledge [Technology]).

Mutations and Defects: Dermal Suction, Negative Chemical Reaction.

Skills: Balance +10, Climb +3, Computer Use +6, Craft (mechanical) +7, Disable Device +8, Drive +6, Escape Artist +6, Hide +6, Jump +2, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +4, Knowledge (Technology) +8, Move Silently +6, Repair +12, Tumble +6.

Feats: Acrobatic, Gearhead, Master Mechanic, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

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

Talents (Tinker): Jury-rig +2, Tinkering.

Possessions: GSH-18, one box of 9mm ammunition (17), basic mechanical toolkit, multipurpose tool, ion bonding tape, hip holster.



FERRET (SKULK)

A miserable little man, Ferret is a castoff, a wash-out, a nobody. He may once have been someone—a potential hireling, an NPC who looked up to a particular party member, or even a minor villain whose grand plans were foiled relatively easily by the PCs. Whoever he really was, Ferret is now nothing more than a seething ball of hatred... and a man with a one-track mind focused on *revenge*.

Ferret is a generic *skulk* whose personality perfectly embodies this stealthy, secretive, and cowardly class. His actual origins (and motives) are not particularly important, since he himself is highly flexible as a character; the bottom line is, for one reason or another, he *hates* one of the player characters (or perhaps the whole party). The "why" is left up to you, the GM; presumably he holds a grudge because of something the party did to him in the past, whether it was justified, a mistake, or a deliberate misdeed. It could have been something serious (like tricking him into trusting them, using him to get what they want, and then abandoning him somewhere convenient like a castaway). Given his fragile state of mind, it could just as easily have been something relatively minor (making fun of him in public, thwarting his attempt to pick their pockets, or even refusing to let him join the party). For one reason or another Ferret feels robbed, cheated, and betrayed, and he will never forget the character(s) who did it to him.

USING FERRET

Ferret can fill virtually any role in your game that you want him to. He should probably have a background related in some way to past adventures the PCs took part in; perhaps he was a source of information or a potential hireling they never picked up. More likely, he was a minor villain the PCs thought they'd beaten... but unbeknownst to them he survived, badly injured and forever nursing a bitter grudge against them and their fame.

Burned by whatever act drove him mad, Ferret will mindlessly pursue the target (or targets) of his vengeance across the Twisted Earth and back if necessary, forever following their trail and striking when least expect it. Like any good skulk, he prefers to avoid a decisive fight; once he's hurt the target of his revenge (physically, financially, or even psychologically), even if only in a small way, he will likely slink off into the darkness to enjoy his "victory" and watch the PCs struggle to cope with their injuries or tragic losses. However, Ferret will most certainly return to inflict more pain and suffering, his acts getting more and more cold-blooded (and noticeable), until eventually his meddling forces the PC to do something about him.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

A little runt, Ferret nonetheless manages to surprise his "quarry" with his tenacious fervor for vengeance. He was rather unremarkable in his past life (which explains why the PCs didn't hesitate to dump on him), but is now an insane, twisted, hateful little imp of a man who bends his entire energies into making the PCs' lives miserable.

Being a skulk, Ferret only attacks when he has surprise—and can get away. With his use of Hide and Move Silently he likely catches his opponents

unaware, and with his high Initiative he usually gets the first attack in. Hurling shurikens dabbled in desert anemone sap (a poison that *stuns* those who succumb to it), he tries to knock out as many party members as he can before emerging into the light to hack the survivors with his machete. If he fails in this or is badly injured, he proves almost impossible to bring down or catch; he regenerates hit point damage, is a master escape artist, has *Evasion*, and uses the *Increased Speed* talent to outrun most pursuers!

Ferret (Mutant Fast Hero 3/Skulk 3): CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 3d8+6; HP 40; Mas 14; Init +8; Spd 35 ft; Defense 20, touch 20, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +4 Dex, +6 class); BAB +4; Grap +8; Atk +7 melee (1d6+2, machete), or +8 ranged (1 plus *poison*, shuriken); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, regenerate 2 hp per 10 mins; AL none; SV Fort +4, Ref +9, Will +5; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 5.

Occupation: Slave (Climb, Survival).

Background: Resentful (Treat Injury).

Mutations and Defects: Abnormal Joint Flexibility, Accelerated White Blood Cell Activity, Aberrant Deformity, Bizarre Pigmentation.

Skills: Balance +6, Bluff +3, Climb +7, Escape Artist +12, Gather Information +3, Hide +12, Knowledge (Streetwise) +3, Listen +3, Move Silently +12, Sleight of Hand +12, Spot +3, Survival +3, Treat Injury +3, Tumble +12.

Feats: Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Forsaken, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Spineless, Stealthy, Track, Weapon Focus (machete).

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Increased Speed.

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

Possessions: Machete, 3d4 shuriken, gourd

(containing four doses of desert anemone sap), 1d2 juju potions (1d4+2), 1d2 light rods, standard binoculars, compass, lock release gun, bolt cutter, multipurpose tool, rag clothing.



SISTER RADIANCE (PSIONIC)

Sister Radiance is (or rather *was*) a member of the mighty Twisted Earth faction known as the Brotherhood of Radiation.

Born of highly talented mutant parents in the City of Lights, Sister

Radiance was raised from birth among

the ranks of the faithful Brotherhood, destined (like many others born to members of that mutant society) to become one of thousands of zealous followers of the "Glow." Unable to speak (the result of being born without a voice box) and blessed with a powerfully telepathic mind, she was one of the most promising of her generation. However, her seemingly inevitable rise in station among the Brotherhood's ranks was dashed early in her adolescence.

When she was only sixteen, Sister Radiance was sent off with a group of Brotherhood pilgrims to the Forbidden Lands. Ostensibly sent only to preach and gather converts, Sister was astonished and horrified by the things she saw in that awful land. Though she was protected by the cloister of powerful mentalists with whom she traveled, her heart was broken when she witnessed how the suffering of the region's inhabitants at the hands of raiders went unchallenged.

When a particularly vile raider gang attacked a village where she and her people had been spreading the message of the Brotherhood, Sister went to the expedition's leader and, through mental communication, demanded they do something to help the people. Told in no uncertain terms that

the Brotherhood had to maintain its neutrality in local affairs to preserve its protected status in the Forbidden Lands, Sister was shocked and, after much soul-searching, decided to steal a few meager supplies and run off into the night.

Though she has not seen fellow members of the Brotherhood in over two years, Sister still considers herself a member of that faction and strives to live up to their strictures in every word and deed. Despite her abandonment of the mission she was charged to complete, she is truly good at heart, and being young and full of idealism she refuses to stand by as others fall to the depravations of bandits, cruel merchants, and raiders. Though she knows she will likely face extreme punishment when she ever returns to the City of Lights (which she plans to do... someday), she consoles herself with the belief that her actions do more to improve the Brotherhood's reputation in the region than any amount of missionary work ever could.

USING SISTER RADIANCE

Since deserting the Brotherhood mission to the Forbidden Lands, Sister Radiance has become something of a maverick vigilante, though she hasn't quite made a reputation for herself yet. She's helped out a few isolated communities with their troubles, fighting small bands of raiders when possible and hunting marauding monsters that threaten the livelihood of local villagers, but nothing really worthy of widespread acclaim. Still, she has been successful. But being only one woman, she knows she'd not only be safer with friends, but would also be able to do a lot more good.

Sister Radiance would make an ideal NPC hireling or even a cohort, especially for parties

with a particularly heroic reputation as do-gooders. Should a party allow her to join them, they will find her to be a dedicated and resolute opponent of the wasteland's worst scum, and a complex character whose own demons (namely, the misplaced feelings of betrayal brewing inside her) could make her a truly memorable adventuring companion. The only

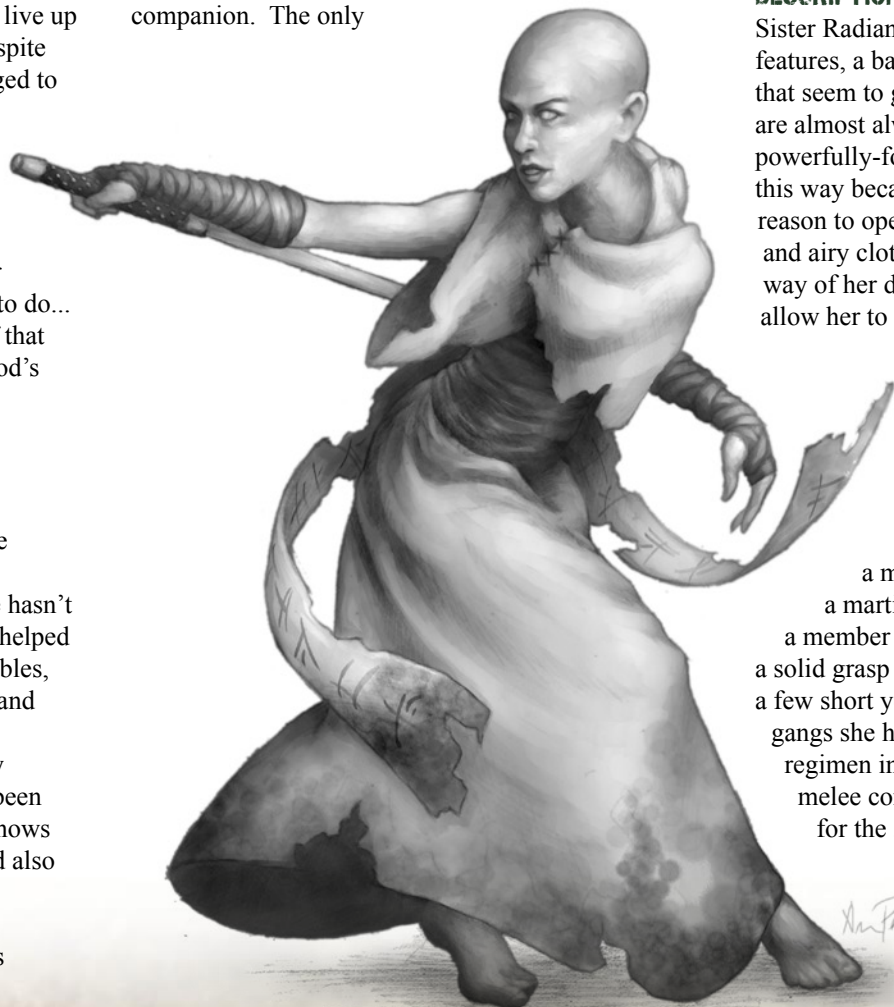
difficulty the PCs might have would be coming to terms with her inability to speak (and figuring out a way to communicate), and the strange discomfort of knowing she can read their minds (once they realize she's telepathic)!

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Sister Radiance is a youthful woman with fine features, a bald head, and wide compassionate eyes that seem to glow with a soft purple light. Her lips are almost always drawn tight, making her look powerfully-focused, but in reality she simply looks this way because she cannot speak and has little reason to open her mouth. She prefers to wear light and airy clothes that don't burden her or get in the way of her dervish-like style of fighting, and also allow her to conceal useful items on her person at all

times. Her arms are protected by layered straps of leather, like ancient Roman *cestus*, which protect her arms in melee and allow her to perform defensive blocks should she somehow be disarmed.

Though she came to the wasteland as a missionary, Sister Radiance long pursued a martial path in hopes of someday becoming a member of the elite *Force Masters*. She thus has a solid grasp of fighting techniques, and after only a few short years fighting desert beasts and raider gangs she has incorporated an amazingly acrobatic regimen into her fighting style. She excels in melee combat, using a slender sword (a proxy for the *telekinetic sword* she hopes to one day wield) to strike opponents while using *Dodge* to make it harder for the most capable opponent



to hit her. *Elusive Target* makes it tough for others not already in close quarters to strike her while she's busy fighting, and *Agile Riposte* makes fighting with her a real headache.

Sister Radiance (Mutant Dedicated Hero 3/Psionic 3): CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+6 plus 3d8+6; HP 37; Mas 15; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 16, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class, +1 equipment); BAB +4; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d8+2, longsword), or +6 ranged (1d6+2, sling); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, poison, cannot speak; AL Brotherhood of Radiation; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +6; AP 3; Rep +2; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 13, Cha 13.

Occupation: Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

Background: Ritual Preservationist (Knowledge [Mutant Lore]).

Mutations and Defects: Neural Mutation - Telekinesis, Neural Mutation - Telepathy, Radiation Immunity, Anaphylaxis x2 (GM's choice), Underdeveloped Organ (Voice Box).

Skills: Bluff +3, Concentration +8, Diplomacy +7, Gather Information +3, Hide +3, Intimidate +3, Jump +3, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +8, Knowledge (Tactics) +4, Listen +6, Move Silently +3, Navigate +2, Search +3, Sense Motive +7, Spot +6, Survival +10, Treat Injury +3.

Feats: Agile Riposte, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Defensive Martial Arts, Dodge, Elusive Target, Lie Detector, Mental Communication, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

Talents (Dedicated Hero): Skill Emphasis (Survival), Faith.

Talents (Psionic): Neural Specialization.

Possessions: Longsword, sling, leather armor, loose-fitting fighting garb, 1d3 firestarter cubes, first aid kit, survival kit, trail rations, waterskin, 1d4 juju potions (1d4+2).



DOC HACKSAW (JUJU DOCTOR)

Doc Hacksaw is the sole medical practitioner serving the entire seedy town of Lil' Vegas, home to the Twisted

Earth's largest and most notorious corium mines. A virtual prisoner of the city's corrupt establishment, Doc Hacksaw somehow manages to avoid desperation by throwing himself fully into his work—a practice that is in high demand in Lil' Vegas, where radiation sickness runs rampant.

Doc came to Lil' Vegas more than a decade ago after the village he was visiting was hit by a gang of slavers. Taken as a captive, he was sold to the corium miners of Lil' Vegas with a lot of some hundred other slaves, but he managed to avoid their fate (namely, being thrown haphazardly into the mines with only a pick and leg irons to protect him) when it became clear he was a man of some education. Taken out of the lineup by the town's ruthless overlord, he was given a choice: either serve as the town's doctor, or join the others in the underground hell of the lower mines.

Today Doc Hacksaw has his own "business," a ramshackle Old West establishment with a false wooden front and his name sprawled in big letters across the rotted sign outside. His business is anything but profitable; though he's paid a grand sum by miners desperate to treat their incurable illnesses, there is only so much he can do for radiation sickness, and the town guard takes an ever-increasing

amount of his earnings every week as "tax." Despite this, Doc continues in his repetitive tasks, treating the miners who manage to make it out of the corium mines alive each day. His primary focus is treating exhaustion, dehydration, and the pains of the "red fever," giving out medicines for the rampant venereal diseases also occupies a good deal of his time, and though there's little he can do, he also fills out death certificates for those miners dragged to his clinic after being whipped to death or executed for the theft of corium nuggets.

Recently Lil' Vegas' petty "dictator" has added another responsibility to Doc's already burdened practice: identifying the strange, decomposing remains recently discovered deep in the mines. Expecting him to know something of alien anatomy, the town's overlord has charged Doc with finding out what the remains belong to, and if they aren't human, what to do about them. With only a modicum of medical knowledge, Doc is perplexed, and lives each day afraid of what will happen when the big boss' patience runs out.

USING DOC HACKSAW

Doc Hacksaw hails from Lil' Vegas, and player characters finding themselves drawn to that decrepit city (such as in the adventure *Death by Corium Light*) will likely come in contact with him at some point. As the town's only healer, he has the only supply of useful medicines, and anyone looking for treatment for radiation (or even hit point damage from conventional fights) will have to go to him to make a deal.

Doc is usually quite willing to help anyone who needs it, but he's deathly afraid of the town's corrupt establishment. So long as the PCs don't try to get him to cross the corium miners, Doc shares information freely. He also uses his skills to the

best of his ability to help PCs recover from wounds. However, getting actual medicine from him is a little more difficult; in addition to charging exorbitant prices (at this point it's not for profit, but to placate the mine overlord's greed), he's running low on supplies. To make matters worse, more advanced meds (*stimshot*, for example) are reserved solely for soldiers of the town's overlord, and if they notice that his stocks are running low, Doc will be the one to answer for it.

