

A SURVIVOR'S GUIDE TO RISEN AMERICA

VOLUME ONE: NORTHWEST TEXAS

Somebody's got to do it. The whole fuckin world's gone down the Goddamn terlit, and everyone left alive is hangin onta the bowl. I was working at Crooked L ranch for the last few years, and I sat with the other ranchhands and watched on the Dallas TV stations as the dead got back up and feasted on the living. After a few weeks, it was obvious we were losing, and soon afterwards, the networks cut out.

No radio, no television, no power. The ranch had no problems with that, and even though we didn't see none of them dead guys walking around, we figured that we oughtta know what was going on out there.

So we took a vote, and I volunteered, so here I am, standing inside the ruins of an old bunkhouse, loading a sawed off shotgun while "Pancho" nuzzles the last of his grain, a modern sixgun on my hip and a modern rifle on my back. I'm expendable, so it's up to me to go out and see what's out there. Ain't no hard feelings, the cancer and TB got me by the neck, I ain't gonna last too much longer no way.

My name is Marion Samuel Lefferts. Mah Daddy named me after the man who made the Colt. And I am a true son of a gun. Modern medicine could no more fix mah lungs than it could discover how to put the walking dead back into hell enmasse. Like many things, sometimes it takes the bad old ways to handle things, and them Risen are one of em.

A bullet to the head will cure all your ills, according to William Bonney, and it will certainly put them walking corpses right back in Ol' Scratch's waiting room quick enuff. I ran into two of them on my way to Highway 87. They're slow, pretty stupid, and more or less blind as a bat. They kept bumping into me until I handled them right quick.

The news was right. A cut throat doesn't bother em, and a 12 gauge to the stomach don't phase em none neither. A single bullet to the head puts em down mighty fine though. The second one got a mite agitated when I shot his buddy, looks like they know what gunfire means. Living people. Food. Another pistol shot, and I nudged Pancho back into a walk.

Pancho's the name a mah horse. Named him after thet Messikin fella, cause he's a wily bastard, and his fur's as black as thet Mex's moustache. But like me he's gettin old, got plenty of white showin through his muzzle. Guess that makes him expendable too.

By nightfall I'd reached the 87, an headed south on it for aways. Let me warn you now, it only took a month before the roads started gettin bad. Of course, it might have a mite to do with all the cars strewn haphazardly around. More than a few of em had deaders in em. The deaders I saw usually had bite marks on their arms or faces, and usually had a back seat full of food.

I did find one of them there Army trucks. There wasn't any deaders outside of their cars nearby, so I mosey'd over for a look see.

The battery was dead, but there was a couple of canteens of tepid water that I poured out, some meals in brown plastic bags, a hot shit rifle I picked up, and a nice pistol on the seat. I scared up what ammunition I could, and left the rest of the Army gear for the next hombre that might come along. I had my own trail mix, and I don't eat out of no Goddamn bag.

As the sun was settin, I saw an old house. Beaten and rundown, it looked to be long abandoned. I nudged Pancho off the road and across the field, crossing the fence where a big old Caddilac had run over the fencing.

It may look abandoned, but Mama Marion didn't raise no fool. I tied Pancho to a bush, grabbed the Army rifle, and moved up quiet like to the side of the house. I could hear shuffling inside, and the moaning that the deaders make. That low, sad, almost pained moan that they make when they're torpid, like they know they're dead.

I creep pretty good, so I took a deep breath to make sure I wouldn't start coughing, and moved up to the back door. From the other side of the door, I could hear metal bein banged around. Fairly rhythmic, and I could hear the same moaning as I heard from the side of the house.

I pushed open the door, that led to a kitchen, and there stood an old lady, her dress torn and bloody, banging an iron skillet on the old stove. She didn't turn round toward me or show me any of the aggressiveness the deaders on the TV had displayed. As I stepped inside and closed the door with my heel, she turned toward me and moaned softly. I brought up the Army Rifle, but she moaned again and returned to banging the skillet on the stove.

I moved pass the harmless old woman, and into the front room. The sun was settin, and I was losin light fast. The entire front room was fulla shadows, and I moved through carefully. I wasn't watching close enough, when I went to draw the shades to hide any light I might be needing, one of them deaders lunged up from behind the couch and grabbed my arm.

