

Caravan and Cave

Introduction

This adventure is the first chapter to an ongoing campaign in the Darwin's World setting. This introductory adventure is designed for beginning 1st level characters. It begins with a plot hook to bring a disparate group of characters together into an adventuring band of heroes, and features the introduction of a possible recurring villain and two small combat encounters. This adventure is somewhat linear, with the main focuses on acclimating the players to the new game and system and (somewhat) believably placing them together in the area that the rest of the adventure builds from.

Synopsis

For various reasons, the PC's are traveling together as part of a merchant caravan on its way to the free city Styx, originating in Socorro. Along the way, the party discovers that the merchant, the unscrupulous Tyvik Gurtson, intends to double cross all of his tag-alongs, selling them into slavery to ruthless salt miners. This fateful meeting is to take place while camped in Trader Pass, a few days out from Styx. Only together can they escape this situation, living to explore the many mysteries of the Twisted Earth...

Hooks

In order to immerse the players more fully in the setting, it is a good idea to have some reason why they are tagging along with this particular caravan. The actual reason will depend on each character's motivations and background. Some possibilities include:

- The character met Tyvik in a bar, and was convinced by his charm about this almost too good to be true opportunity Tyvik is aware of in Styx. Coincidentally, Tyvik is heading out there and could use extra "muscle", if the PC needs a ride...
- The PC, desperate for some cash/food/water sign on as extra muscle for Tyvik's caravan.
- The PC guide is hired to help Tyvik navigate trader pass to Styx
- The PC always wanted to see Styx, or is traveling to see the fabled City of Lights beyond the Big Hole
- A thief PC noticed a merchant's fat purse and thought he might stick close, just in case an opportunity would arise to help lighten Tyvik's burden
- A techie PC knows that to improve his knowledge and skills, he needs to be around more ancient technology and people who understand it. The big city beckons with opportunity...
- A tribal or degenerate character is sent on a quest by his chief to seek prophecy from the Great Molenda, who can be found in the Treasure Island Casino, whatever (and where ever) that is.

Beginning the Adventure

Based on the plot hook chosen for each character, they are going to sign on with Tyvik's caravan (there is safety in numbers in the wasteland) to travel through the Trader Pass on the way to Styx. The caravan is originating in Socorro, a stronghold of the Cartel.

Socorro lays strategically in the center of Trader Pass, skirted north and south by tall mountains that glow with a gray, grim color in the clear light of the sun. Miles of flat, featureless terrain stretch in all directions, with ruins of old roads striking out from the settlement's walls like tendrils of some growing monster. Walls of fortified stone, steel, and fiberglass stand like firm reminders of Cartel power, while scaffold-like towers rise overhead with heavily-armed guards and watchmen keeping vigil for approaching convoys, caravans, and the odd raider bold enough to come within sight of this Cartel fortress.

This town of approx 2,500 people is one of the most concentrated areas of trade along the routes of the Far Desert, being a kind of "nexus" for caravans striking out from Styx in the west into the deserts of the east.

At first light, the characters head to the edge of town where the caravan is organizing to head out.

You weave through the narrow streets, bumping shoulders with rough soldiers, hurrying merchants, various faction diplomats, and wasteland scavs. The press makes you feel uneasy, and you unconsciously check your belongings by feel, expecting something to disappear. The smell of unwashed bodies is strong, but you hardly notice. As you walk past the merchant stalls containing various junk, trinkets, home made goods, and car parts nothing really catches your eye. You smell the aroma of cooking meat, most likely rat or desert rabbit as you come into a slight opening, passing through one of the town gates. According to your directions, the merchant's caravan is the one just ahead. You see caravan guards loading cans of gasoline, water, and foodstuffs into a set of a dozen dilapidated wagons, carts, a jeep, and an ancient camper vehicle (RV) which is sitting next to a worn yellow bus which has some writing on the side. As is quite common, the vehicles are all clad in "wasteland armor", consisting of scrap metal plates and iron bars covering windows and vehicle soft spots.