If the PCs are planning to escape Lil' Vegas, Doc Hacksaw will want to go with them. His medical skills, even as limited as they are, might make him an appealing hireling, or even a cohort for PCs with the *Leadership* feat.

Alternatively, you can assume Doc Hacksaw somehow already managed to escape Lil' Vegas, and use him as an encounter out in the wasteland. Poorly prepared for the trek across the sands, he might be found wandering senselessly about, on the verge of dying of thirst. Assuming the PCs give him water and time to come to his senses, he might be a good source of information on the city of Lil' Vegas and its famous corium mines, or even a useful ally who now owes the PCs his life.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Doc Hacksaw is a wrinkled and hunched-over old man, wearing the remains of a blood-stained white coat over his hand-made tweed suit, with an old-fashioned string tie around his neck. His long coat hides a glaring mutation (a third leg) which accounts for the strange limp he hobbles about with. Perpetually worried about one thing or another (whether it's the health of his patients or a visit by the town's corrupt militia), he's often seen wringing his hands over and over, a perceptible (and oftentimes annoying) nervous tick.

Doc certainly isn't much of a fighter, but his skills make him a valuable asset to whichever side he is currently working for (whether he likes it or not). In battle, he likely hides or hangs back, only emerging to dispense juju potions and other scavenged medicines to those who need them, or to stabilize fallen comrades with his *Quick Treatment* feat.

Doc Hacksaw (Mutant Dedicated Hero 3/Juju Doctor 4): CR 7; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+6 plus 4d8+8; HP 43; Mas 14; Init +1; Spd 35 ft; Defense 15, touch 15, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +4 class); BAB +4; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (by weapon), or +5 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, extra leg; AL none; SV Fort +8, Ref +2, Will +7; AP 3; Rep +3; Str 11, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 16, Cha 11.

Occupation: Healer (Knowledge [Mutant Lore], Treat Injury).

Background: Visionary Reinventor (Craft [pharmaceutical]).

Mutations and Defects: Additional Limb Development (Leg), Pituitary Deformation.

Skills: Balance +3, Bluff +4, Craft (pharmaceutical) +7, Diplomacy +4, Disguise +2, Forgery +2, Gather Information +2, Investigate +2, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +4, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +3, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +2, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +2, Listen +5, Navigate +2, Research +4, Sense Motive +5, Survival +7, Treat Injury +19.

Feats: Deceptive, Educated (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences], Knowledge [Physical Sciences]), Juju Medicine, Medical Expert, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Quick Treatment, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Surgery.

Talents (Dedicated Hero): Healing Knack, Healing Touch 1.

Talents (Juju Doctor): Juju Specialist +1, Brew Potion (DW), Expert Healer, Juju Mastery.

Possessions: Blood-stained coat, string tie, rubber gloves, juju kit, three juju potions (1d4+4), other medicines as you see fit.



RANDI (RAIDER)

Randi is a sight not terribly uncommon in the vehicular raider gangs of the Twisted Earth: a good-looking woman who protects herself from her fellow raiders with her own brand of suicidal spunk, guts, and rabid fighting techniques.

Though she's drop-dead gorgeous by raider standards, Randi avoids the fate of most women by being as vicious as her fellow thugs. Embroiled in a dangerous balancing act between being accepted as one of them and becoming just another piece of furniture, she goes from being a sly temptress one moment to a cold-blooded viper the next. She's smart enough to know which raiders she can mess with, and which ones she can't. She keeps the real low-lives in line by striking out at them with little or no provocation (biting off ears and lips are a particular favorite, especially against those who whistle as she slinks past); the more dangerous ones she soothes by surrendering herself willingly.

Randi's success in staying alive among some of the Twisted Earth's most dangerous gangsters owes as much to her looks as to her specialized training; in reality, Randi is a reactivated *pleasure android*. Created long before the Fall during the hedonistic height of the Ancients, she was badly damaged during the apocalypse and only "came to" decades later, long after the resort to which she had been assigned

crumbled to dust. Her programming initially required her to seek out a new master to bond herself to, and eventually she fell in with the motley likes of a roving raider gang. Badly mistreated by the raider boss (who failed to realize what she was), she ended up slaughtering the entire gang in a single night of bloodshed. Though under normal circumstances she would shut herself down to await repairs after such a breach of her programming (she wasn't programmed to kill, after all), Randi found herself inexplicably free of this protocol. Furthermore, she came to realize that she *liked* killing...

Randi has since moved from gang to gang, always finding a home among the degenerates of one ganger posse or another. Posing as a fellow "biological" (a role with which she is slowly coming to identify, as her restrictive protocols vanish one by one), she is no wallflower, and actively engages the members of whatever gang she is in as an equal—or better. She secretly longs to someday lead a gang of her own, but knows that in this day and age men rule the wasteland. Until the day she proves her superiority against a real raider prince, she is content with just going along for the ride...

USING RANDI

Randi is best used as a minor villain in any adventure involving raiders. Since she moves about exclusively in the company of raiders, her appearance anywhere else is probably inappropriate. However, in addition to her more obvious use (as a challenge for the PCs in combat), Randi could also be a lead-in to adventures involving the "Metal Gods." For example, though she has begun to forget many of her past protocols and programming, she could in fact be a deep plant by that movement to infiltrate raider gangs and kill off their leaders. Alternatively, she could be a runaway Metal Gods agent who deliberately erased

her own memory to escape her past and forget whatever mission she was sent to accomplish. Her current "phase" of "acting up" is just a way of burying her connection to those inhuman masters deep in her subconscious, and a sudden relapse might awaken her old allegiances...

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

On the exterior, Randi resembles a fantastic-looking female human who looks like she just came of legal age. Entirely immodest (a carryover from her days as a pleasure android), she wears only skin-tight black vinyl clothing, with a pair of long black pigtails trailing behind her. Able to change her nail, lip, and eye color on a whim, she alters them almost daily, though she prefers darker colors that contrast with her unusually pale skin. The end result has her looking like some kind of "Gothic barbie doll."

Randi never goes it alone—not out of cowardice, but because she wants to show her fellow raiders just how good she is in battle. During raids, she usually leaps onto the back of another ganger's motorcycle, wielding a submachine gun in each hand and giggling with glee at the carnage that unfolds all around her. Even dismounted she is a slippery threat, dodging in and out of melee and making use of vicious knives concealed throughout her bizarre raider costume.

Randi (Android Fast Hero 4/Raider 3): CR 7; Medium-size Android Construct; HD 4d10 plus 3d10 plus 10; HP 45; Mas -; Init +3; Spd 35 ft; Defense 22, touch 20, flatfooted 19 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +7 class, +2 equipment); BAB +6; Grap +9; Atk +9 melee (1d6+3, combat knife), or +9 ranged (2d6, Sa.23); Full Atk +7/+7 melee (1d6+3, 2 combat knives), or +7/+7 ranged (2d6, 2 Sa.23s); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ android traits, human mimic; AL none; SV Fort +3,

Ref +7, Will +3; AP 3; Rep +2; Str 16, Dex 16, Con -, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 18.

Occupation: Toy Android (Bluff, Sleight of Hand).

Features and Deteriorations: Bio-Sensor, Human Mimicry, Leaping Strength, Weak Joints, Wild.

Skills: Bluff +13, Disguise +6, Drive +10, Escape Artist +4, Intimidate +9, Jump +13, Sleight of Hand +13, Tumble +10.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Deceptive, Dodge, Mobility, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Strafe, Two-Weapon Fighting.

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

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry.

Possessions: Two Sa.23s, four boxes of 9mmR ammunition (160), leather armor, 2d3 concealed combat knives, web belt, rangefinding binoculars.



BOY (BARBARIAN)

As easily as he is a potential enemy, the barbarian known simply as Boy could also be a valuable follower. Boy is a typical example of a *Feral* survivor, whose true neutrality makes him flexible as an NPC.

In the past, when the village to which his parents belonged came under attack by slavers, Boy's mother and father fled into the desert never to return. In time they came to raise a young boy in isolation, but by the time he reached five years of age they too succumbed to the predatory raiders of the wastes. Overlooked in the attack, the child was left to ponder the cruelty of the world as he clung to his mother's cold dead body.

In time Boy learned how to survive, honing

through brutal trial and error the skills of hunting, shelter-building, and devising weapons and armor to protect himself. Though he ranges far and wide looking for food, his wanderings are largely restricted to the uninhabited areas of the deep desert. Deathly afraid of outsiders (a natural result of his past experiences with strangers), he has remained hidden and alone, making his home in the ruins of an ancient and long-forgotten junkyard deep in the wasteland. He spends his days hunting for food and playing with garbage from the ancient world.

Although he is only sixteen years old, Boy is protective of what he considers to be “his” domain (the junkyard), and will fight bitterly against any who intrude—even well-armed parties. A true savage, his ferocity and acrobatics more than make up for his undisciplined fighting style. Still, he isn’t so foolish as to disregard stealth, and certainly uses it to his advantage against intruders. His youth can be deceptive; despite his age, he is an accomplished survivalist, huntsman, and warrior.

Despite all this, deep down Boy has the potential to be a fast friend, and is desperately looking for a father figure to attach himself to.

USING BOY

You can use Boy in your campaign in any way you see fit. Though he’s a simple barbarian, the young lad shows a lot of promise; not only is he an energetic and fearless fighter, deep down he longs for contact with others. It is quite possible that, on seeing a party approaching his home, he would hide and observe them for a time before emerging to make himself known. Though he’ll approach with teeth bared and ready for combat, this is just his juvenile way of asserting his “dominance.” Charismatic party members, especially females (a gender he hasn’t seen since his mother died), could conceivably talk him

down and convince him to try and communicate. If successful, they might find an unusual ally in Boy (a post-apocalyptic version of Robinson Crusoe’s “Friday”), convincing him to serve as a guide through the area or, if they’re extremely successful, recruiting him as a possible cohort for a PC with the *Leadership* feat.

Alternatively Boy could simply be a threat, a minor obstacle to the party passing through a given region. Perhaps his junkyard hides something the PCs seek, and his relentless jealousy of its contents (one and all) puts him in direct conflict with the characters.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Boy wears primitive armor made of horse hides lashed with twine and meticulously cares for his unique-looking weapon—a sword with two curved blades (like a wicked “S”), which he keeps in a customized leather sheath. His deeply-tanned skin, calloused and tough, is often decorated with spots of white paint, resembling a leopard’s hide—nothing more than a ritual affectation he applies to make himself look more ferocious.

When Boy is determined to drive intruders from his private “domain,” he strikes rapidly and relentlessly, using his *Mobility* and *Spring Attack* feats to move in and *Sunder* the unfamiliar weapons of his opponents, hoping to disarm them before running off and hiding again. He continues this as long as he can, switching over to *Power Attack* to strike hard-hitting blows when the situation calls for it. When he can no longer use hit-and-run tactics, he enters a rage, improving his combat abilities considerably.

Boy (Mutant Strong Hero 3/Barbarian 5): CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 5d12+5; HP 55; Mas 12; Init +3; Spd 30 ft; Defense 20, touch 18, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +5 class,

+2 equipment); BAB +8; Grap +11; Atk +11 melee (1d6+6, large junk weapon), or +11 ranged (1d6+3, javelin); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent; AL none; SV Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +3; AP 4; Rep +1; Str 16, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 11.

Occupation: Guide (Spot, Survival).

Background: Feral (Hide, Listen, Move Silently).

Mutations and Defects: Hyper Olfactory, Dyslexia.

Skills: Climb +5, Computer Use -1, Decipher Script -1, Forgery -1, Hide +13, Jump +5, Listen +7, Move Silently +13, Navigate +2, Research -1, Spot +7, Survival +9, Treat Injury +2.

Feats: Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Dodge, Mobility, Power Attack, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Spring Attack, Stealthy, Sunder, Track.

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

Talents (Barbarian): Rage 1/day, Junk Armor, Rage 2/day, Junk Weapons.

Possessions: Large junk weapon (extremely deadly), light junk armor (hides), waterskin, preserved food, rope (150 ft).



RIDER (SURVIVALIST)

Something of a legend in less scrupulous circles, the man known as Rider is said to be one of the best trackers and bounty hunters around. His skill at finding his quarry is only part of the legend surrounding him, though; his unsettling albino looks also lend a lot to his image as an “inhuman” pursuer... and killer.

Like many who call the Twisted Earth home, Rider originally came from a community whose brave

struggle to survive in the world was brutally erased from the sands by raider gangs. But instead of being consumed by hatred or nursing an obsession for revenge, Rider grew to accept his lot in life, and to be thankful that at least he survived. A loner by virtue of both his appearance and his deeply-ingrained distrust of others, Rider found himself earning a living the only way he could: selling his considerable skills to whoever would pay the most.

Rider is not an uncommon sight among the seedier towns and trade settlements of the Forbidden Lands and Far Desert, regions where the growing power of the merchant clans has given rise to a new kind of rough-and-tumble “civilization.” In this border region, where capitalist clans face off with the most powerful raider gangs, there are many opportunities for men willing to make money in the clandestine politics and warfare of each side.

A wanderer, Rider has little interest in the affairs of others, knowing that his neutrality is the only thing that protects him from reprisals. He seldom stays in one place for long. Since the people who hire his kind are rarely benevolent, he generally stays around only long enough to collect the payment he’s due before riding on (and before his employers realize that he probably knows more about their plans than he should).

In addition to working for larger factions, Rider pays for his food, ammunition, and medical supplies by taking “odd jobs” wherever he goes. These range from tracking down a village’s domestic criminals to scouting out small raider gangs that are becoming a nuisance to merchant groups, or even hunting down ghouls or terminals spotted too close to a settlement’s frontier for their inhabitants’ comfort.

Though he prides himself on his ability to remain detached from his “duties,” Rider has the capacity to become involved beyond his control. Of particular

note is his hatred of the Clean, a powerful group whom he angered after being mixed up in the destruction of a Forbidden Lands raider gang with which they were building an alliance. Captured and sold to the corium miners of Lil’ Vegas, he spent three long years in the mines before managing to escape. To this day he bitterly despises the Clean and all they stand for, and under certain circumstances he may be willing to work against them *for free*...

USING RIDER

Rider can serve equally well as a challenge or ally for the PCs. As a bounty hunter, his most obvious involvement in a campaign would be as someone hired to hunt the party for some transgression. Since he doesn’t discriminate, Rider could be hired by raiders whom the PCs have hurt, villains they’re currently working to destroy, or recurring enemies the party thought beaten and long gone. With a unique appearance and expert skills as a “hunter,” he could comprise a memorable encounter, attacking when the PCs least expect it.

Alternatively Rider could be an ally, someone the PCs unwittingly end up working alongside—especially if they’re working against the Clean Water Clans. In fact, it may even be possible for the party to *hire* Rider, ostensibly as a guide to take them through dangerous territory but also perhaps as a bounty hunter to do any kind of dirty work they’re not willing (or able) to take part in.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Looking at Rider is like seeing a ghost: his skin is bone white, his hair equally pale, and his eyes pink and hollow. To protect his painfully sensitive skin from the sun, Rider hides beneath a long dusty black trenchcoat, with a wide-brimmed fedora hat to shade

his unsettling face. Though he is an albino, he’s not particularly unattractive, though the clusters of scars roping around his body speak silently of his gut-wrenching experiences in the mines of Lil’ Vegas.

As with any successful bounty hunter, surprise is always in his favor when Rider comes to collect his quarry. His high Initiative and the *Quick Draw* feat mean he can usually take his prey off guard, or at least get the first hit in and hope to do enough damage with his rifle (with his *Called Shot* ability) to force a Massive Damage save. He is also a master horseman (hence his name), and will use his mount to ride down an opponent before he can get away.

