

Return of the Harrier
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When the final war broke out, a squadron of AVB Harrier II jets based in Grand Rapids were flying maneuvers. When the balloons went up, the military base there was erased from existence.

The Harrier pilots discovered they had no where to go. Now, due to the recently upgraded systems aboard, the Harriers survived the initial EM pulse which crippled most other electrical systems. The pilots, knowing that someday the jets may be needed, decided to fly them to a remote location, far off any beaten track to hide them.

A Old Park ranger Fire fighting camp in the Manistee National Forest proved to be just what they were looking for. The Camp had several large hangers, maintenance sheds, and a long runway (even if the harriers wouldn't need that).

Setting down, the pilots managed to open the hanger doors and taxi the harriers inside. They spent several days removing the weapon pods and shutting down the aircraft's systems. Satisfied that they completed their tasks, they covered the jets in Camo netting, to protect them from casual observation.

Having completed their task, the pilots left the camp and headed towards the town of Manistee. Here, they got rid of their gear, donned civilian clothing and blended in with the other survivors. The next few years were a terrifying fight for survival.

Out of the six pilots, when the nuclear winter finally ended, only two managed to survive. Both took wives and did their best to carve out a meager existence in the harsh new world. They also vowed to keep the existence of the harriers a secret, but they would pass down the location of the jets to their children.

So, as the years past, Father would take the eldest child and they would make the long trek to the ranger camp where the harriers were hidden away. This practice continued for 150 years. Over this time, the true meaning of the harriers was lost in the mists of time, but, the descendants continued the tradition.

Having heard about the Morrow team and the good they have done for others, the wife of one of these descendants will approach the team. She is beside herself with grief. She explains to the team that her husband took their three children (against tradition) to the Manistee Camp. he was going to show them the 'Flying war wags' store their by their great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfathers. It was in his fathers time that her husband had last been to this camp. She explains to the team that sometime over the past years a tribe of muties found the camp and made it their home. When her husband and children went into the camp, they were set upon by its inhabitants. Her husband died immediately, and her two youngest children ages seven and nine, were taken captive by this tribe. Only the eldest of fourteen years managed to escape. Having made his way back to the town, he explained what happened. The town formed a search and rescue party and went to the camp. The rescue party has yet to return, and it has been over a week now. She begs the party to go to the camp and see what happened to her children, and avenge their deaths, if need be.

If the party asks what kind of tribe is living in the camp, she will describe Stickies (A race of very unpleasant mutants I borrowed from James Axlers Deathlands series), or scraggers (MP TM 1-1 pg 60).

If the GM uses the scraggers, only the adults were killed, not the children. The scraggers, who do not like norms, felt that their territory had been invaded, so they fought and killed the rescue party. The children they didn't harm. They decided to take the children and raise them as their own.

Unless the party can figure out a way of communicating with the scraggers, they will probably have to fight and kill the entire tribe to rescue the children. However, if the party is careful, they may be able to come to a peaceful solution. Use your imagination.

If the GM uses the other tribe, the stickies, the mission will turn out to be a revenge mission, pure and simple. Read the description of the Stickies and you will see why.

Either way, the party should be able to secure the harriers and the weapons stored at the base.

As for the Harriers themselves, they have all suffered major breakdowns over the years. The reason is that the building they were stored in collapsed partially, burying three of the harriers in rubble and exposing the others to the elements. Unless the team has the know-how, and the spare parts to repair the jets, they will be all but useless. If the team happens to have the skills, but not the parts, they will be able to cannibalize four of the harriers in order to make the other two airworthy. And, if by some stroke of luck (or generosity on the GM's part), they have spare parts, they will be able to make the entire squadron airworthy once again.

Another problem the party will face is that after 150 years, the harriers fuel tanks are bone dry. They will need to find and secure a supply of Av-gas.

The weapons themselves were stored in a different building, and they survived the years intact. Only about 25% of the weapons are now duds. The weapon list is as follows: 12 30MM gatling pods with 1000 rounds of ammunition, 12 2.75" rocket pods (19 rockets per pod), and 6 500 pound laser guided cluster bombs.

Stickies

TYPE: Mutant Human

LOCATIONS: All

ST/CN: 12-18

DX/ACC: 16-20

SP/BP:(use formula MP T-T pg 8)

ARMOR CLASS: A

H&M:0

ATTACKS: 2 grabs

SPECIAL ATTRIBUTES: suckers on hands and feet cause double damage in melee attacks.

DESCRIPTION: Stickies are one of the most hated and feared mutant race found in the deathlands. They are a vile, vicious group who revel in torture, mutilation and pain. For some unknown reason, they are attracted to fire and explosions, which throw them into what can be only described as a near sexual frenzy. They use both extensively in their tortures.

Physically, stickies are similar in height and build to regular humans. But that is where the similarities end. The faces are lip less, revealing sharp, serrated teeth. The nose is nearly non-existent, just a couple of slits on the face. The eyes are large and uniformly a glossy black, almost like a sharks.

The most distinguishing feature of a sticky are the hands and feet. They are covered in tiny, mouth like suckers that are lined with tiny, sharp teeth. When a sticky grabs something, it is all but impossible to break its grip without tearing the skin of the victim at the same time. It is not unknown for a sticky to grab a humans face, then jerk its hand back savagely, tearing away the skin and leaving behind a grinning skull.

The vast majority of stickies are of near animal intelligence. A number of stickies however have proven to be as intelligent as normal humans, or in at least one case, near genius intelligence. It is speculated that a Sticky with this intelligence may be a hybrid from a rape.