If the characters ask, and can read ancient, the sign says "eff son Hig School" in faded letters.

If riding along, as the characters approach, the merchant approaches and greets them warmly.

The merchant approaches you. A middle aged (30) man with an olive complexion, smiling brown eyes, and black hair pulled back in a ponytail. He is dressed in desert robes in various tones of brown. As he extends his large, rough hand, his smile splits his face in two, as if greeting an old friend or lover. He speaks in a clear, deep voice.

"Hello my good friends. As you well remember, I am Tyvik Gurtson, merchant of the wastes. Please, put your gear in the bus and take a seat. We will leave shortly, and will reach the beautiful city of Styx in four days, with a few stops at some trade villages along the way. Go ahead and get to know your fellow travelers. If you need anything, ask one of my men."

He then lays out another winning smile and moves over to supervise his men loading the carts.

If the characters are hired on as guards, read this paragraph instead:

The merchant approaches you. A middle aged (30) man with an olive complexion, smiling brown eyes, and black hair pulled back in a ponytail. He is dressed in desert robes in various tones of brown. As he extends his rough hand, his smile splits his face in two, as if greeting an old friend or lover. He speaks in a clear, deep voice.

"Hello my friends. As you well remember, I am Tyvik Gurtson, merchant of the wastes and your new employer. Please, put your gear in the bus and get to work. We will leave shortly, and have much work to do if we are to reach the beautiful city of Styx in four days. Go see the foreman for your work assignment."

He then lays out another winning smile and goes into the RV.

Then the PC's will help load the vehicles as well.

If anyone thinks to ask, Tyvik's business consists of the recurring caravan from Socorro to Styx. He is usually carrying scavenged goods, water, firearm ammunition, specialized auto and machine parts out of Socorro. The water and ammo is traded along the way, and the "technical" items usually end up in Styx, unless one of the villages he trades in on the way has a need. Outbound from Styx he carries salt, simple

manufactured goods and gasoline. You can ride along (if he has room) for 50-100 cp, depending on how business is coming along. He makes the trip twice a month or so, spending a week or two at either end securing new purchases for the return trip.

In due time, the caravan will leave. The PC's should now introduce themselves, chat, etc. (Assume Tyvik has no further assignment for them as employees at this time).

The caravan pulls away from Socorro in a long slowly rolling procession. Two guards on motorcycles zip ahead to scout and spot for the group. War Carts are at the front and back of the procession, armed like rolling fortresses. Next come the trade carts, with the gas vehicles in the safe middle of the caravan. It's a well-protected operation. Tyvik has about 25 armsmen protecting his convoy. No one takes this for granted, however, as raider gangs have been known to strike even larger convoys given the right circumstances. The group makes good time for the first few hours on the roads near Socorro. Before long though, the road is a set of double ruts through the rocky desert floor, slowing your progress. When you stop for the night, the vehicles are circled up, and a large fire is built in the center.

The layout of the caravan while moving and stopped can be seen below in Fig. 1 and 2.

Characters that paid to ride along can do whatever they want, employees will need to take a guard shift, work at refueling the vehicles from tanks, etc.

That night, around bedtime, if one of the PC's decides to snoop around the RV, they can make a hide check (DC 10) to avoid the guard. If spotted, the guard will only shoo them away. If they can get close enough to the back of the RV, they will hear this conversation between Tyvik and his guard foreman.

Foreman: We take them down at the usual place, boss?

Tyvik: Yes, no need to deal with any unpleasantness until the salt miners are ready to take their new charges off our ha

Foreman: This batch looks pretty rough, you sure you don't want to skip this one?

Tyvik: And give up two cartfuls of pure salt? Precious salt, the sale of which would keep even a man as ugly as you in whores for a year in Styx? You must be joking. This scum will be no different than the others. Just be ready when the time comes. Until then, keep an eye on them. Don't let anyone sneak away.

Foreman: Right, boss.