Rider (Mutant Post-Apocalyptic Hero 3/ Survivalist 5): CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 5d10+5; HP 50; Mas 13; Init +9; Spd 30 ft; Defense 19, touch 18, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +5 class, +1 equipment); BAB +7; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6, combat knife), or +10 ranged (2d10, Winchester 94); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, immune to radiation, darkvision, albinism; AL none; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +5; AP 4; Rep +1; Str 11, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 8.

Occupation: Wanderer (Diplomacy, Ride).

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

Mutations and Defects: Radiation Immunity, Sensitive Sight, Albinism x2.

Skills: Bluff +1, Diplomacy +3, Gather Information +2, Hide +5, Knowledge (Current Events) +3, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +3, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +2, Move Silently +5, Navigate +12, Ride +13, Search +3, Sense Motive +4, Sleight of Hand +4, Spot +5, Survival +14, Treat Injury +6.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Improved

Initiative, Mounted Combat, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Quick Draw, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Track.

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

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

Possessions: Winchester 94 (with standard scope), 12 rounds of .444 ammunition, Mini-Uzi (treat as Skorpio), two boxes of 9mm ammunition (40), combat knife, leather armor, trenchcoat, wide-brimmed fedora, sunglasses, compass, web belt, concealed carry holster, 1d2 juju potions (1d4+4), canteen, trail rations, horse.



PACKRAT (SCAV)

Living on the outskirts of a populous trade settlement, moving through the junk heaps and ruins like a fleeting, frightened creature, this strange

scavenger has been called a “monster,” “menace,” and more. Those who have seen him—even if only for a second as he scampered out sight—describe him as a “giant rat,” with monstrous humanoid characteristics that mark him as neither truly man nor truly beast.

Packrat is a scav who has lived his entire life among the ruins ringing a major settlement (of your choosing; specifically one currently at the center of your campaign). He lives off the garbage left to rot and rust by local inhabitants. Packrat isn’t actually human at all; he is descended from the large rats that have always infested the ruins, but he has been

changed in unique ways by the potent chemicals dumped there during the time of the Ancients (and of course by the radiation that still poisons the environment). Given sentence, gigantism, and even the ability to speak (albeit through a garbled



“filter” of jagged yellow teeth and extended muzzle that results in his voice being little more than a guttural squeak), he is at home with neither rats nor mutantkind.

When reports of Packrat sightings first began to circulate, the inhabitants of the nearby community immediately assumed he was a monster and took action. A few forays were organized to hunt him down among the ruins, but Packrat always managed to escape, using the ruins he knew so well to slip away unseen—or at least leaving his pursuers with only a momentary glimpse as he got away.

Witnessing his true size, the cowardly villagers gave up the chase, but to this day the people know he’s still out there... and have a standing bounty on his head should they find someone brave enough to track down the enormous mutant rat and collect his head.

USING PACKRAT

The most obvious use of Packrat in a campaign involves the PCs hunting him down for his bounty. But though he has been ostracized and hunted his entire life because of his bestial nature, Packrat could prove to be a loyal and lasting ally should the PCs earn his trust and friendship. While he’s not the most likely companion due to his appearance (he’d scare most folks with whom the characters come in contact), his instincts and sharpened senses mean he’s a master at finding all manner of bizarre and overlooked objects and artifacts in the ruins. As such, he could very well be a source to which the PCs return again and again for new and unusual trades (he’s always willing to exchange the things he’s found, even if only for food and “shiny things”).

When conventional sources fail, the PCs can

always turn to Packrat as a last resort to get the things they need, whether those items are weapons, armor, medicines, or rare gizmos—even unique items (like the floorplans of a building they plan to infiltrate, or a map with previously undiscovered locations revealed on it). Using a combination of clandestine scavenging, searching by moonlight, and outright theft from the nearby trade settlement, Packrat can always find a way to get his little fingers on what his friends need, along with other items he thinks will please them (for instance, if they ask for a map, he'll come back not only with the map, but with the kind of cigars he's seen a particular character smoking, or pretty jewelry to please the eyes of any women in the group). Since his methods are often less than honest, PCs with any sort of qualms should certainly be wary of what they say in his presence; if he hears they're looking for something in particular, he may very well go and get it for them, whether they ask for it or not!

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Because he's actually a super-mutated rat, Packrat looks less human than he does bestial. In combat he prefers using mobility and stealth, and looks for ways to deny his opponents the ability to pursue. In general, he rushes up to an opponent and attacks with his claws, using his *Improved Trip* feat to knock the opponent down (and to attack again for damage). He then moves on using his *Spring Attack* feat, repeating this routine again and again each time his opponent tries to get up. If his tactics fail or if he is badly injured, he will use his *Play Possum* feat to feign death, only to catch his hunter(s) by surprise (and get his *Sneak Attack* bonus) when they come to finish him off. He will then rush off to recuperate in hiding, or else start the game of cat-and-mouse all over again.

Packrat (Rat Genotype* Fast Hero 2/Tough Hero 2/Scav 5): CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8+4 plus 2d10+4 plus 5d8+10; HP 61; Mas 15; Init +5; Spd 35 ft; Defense 24, touch 24, flatfooted 19 (+0 size, +5 Dex, +9 class); BAB +5; Grap +8; Atk +8 melee (1d4+3, unarmed), or +10 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, muzzle, reptile brain; AL none; SV Fort +7, Ref +10, Will +4; AP 4; Rep +1; Str 17, Dex 20, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 16, Cha 9.

Occupation: Corium Prospector (Climb, Search).

Background: Feral (Escape Artist, Move Silently, Survival).

Mutations and Defects: Accumulated Resistance, Bestial Genotype, Hyper Olfactory, Muzzle, Reptile Brain.

Skills: Bluff +7, Climb +6, Diplomacy -3, Disguise -6, Escape Artist +8, Gather Information -3, Hide +16, Listen +5, Move Silently +15, Search +18, Sleight of Hand +10, Spot +10, Survival +16.

Feats: Alertness, Combat Expertise, Combat Martial Arts, Dodge, Improved Trip, Mobility, Play Possum**, Radiation Sense, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Spring Attack, Vulture.

Talents (Fast Hero): Increased Speed.

Talents (Tough Hero): Remain Conscious.

Talents (Scav): Scav Scan, Sneak Attack +1d6, Scav Survival, Sneak Attack +2d6.

Possessions: 1d8 artifacts of a randomly determined kind, other items as you see fit.

* The *Rat Genotype* is described in *Beastmen*.

** This feat can be found in *The Broken and the Lost*.



STAR COMMANDER DAWSON (DEMAGOGUE)

Roaming the desert in a bizarre outfit made from scavenged aluminum foil, the strange wild-eyed man who calls himself Star

Commander Dawson is a regular visitor to several smaller communities along the major trade routes of the Twisted Earth. Wherever this strange man goes, he brings with him an entourage of fanatic followers whom he has dubbed his "crew"—all of them men and women he has picked up during his visits to the various towns of the desert.

Star Commander Dawson claims to be a missionary of the Paradise Believers, sent to wander the wasteland collecting those who are ready to believe in life beyond the Twisted Earth—and to test their faith by putting that belief into action. Claiming that he is gathering a crew large enough to construct a starship that will take them from this planet to Paradise, he goes from town to town, drawing to his company all those who are willing to trust in his message, abandon their former lives, and join him on his "righteous voyage."

Whether Star Commander Dawson is genuine or if he is a particularly cunning con man can't be easily discerned. His visits to the towns and villages of the wasteland are short-lived, beginning with great fanfare and ending soon after volunteers donate their goods to his "voyage" and run off into the desert following his entourage. Most are simple-minded folk who only want a better life elsewhere, hoping beyond hope that Dawson's message is real—and that he can take them away from this world and to the stars. The ultimate destination of Dawson and his followers can never be known; he makes it a point

to never give away his planned “launching point,” nor the actual number of crewmembers he’ll need to build his “starship” and reach the stars. Forever wandering, the crowds who follow him only seem to get bigger and bigger, leaving desolate communities and broken families in their wake.

USING STAR COMMANDER DAWSON

Star Commander Dawson can be used in a number of ways, one of which is as a demagogue who threatens the stability of the communities he visits. In this fashion he could be a unique but non-violent threat—a man who, though peaceful and benign, is endangering the villages of a particular region by stealing all the able-bodied adults and leaving only the children and elderly behind (like a twisted version of the Pied Piper).

The PCs could be hired to track down Dawson and put a stop to his crazy pilgrimages, or at the very least reason with him to allow a certain individual (or group of individuals) to go home. For example, a chief, village leader, or community lord might hire the PCs to save his son/daughter/wife, who fled with Dawson’s entourage just days earlier. Enraged, the leader wants Dawson’s head on a plate, and the recovery of his loved one at all costs. Alternatively, the weeping, abandoned children of a tribe might hire the PCs to “save their parents,” offering what little they can in hopes of enticing the PCs to track down Dawson and “free” their mothers and fathers from his service. Since the parents most likely *wanted* to go, however, the PCs may have an ugly task ahead of them: either killing Dawson to end the people’s hope of building a starship so they’ll be forced to return home, or breaking it to the children that their parents don’t *want* to come back.

As another alternative, perhaps the loved ones drawn away weren’t enticed, but kidnapped. Perhaps Dawson is brainwashing people wherever he goes, and the PCs, realizing this, must hurry before the victims are lost forever in their fanaticism for the “voyage.”

One last, tragic alternative is to change Dawson’s *motives*. In this variation, Dawson is only using the guise of a Paradise Believer to lure people to join his entourage, when in fact he is nothing more than a particularly cunning *brigand*. Luring starry-eyed believers out into the desert, he and his followers (in reality a band of cleverly-disguised thieves) rob the individuals before murdering them and burying their corpses under the cover of night. Moving from town to town using his charisma to inspire people with hope, he is a monstrous con man who takes what little the wastelanders have—and kills them without even batting an eye.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Whether he’s genuine or not, Star Commander Dawson plays his part well: a tall handsome man with a square, chiseled jaw, curly blond hair, and dimples that form when he smiles his gleaming smile. Clad in a suit that *somewhat* resembles the spacesuits of ancient astronauts, with only a few minutes of oratory he manages to convince all but the most skeptical that he is what he claims to be.

Star Commander Dawson prefers not to fight, relying on his *Charm* and *Fast-Talk* abilities to get him out of trouble. If he is forced into a fight, his followers eagerly defend him and his “vision,” each and every one is more than willing to lay his or her life down to protect the man they see as a genius and savior (he has a Leadership score of 15). In combat he most likely tries to flee, resorting to his *stun pistol* only to paralyze those who pursue him.

Star Commander Dawson (Mutant Charismatic Hero 3/Demagogue 6): CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6 plus 6d6; HP 31; Mas 10; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 15, touch 15, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +3 class); BAB +4; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d6+2, combat knife), or +2 ranged (1d6 plus *paralysis*, stun pistol); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, autism; AL Paradise Believers; SV Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +7; AP 4; Rep +8; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 18.

Occupation: Demagogue (Bluff, Knowledge [Theology and Philosophy]).

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

Mutations and Defects: Autism, Syncope.

Skills: Bluff +16, Diplomacy +17, Disguise +10, Escape Artist +4, Forgery +3, Gather Information +12, Knowledge (Current Events) +10, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +8, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +2, Listen +6, Navigate +3, Perform +15, Sense Motive +6, Spot +6, Survival +3.

Feats: Gang Leader*, Guide, Leadership, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Rallying Leader**, Renown, Run, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Super-Charismatic, Trustworthy.

Talents (Charismatic Hero): Charm, Fast-Talk.

Talents (Demagogue): Followers, Lead Followers, Zealots, Captivate Masses.

Possessions: Stun pistol, power clip, combat knife, silver “space suit”, survival kit, 1d2 doses of rad-purge shot, 2d4 salt pills, hip holster.

* This feat can be found in *Metropolis Rho: Urban Decay*.

** This feat can be found in *The Foundationists*.



TIN MAN (GUARDIAN)

Professional bodyguard and hired gun, the individual known in the degenerate bars and temporary trade towns of the Twisted Earth as Tin Man has built a reputation as an unflinching killer, and a mercenary with few peers. No one knows where Tin Man comes from, but it is clear he has found his niche in killing. Specifically, in killing those who threaten his employer... whoever that might be at the moment.

Tin Man sells his services to whoever will meet his high prices; usually this means powerful merchant lords, raider princes, and similarly wealthy and influential individuals. A grizzled mercenary, Tin Man sees no difference between working for legitimate communities and doing dirty work for criminal bands, and he has on more than one occasion killed good men seeking to bring justice to the more malevolent entities of the Twisted Earth simply because the “good guys” couldn’t afford his prices when the “bad guys” could.

Tin Man’s reputation as a cold-blooded thug precedes him wherever he goes, but it is one he has earned through years of experience. He is renowned not only for his unique cybernetic enhancements (which give him his name), but also for his quick draw and unerring shot with a laser pistol. Heavily armed and armored, he is also notorious for his dispassionate view of all things—to any observer he seems uncommitted, uncaring, and utterly unconcerned. Except, that is, to his employer.

When Tin Man takes up employment, he is about as trustworthy as they come. Most employers soon realize this is less about loyalty than the black mark that any failure (or betrayal) would put on his record. Concerned solely for his reputation as a guard, Tin

Man works tirelessly to make sure his employer is protected at all times, no matter where he goes. In fact, he is intimidating enough that in some cases he may even come to dominate an employer, dictating his daily routine and movements—something that often angers the petty and proud men who hire him. Still, his spotless record of never letting an assassin near his employers means that only the truly foolish question the effectiveness of his methods.

USING TIN MAN

Tin Man can be used as the bodyguard (or *lead* bodyguard) of any potential villain the PCs are set to go up against, whether it’s a raider king, a corrupt merchant lord, or the leader of an enemy community. He is certainly no friend to well-meaning men, and almost exclusively finds himself in the company of the worst sorts the Twisted Earth has to offer. As a result, he is almost certain to find himself at odds with heroes who’ve come for justice.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Because one can’t tell where his armor ends and his cybernetic parts begin, Tin Man looks like a gleaming statue of silvery metal from head to toe. Having changed out key parts of his anatomy for bionic replacements, he has effectively enhanced his capabilities as a combatant several times over. His appearance also has the secondary effect of adding to his feared reputation; just the sound of the heavy plod of his armored boots is intimidating. Many employers make full use of his intimidating presence when “greeting” potential adversaries.

With *Quick Draw* and his considerable Initiative bonus, Tin Man usually gets the drop on his enemies in a fight. When he’s “defending” his employer, he receives the benefit of his *Defender* bonus, and

with *Double Tap* he can usually take out would-be assassins relatively quickly.

Tin Man (Mutant Strong Hero 3/Guardian 7):

CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+9 plus 7d10+21; HP 83; Mas 17; Init +8; Spd 30 ft; Defense 23, touch 20, flatfooted 19 (+0 size, +4 Dex, +6 class, +3 natural); BAB +10; Grap +13; Atk +13 melee (3d6+5 nonlethal, stun baton), or +15 ranged (2d12+2, laser pistol); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, regenerate 2 hp per 10 mins, poison, immune to criticals; AL none; SV Fort +9, Ref +9, Will +3; AP 5; Rep +5; Str 17, Dex 18, Con 17, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 14.

Occupation: Wanderer (Climb, Diplomacy).

Background: Guardian (Repair).

Mutations and Defects: Accelerated White Blood Cell Activity, Anaphylaxis (GM’s choice).

Skills: Climb +2, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (Current Events) +5, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +5, Knowledge (Streetwise) +3, Knowledge (Tactics) +7, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +2, Listen +12, Repair +6, Sense Motive +5, Spot +12.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Alertness, Double Tap, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Improved Initiative, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Quick Draw, Renown, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

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

Talents (Guardian): Defender +2, Weapon Focus (laser pistol), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (laser pistol), Defender +4.