I'd seen what should've happened next, I'd seen it dozens of times on the idiot box. That dead ol' boy shoulda bitten a hunk right outta my arm. Instead he squeezed, moaned like he'd went to grab some ol' gals breast and grabbed a man's crotch instead, then he slowly let go and slumped back down behind the couch.

Took me a moment to control my breathing, and keep from coughing again. The dead ol' boy curled up in a ball, and I backed away shaking. I'd come close, and for some reason, he didn't act like I was alive. Counting my blessings, I drew my knife and pushed it through his ear, then went in the kitchen and laid the old dame to rest too. It ain't right for a man or woman to be lahk that.

I brought Pancho inside, even though a horse don't belong inside, drug the two deaders into the tornado cellar, and set up for the night.

* * * * *

The next mornin I headed out with Pancho, after spraypaintin a blue X on the door in case someone came after me. It was a perfect blue sky, no jet lines, no clouds, nothin. I paid attention in the dawn, lookin for any traces of a grass fire on the horizon. I'd seen one when I was workin down in West Texas, and knew it could outrun a man, even one on a horse, and would burn me right up like the fires of Hell.

Along about noon, I'd gotten used to ignorin the cars with deaders in em. I didn't feel like tussling with no hungry corpse for any goodies that might have survived the Texas spring heat. Clouds had sprung up, but they didn't look right for a twister, but the air smelled like rain. I figured I'd best find some shelter, just in case of hail, and right quick.

Up ahead was an old tumbled down wreck of a buildin that looked to have a good roof, so I nudged Pancho over toward it. I tied him off to a beam jutting from the worst of the wreckage, and began picking my way about, lookin for anythin that might be of help.

Whatever had ruined the buildin had done it probably early in this whole mess. It was a right shithole, reekin of human urine, vomit, and surprisinly, stale beer.

Turns out the inhabitants hadn't gone too far, and weren't as sneaky as they figured. The sounds of their sneakers on the rocks alerted me to their presence.

My long dormant skills came bubblin up, my left hand sweepin aside my trenchcoat, my right hand fluidly pulling that hot shit pistol outta my holster and swingin it in line with the two men crouching just outside the tumbled down wall.

They were human, and still alive, I could tell by their charnel breath. I've smelled better things in the Fulsom heads back in the 70's than these two. They reeked of a nasty smell of rust, BO, rotten beef. They reminded me of the time I found a dead steer.

"The horse.." one of them slurred, bloody froth coming from his mouth. I knew what he was gonna say next, the piece of glass wrapped

with duct tape on one end in his hand, and the broken knife in the other's hand spoke volumes of their intentions.

I pulled the trigger on that fancy ass Army pistol, and quickly noticed two things. First, a red dot appeared right where I was aimin when I put pressure on the trigger. Second, the pistol made less noise than my wheezin lungs were makin at that noise.

Headshots, both of them. The one with the glass knife kicked and scrabbled a bit, but I was already lookin closely at the pistol. "HK MK-23 USSOCOM .45 CAL" was written on the side. By twistin the lens on the underside piece, it provided a nifty little penlight, and apparently it had a laser and silencer in there too. Them Army boys gots some nice hardware, I gotta admit.

I led Pancho into the dubious shelter of the wreckage, and we sat there and waited out the inevitable hailstorm. Some of them were egg sized, and probably woulda knocked Mama Marion's brown eyed boy stupid.

Pancho and I left at a trot, the shards of ice steaming in the afternoon sun. I kept looking at the pistol. It was a nice little thing, reminded me of the old Colt .45 the officers and shore patrol of the Missouri wore. It was nice to be on the opposite side of the barrel for once.

A few afters of amblin, and we came across what I guess had been a military barricade. There was some more of them Army trucks, a couple big tank lookin things with treads and guns, and lots of razor wire. There were quite a few of the Army guys still hangin around, but they ignored me as I rode forward to look in the trucks. One was sitting in the seat tuggin on the steerin wheel like he was heading to the bar, but it wasn't like the truck was runnin.

Yup, the deaders were dumber than hell.