Otherwise, the PC's continue on blissfully unaware. After a half-day's travel the next morning, the caravan stops for a few hours at a small village (optimistically called Hope) to trade. The PC's are free to look around, but there isn't much to see. 15 or so shoddy huts, and some barbed wire fences around some scraggly crops. Before that night's stop, one of Tyvik's guards has a moment of weakness, and worriedly whispers out a warning of Tyvik's plans.

It seems Tyvik has a standing agreement with some salt miners down from the cursed sea area. A few times a year, Tyvik delivers half a dozen healthy slaves for the salt mines in exchange for some salt, which fetches a good price in any community. When the unfortunates selected for this trade are sleeping, they are surrounded and disarmed at gunpoint. The rest of their lives are spent chained up, mining salt until they die, which usually comes only after starvation, agony, and blindness. This "exchange" will happen when the caravan stops tomorrow night, when a dozen armed salt slavers work with Tyvik's men to capture the PC's.

The group may wish to escape or fight, but before their plans can be fleshed out, the wind starts to pick up. A sand storm is on the way, providing a convenient diversion for their escape. The evil merchant will live to meet up with the PC's again. Some of his henchmen might not be so lucky.

On the Bus

When the group finds out about Tyvik's plans for them, either first thing in the morning after eavesdropping on the conversation or getting tipped off by the guard, the PC's will try to formulate some plan. Let them roleplay a whispered planning session in the bus. They should know that there are three guards posted with them in the bus. One is driving, one is half asleep somewhere in front of the passenger section, and one is in the back of the bus alone. The guard in back is the one that commented to the characters about the plan, whose name is Deke. Before the plan is ready to be acted on:

You notice the wind is beginning to pick up significantly. Blowing sand tinkles and scrapes across the windows of the bus, and gusts of wind rock the bus on it's worn out shocks. The sky is quite darkened, and you can barely make out the vehicles in front and behind you in the caravan.

Driving Guard: Damn. I can't see anything. I bet that bastard Tyvik expects to press on until someone wrecks and gets killed.

Guard 2: The sorry sucker better hope he dies, anyway. You know Tyvik would consider it all his fault. Probably dock your pay too, even if you didn't get sent off to the...

Driving Guard: Never mind that. (with a nervous glance back) Anyways, you're right. I bet we don't stop until we clear the Pillars.

Guard 2: All those caves around there give me the creeps. Raiders or Shamblers could jump you at anytime through here, with no warning.

Driving Guard: Yeah, that's why I'm gonna keep my mouth shut, keep the bus in the ruts, and try not to plow into the guy in front of me.

Guard 2: Shouldn't be too hard, we are barely moving in this mess. I'm gonna catch some shuteye. Wake me up if you need a break.

At this point, hopefully the characters make a move to escape. If not, give them one more clue-by-four across the skull by having Deke the sympathetic guard sit down with one of the PC's and venture his opinion that they should make a move, since they won't get a better chance. The sandstorm is the perfect cover, and will cover any tracks made during the escape. In addition, he will not resist, as he wishes to go with the PC's. He signed on with Tyvik for some cash, free meals, and to see the world. He didn't quite bargain for treachery and murder.

Whatever goes down, the PC's should be able to overpower two guards. Unless the characters do something obnoxious, they will get a surprise round to act. The driver is preoccupied with staying on the road, and the other guard is sleeping. If for any reason the PC's lose the confrontation with the guards, or do not act at all, they will be surrounded at dark/dusk by a dozen salt miners and a dozen of Tyvik's men who are backed up by ranged shooters in the ringed vehicles. If they surrender, they will be disarmed and captured. If they resist they will be cut down, and if any survive, they will be captured. Tyvik will gloat about the characters stupidity, thanking them for making him an even richer man. Then they will be carted off in chains by the salt miners. Another adventure would be needed to give the PC's a chance to escape the salt miners. They will lose all of their equipment if events run this course.

The Escape

If the driver should get shot during the confrontation, or if the PC's drive the bus out of the tracks, the bus will crash (in 1d4 turns or minutes, as appropriate).