Possessions: Laser pistol (with laser sight), stun baton, two power belt packs, power cell, bionic eye*, cochlear implants*, dermal plating +3*, endo-skeletal reconstruction*, multipurpose tool, hip holster.

* These items can be found in *The Foundationists*.



MOTORCYCLE MAN (ROAD WARRIOR)

The Twisted Earth is a place of many legends and myths. One of the most enduring is the legend of the “Wheeled Avenger,” or as he is more commonly known, the great “Motorcycle Man.”

Deep in the deserts of the wasteland, the tribal folk and other sheltered communities who eek out a meager existence have much to fear: sandstorms, wild beasts, and roving raider gangs that wander across the wastes as if pushed and pulled by fickle winds. Raider gangs are a particularly feared danger, for many of them use weapons and equipment that boggle the minds of primitive people—“thundersticks” that kill from a mile away before a shot is even heard, and “iron horses” that roar with oily thunder as they converge on a settlement’s frightened populace from all directions.

Against these wild marauders, the tribal folk of the wasteland have only one hope: that the legendary Motorcycle Man will ride in on the dawn light to bring justice... and vengeance. According to tribal stories, the Motorcycle Man only ever appears when the people are truly oppressed, riding out of nowhere on his “Phantom Ride,” a motorcycle that roars like thunder and spits fire, sparks, and flaming smoke. To many outsiders, the concept of the Motorcycle Man is merely a tribal legend, a manifestation of the savages’ desperate need to have a hero. But in reality the man does exist, an enigma who seems hell-bent on eradicating the world of every last raider scum.

The Motorcycle Man is just one of many tragic survivors of the Twisted Earth, a man whose people were destroyed in the raid of a roving road gang. His family butchered and himself terribly injured

in the defense of his home, he pulled himself from death’s maw and crawled off into the darkness of the aftermath. Crippled, he only managed to get away by stealing a motorcycle, and it has since served as his sole means of locomotion.

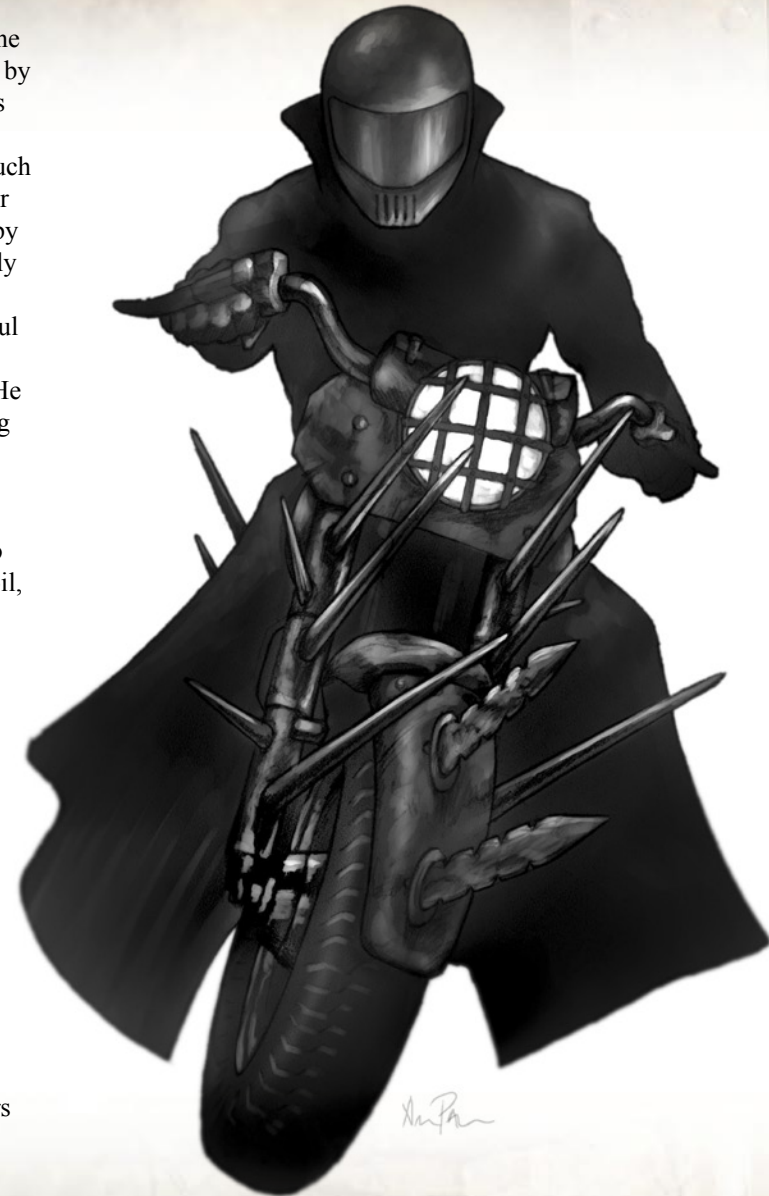
Motorcycle Man’s “Phantom Ride” is now as much a part of him as any limb. The same can be said for his weapon (nicknamed the “Stick of Vengeance” by superstitious tribals), which he uses indiscriminately to cut down raiders wherever he finds them.

Having had everything taken from him by the foul marauders of the wasteland, Motorcycle Man finds solace in only one thing: wiping out road gangs. He lives on the fringes of the known world, scavenging what he needs from the remnants of lost cities and undiscovered towns. He rarely emerges to make peaceful contact with others, and when he does he is usually in disguise, as a scav or bounty man who wordlessly trades for what he needs (food, water, oil, and gas), or who asks around for rumors of raider activity before leaving just as mysteriously as he arrived.

Once he has tracked down a gang, Motorcycle Man strikes, riding to the attack when their guard is down. The fact that he has been so successful, as just one man, is all the proof one needs to realize that he may just be the supernatural spirit of vengeance the tribals say he is...

USING MOTORCYCLE MAN

Though he’s a true loner, Motorcycle Man might make contact with a party of player characters while they wander the deep deserts of the Twisted Earth, especially if they’re hot on the trail of raiders (or if they’re being *hunted* by raiders). Though he is as ghost-like as the legends say, mysterious tracks, abandoned campfires, and the odd sound of



a thundering cycle engine on the horizon might lead dedicated trackers onto his trail.

Motorcycle Man is not used to company, but he might aid PCs who need the help, assuming they're prepared to do what it takes to wipe out a gang (including leaving no one alive). If possible, he might even aid them in disguise, masquerading as a scav or guide who gives them mysterious sage advice, leads them to their elusive quarry, then mysteriously vanishes before the attack. As the PCs ponder where their curious ally went, he will reappear from another direction in full costume, on the back of his legendary 'Ride, and lead the charge into the enemy camp. Once the deed is done he doesn't linger for praise, but instead rides off in a cloud of choking smoke for the distant horizon.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Individual descriptions of the legend vary, but all seem to agree that the Motorcycle Man's true features are never revealed, hidden by a long leather trenchcoat (under which can be seen armor), gloves, boots, and even a rigid leather collar. Over his head the 'Man wears a polished racing helmet, with a deeply tinted wind guard that conceals his features like a dark mirror. His 'Ride is a big beast of a machine, oily and slick, pitted with many bullet holes and adorned with spikes that "still bear the blood of wicked foes run down in the midst of battle."

Motorcycle Man prefers to strike quick and decisively. He usually begins an attack by tossing a grenade into the tents of sleeping raiders, or at any concentration of enemies before they can scatter. Once he's killed as many as he can with this initial attack, he whips out his submachine gun (the so-called "Stick of Vengeance") and cuts down any lingering groups of survivors (using the *Advanced Firearms Proficiency* feat). If things get tough and

he needs to withdraw, he relies on his *Scav Survival* talent to keep him conscious, laying smoke grenades to cover his escape... at least until he can heal and return to finish the job he started.

Motorcycle Man (Mutant Post-Apocalyptic Hero 3/Scav 4/Road Warrior 4): CR 11; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+9 plus 4d8+12 plus 4d10+12; HP 87; Mas 16; Init +6; Spd 30 ft; Defense 22, touch 21, flatfooted 18 (+0 size, +4 Dex, +7 class, +1 equipment); BAB +9; Grap +11; Atk +11 melee (1d3+2 nonlethal, unarmed), or +14 ranged (2d6, *mastercraft* MAC Ingram M10); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, DR 2/- vs. piercing and ballistic; AL none; SV Fort +9, Ref +10, Will +5; AP 5; Rep +2; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 8.

Occupation: Predator (Investigate).

Background: Visionary Reinventor (Drive).

Mutations and Defects: Aberrant Endoskeletal Encasing, Immune-System Abnormality.

Skills: Balance +8, Disable Device +3, Disguise +2, Drive +21, Escape Artist +6, Gather Information +3, Hide +6, Investigate +3, Jump +6, Listen +6, Move Silently +6, Navigate +3, Pilot +6, Repair +7, Search +9, Spot +6, Survival +8, Tumble +8.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Heroic Surge, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Radiation Sense, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Track, Vehicle Combat, Vehicle Dodge, Vehicle Expert.

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

Talents (Scav): Scav Scan, Sneak Attack +1d6, Scav Survival.

Talents (Road Warrior): Boarding Party, Offensive Driving, Vehicular Evasion.

Possessions: *Mastercraft* MAC Ingram M10 (with

suppressor), six boxes of .45 ammunition (180), leather armor, four fragmentation grenades, two smoke grenades, web belt, compass, survival kit, 1d3 doses of stimshot B, basic mechanical toolkit, rangefinding binoculars, motorcycle helmet (with tinted wind guard), Harley Davidson FLSTF.



DOUGAL (MEDICINE MAN)

Hailing from a lost domed city deep in the region known as the Graveyard of Bone Cities, the nefarious individual named Dougal managed to escape the downfall of his

Degenerate community as it was consumed in flames. Taking with him a number of that community's less scrupulous thugs and Enforcers (members of the city's defense force)—all of whom were addicted to his "products"—he managed to find a way out of the city's sealed dome and into the desert.

Though he's about as crazy as they come, Dougal is an enterprising young genius who spent his early life as a virtual slave to others. Whether working for the dying chemical industries of the sealed city, or later for the corrupt politicians turning out addictive drugs to keep the dome dwellers in line, he was always someone's lackey. When the city came tumbling down around him as the result of internal strife, Dougal found himself just lucid enough to realize that escape was a better option.

Though he and his following were savagely tested when they first encountered the vast wasteland outside the Graveyard of Bone Cities, Dougal managed to survive against the odds, as did a meager but hardened handful of his toughest followers.

Dougal's first encounter with wasteland inhabitants

(a village of poor tribals, frightened at the sight of the menacing weapons and armor of his followers) has led him to believe that everyone on the Twisted Earth is a savage. He immediately ordered his men to take over the village, ransacking the tribal huts and setting himself up as their “king.” In time he grew bored with the natives and moved further to the west, finding larger settlements.

Dougal and his small “army” have begun terrorizing a number of desert communities, using their advanced weapons and skills to overcome far larger forces. Dougal has since set himself up as the “ruler” of the entire region, turning the small palace of a former merchant clan into his fortress. Like a modern-day Cortez, Dougal uses his small corps of stun baton-wielding “lawmen” keep the towns in line and under his thumb.

From chambers deep in his palace Dougal churns out potent, addictive drugs (thanks to his knowledge of medicines), which his men distribute and force their “subjects” to consume—or die. These drugs keep them reliant on Dougal’s rule and too poor to hire mercenaries to take Dougal out.

So far Dougal has found life on the “Outside” to be far more satisfying than his existence in the dome ever was.

USING DOUGAL

Dougal would make a great villain, the arrogant and foolhardy puppeteer whose web of addiction and intimidation keeps a small region of the wasteland firmly under his control. PCs might venture to the area he rules and experience his tyranny firsthand, or they might be hired by an underground of enslaved tribals to take him down (like a scene from *The Magnificent Seven*). Of course, doing so will require the PCs to deal with Dougal’s followers (former policemen and mercenaries of low to moderate levels

of ability), before they even consider assaulting his palace to root his evil out.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Though many in the region might fear his name, when meeting Dougal for the first time one is often caught off guard by his ridiculous appearance. Just 20 years old, this lanky pureblood youth still has an uncontrollable acne problem and wears thick glasses over his beady, greedy eyes. An arrogant monomaniac, he knows he’s a genius and lets no one forget it. Used to being the smartest one around, and surrounded by yes-men who rely on his intelligence to keep the enslaved masses at bay, he feels directly challenged by anyone who shows a level of education even close to his. His most bitter hatred is reserved for such individuals, whom he considers a threat to his rule (after all, if his men found someone as smart as him to lead them, they wouldn’t have to put up with him anymore).

Dougal has a particular hatred for guardians, community defenders, champions of the common folk, and others who remind him of the authoritarian society in which he was once a slave. As a result, he will attack such individuals first in combat (especially if they’ve proven to be intelligent and resourceful, making them a double threat). He usually hides behind his followers, but once they’re taken out of the equation he will fight to the death to avoid becoming a “nobody” again.

Dougal (Mutant Smart Hero 6/Fast Hero 2/Dedicated 2/Medicine Man 2): CR 12; Medium-size humanoid; HD 6d6+6 plus 2d8+2 plus 2d6+2 plus 2d8+2; HP 58; Mas 15; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 22, touch 21, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +9 class, +1 equipment); BAB +6; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d3-1 nonlethal, unarmed), or +9 ranged (2d6,

M9 Spectre); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL none; SV Fort +7, Ref +8, Will +10; AP 3; Rep +8; Str 8, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 13.

Occupation: Academic (DW) (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences], Research).

Background: Degenerate (Knowledge [Streetwise]).

Skills: Bluff +6, Computer Use +6, Craft (chemical) +15, Craft (pharmaceutical) +20, Diplomacy +3, Disguise +3, Drive +3, Escape Artist +3, Forgery +6, Gamble +2, Gather Information +3, Hide +5, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (Behavioral Sciences) +6, Knowledge (Business) +4, Knowledge (Current Events) +9, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +10, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +8, Knowledge (Popular Culture) +4, Knowledge (Streetwise) +11, Knowledge (Technology) +8, Listen +3, Move Silently +5, Research +11, Sense Motive +9, Sleight of Hand +5, Spot +3, Treat Injury +14.

Feats: Deceptive, Educated (Knowledge [Behavioral Sciences], Improved Damage Threshold, Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences]), Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Medical Expert, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Renown, Stealthy, Surgery, Weapon Focus (M9 Spectre).

Talents (Smart Hero): Savant (Craft [chemical]), Trick, Savant (Craft [pharmaceutical]).

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion.

Talents (Dedicated Hero): Skill Emphasis (Craft [pharmaceutical]).

Talents (Medicine Man): Ancient Drugs, Minor Medical Miracle.

Possessions: M9 Spectre* (with laser sight), one box of 9mm ammunition (50), power cell, leather armor, lab coat, eyeglasses, medical kit, 2d3 packets of heroin.

* This firearm can be found in *Metropolis Rho: Urban Decay*.



MR. DEATH (SYMBIOTE)

While the typical image of the *Symbiote* is a noble tribal warrior or feral savage survivor with an endearing friendship to a loyal animal companion, Mr. Death represents an entirely different take on the *Symbiote*

advanced class.

Spoken of only in stories among the occupants of merchant caravans crisscrossing the Far Desert, Mr. Death is an almost mythical figure from primitive nightmares, believed by some to be a crazy hermit, a cunning solitary raider, or even a ghost-like *ghoul*. His name is whispered by the fire in hushed voices, as if speaking his name alone might be enough to conjure him from thin air, along with his equally mysterious companion—the terribly mutated beast known as “Devil Dog.”

Mr. Death is actually a horribly mutated *terminal*, a hobbling, grotesquely-deformed mutant who haunts certain parts of the Far Desert skirting the forbidding radiated wastes of the glowing Burning Lands. According to legends, he and his malevolent animal companion actually *live* in the Burning Lands, only emerging from that poisoned desertscape to prey on merchants who wander too close to “his” domain. Some tribals even believe him to be a kind of Grim Reaper,

an invincible demon who comes to collect the souls of the wicked.