I tied Pancho to one of the treads on a big ass tank thing, and went through the vehicles right quick, tossin ammunition in Pancho's saddlebags, and grabbin a couple more of the canteens.

Diggin around in one of them Army trucks that looked like Mr. Westerton's big Hummer, only lower, an kinda meaner, I found paperwork that basically ordered all these soldiers to barricade

off Lubbock. The date was about two weeks back, and all the soldier boys were dead. I figured Lubbock being off limits was pretty much no bother nowadays, so once I finished gatherin up them bullets, dividing the stash in half, and takin my share, we headed off South again.

A little before nightfall, Lubbock was spread out in front of me. No longer a handful of precious gems tossed out on an inky cloth, it looked leperous, diseased somehow. I could hear gunfire, and amazinly enough, the moanin of deaders even from outside the city.

Still, people need to know what's goin on in the rest of the US of A, and I'd volunteered. Come morning, Pancho and I'd go take a look at Lubbock.

--In God's Humble Grace;

M. Samuel Lefferts

Random Findings

As Marion found out, many cars stalled by the side of the freeways, highways, and interstates of the United States when their drivers succumbed to injuries or infection. Many of these cars have valuable supplies in the back, providing the temperature extremes they have been exposed to do not ruin them.

Table 1 is random list of vehicle types, the percentage chance of there being Risers trapped within them, the die type to determine the number of Risen, what percentage that the vehicle contains actual loot, and finally, the percent chance of the vehicle being in ready to run condition.

Table 1: Type of Vehicle Encountered

Roll	Vehicle Type	% Chance of Risers	Number	% Chance of Loot	% Chance Of Working
01-03	Semi-Tractor	45	1d2	65	80
04-07	Military Transport	65	1d4/1d10	45	15
08-35	Compact	45	1d4	25	25
36-65	Sedan	55	1d4	35	30
66-85	Pickup Truck	25	1d2	45	55
86-95	Coupe	10	1d2	15	10
96-99	Semi-Trailer	01	4d10	30	80
00	Military Vehicle	80	1d4/3d8	65	10

Vehicle Type:

Vehicle type is important when figuring out what might be inside, as well as how many of the Risen may be outside attempting to get into it..

Semi-Tractor: This category also covers school/ public transportation buses in addition to semi's. A semi-tractor has an 80% chance of having a trailer.

If the trailer is present, also roll underneath the Semi-Trailer entry. Semi-tractors have a 45% of having 2d6 Risers around them, banging upon them, banging their heads on the fenders, or curled up in some dim satisfaction underneath them.

Possible Loot: MP3 player, CB radio, 1d4 extra sets of clothing, jacket, small caliber pistol, sawed off shotgun, pep-pills, sleeping

bag, DVD player, DVD's.

Military Transport: This will usually be a standard hummvee, or any type of personnel carrier. For the most part these are destroyed, but occasionally they may be found abandoned, most of the time out of fuel. The Risen around these vehicles may very well be the vehicles crew or their comrades. Transports can be dangerous to approach.

Possible Loot: M-16's, 5.56mm ammunition, MRE's, rucksacks, boots, uniforms, helmets, Interceptor Body Armor, radios, 2-quart canteens, bottled water, grenades, first aid kits, Kevlar vests, cans of soda, toolkit, NVG's.

Compact: These inexpensive cars were often the last hope of many fleeing the city. Drove of them stolen from unguarded sale points during the worst part of the Rising, most of the people who got ahold of one were

bitten while taking it, leading to thousands of these on the road.

Possible Loot: Disposable diapers, bottled water, energy drinks, nutrition shakes, blankets, first aid kits, emergency repair kit, spare tire, cans of gasoline, extra clothing, small caliber pistol, road flares, camping gear, canned food.

Sedan: This covers everything from Cadillacs to Lexus, and usually carry a family.

Possible Loot: Disposable diapers, bottled water, energy drinks, nutrition shakes, blankets, first aid kits, emergency repair kit, spare tire, cans of gasoline, extra clothing, handgun, road flares, camping gear, canned food,

Pickup Truck: In addition to standard pickup

trucks, this also can cover SUV's, mini-vans, and civilian "Hummers"

Possible Loot: 1d4-1 Rifles, 1d4-1 shotguns, pistols, ammunition, bottled water, canned food, camping gear, tent, first aid kit, toolkit, spare tire, crowbar, axe, pickaxe, sledgehammer, blankets, sleeping bags, cans of gasoline, cans of motor oil, toolbox, bedcover, welding kit.