The bus careens across the rough desert floor, bouncing violently. The howling wind and blowing sand make it almost impossible to see or hear anything. It seems there is no pursuit, as it isn't likely anyone in the caravan really saw where you went.

Suddenly, a large rock formation looms out of the darkness. You instinctively swerve to avoid it, and a violent impact ensues. The bus ends up front down in a ditch, tilted about 20 degrees to the left side with the rear wheels off of the ground. Everyone seems to be ok, just shaken up with a few bumps and bruises. It is clear that this bus is completely stuck, unable to get out without help from another vehicle and a winch. Due to its position, the bus is not a very good shelter. It rocks violently in the wind, which continues to pick up in intensity. Through the

swirling sandstorm, you can see a dark overhang in the jagged rocks. It looks to be a natural cave, which might just provide a shelter for you to weather out the sandstorm.

The PC's need to move to shelter soon, and should move to the cave. If they do not, the bus begins to drift with sand, tip over on its side in 1d10 minutes, and quickly start filling with sand.

The Cave

The layout of the cave can be seen below in Fig. 3. (A) Indicates the initial overhang area.

You climb up the rocks a short way to an overhang – the opening of a natural cave. This area is only marginally more sheltered than the surrounding areas, but there is a small opening at the back of the overhang that leads deeper into the rock. It is narrow enough for you to pass into single file only.

It is completely dark in the opening (B), and if the PC's don't have any light sources (shame, shame), the escaped guard has a cigarette lighter.

You pass through the shoulder width opening, turning sideways at times to squeeze through tight spots. The path moves slightly upward in a serpentine fashion, and after about 50 feet opens into a large cave. By your flickering light, you can make out stalactites and rock walls and little else. There is some old faded graffiti on one wall of the cave, but you can't make out what it used to say. This cave has a dusty, empty smell, but you catch an unpleasant whiff that reminds you of decaying flesh. You push through some thick layers of cobwebs to the center of the cave, and notice small piles of what look to be desert mice bones scattered around the cave. The cave is plenty big enough for all of you to shelter in until the storm passes

A search of the main cave area (C) will reveal another opening opposite the first (E) which leads upwards to another overhang (F) exposed to the storm for now, a rotted corpse (D) covered in cobwebs with a rusted hunk of metal that used to be a .45 semi-automatic (unusable without a repair DC of 20), two full box magazines filled with .45 ammo, a rusty but serviceable knife, and a backpack. Attempting to move the backpack frees a giant spider that will attack the looting character. This will set off the encounter with giant spiders that will drop on the characters from above on the walls. Otherwise, the spiders will attack after the characters have begun to settle down in the cave to wait out the storm. The backpack contains two cans of food (one cream corn and one Dinky Dee Dog Food), some frayed and useless rope, and some papers so yellow and faded they cannot be read.

After the Storm

You climb up the path a short way to another overhang. This opening is fairly high in the rocks, and you can see for miles. A valley plateau goes for a while, with more mountains and rocks in the distance. Nearby you see the remnants of an old road. Following the ribbon of the road with your eyes, you notice a gleam of sunlight, and near to a distant rock formation you see what looks to be a small town. It looks to possibly be a good place to get provisions, find work, or make some friends. You know you will need to be more powerful to collect your revenge from the hated Tyvik Gurtson. Patience is a virtue, and revenge is a dish best served cold...

The town in the distance is the burg of Hamilton, where many exciting adventures await.

Cast of Characters

Guards

The caravan guards are loosely modeled on the low level strong/ tough ordinaries from the D20 Modern Book. If the group is higher than first level, feel free to give these grunts additional levels in tough, strong, or fast.



Caravan guards are a dime a dozen around wasteland trading communities. Able bodied men who haven't cast their lot in with the raider scum who terrorize "civilization" often turn to a life as a man-at-arms for one of the major factions or traders. In this way, they can make a slightly better life for themselves without resorting to the uncertainties of petty theft or scavenging. Usually poorly equipped and trained, the quality of these troops is often in doubt when the shooting starts, especially if they are outgunned. These factors usually vary from trader to trader and place to place.