Whether or not this is true cannot be said, but it is unlikely since the radiation levels of the Burning

Lands are fatal even to the most mutated creatures of the Twisted Earth. It is more realistic to believe that he merely lives among the dunes ringing this desolate region, driven there when his terrible cannibal hungers drove him from the company of more civilized men.

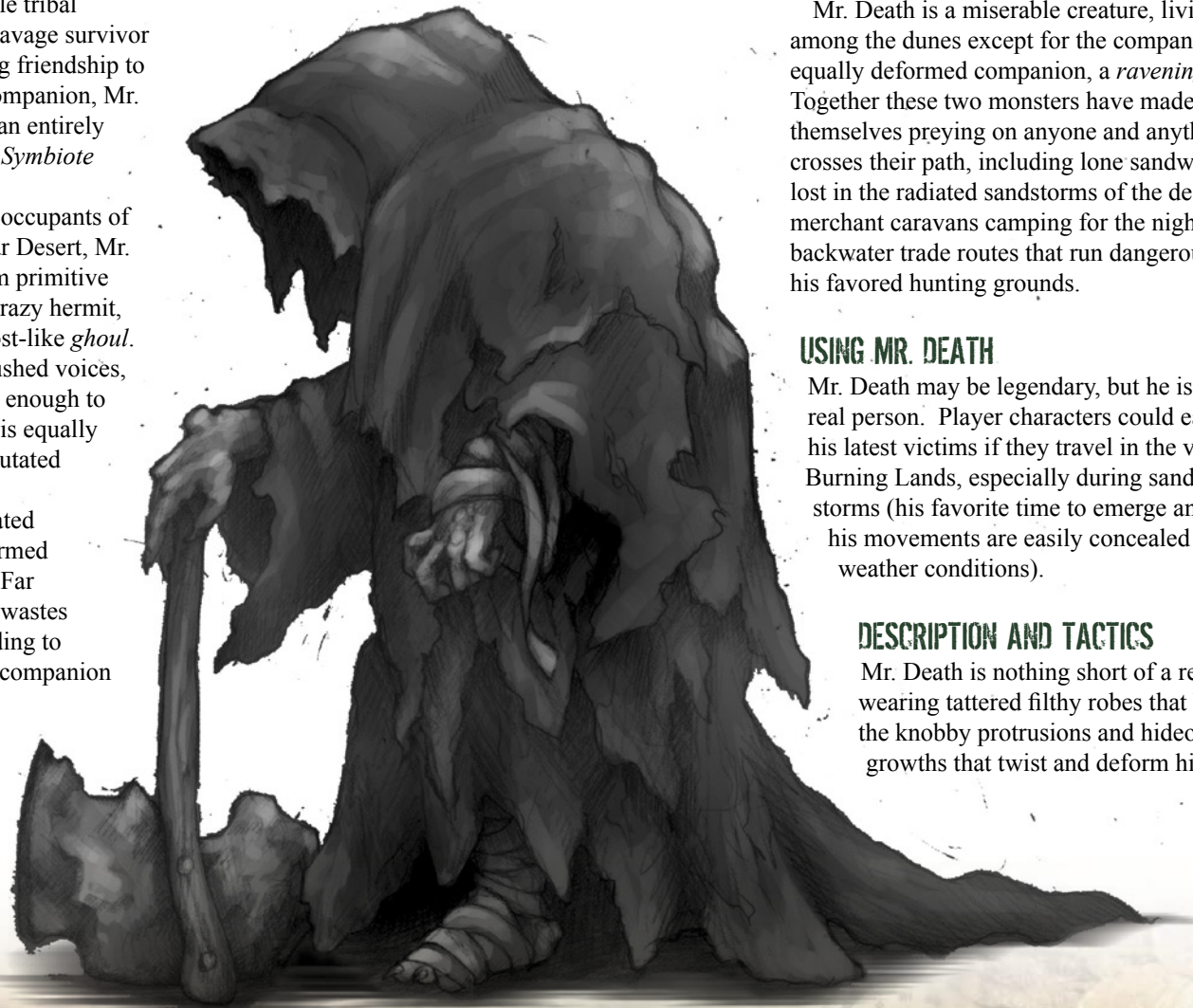
Mr. Death is a miserable creature, living alone among the dunes except for the company of his equally deformed companion, a *ravening hound*. Together these two monsters have made a name for themselves preying on anyone and anything that crosses their path, including lone sandwalkers, parties lost in the radiated sandstorms of the desert, and merchant caravans camping for the night along the backwater trade routes that run dangerously close to his favored hunting grounds.

USING MR. DEATH

Mr. Death may be legendary, but he is very much a real person. Player characters could easily become his latest victims if they travel in the vicinity of the Burning Lands, especially during sand or radiation storms (his favorite time to emerge and hunt, since his movements are easily concealed in such weather conditions).

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Mr. Death is nothing short of a real monster, wearing tattered filthy robes that barely cover the knobby protrusions and hideous bone growths that twist and deform his entire body



from head to toe. He walks with a terrible limp from a misshapen spine and bandy legs, and his arms dangle down at different lengths, making him look like a golem stitched from mismatched body parts. A ragged hood mercifully covers the horror that is his blasphemous face, but from the darkness under its cowl two red eyes gleam with a malevolent light. He stumbles as he walks, bent forward as if always chasing some prey just a few steps beyond the next hill, his head darting from side to side to catch errant scents carried on the wind, or to better hear sounds echoing through the canyons formed by the towering dunes.

Devil Dog, his *ravering hound* companion, is always at his side, its body as defective and grotesque as its master's. Painful bone protrusions erupt from its loose gray flesh like sharp spikes, while random sprouts of sickly white hair grow wildly in various spots on its lean and skeletal frame. Like Mr. Death, the beast's eyes glow like red-hot coals. Though it moves with quiet, padded steps, its presence is often given away by its soft, hyena-like gibbering. Likewise, as he goes, animal at his side, Mr. Death mutters endlessly to himself, though his whisper-soft words are merely the gibberish of a madman.

In combat Mr. Death uses all the tricks he knows, including throwing his bola to entangle the toughest-looking opponent before entering battle and hurling sand at enemies to blind them (using the *Sand in the Eyes* feat). Since he and Devil Dog have fought many times alongside each other, the animal knows to flank Mr. Death's current opponent so that the foe is easier to hit in melee. Devil Dog is also clever enough to enter into melee against someone with a ranged weapon to distract him/her and prevent that opponent from getting off a shot without paying for it (by provoking attacks of opportunity).

Mr. Death (Terminal Post-Apocalyptic Hero 3/Charismatic Hero 2/Symbiote 7): CR 12; Medium-size Humanoid; HD 2d8+4 plus 3d8+6 plus 2d6+4 plus 7d8+14 plus 3; HP 93; Mas 14; Init +3; Spd 30 ft; Defense 18, touch 18, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +7 class); BAB +9; Grap +13; Atk +14 melee (1d12+4, greataxe), or +6 ranged (1d4+4, bola); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ short life span, homicidal frenzy; AL Devil Dog; SV Fort +10, Ref +12, Will +10; AP 6; Rep +4; Str 18, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 6, Wis 17, Cha 13.

Skills: Climb +5, Handle Animal +13, Hide +3, Listen +6, Move Silently +3, Navigate -1, Ride +3, Sense Motive +4, Spot +6, Survival +10, Treat Injury +4.

Feats: Alertness, Animal Affinity, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Forsaken, Iron Will, Know The Signs*, Lightning Reflexes, Sand In The Eyes*, Stealthy, Toughness, Track, Weapon Focus (greataxe).

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

Talents (Charismatic Hero): Coordinate.

Talents (Symbiote): Animal Partner, Symbiote Opportunist, Bond Of Friendship.

Possessions: Greataxe, bola**, rags.

* These feats can be found in *The Broken and the Lost*.

** This item can be found in *The Broken and the Lost*.

Devil Dog (Ravering Hound Symbiotic Partner): CR 7; Medium-size Animal; HD 2d8+4 plus 3d8+6; HP 32; Mas 15; Init +2; Spd 35 ft.; Defense 19, touch 16, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +3 natural, +4 class); BAB +3; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6+5, bite); Full Atk +7 melee (1d6+5, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ pack boldness, pack mentality,

scent, bond of friendship, evasion, share saving throws, track, man's best friend +2, familiarity, never quits; AL Mr. Death; SV Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +6; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 18, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 6.

Skills: Listen +5, Move Silently +5, Spot +5, Survival +5 (+9 when tracking by scent).

Feats: Track.



DINAH MIGHT (CHAMPION)

The notorious "amazon" the people of the wasteland know by the carnival nickname Dinah Might has outlived all other fighters of the pits of Soccoro, Tucumcari, and the

Forbidden Lands. Already known to have slain thirty men and an equal number of mutated beasts in the gladiatorial pits of these famous (and seedy) locations, she is said to be the most ferocious fighter of her elusive and mysterious kind.

In a past life Dinah was the exotic bodyguard of a Clean *mandarin*; betraying her masters, she led a group of other escaped women into the desert. She fought off many powerful beasts and other predators to keep her sisters alive until they could find a secure home deep in the desert, and in the process gained a reputation as a champion warrior.

Eventually Dinah's particular tribe of escaped slaves was discovered and ambushed by bounty hunters sent to hunt them down. Attacked as they made camp somewhere in the Far Desert, she and her sisters fought bravely but were captured after a long night of hit-and-run fighting. While most of her fellow amazons were shipped off to become concubines to wealthy buyers all over the desert, Dinah fought so fearlessly to avoid capture that one

particular merchant paid top dollar to keep her as his own. Not as a mistress, but as a *pit fighter*.

Though she once lived free among the sands as the leader of an entire tribe, Dinah is now a slave whose sole purpose in life is to fight, entertain, and *kill* for the sadistic pleasure of others. Her master (potentially any Trader or Trade Master of your own design) has made corium hand-over-fist on her fights, and she has proven impossible to slay. She is an important asset to many in power in these towns and communities, but at the same time bitterness against her seeming invincibility is beginning to grow among the male fighters of the Twisted Earth's unofficial "fighting circuit." Though power players use her games to make money, and fellow fighters plot against her, Dinah doesn't seem to care. Emotionally destroyed by her inability to save those who turned to her for protection, she only lives for the chance to one day bring revenge against those who enslaved her.

USING DINAH MIGHT

Dinah is a pit fighter; PCs are only likely to come in contact with her either as spectators at one of the bloody gladiatorial arenas of the major trade towns, or as slaves themselves. While in the former case the PCs could bet on Dinah and even try to buy her freedom for their own private purposes, the latter twist probably has more potential for an exciting encounter befitting warriors of their caliber.

Should the PCs ever become arrested in a trade town, or captured by a foe with more influence than them, they could very well find themselves sold into slavery and facing the notorious gladiatorial pits of a place like Soccoro or Tucumcari. Thrown into the murky depths of a deep oubliette ringed with balconies where onlookers to jeer and shout, the PCs would most likely be shocked as this proud former

chieftain emerges into the light with only one goal on her mind: killing them, gaining strength and skill, and in doing so bringing her one step closer to escaping and bringing her wrath down on the monsters who keep her caged.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Dinah is a woman of mixed ethnic heritage whose dark, attractive good looks were as much a reason for her being trained as a mandarin's bodyguard as her skill at arms. Nonetheless, from the beginning she took her training seriously, and used her knowledge of primitive weapons to help her sisters escape into the desert. Though ultimately she failed in her fight for freedom, her puissance has only been refined by her life of tragic ordeals.

When a match begins, Dinah triggers her *Adrenaline Control* mutation as a free action, then uses her *Pounce* feat to charge her enemy and get a full attack. If her opponent is flat-footed, she probably puts some of her considerable attack bonus into *Power Attack*; otherwise she simply slugs it out round-by-round in a grueling duel to the death.

Dinah's Champion talents are currently of no use to her, but should she be involved in some kind of slave rebellion, her leadership qualities could come to the fore as she rallies the gladiators in an uprising.

Dinah Might (Mutant Strong Hero 5/Guardian 5/Champion 3): CR 13; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d8+20 plus 5d10+20 plus 3d12+12 plus 3; HP 126; Mas 18; Init +3; Spd 20 ft; Defense 25, touch 20, flatfooted 23 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +8 class, +5 equipment); BAB +13; Grap +18; Atk +20 melee (1d10+10, heavy flail), or +16 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, adrenaline surge; AL Amazons; SV Fort +12, Ref +8, Will +6; AP 6; Rep +2; Str 20, Dex

17, Con 18, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Occupation: Pit Fighter* (Jump, Tumble).

Background: Tribal (Survival).

Mutations and Defects: Adrenaline Control, Negative Chemical Reaction.

Skills: Climb +7, Intimidate +10, Jump +9, Knowledge (Tactics) +13, Listen +2, Sense Motive +2, Spot +2, Survival +8, Tumble +10.

Feats: Agile Riposte, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Iron Will, Pounce, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Sand In The Eyes**, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness.

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

Talents (Guardian): Defender +2, Weapon Focus (heavy flail), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (heavy flail).

Talents (Champion): Rallying Cry +2, Improved Tactical Aid.

Possessions: *Mastercraft* heavy flail, chainmail shirt.

* This occupation can be found in *Wasteland Fury*.

** This feat can be found in *The Broken and the Lost*.



TARANDO (TRADER)

Loathed by virtually all those who recognize him, the trader known across the wasteland as "Tarando" embodies the ruthless hunger that motivates many merchants of the Twisted

Earth. Over the years this master capitalist has managed to entrench his influence in more than a handful of major trade settlements along

the trade routes of the desert, using a varied network of agents to keep him aware of market fluctuations, the movements of his competitors (and the details of their backalley deals), and—especially—recent finds made by otherwise nameless wanderers, sandwalkers, and *adventurers*.

Though many see him as a merchant lord concerned only with business, it is on adventurers that Tarando focuses the true weight of his interest, seeing in their lives of carefree freedom the opportunity to do what he cannot—namely, scour the sands for articles of the Ancient past. While he lounges on the riches he has made through more traditional commerce, Tarando's love of money is actually second to a more driving passion; at heart, he is an avid (some say obsessed) *collector*.

Tarando is fascinated to no end by artifacts of the Ancients' world, seeing in them not just the monetary value that more base individuals see, but also each article's connection to the world before and, ultimately, to an era of lost civilization. Though he is a ruthless master whose true face is seldom seen by his underlings, Tarando wistfully pursues every ounce of Ancient culture he can find (whether it is usable technology, or simply rare and unique finds that represent some bizarre facet of the pre-Fall world). Like comfort foods that calm the distraught, precious objects from the past have a very real effect on this devious merchant lord, and he craves them like a starved child craves candy.

USING TARANDO

Tarando is best used as a “behind-the-scenes” NPC, a recurring nuisance and villain whose vast network of wasteland contacts doggedly pursues the PCs whether they are at low, mid, or high levels. Only when the PCs have reached sufficiently high levels will a final showdown be appropriate.

When incorporating Tarando into a campaign, remember first and foremost that he is a collector; PCs seeking to sell off artifacts they have found on their adventures could very well find him an eager and facilitating buyer... at least at first. His ears are always to the ground, and PCs hitting the markets in any town or village where he has a presence are not likely to go unnoticed. However, once the PCs begin to sell useful or interesting items, his initial delight will quickly and inevitably turn to an obsessive *greed*. Once he knows their names (or their descriptions), Tarando begins sending skulks to tail the PCs, and constantly keeps track of their movements, no matter where they go. If the PCs continue to find objects that interest Tarando, he begins to use whatever means are necessary to acquire them. At first this will manifest as making reasonable monetary offers, but the greater the treasures the PCs find, the less likely Tarando will be willing to pay; he is, after all, a man with a shrewd business sense!