Coupe: For the rich or sporty, a fast sportscar was a quick way out, but heir sleek body and/or convertible status led to the Rising being able to mob and stop the vehicle through sheer press of flesh or by attacking through the cloth top.

Possible Loot: Clothing, canned food, blankets, handgun.

Semi-Trailer: When this is rolled, it assumes that there is no semi-tractor with it. These cargo containers may have been dropped where they were by panicked drivers, or used in an attempt to form a barricade.

Possible Loot: A semitrailer can contain anything from 70" plasma televisions to laptops. Of luck for scavengers, the metal frame and innate electrical grounding of a semi-trailer has a 70% chance of protecting some or all of the cargo from an EMP pulse.

(Tim's Note: Make them work for it, baby!)

Military Vehicle: Commonly M1A1's, Bradley Armored Fighting Vehicles, armored Hummvees, if the Total War Option was used, this can also be Chinese or Russian equipment crewed by nothing but the dead. Military vehicles are usually badly damaged if they have been abandoned. Rarely they are simply out of fuel, and the crew was killed or abandoned the vehicle.

Possible Loot: M-16's, 5.56mm ammunition, MRE's, rucksacks, boots, uniforms, helmets, Interceptor Body Armor, radios, 2-quart canteens, bottled water, grenades, first aid kits, Kevlar vests, cans of soda, toolkit, AT-4, C-4, NVG's, maps, large caliber ammunition.

% Chance of Risers

This is the chance that the vehicle has Risers within it. In the case of military vehicles, the second number is the additional number of Risen around it, most of them soldiers whose last driving urge was to reach the vehicle in question.

Number

This is the number of Risers that could be inside the vehicle. Every third Riser will be a Child Zombie, and there is a 20% chance that any zombie within a vehicle will enter a frenzy upon seeing a living person.

% Chance of Loot

This is fairly simple, and is the chance of there being anything usable within the vehicle.

% Chance of Working

If the vehicle works, there is an 80% chance of the keys being inside if there are Risers within, and 30% chance of their being keys if no Riser is present.

Those that don't run may have the following random problem from Table 2.

Table 2: Vehicle Problem

Roll	Problem
01-10	Blown Engine
11-25	EMP Disabled
26-50	Dead Battery
51-75	Out of Gas
76-85	Blown Transmission
86-95	Blown Electrical System
96-00	Bullet Ridden (Roll 3x)

Lubbock Crazies

Marion also ran into crazies, people whose brains have been damaged from chemical exposure, radiation, fallout, food poisoning, high fever from infection, bad falls, and any kind of other hazard that can injure a person's brain.

The following are the type of crazies found

North of Lubbock, whose brains were damaged by drinking contaminated drinking water during the first week of the Rising. This has reduced their intelligence, wisdom, and charisma nearly to animal levels. They can speak, but it is badly slurred, distorted, and spaced out.

They fight constantly with the Risen, and number in the thousands.

Tough Crazy (Tough Ordinary 3): CR 3; Mediumsize humanoid; HD 3d10+6; HP 23; Mas 14; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 13, touch 13, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +2 class); BAB +2; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d3+2/19-20, Glass Knife), or +3 ranged (1d3+0, Rock); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +0; AP 1; Rep +1; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 6, Wis 8, Cha 8.

Occupation: Blue Collar (Craft [structural], Drive, Repair)

Skills: Hide +3, Intimidate +2, Listen +1, Move Silently +3, Spot +4

Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy

Possessions: Glass Knife, Rock

Fast Crazy (Fast Ordinary 3): CR 3; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6; HP 20; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 16, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class); BAB +2; Grap +3; Atk +4 melee (1d6+1, Hatchet), or +5 ranged (1d6+0, Hatchet); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +0; AP 1; Rep +1; Str 13, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 6, Wis 8, Cha 4.