If you don't want to figure out what each guard is armed with ahead of time, roll on this table. The values assume that most guards would be ranged attackers due to the need to guard a moving caravan. Assume no matter what weapon is rolled that the guard has a back-up melee weapon like a knife or club handy.

Roll on d20	Weapon
1-2	Bat or club
3	Axe
4-5	Spear
6-7	Bow
8-9	Crossbow
10-11	.38 Special revolver
12	9mm semi auto pistol
13	.45 semi auto pistol
14	.357 magnum revolver
15-16	Double barrel shotgun
17	9mm submachine gun
18-19	30/06 hunting rifle
20	AK-47 or M-16 assault rifle

Caravan Guard CR 1; Medium-size human; HD 1d8 +2 plus 1d10+2; hp 14; Mas 15; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 14, touch 13, flat-footed 13 (+1 Dex, +2 class, +1 clothing); BAB +1; Grap +3; Atk +4 melee (1d6+2 nonlethal, unarmed strike), or +4 melee (1d4+2/19-20, knife); Full Atk +4 melee (1d6+2 nonlethal, unarmed strike) or +4 melee (1d4+2/19-20, knife), or +2 ranged (example: 2d6, Colt .45); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; AL any; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +0; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Occupation: Caravan Guard (class skills: Drive, Intimidate)

Skills: Balance +3, Climb +2, Drive +5, Hide +2, Intimidate +3, Jump +2, Listen +3, Move Silently +2, Search +3, Spot +2, Survival +3.

Feats: Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Brawl

Possessions: Uniform, Weapon, knife, various personal possessions

Guard Foreman

The caravan guard foremen are loosely modeled on the midlevel strong/ tough ordinaries from the D20 Modern Book. If the group is higher than first level, feel free to give these guys additional levels in tough, strong, or fast.

Caravan guard foremen come from the guards who actually managed to survive a while out on the wasteland. They have grown in experience and skill, and have proven themselves worthy of leading the protection efforts of the caravans. Skirmishes with raiders, rival merchant groups, and hostile factions have provided them with the ability to analyze and act upon most any threat. Sometimes competent foremen will be given a cut of the trading profits, as a good merchant knows that without good protection, someone else will profit from his goods.

For any random foreman, either assign something or roll a d20+5 on the Caravan Guard weapons table to determine weaponry. The +5 bonus indicates the additional chance that someone who has thrived in a very hostile profession would have accumulated additional resources during that time.

Caravan Guard Foreman CR 5; Medium-size human; HD 3d8 +6 plus 3d10+6; hp 45; Mas 15; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 16, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+1 Dex, +4 class, +1 clothing); BAB +5; Grap +7; Atk +9 melee (1d8+2 nonlethal, improved unarmed strike), or +9 melee (1d4+2/19-20, knife); Full Atk +9 melee (1d6+2 nonlethal, unarmed strike) or +9 melee (1d4+2/19-20, knife), or +6 ranged (example: 2d6, Colt .45); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; AL any; SV Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +2; AP 0; Rep +1; Str 15, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 8.
Occupation: Caravan Guard (class skills: Drive, Intimidate)
Skills: Balance +3, Climb +2, Drive +8, Hide +5, Intimidate +8, Jump +2, Listen +5, Move Silently +5, Profession +5, Search +3, Spot +4, Survival +5.
Feats: Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Brawl, Improved Brawl, Point Blank Shot
Possessions: Uniform, Weapon, knife, various personal possessions

Cappy

Cappy is built from the standard guard foreman template above.



Tyvik's head guardsman and right hand, Cappy does all of Tyvik's dirty work. He has hitched himself to the trader all the way. Tyvik has made Cappy a relatively wealthy man, and the guardsman will do anything in his power to protect or avenge his employer.

Tami

Tami is based on the fast/charismatic ordinary template.