Eventually Tarando will want something the PCs aren't willing to part with, at least not on his terms. Once their relations with Tarando reach this frayed threshold, his ruthless spirit comes fully to the fore. From here on out, his agents no longer merely observe and shadow the PCs—they try to steal from the party (either as pickpockets or burglars), ransack their hotel rooms when they are out, and even ambush them (as they stumble out of bars into unlit alleyways, for example). Each time they encounter his agents Tarando makes it a point to let the PCs know who is tailing them and why, giving them a chance to surrender their goods to avoid trouble. The idea that the mere mention of his name can intimidate people into surrendering their treasures gives him a particularly sadistic thrill.

Assuming the PCs continue to find treasures on their adventures, Tarando eventually turns to even

more underhanded means to get said treasures out of the party's hands. If the PCs have done anything (anything at all) that could be embarrassing to their reputations, blackmail will be the first thing on his list. If not, well-armed groups of cunning mercenaries will tail the PCs through the desert and attack them as they emerge, wounded, from wherever they go adventuring. Other merchants, afraid of Tarando's wrath, will refuse to buy from the PCs for fear of being shut down (or worse). Whether or not they bow to his demands, the PCs will soon find Tarando intolerable; eventually they will have little choice but to confront the tyrannical merchant and terminate their “relationship” once and for all.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Due to his immense girth, Tarando is most often seen reclining on a luxurious palanquin carried by four to six lean-muscled bearers. In addition to a number of over-stuffed cushions which decorate his seat, Tarando's rolling enormity is perpetually shaded by a ridiculous parasol ringed with hanging bangles that jingle as his bearers struggle under his weight. A hand fan to cool himself is seldom far away, and his fluttering and dainty use of it is a grating mannerism, to say the least.

Tarando looks relatively harmless, but he keeps a small *hand stunner* concealed on his person at all times. Using *Quick Draw*, he can whip the weapon out quickly, using it to paralyze those who threaten his life. But Tarando's strength lies not in himself, personally, but in his network of followers. Having the *Leadership* feat (and a Leadership score of 17), in addition to contacts he has a large number of actual followers. His cohort should be designed by the GM, and made to either serve as his personal bodyguard, or perhaps an agent in the field who continually taunts the PCs after each successful theft of their

hard-earned loot. His great wealth also means he has access to many mercenaries and hired thugs, ranging from low-level *skulks* he uses to shadow and steal to mid-level *survivalists* he uses to hunt down and ambush the party. He is almost certain to be guarded by a number of unscrupulous *guardians* of higher levels, who together should be a challenge for a high-level party of player characters.

Tarando (Mutant Charismatic Hero 5/Trader 8): CR 13; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d6+15 plus 8d6+24; HP 85; Mas 16; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 16, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +6 class); BAB +6; Grap +8; Atk +8 melee (1d3+2 nonlethal, unarmed), or +6 ranged (1d6 plus *paralysis*, hand stunner); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, massively obese; AL none; SV Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +8; AP 6; Rep +9; Str 14, Dex 10, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 17.

Occupation: Merchant (Gather Information).

Background: Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Business]).

Mutations and Defects: Stench, Massive Obesity.

Skills: Bluff +21, Diplomacy +19, Disguise +5, Forgery +6, Gamble +5, Gather Information +24, Intimidate +15, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +4, Knowledge (Business) +19, Knowledge (Current Events) +10, Knowledge (History) +6, Knowledge (Streetwise) +10, Knowledge (Technology) +4, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +5, Listen +7, Profession (Trader) +11, Sense Motive +15, Sleight of Hand +2, Spot +5.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Alertness, Confident, Deceptive, Frightful Presence, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Quick Draw, Renown, Silver Tongue, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

NEW DEFECT

The trader Tarando has a defect that is new to *Darwin's World*. This defect should now be available to everyone.

MASSIVE OBESITY

A genetic defect in certain glands has made the mutant tremendously obese.

Penalty: The mutant suffers a -2 penalty to Constitution. In addition, any time she moves at more than her base speed (walking) she must make a Fortitude save at DC 15 or become *fatigued*.

Advancement: Each time this defect is advanced, the penalty to Constitution increases by 1 and the Fortitude save DC to avoid becoming fatigued increases by 2.

Talents (Charismatic Hero): Fast-Talk, Dazzle, Taunt.

Talents (Trader): Ear to the Ground, Money Talks, Going Once, Going Twice, Read The Signs, Sucker Born Every Minute, Leadership.

Possessions: Hand stunner, power clip, jeweled goblet, concealed carry holster, hand fan.



BIXBY (SCHOLAR)

Not everyone knows his name, but those who do recognize Bixby as a man who knows his business. A sort of “wasteland scholar,”

Bixby is one of only a handful of true “sandwalkers”—men (and women) whose seemingly nonsensical wanderings across the Twisted Earth have left them with a deep understanding of its dangers and wonders, as well as the customs and cultures of its widely varied inhabitants.

From the scattered tribes of ancestor-worshipping tribals in the Deserts of Nowhere, to the rising empires of the merchant houses of the Far Desert, to the warrens of the degenerate city of Styx, to

the bleak and isolated territory of the Foundation’s western holdings, Bixby has seen it all... and taken notes. Even if they don’t know his name offhand, many people have benefited from his wisdom, as he has passed through virtually every major settlement along the routes east and west of the Big Hole, spreading word of what he’s seen (and what to look out for) to anyone who cares to ask.

Whether he’s offering advice over a campfire about what’s over the next few dunes, or helping deliver the newborn baby of a tribal chief, Bixby stands out as a likable, educated man, with a rustic kind of charisma that is often difficult to describe. Cannibals might capture and intend to eat him, but his skills at medicine and his knowledge of treating disease mean he can usually bargain his way out by offering a priceless service. If he escapes with the locals thinking he’s some kind of “god,” so much the better. Just one man by himself, raiders and other gangers seldom consider him a threat, and let him pass unmolested through their lands; but not before the bandit king invites him to his table and exacts some kind of favor from Bixby (such as repairing an artifact his men can’t figure out, or just having one night of intelligent conversation with someone who

isn't a simpering "yes man").

Though many who know him think Bixby is a native of the wasteland due to his extensive knowledge of the world, in reality he is not. Bixby originally came from a lost dome hidden in the broad wastes of the Deserts of Nowhere, sent by his people to find a new home for their secret community of pureblooded human holdouts. Suffering from a weakening dome, the previously unmutated inhabitants were beginning to change (in fact Bixby is just one of a new generation of children born with mutations), and so out of desperation scouts were sent to locate a new place where they could shelter indefinitely. Bixby's wanderings and explorations, as well as his dealings with the people of the Twisted Earth, have all been part of his decade-long mission to feel out the nature of the world outside, find hospitable inhabitants, and try and locate a land where his people will be welcomed.

USING BIXBY

Bixby is a traveler first and foremost, so he could pop up virtually anywhere a campaign takes place. He is a font of knowledge, especially concerning people, places, geography, and survival. He's a loner, and wanders the world by himself, but he's neither selfish nor opportunistic—at least not in a predatory way. Naive to a fault, he willingly introduces himself to those who seem to be in need, and freely gives what he has to those who could use his help. Often a hot meal, a sharing of information, or simply safe passage are all he demands in exchange.

Use Bixby as a means of getting information into the hands of the party, whether it's about the locality, dangers over the horizon, or events currently taking place in their region. Alternatively, he could simply be in the right place at the right time when the PCs

need a skilled healer, or someone with the rare medicines they need to treat radiation. For example, facing a seemingly hopeless situation (dying from radiation), the characters might stumble into a tribal village only to find Bixby staying among the locals, the only man within 100 miles able to save their lives.

Bixby is a wanderer, so he should never be around for long; though he may be lured to help out with a good cause, even joining the PCs in a particularly righteous mission for a short while, he's not much of a fighter and he knows there are people in need of his skills everywhere. Instead of lingering to enjoy the praise of a successful campaign, he is likely to slip out unnoticed during the revels held in the party's name.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Bixby immediately stands out in a crowd because he looks a little unusual; a rail-thin fellow, wearing dusty clothes and burdened by a heap of junk items he's scavenged from across the wastes. Looking like an overburdened porter, his small frame looks ridiculous weighed down by his enormous, overflowing pack. Because he's a lone wanderer, anything of obvious value was stolen from him long ago; instead, he's learned to disguise the more useful items as junk; this includes his medicine pouch, power sources, and even his weapon. Even his clothes, which he picked up during his brief recruitment to the Foundation, are so badly faded that they are hardly recognizable.

Because he has naturally poor eyesight, Bixby always wears glasses. He currently wears thick horn-rimmed glasses scavenged from the junk heap, with one or two lenses slightly cracked, that make his eyes look enormous even by comic book proportions.

Bixby (Mutant Dedicated Hero 3/Charismatic Hero 3/Scholar 8): CR 14; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+6 plus 3d6+6 plus 8d6+16; HP 78; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 19, touch 19, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +7 class); BAB +7; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6, pistol butt), or +9 ranged (*disintegration* or 5d6, blaster); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, x2 Int modifier; AL Biodome 7; SV Fort +8, Ref +9, Will +10; AP 7; Rep +6; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 21.

Occupation: Academic (DW) (Knowledge [Twisted Earth], Research).

Background: Guardian (Treat Injury).

Mutations and Defects: Dual Cerebellum.

Skills: Computer Use +12, Craft (chemical) +10, Craft (electronic) +10, Craft (mechanical) +10, Craft (pharmaceutical) +22, Craft (writing) +8, Decipher Script +10, Diplomacy +13, Disable Device +10, Gather Information +13, Investigate +10, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +12, Knowledge (Current Events) +12, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +13, Knowledge (History) +8, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +10, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +8, Knowledge (Technology) +14, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +8, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +21, Navigate +14, Repair +16, Research +13, Ride +3, Search +14, Spot +7, Survival +9, Treat Injury +18.

Feats: Advanced Pharmaceutical Discipline, Advanced Technology, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Gearhead, Juju Medicine, More Juice*, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Quick Treatment, Remove Defect, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Surgery, Trustworthy, Vulture.

Talents (Dedicated Hero): Empathy, Healing Knack.

Talents (Charismatic Hero): Charm, Favor.

Talents (Scholar): Gossip, Confusing Tirade, Protected By The Code, Ancient Craft (Craft

[pharmaceutical]], Ancient Knowledge (Knowledge [Twisted Earth]), Ancient Technology (Advanced Pharmaceutical Discipline).

Possessions: Blaster, medical bag (containing 4d4 doses of rad-purge shot, 2d4 doses of stimshot B, and other mundane medical supplies), basic mechanical toolkit, compass, diagnostic scanner, language translator, electronic skeleton key, standard flashlight, juju kit, survival kit, six minifusion cells (double charge), power belt-pack (double charge), two power cells (double charge), numerous canteens and satchels, cigarette lighter, 1d3 light rods, eyeglasses.

* This feat can be found in *The Foundationists*.



GRAMPA (MECH)

While some call him a crusty old geezer, those in the know recognize Grampa as the true heart of the community. One of several elders of a xenophobic community,

Grampa's pessimism and cantankerous nature can be grating at times—but the decades of knowledge, experience, and education locked up in his crazy old head are downright essential to the community's survival.

No one knows exactly how old Grampa is (he likes to make a game of being difficult when asked direct questions) but he's obviously older than anyone else around. He makes a point of letting everyone know he's more seasoned, always reminding folks when they've made a mistake that they should know better. And they should, because even though he pretends not to want to be pestered by constant requests for advice, he's always lingering around giving it out whether someone wants it or not.

In reality Grampa is the most skilled mech in the

entire settlement, a venerable old relic in his own right but one of only a handful of men left in the wasteland who truly understands machines and their fickle nature. Though younger generations often take him for granted, silently cursing him when he's out of sight, Grampa has always been a part of the community, an irascible source of wisdom and practical know-how who has kept the people alive despite what they think of him. Grampa cares for the community probably more than anyone else, but having seen too many naive youngsters march off to their deaths outside the settlement's walls he tends to put on airs that keep people at arm's length.

No matter what anyone says of him, Grampa is respected by the other elders who know he's as vital to the community's survival as food, water, and livestock. He is the only one around who understands the aging solar power generators, automated water pumps, and purifiers that keep the cloistered population of the commune alive. Without him, they wouldn't know what to do.

USING GRAMPA

Though he's essentially tethered to one spot, the community to which Grampa belongs could be any desert settlement of your devising, whether its a town full of xenophobes (like the village of "Hemisphere" detailed on pages 174-178 of the *Darwin's World 2nd Edition* rulebook) or a community the PCs find themselves working for (or even coming from).

More than just a colorful source of wisdom, Grampa is an NPC with practical interest for those characters not blinded by his age and cold mannerisms. Since he's a mech, he's the obvious one to turn to for the identification of strange artifacts found in the desert, or to fix weapons, armor, and other complex gizmos broken or damaged on their

adventures. For those who manage to earn his friendship (not an easy task), he might even be convinced to construct items of a *mastercraft* nature...

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Grampa stopped trying to look good for the ladies when his last tooth fell out over twenty years ago. Now his white hair is a tangle of unmanageable curls atop his wrinkled head, and his venerable features are obscured at all times by a thin layer of soot and oil—except around his eyes, where his work goggles have left big circles clear of grime. Walking around in the same rags he's worn for years, he compensates for his limp with the help of a simple walking stick. If one looks closely at the slight engraving on its surface, the words "Beat It, Whippersnapper!" can barely be picked out.

Though he has a lot of spunk, Grampa isn't much of a fighter (though he certainly won't shy away from fighting if his community is under attack). Like all members of a xenophobic commune, he's expected to don armor and take up arms to defend the women and children when enemies come calling.

Grampa (Mutant Smart Hero 10/Mech 5): CR 15; Medium-size humanoid; HD 10d6 plus 5d6; HP 53; Mas 10; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 17, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +6 class); BAB +7; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6, walking stick), or +8 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Xenophobes; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +12; AP 7; Rep +4; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 18, Wis 17, Cha 8.

Occupation: Academic (DW) (Knowledge [Physical Sciences], Knowledge [Technology]).

Background: Guardian (Repair).

Mutations and Defects: Accumulated Resistance, Syncope.

Skills: Computer Use +19, Craft (electronic) +22, Craft (mechanical) +34, Craft (structural) +24, Decipher Script +6, Demolitions +16, Disable Device +24, Drive +6, Investigate +17, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +15, Knowledge (History) +19, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +20, Knowledge (Technology) +23, Profession +16, Repair +35, Research +24, Search +8.

Feats: Advanced Electronics Discipline, Advanced Technology, Builder (Craft [mechanical], Craft [structural]), Cautious, Educated (Knowledge [History], Knowledge [Physical Sciences]), Gearhead, Intuitive Mechanic, Low Profile, Master Artificer*, Master Mechanic*, Modern Vehicles Discipline, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Studious, Vulture.

Talents (Smart Hero): Savant (Craft [mechanical]), Savant (Repair), Trick, Exploit Weakness, Plan.

Talents (Mech): Mastercraft +1, Quick Repairs, Mastercraft +2, Improved Repairs.

Possessions: Walking stick, robes, flash goggles, basic mechanical toolkit, multipurpose tool, penlight flashlight.

* These feats can be found in *The Foundationists*.



PROF. RICHARD FROST (SCIENTIST)

A strangely luminous figure is seen through the rubble as the party moves through the abandoned ruins of an ancient city. Though the PCs try to get close, the figure soon vanishes in a puff of dust and the crunch of broken glass under feet. What's more unusual is that scav and other ruins pickers have

reported seeing the same ghostly figure before, the more superstitious among them claiming it is the haunting spectre of an Ancient who perished in that area centuries ago...

The "ghost" is actually a human—a man named Prof. Richard Frost, just one member of an entire society of *Advanced* people living in a deep underground vault far beneath the surface of the blasted city. The luminosity is caused by the lights on his heavy environment suit, which keeps him protected from the possibly hazardous elements of the ruins.