Purchased by Tyvik at a young age, she has been his woman for as long as she can remember. He treats her fairly well (compared to the life many women lead, especially those like her sold into slavery), and she is fiercely loyal to him. She has a hidden punch dagger in her clothing, with which she will defend herself or Tyvik if the need arises, snarling and fighting like a wild cat.

Concubine CR 1; Medium-size human; HD 1d8 plus 1d6; hp 8; Mas 10; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 15, touch 15, flat-footed 13 (+2 Dex, +3 class); BAB +0; Grap -1; Atk -1 melee (1d3-1 nonlethal, unarmed strike), or -1 melee (1d4/20, punch knife); Full Atk -1 melee (1d3 -1 nonlethal, unarmed strike) or -1 melee (1d4/20, punch knife), or +2 ranged (example: 2d4, .22 Derringer); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; AL any; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 8, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 15.

Occupation: Furniture (class skills: Diplomacy, Sleight of Hand)

Skills: Balance +3, Diplomacy +7, Drive +3, Hide +7, Gamble +4, Listen +7, Move Silently +7, Search +3, Sleight of Hand +7, Spot +5.

Feats: Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Athletic

Possessions: Clothes, punch knife, .22 derringer (2shot), various possessions

Tyvik Gurtson

This charismatic merchant is somewhat well known throughout Trader Pass due to his caravan that travels from Socorro to Styx along a "side route" that hits some villages not on the main roads. His caravan leaves on a semi-regular basis, about twice a month. He was always a bit shady in his dealings, but his greed really began to manifest itself a few years ago when he began to traffic in slaves. His dealings with a clan of rogue salt miners from the Cursed Sea area gave him an opportunity to expand his revenue base. Tyvik found that the way to maximize his profits on the deal were to take unwitting passengers from his caravan and sell them as slaves to the miners. This way, he didn't even have to pay any other slaver for the "commodity". So, if Tyvik thinks that a group won't be missed, they can easily disappear in this way. He usually rounds up loners from Socorro or Styx for this purpose. For this reason, he pays his guardsmen well by the norms of his business. He figures this must ensure loyalty, or at least silence.

In most other ways, Tyvik is a ruthless trader who operates in the gray areas of wasteland commerce. If a profit can be made, Tyvik will transport or sell it. He attempts to keep up appearances, paying lip service to the trader's code, which he obviously doesn't follow or believe in. Also, he usually stays away from trading wholesale in guns, drugs, gas, slaves, or water as more powerful merchant clans might take notice (and subsequently eliminate him or ask for a substantial piece of the action. Tyvik hasn't yet decided which would be worse.). These items do make it onto his menu of available items from time to time, however. His closest associates are his slave concubine Tami and his guard foreman Cappy. His time in the caravan is spent in relative comfort in his scavenged RV.



Tyvik considers himself above violence or combat. He prefers that his minions, usually at Cappy's direction, handle that sort of unpleasantness. However, he carries a small .25 semi-auto pistol and a smoke grenade up the voluminous sleeves of his desert robes. If threatened, he will use these tools to defend himself or make good his escape.

Tyvik (Post Apocalyptic Hero 4/ Trader 2) CR 6; Medium-size human; HD 4d8 +2 plus 2d6+2; hp 38; Mas 15; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 14, touch 13, flat-footed 13 (+1 Dex, +5 class, +1 Dodge); BAB +4; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d3 nonlethal, unarmed strike), or +4 melee (1d4/19-20, knife); Full Atk +4 melee (1d3 nonlethal, unarmed strike) or +4 melee (1d4/19-20, knife), or +5 ranged (example: 2d4, .25 auto); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; AL any; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +1; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 15.

Occupation: Merchant (class skill Gather Information)

Skills: Balance +2, Bluff +6, Diplomacy +8, Drive +2, Gather Info +6, Hide +4, Intimidate +2, Listen +2(+2), Knowledge (ancient lore) +2, (mutant lore) +2, (current events) +2, (business) +2, Move Silently +4, Profession (trader) +4, Navigate +4, Search +4, Sense Motive +2, Spot +4(+2), Survival +2.

Feats: Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Dodge, Alertness

Possessions: Desert robes, .26 semi auto, knife, smoke grenade, various personal possessions

Salt Miner Warriors

In most respects, the salt miners used here are similar to the caravan guards listed above.



Representatives from one of the salt clans based in the Cursed Sea area, they follow their professions usual convention of wearing nearly all white clothing and robes. This convention is quite well known in the wastelands. These low level grunts are sent down to collect slaves from various "trading partners" to work in their salt mines. Salt mining is a very bad profession for the actual workers. Over time, the glaring sun gleaming off of the pure white salt blinds many. Eventually most are worked to death. This is why procuring replacements is so important to keep the mines running.

Salt Miner Warrior CR 1; Medium-size human; HD 1d8 +2 plus 1d10+2; hp 14; Mas 15; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 14, touch 13, flat-footed 13 (+1 Dex, +2 class, +1 clothing); BAB +1; Grap +3; Atk +4 melee (1d6+2 nonlethal, unarmed strike), or +4 melee (1d4+2/19-20, knife); Full Atk +4 melee (1d6+2 nonlethal, unarmed strike) or +4 melee (1d4+2/19-20, knife), or +2 ranged (example: 2d6, Colt .45); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; AL any; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +0; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Occupation: Caravan Guard (class skills: Drive, Intimidate)

Skills: Balance +3, Climb +2, Drive +5, Hide +2, Intimidate +3, Jump +2, Listen +3, Move Silently +2, Search +3, Spot +2, Survival +3.

Feats: Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Brawl

Possessions: Uniform, Weapon, knife, various personal possessions

Rock Spiders

Based on the Small Monstrous Spider from D20 Modern Rulebook.

Descendents of the tarantula and other spiders, these are about the size of a jackrabbit or large rodent. Their bite is poisonous, but is not usually fatal to a human sized creature. They are known to live in dens where they can stay directly out of the sun, using their strong webs to catch large insects and small rodents.



Species Traits

Poison (Ex): A rock spider injects poisonous venom into a victim with a successful bite attack. The victim must succeed on Fortitude save (DC 11) or take initial poison damage of 1d3 Str. A second Fortitude save must be made one minute later to negate the poison's secondary damage.

Web (Ex): Rock spiders are known to lower themselves on web stands, silently attacking their victims. A Rock spider can cast web eight times per day. Casting a web is a melee touch attack, range 40 feet and range increment 10 feet. An entangled creature can escape with an Escape Artist check (DC16) or Strength check (DC18).

Rock Spider CR 1/2; Small vermin; HD 1d8; hp 4; Mas 10; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; Climb 10ft; Defense 13, touch 13, flat-footed 11 (+1 Size, +3 Dex.); BAB +0; Grap -6; Atk +4 melee (1d4-2 plus poison, bite), Full Atk +4 melee (1d4-2 plus poison, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ webs, poison, dark vision 60 ft. AL none; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +0; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 7, Dex 17, Con 10, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 2.
Skills: Climb +10, Hide +10, Jump +5, Move Silently +10, Spot +10.
Feats: Weapons Finesse (bite)

Vehicles

War Carts

These gas-powered vehicles probably started life as SUV's or pickups, and the frame, engine, and suspension remain from this origin. However, they are now completely unrecognizable as such, looking more like a rolling pile of scrap metal. Inside, the driver and gunners can ride well protected, with slits to shoot out of. The back is somewhat open, allowing for the main armament to be used by one gunner standing up. In Tyvik's caravan, the front war cart has an M-60 machine gun on a swivel mount that can cover all 360 degrees around the cart. The rear cart has a flamethrower, which can cover the rear 270 degrees (the forward 90 degrees would roast the cab and driver if fired towards). The slow, heavily armed and armored carts are for close in defense of the caravan.