Having lived encased in steel and concrete for generations, only in recent years has this fantastic community begun exploring the surface world. The "ghost" is one of their scientists, a brave pioneer whose insatiable curiosity about the world his people willingly left behind is sated only through periodic visits to the surface.

Frost's community underground lives in an almost hermetic environment; though they have advanced in truly amazing ways, building on and perfecting the sciences through super-advanced tools they took with them underground before the Fall, they have also become paranoid and xenophobic, afraid of the radiation and germs (and mutants) their best scientists say are likely to be found in the world above.

Though Professor Frost often faces resistance among his scientific peers in the community, he has convinced the leadership that visits to the surface are an important expenditure of time and resources. Unfortunately, his fellow scientists don't share his enthusiasm, so he's forced to go it alone, taking a secret tunnel from the underground hives of his people to pick through the ruins of lost America on his own. He is an explorer and a man of science, with a cold detachment about the things he sees and encounters.

USING PROF. RICHARD FROST

Luckily for Prof. Frost, going through the ruins is not just work, it's also his secret joy. Frost is fascinated with the mutated fauna he's seen so far, and though conventional wisdom among his people suggests that mutant life is inherently dangerous, he secretly longs to bump into sentient mutated creatures. To Prof. Frost, any encounter with "mutants" would be like bridging the great gap of centuries that separates his unchanged people and the people of the world above. As such, should the PCs manage to approach him without terrifying him, he could prove to be a potential friend; though he would certainly never reveal his true origins (and thus endanger his community), his strange speech, unusual interest in seemingly mundane things (from plants to bugs to the anatomy of every different mutant he meets), and knowledge of advanced sciences will certainly mark him as someone who is at the very least "unusual."

By playing on his calculating scientific nature, Prof. Frost could also represent a terrible *threat*. Sent to the surface to find evidence of life surviving the Fall, he might see the PCs as the perfect opportunity to prove his theories to his peers. In such a case he will stop at nothing to get the PCs underground, as captives, to be examined and, ultimately, *dissected*. He will use whatever means are necessary to accomplish this task, attacking them outright or trying to lure them to his secret "underground paradise" with lies and false assurances.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

When the PCs first meet Prof. Frost, he looks like some kind of spaceman, dressed in a fully-sealed NBC suit as he wanders the ruins cautiously and quietly in search of samples to collect and take underground. He is armed for his protection, but he's

not really a combatant; besides, his giddy delight in making first contact with survivors of the Fall will probably cause him to forget his gun and engage the party in conversation.

Prof. Richard Frost (Smart Hero 10/Scientist 5): CR 15; Medium-size humanoid; HD 10d6+10 plus 5d6+5; HP 68; Mas 12; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 20, touch 17, flatfooted 19 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +6 class, +3 equipment); BAB +7; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6, combat knife), or +12 ranged (2d8, gauss pistol); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Sub-City Sierra; SV Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +12; AP 7; Rep +7; Str 10, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 21, Wis 15, Cha 10.

Occupation: Academic (DW) (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences], Knowledge [Technology]).

Background: Advanced (Research).

Skills: Bluff +3, Computer Use +23, Craft (chemical) +18, Craft (pharmaceutical) +18, Decipher Script +7, Diplomacy +3, Forgery +7, Hide +6, Investigate +18, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +36, Knowledge (History) +10, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +10, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +23, Knowledge (Technology) +26, Listen +12, Move Silently +6, Navigate +10, Profession +15, Research +31, Search +29, Sense Motive +4, Spot +15, Survival +4.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Alertness, Combat Expertise, Educated (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences], Knowledge [Technology]), Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Iron Will, Meticulous, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Studious, Track, Troglodyte, Vulture.

Talents (Smart Hero): Savant (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences]), Savant (Research), Exploit Weakness, Plan, Trick.

Talents (Scientist): Scientific Method, Scientific Improvisation, Protected By The Code, Smart Weapon*, Hypothesis.

Possessions: Gauss pistol (smart weapon, with laser sight), power clip, combat knife, NBC suit, electro-optical binoculars, chemical sensor, Geiger counter, standard flashlight, power backpack, three power cells, 1d2 light rods, map, hip holster, sample jars.



O-CHANA (WARRIOR MONK)

Abandoned by her people, the serene, solitary woman called O-Chana stands out among the crowds of the towns and villages in which she now finds herself.

A former Entropist officer charged with defending their lands against “infection,” she was abandoned by her comrades when the mountain outpost she was assigned to in the Mountains of Misery was overrun by creatures infected with the *marionette worm* (see page 297 of *Darwin's World 2nd Edition* for more information on this strange organism). When she came to, the outpost was deserted, and her “unit” had retreated deeper into the mountains.

O-Chana gathered her strength and attempted to make it to a known rallying point far to the south, only to come under fire as she tried to make contact with her fellow Entropists. It was then that O-Chana realized her fate: left to die, she was assumed to be infected, and no amount of persuasion would convince them otherwise.

Horried and distraught, O-Chana managed to survive for over a year on her own, leaving the

mountains behind to go north and into the “infested lands.” Here she found a world her people refused to acknowledge, filled with people and life free of the marionette worm.

Already a master swordswoman, O-Chana has become something of a tragic *ronin* figure, wandering aimlessly through the desert seemingly without purpose. Yet wherever she goes, she finds herself drawn into the conflicts of the wasteland; recognizing her mastery of arms, raiders, merchants, and victimized communities alike seek her out to hire, persuade, or beg her to fight on their behalf. Without a cause to dedicate herself to, she feels worthless, and as such she drifts from crusade to crusade offering her mighty talents to those who need them.

USING O-CHANA

Considering her epic level, O-Chana is not a figure to be used lightly in a campaign. A master warrior, she poses a grave threat to parties not equipped for someone of her level. Likewise, introducing her as the party’s ally into an adventure where she overwhelms the challenges can easily disrupt the game.

Though she might be a potential ally, fighting alongside the party against worthy enemies, O-Chana could also be used as a potent enemy. As an outsider, she is naive to the goings-on and politics of the Twisted Earth; since she generally does not investigate the affairs of others, anyone who pleads their case to her has an equal chance of convincing her to join their cause. As such, silver-tongued raiders could just as easily convince her of the “virtue” of their particular cause as their victims, turning her considerable power against the “good guys”—and thus the player characters.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

O-Chana is a striking figure, a short Asian woman with a single knot of silky black hair growing from her otherwise bare scalp (a sign of her abandonment of the Entropists' ways; the Entropists normally shave themselves completely bald). Clad in loose white clothing of unusual cut, with a broad sash to hold her katana, she looks like a diminutive *samurai*. She rarely speaks, instead letting the emotion in her large brown eyes and a handful of curt head movements convey her agreement (or disagreement) in conversation.

O-Chana is a virtual death machine in combat, with a number of abilities focused on melee fighting. When she fights she has a number of options available to her, though in general she prefers a straightforward duel where her mastery of the katana can come to the fore. With her numerous focus feats (*Weapon Focus*, *Greater Weapon Focus*, *Superior Weapon Focus*) with the weapon, she is almost guaranteed a hit, affording her the luxury of trading in her attack bonus either for an increase in Defense (thanks to her *Combat Expertise* and *Superior Combat Expertise* abilities), or to do more damage (with *Power Attack*). Since her Defense is relatively low, she usually does the former—at least to some extent (perhaps lowering her attack bonus to +16 and increasing her Defense to 30)—while also using her *Dodge*, *Mobility*, and *Spring Attack* to keep mobile and out of harm during a fight. *Cleave* and *Great Cleave* are especially useful when she is attacked by numerous foes, allowing her to cut down large ranks of opponents in no time at all.

O-Chana (Mutant Strong Hero 3/Weapon Master 7*/Warrior Monk 6): CR 16; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 7d10+7 plus 6d10+6; HP 101; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 22,

touch 20, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +5 class, +2 equipment); BAB +16; Grap +20; Atk +24 melee (2d6+10/crit 18-20/x3, *mastercraft* katana), or +18 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, adrenaline surge; AL none; SV Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +10; AP 1; Rep +5; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 13, Wis 20, Cha 12.

Occupation: Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

Background: Radical (Intimidate).

Mutations and Defects: Adrenaline Control, Aberrant Deformity.

Skills: Climb +8, Concentration +11, Disguise -5, Intimidate +17, Jump +10, Knowledge (Tactics) +15, Listen +11, Navigate +2, Search +2, Spot +13, Survival +7, Treat Injury +7.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (light), Cleave, Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Exotic Melee Weapon Proficiency (katana), Great Cleave, Mobility, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Spring Attack, Weapon Focus (katana), Weapon Master*.

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

Talents (Weapon Master)*: Greater Weapon Focus, One With Weapon, Concentrated Attack, Weapon Specialization, Improved Critical.

Talents (Warrior Monk): Superior Ability (Superior Combat Expertise), Perfect Attack, Superior Ability (Superior Weapon Focus), Deadly Critical.

Possessions: *Mastercraft* katana, leather armor, white robes, sandals, tools for self-grooming, advanced breathing apparatus, first aid kit, survival kit, 2d4 doses of stimshot B, 1 dose of filter dose.

* The *Weapon Master* advanced class (and its associated feats and talents) can be found in *Wasteland Fury*.



FAITH (SISTER OF THE DESERT)

When one hears of the legendary *Sisters of the Desert*, one generally thinks of vengeful amazons, raging berserk warrior-women who strike like living

shadows from the darkness of night to bring cruel justice to their former oppressors. While this image is a largely accurate one, in fact one of the most influential members of this powerfully stubborn movement is a woman who is less warrior, and more peacemaker.

Like only a handful of her kind, Faith was raised from an early age in the luxurious harems of some of the most powerful men of the Twisted Earth, a geisha-like mistress skillfully trained in the arts of entertainment, musicianship, poetry, and storytelling. While many others who would later become Sisters were mere “furniture” in their former lives, passed around as articles to be traded like corium, Faith’s education, fine manners, and natural beauty meant she was destined for a more refined owner.

Faith served as a merchant’s concubine for most of her adolescence and, naive to a fault, fell in love with the son of the trade house’s Trade Master. She was prepared to marry into the merchant’s house when she became witness to an act of unspeakable cruelty: on the night she was to be wed to the young prince, dignitaries from wasteland tribes visiting to honor the trade house brought forth a “wedding gift”—the severed heads of no less than two dozen of the trade house’s female slaves, who had fled their masters and were suspected of having joined up with the Sisters of the Desert. Mortified by the sight of the decapitated heads of former friends and fellow servants, Faith was even more horrified when her beloved gifted the

killers with wine and promises of future rewards.

That night, after laying with her new husband, Faith became a woman possessed with a need to escape. As she sat over her drunken mate she pondered slitting his throat, an act that would both free her and condemn her at the same time. But she couldn't bring herself to do it; the taking of life, even a life as wicked as this one, was entirely against her gentle nature. Instead, she administered a sleeping drug to knock the prince out, then stole off to the harem to release the other women. Terrified of their masters, the women were too afraid to leave—until they realized how much courage it took for Faith to come this far. Gathering their strength, and led by Faith's knowledge of the palace, the girls slipped out into the night and never looked back.

Since then Faith has become something of a legend among amazons, a woman of education and breeding who brings a level-headed benevolence to their movement. While many amazon leaders speak of war and raids, Faith continually uses her position as a tribal leader to push her own view: that to stop violence one cannot resort to violence. Though she faces many skeptics, her voice is carried on the lips of intermediaries to the sporadic gatherings the amazons hold among the sands. Since there are many individual tribes of amazons who have only rare contact with one another, few amazons have actually met this woman, but word of her charisma, and her message of peace, has spread far and wide.

USING FAITH

If the PCs somehow manage to fall into the hands of amazons, they can only hope they fall into the hands of Faith's particular tribe, and not those of more militant Sisters. Faith's band of amazons can dwell virtually anywhere the campaign is currently taking

place, and a visit by the PCs could very well lead to an interesting revelation that not all amazons are "bad."

Considering her peaceful emphasis, a party of characters defeated and left for dead by monsters, raiders, or other enemies might be "saved" by Faith and her fellow tribeswomen. Awakening days after their ordeal, the PCs would certainly be surprised to find they've been rescued by a band of amazons, their wounds tended, and themselves very much alive.

Faith, for her part, isn't looking for revenge, but rather peace and freedom. While many of her Sisters advocate violence, Faith considers the welfare of all Sisters of the Desert (whom she affectionately calls "daughters") just as important as bringing down the corrupt order of the Twisted Earth. As such, she will be willing to let the PCs not only live but also be set free, in exchange for a promise that they will never reveal the location of her and her tribe. If they agree, they could make an invaluable friend among the Sisters of the Desert.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

A lovely and gentle woman, Faith doesn't like to fight, but her more formidable talents as a Sister do exist—they're just simply suppressed. If forced to fight, Faith manifests her abilities to bring down those who've betrayed her trust or maliciously scorned her offers of peace, if nothing more than to preserve the secrecy of her sisters and their enclave. When fighting, she uses her *Male Fear* ability to impress upon her foes her power, and *Go For The "Eyes"* to take them down quickly. She has a number of feats that promise to make a fight with her a difficult prospect, including *Improved Combat Throw*, *Flying Disarm*, and *Slippery Foe*. She doesn't like to fight, but if she has to, she will.

Faith (Mutant Charismatic Hero 7/Demagogue

2/Sister of the Desert 8): CR 17; Medium-size humanoid; HD 7d6+7 plus 2d6+2 plus 8d8+8; HP 85; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 19, touch 19, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +7 class); BAB +12; Grap +15; Atk +13 melee (1d6+1, tonfa), or +14 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Amazons; SV Fort +11, Ref +10, Will +15; AP 8; Rep +10; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 19, Cha 20.

Occupation: Demagogue (Knowledge [Current Events], Sense Motive).

Background: Visionary Reinventor (Diplomacy).

Mutations and Defects: Fragrance Development, Cystic Fibrosis.

Skills: Bluff +9, Diplomacy +26, Escape Artist +10, Gather Information +17, Handle Animal +13, Intimidate +15, Knowledge (Current Events) +13, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +12, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +6, Listen +6, Perform +19, Ride +10, Sense Motive +25, Spot +6, Survival +10, Treat Injury +10, Tumble +10.

Feats: Combat Expertise, Combat Throw, Concubine, Defensive Martial Arts, Dodge, Flying Disarm*, Improved Combat Throw, Improved Disarm, Iron Will, Leadership, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Slippery Foe*, Trustworthy.

Talents (Charismatic Hero): Charm, Coordinate, Inspiration, Greater Inspiration.

Talents (Demagogue): Followers, Lead Followers.

Talents (Sister of the Desert): Persuade, Natural Healing, Go For The "Eyes", Fascinate, Inspire Rebellion, Male Fear.

Possessions: Tonfa, utopian robe**, other items as you see fit.

* These feats can be found in *The Broken and the Lost*.

** This item can be found in *The Foundationists*.



DIGGER (TECH LOOTER)

Though he seems to have the bearing of a professor, Digger hasn't had any real formal training. Despite this, the curiously optimistic middle-aged man certainly knows his

business, and his business is *technology*.

Though technically Digger is a "tech looter," he prefers the title of "resurrector." Digger comes from a deep desert community, a sheltered society among the mountains that has been searching for years for a way to reactivate the many machines their ancestors stored in great underground vaults beneath the peaks. Like a few other educated men from his community, Digger has dedicated his entire life to finding the tools and rare parts that will get these advanced machines up and running again, bringing back to life the power, water, and other utilities that were the foundation of pre-Fall civilization.

Digger left his homeland years ago, and hasn't been back since, never having found the exact gizmos he needs to revive his people's technological heritage. In his travels he has met many people with promising leads, and followed many stories of lost "mother lodes" of technology, only to be fooled, conned, or even thwarted by rivals. He has found the world outside his sheltered homeland to be filled with brigands and opportunists who prey on those like him who are gullible enough to pay good corium to find lost 'tech.