Carts

These glorified wagons are pulled by mules, limiting the caravans overall speed. This isn't usually much of an issue due to the state of the roads in the areas Tyvik travels anyway. They rely upon the gas vehicles and guards for protection. Most of the trade goods are placed in these heavily loaded carts.

Jeep

The Jeep used by Tyvik's caravan is a standard Wrangler type vehicle that has an open top and sides. The wheels and some vital spots are covered with scrap metal plates for protection. This vehicle is used for scouting and running off scavs and raiders who are approaching.

Motorcycles

Tyvik's guards utilize two motorcycles, which scout far ahead and behind the caravan looking for ambushes or navigation obstacles.

School Bus

This vehicle is usually rented out for travelers making the journey to one of the cities. This is a common practice in the wasteland for quicker and safer travel.

RV

Tyvik's living quarters. He and his concubine Tami spend their time in here. Many times, unless there is trading to do that day, he is stoned out on smoking herbs or other drugs to reduce the monotony of the trips. He has a modest collection of video discs and tapes he watches on the home theater system he has set up in the RV.

Name	Crew	Pass	Cargo	Init	Maneuver	Top Speed	Defense	Hardness	Hit Points	Size
War Cart	2	2	250 lb	-2	-2	55 (5)	6	10	35	H
Cart	1	6	1400 lb	-2	-4	30 (3)	5	5	30	H
Jeep	1	3	500 lb	-2	-1	175 (17)	5	7	32	H
Motorcycle	1	1	0 lb	+0	+2	185 (18)	10	5	18	M
Bus	1	30	2000 lb	-3	-3	150 (15)	6	7	50	G
RV	1	6	2000 lb	-2	-2	165 (16)	6	7	45	G

Figure 1. Caravan Layout while moving

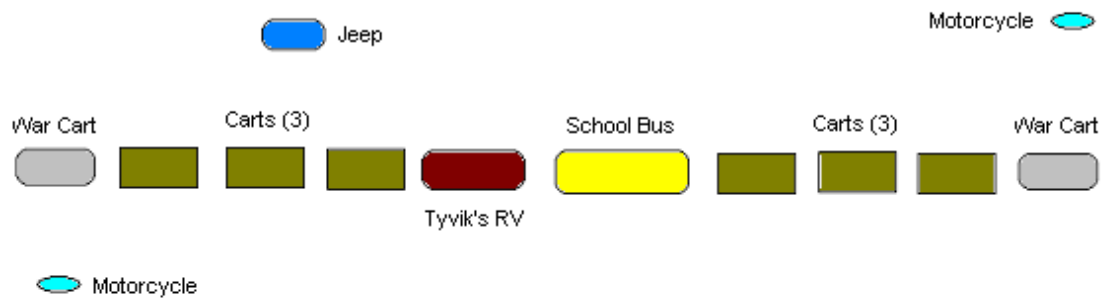


Figure 2. Caravan Layout when stopped

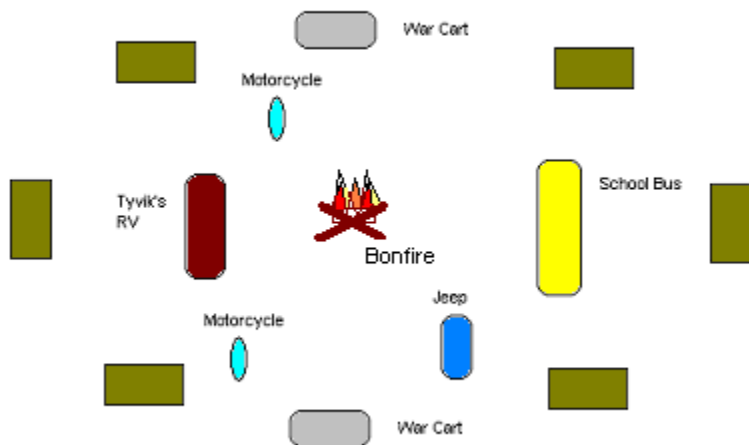


Figure 1. Cave Map