But Digger has survived, and he continues courageously in his search. What exactly he is

looking for is up to you; it could be a few extremely rare and powerful gizmos, the command codes to revive an underground nuclear power facility, a manual explaining how to repair a dormant reactor, or a long list of a hundred or so individual items that have him running all over the known world on a decades-long "scavenger hunt." Whatever he's looking for, he hasn't found it yet, but his hopes never fade.

USING DIGGER

The player characters could encounter Digger either as a wandering NPC during any given scenario, or as an NPC "hook" who gets them started on a brand new adventure. A researcher and explorer of no little skill, Digger always has a few clues that, while ambiguous, are just revealing enough to tempt even the most skeptical character. Though most of his leads are vague, Digger has enough stories and fragmented legends to go by that any expedition with him in the lead seems bound to find *something*.

Digger is a reasonable man, and in exchange for getting what he wants (perhaps a single item from the entire technology hoard) he might very well be convinced to let the PCs take the rest. Motivated solely by a greater cause (namely, resurrecting the technical devices his people have been sitting on for over two hundred years) he cares nothing for the other trinkets and baubles that lesser men seem obsessed with.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Digger looks remarkably like an archaeologist in the field, with loose and airy khaki clothes, web gear burdened by canteens, notepads, and flashlights, and a pre-Fall pith helmet cocked at a ridiculous angle atop his head. He has learned to arm himself

to protect his valuable finds from raiders and scavs (and to deal with those "annoying" robotic guardians that tend to protect lost technology storehouses), but he still marches about like an excited explorer at the head of a royal expedition. Already middle-aged, he has a head of neatly-trimmed gray hair, though he suffers from a moderate case of *rosacea* that is agitated by the biting winds of the open desert.

In his time in the desert Digger has learned to be wary, and to check things out before stumbling into danger. As a result he's learned the value of taking predators by surprise, and thus always tries to plan ahead. He uses his *Plan* talent to provide a bonus to his attacks, and if he can catch his enemy off guard, make the best use of his *Sneak Attack* and *Called Shot* abilities (in the same shot). Once battle has begun, he uses his *Exploit Weakness* talent to allow him to use his Int bonus for further ranged attacks.

Digger (Mutant Smart Hero 9/Survivalist 2/Tech Looter 7): CR 18; Medium-size humanoid; HD 9d6+18 plus 2d10+4 plus 7d10+14; HP 118; Mas 15; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 21, touch 21, flatfooted 19 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +9 class); BAB +11; Grap +13; Atk +13 melee (1d6+2, rifle butt), or +14 ranged (5d10, HPM rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Skytown; SV Fort +9, Ref +12, Will +9; AP 9; Rep +4; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 17, Cha 13.

Occupation: Academic (DW) (Gather Information, Knowledge [Ancient Lore]).

Background: Resurrector (Knowledge [Technology]).

Mutations and Defects: Interior Moisture Reservoir, Bizarre Pigmentation.

Skills: Climb +4, Computer Use +17, Decipher Script +12, Demolitions +5, Disable Device +24, Gather Information +21, Handle Animal

+3, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +23, Knowledge (History) +11, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +5, Knowledge (Technology) +36, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +6, Listen +6, Navigate +24, Repair +17, Research +17, Ride +4, Search +26, Spot +6, Survival +18, Treat Injury +5.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Cautious, Educated (Knowledge [History], Endurance, Knowledge [Technology]), Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Gearhead, Iron Will, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Precise Shot, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Studious, Suppressing Fire, Track, Vulture, Weapon Focus (HPM rifle).

Talents (Smart Hero): Savant (Knowledge [Technology]), Linguist, Trick, Plan, Exploit Weakness.

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

Talents (Tech Looter): Sneak Attack +1d6, Contacts, Ancient Sense, Beat Feet, Sneak Attack +2d6, On The Lookout.

Possessions: HPM rifle, 1d3 minifusion cells, magnetic shield C, two power beltpacks, corium lantern, various books and maps, Geiger counter, autograpnel, 2d12 dehydrated pills, survival kit, first aid kit, two stun grenades, trail rations, compass, canteen, standard flashlight, two power cells, pith helmet.



MARGUS H'AN (TRADE MASTER)

The leader of one of the Clean's most profitable enterprises is Margus, first-born son of Mahar, leader of the H'an water clan—the most powerful and prestigious of

the Clean Water Clans' associated families. Margus was raised in the manner of all wealthy H'an nobles, like a prince with few cares in the world, groomed from childhood in the knowledge of water, where to find it, how to extract it, and how to port it. These ancient, earthy skills, passed down by his people, gave him a grounding in reality that was never lost on him. Though in later years he would be trained as a master negotiator and diplomat, blending a cunning trade sense with techniques to lie, swindle, and finagle, he would never forget the history of his people.

Margus is well into his sixties now, but he remains a healthy, strong, and remarkably fit individual. Unlike some leaders his age, he is not a mere figurehead or puppet; he is very much the web-weaving, plotting and planning, intrigue-minded strategist. In his youth he was a soldier for the Clean, commanding entire armies of slave warriors; during his service he learned how to handle slaves, how to treat them, and how far you could push them before they would break—not out of humane concern, but out of a practical business need.

This knowledge, of war and of people, has permitted him to blend social tact with tactical genius. Thus, while he subtly weaves a protective web of alliances and favor-owing among desert communities to insure the Clean never really *has* to go to war, he has the knowledge necessary to win a protracted campaign if the situation ever arose.

Margus H'an has a natural affinity for his fellow man, an empathy of sorts for the lusts, desires, and vices of others. He profits from an ability to foresee what people (from an individual to an entire tribe) will want, how far they will go, and what potential threat they pose if they turn on him; to many, it seems he has a plan for everything. His eyes are everywhere. Naturally, a man such as Margus surrounds himself in luxury, the kind of luxury enjoyed only by princes of such a prestigious and super-wealthy society as the

Clean. But he also keeps a cadre of loyal guards and servants close, and is ever wary of treachery.

Personally, Margus is motivated by the core principles of his people: to see the Clans survive, thrive, and dominate, whatever the cost in money or lives. His powerful, sometimes brutal personality wouldn't bode well for a man of lesser station (who might seek to usurp power), but his noble birth has given him all the position and control he could ever want. He is, however, an undeniably detached and calculating figure, unable or unwilling to judge lesser people as anything more than subjects, property, or articles to trade and benefit him or his people. Though surely he has his favored concubine, servant, and guards, these are nothing more than conveniences, luxuries, and ornaments, things that keep him "awesome" in the eyes of his lessers. He is a man motivated solely by the very realistic desire to maintain himself, his image, his clan, and their hold over the wasteland.

USING MARGUS H'AN

Margus H'an is the *mandarin* of Tucumcari, the Trade City (this important Twisted Earth settlement is presented on pages 179-186 of the *Darwin's World 2nd Edition* rulebook), and as such is its de facto ruler. The PCs aren't likely to rub shoulders with the man on the city streets, but any business they have in Trade City will inevitably come under his scrutiny. As a result, he has the potential to become involved in their affairs the moment they step through the city gates.

Margus can be used as a source of adventure hooks, paying rewards for bounties on the head of raiders (or anyone else) who might challenge the Clean's authority in the region, or for other missions undertaken in the name of the Clean. Likewise, he might prove to be a valuable source of information, but his knowledge is mostly limited to business, the

city's affairs, and desert-spanning politics.

Finally, Margus could be a powerful villain, the top dog in a crude little town where profit means everything. Since money and power are paramount to the Clean, the PCs could easily be burned by Margus while in Tucumcari. As a result, thwarting the mandarin's (and in turn the Clean's) plans for the town (and the region) might become central to an entire campaign. However, the threat he poses goes beyond his personal power; as a leader of men, Margus commands not only an army of Clean, but also hired mercenaries, and of course the troops of the Clean's allies, the Cartel.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Margus presents a singularly memorable countenance to those who meet him, high in his palace at the center of Trade City. He prefers to meet visitors in the lush gardens of the high terrace, where their surroundings can intimidate them, and where he is most comfortable among the luxuries of his station. Most times Margus goes about wearing loose but comfortable white robes, garb that seems perfectly suited for his unusually fit frame. In fact, though he is at least sixty years old, he seems remarkably virile and strong, and his utter baldness gives him an air of ascetic self-discipline, rather than a sense of weakness or old age. In conversation he is calm, restrained, and civil, yet his impassionate eyes never fail to sum up an individual's true character with just a first impression.

In personal combat Margus is likely to only carry a finely-crafted pistol, which he fires using the *Double Tap* feat to do as much damage as possible before bodyguards arrive. If prepared for war, however, he will likely don some kind of ceremonial armor and arm himself with a rifle. In such instances where he is accompanied by his armies (he has a Leadership

score of 31, so his entourage is effectively an "army"), he generally rides a white desert horse that allows him to stand out as their leader.

Margus H'an (Mutant Dedicated Hero 4/Trader 6/Trade Master 9): CR 19; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d6+8 plus 6d6+12 plus 9d6+18; HP 104; Mas 15; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 23, touch 23, flatfooted 21 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +11 class); BAB +10; Grap +12; Atk +12 melee (1d6+2, combat knife), or +13 ranged (2d6, *mastercraft* Colt M1911); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Clean; SV Fort +9, Ref +10, Will +13; AP 7; Rep +11; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 18, Cha 18.

Occupation: Merchant (Diplomacy).

Background: Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Business]).

Mutations and Defects: Interior Moisture Reservoir, Bilirubin Imbalance.

Skills: Bluff +23, Diplomacy +24, Gamble +10, Gather Information +12, Handle Animal +13, Intimidate +22, Knowledge (Business) +21, Knowledge (Current Events) +21, Knowledge (Tactics) +8, Knowledge (Technology) +4, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +6, Navigate +13, Profession (Trader) +26, Ride +13, Sense Motive +25, Spot +13.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (light), Battlefield Leader*, Deceptive, Double Tap, Educated (Knowledge [Business], Knowledge [Tactics]), Leadership, Market x2, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Rallying Leader*, Renown, Simple Weapons Proficiency.

Talents (Dedicated Hero): Empathy, Intuition.

Talents (Trader): Ear to the Ground, Money Talks, Going Once, Going Twice, Read The Signs.

Talents (Trade Master): Distribution Network, Improved Cohort, Leadership +1, Make A Deal, Leadership +2, Wise Man Speaks, Leadership +3, Peacemaker, Leadership +4, Market Leverage.

Possessions: *Mastercraft* Colt M1911, one box of .45 ammunition (7), concealed combat knife, light airy robes, virtually any other item (within reason) if given time to prepare.

* These feats can be found in *The Foundationists*.



CLAUDIUS 13 (MUTANT HUNTER)

Dressed in a skin-tight plastic suit, Claudius 13 looks like a futuristic sports hero. He actually hails from a deep underground city (known as "Deepcity") constructed

during the height of the Ancients, a *Hedonistic* community that shut itself off from the rest of the world and weathered the Fall without even knowing it happened.

Over the years, the society beneath the earth began to experience the phenomenon of mutation, first in a few pockets of freeborn children, then later throughout the population. To preserve their utopian society from what they perceived to be the awful degeneration of their stock, the people of Deepcity put into place a series of restrictive laws that forbade mutants. A special caste of warriors was established to combat mutation, not only by hunting down and executing the few youths that were born each year, but also members of the slowly growing "mutant underground" that nurtured escaped mutants into adulthood.

Claudius 13 was a member of this super elite cadre of mutant hunters, at least until one particular hunt led him from the underground city's protected interior

to the surface world above. Tracking one unusually elusive and resourceful target, Claudius 13 followed him (or her) up and up through long-forgotten tunnels until they reached the surface.

Having only spent a few weeks on the surface, Claudius 13 is new to the Twisted Earth. His initial shock at finding the world outside has only partially dwindled, and he spends each day silently surveying his surroundings, wandering speechless through the ruins of ancient cities. Yet he has no desire to return home just yet. Though curious and fascinated by the abundance of new life he's seen, he is intent on finding the target that led him here, and terminating him for good.

USING CLAUDIUS 13

Claudius 13 represents a very grave threat to mutant PCs, as he will certainly deal with them in the same manner as he plans to deal with his escaped quarry. If the PCs manage to somehow get involved in his pursuit, he may observe them secretly for a time... before his curiosity wanes and he moves in for the kill. A truly relentless pursuer, he will calmly track, tail, and shadow his prey, whoever that might be, until the time is right. He is coldly indifferent to mutants, whom his entire society agrees are a monstrous threat to human life.

Claudius 13's prey could be anyone from a desperate mutant escapee the PCs stumble across as he tries to get away, to an NPC with far more potential interest to the PCs—a possible love interest, for example, or someone whose very knowledge of Deepcity's existence might lead the PCs there and help them find some great technology they seek. The identity of Claudius 13's prey could very well lead to future adventures involving that *Hedonist* community.

With advanced weapons and armor at his disposal,

however, Claudius 13 will make for a difficult enemy. And should he discover that his prey has been talking about Deepcity, he will certainly have to eradicate all who know about the city's existence, to ensure that the “diseased mutants” of the surface never find a way to pollute that “Eden-like” sanctuary.

DESCRIPTION AND TACTICS

Hailing from a vain and racist society, Claudius 13 wears almost transparent plastex armor designed to allow others to gaze upon and appreciate his almost genetically-perfect pureblood physique. Powerful and handsome, he manages to waste his good looks with a totally passionless face, unmoving lips, and eyes as dark, cold, and inhuman as metal. Though he is a serious tracker, at times his attention is distracted by strange mutant flowers, odd plants, or other wonders of the surface world—but never for long.

A true hunter, Claudius 13 prefers to attack from surprise, so that he can line up a powerful shot with his infra-red laser rifle, using *Dead Aim* to increase his chance to hit and *Mutant Slayer* for an instant kill (DC 25). Even if he doesn't get that quick kill, his *Mutant Hunter*, *Smite Mutant*, and *Called Shot* abilities allow him to do extra damage (this comes to a total bonus of 2d6+18). Attacking from hiding (using *Superior Camouflage*), the invisible beam of his rifle means he can often get several attacks in before his prey even locates his position.

Claudius 13 (Post-Apocalyptic Hero 3/Survivalist 7/Mutant Hunter 10): CR 20; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+12 plus 7d10+28 plus 10d10+40; HP 188; Mas 18; Init +8; Spd 30 ft; Defense 34, touch 24, flatfooted 31 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +11 class, +10 equipment); BAB +19; Grap +23; Atk +23 melee (3d6+4 nonlethal, stun baton), or +23 ranged (2d12,



infra-red laser rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Deepcity; SV Fort +15, Ref +15, Will +12; AP 10; Rep +6; Str 18, Dex 18, Con 18, Int 12, Wis 18, Cha 18.

Occupation: Military (DW) (Intimidate).

Background: Hedonist (Computer Use, Knowledge [Mutant Lore], Knowledge [Tactics]).

Skills: Climb +8, Computer Use +9, Escape Artist +8, Gather Information +10, Hide +15, Intimidate +15, Investigate +9, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +3, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +19, Knowledge (Tactics) +6, Listen +22, Move Silently +15, Navigate +7, Search +5, Spot +22, Survival +15, Swim +6, Treat Injury +10.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Alertness, Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Athletic, Dead Aim, Educated (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences], Knowledge [Tactics]), Far Shot, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Improved Initiative, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Suppressive Fire, Track.

Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero): Mutation Knowledge, Necropoli Lore.

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

Talents (Mutant Hunter): Smite Mutant, Mutant Hunter +1, Mutant Slayer, Mutant Hunter +2, Mind Tricks, Mutant Hunter +3, Mutant Bane.

Possessions: Infra-red laser rifle, stun baton, plastex armor, energy shield C, two shock grenades, first aid kit, survival kit, Geiger counter, web belt, pocket nurse (loaded with antitox, hemochem, and superegen), gravity boots, IR goggles, power backpack, three power beltpacks, power cell.

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