Occupation: Blue Collar (Craft [mechanical], Drive, Repair)

Skills: Balance +5, Hide +8, Listen +1, Move Silently +8, Spot +1, Tumble +5

Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus

Possessions: Hatchet, Hatchet

Strong Crazy (Strong Ordinary 3): CR 3; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6; HP 20; Mas 14; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 13, touch 13, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +2 class); BAB +3; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d6+2/19-20, Knife), or +4 ranged (1d3+0, Rock); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +0; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 4, Wis 8, Cha 6.

Occupation: Blue Collar (Craft [structural], Drive, Repair)

Skills: Hide +3, Listen +1, Move Silently +3, Spot +1

Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy

Possessions: Knife, Rock

(Reprinted from *Independence Day Massacre*)

Zombies

Marion ran into only standard zombies on his trek toward Lubbock, Texas, in addition to a pair of crazies.

The following is provided for the GM to use quickly and easily for random encounters.

Standard Zombie (Strong Ordinary 1) CR 1/2; Mediumsize humanoid; HD 2d12; HP 19; Mas --; Init +1; Spd 20 ft; Defense 13, touch 13, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +2 Natural Armor); BAB +2; Grap +6; Full Atk +4 melee (1d6+2, 2 slams), or +3 melee (1d4+1, bite and zombie infection); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Damage Immunity, Damage Reduction 5/-, Feeding Frenzy, Location Vulnerability, Break Through, Killing Bite, Move or Attack Option Only, Not the Face, Run Through Dining, Undead Traits; AL none; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +0; AP 2; Rep +0; Str 15 (+2), Dex 13 (+1), Con --, Int 3 (-4), Wis 10 (+0), Cha 2 (-4).

Occupation: Rural (Handle Animal, Repair)

Skills: Handle Animal -3, Hide +5, Listen +2, Move Silently +5, Search +2, Spot +2, Repair -3

Feats: Multi-Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (Bite)

Standard Zombie (Tough Ordinary 1) CR 1/2; Mediumsize humanoid; HD 2d12; HP 21; Mas --; Init -1; Spd 20 ft; Defense 10, touch 10, flatfooted 11 (+0 size, -1 Dex, +1 class); BAB +2; Grap +7; Full Atk +5 melee (1d6+3, 2 slams), or +4 melee (1d4+1 and zombie infection, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Damage Immunity, Damage Reduction 5/-, Feeding Frenzy, Location Vulnerability, Break Through, Killing Bite, Move or Attack Option Only, Not the Face, Run Through Dining, Undead Traits; AL none; SV Fort +3, Ref -1, Will +0; AP 3; Rep +0; Str 16 (+3), Dex 9 (-1), Con --, Int 3 (-4), Wis 10, Cha 2 (-4).

Occupation: Blue Collar (Craft [structural], Drive, Repair)

Skills: Craft (structural) -2, Drive +2, Repair -2

Feats: Multi-Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (Bite)

Standard Zombie (Smart Ordinary 1) CR 1/2; Mediumsize humanoid; HD 2d12; HP 13; Mas --; Init +0; Spd 20 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +2 Natural Armor); BAB +2; Grap +7; Full Atk +5 melee (1d6+3, 2 slams) and +4 melee (1d4+1 and zombie infection, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Damage Immunity, Damage Reduction 5/-, Feeding Frenzy, Location Vulnerability, Break Through, Killing Bite, Move or Attack Option Only, Not the Face, Run Through Dining, Undead Traits; AL none; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +0; AP 3; Rep +0; Str 16 (+3), Dex 11

(+0), Con --, Int 3 (-4), Wis 10 (+0), Cha 2 (-4).

Occupation: Student (Computer Use, Knowledge [Current Events], Research)

Skills: Computer Use -2, Hide +4, Knowledge (Current Events) -2, Listen +2, Move Silently +4, Research -2, Search +2, Spot +2

Feats: Multi-Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (Bite)

Sprinter Zombie (Strong Ordinary 1) CR 4; Mediumsize humanoid; HD 2d12; HP 20; Mas --; Init +9; Spd 120 ft; Defense 18, touch 18, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +5 Dex, +1 class, +2 Natural Armor); BAB +2; Grap +8; Atk +4 melee (1d6+2, slam), or +3 melee (1d4+2 and zombie infection, bite); Full Atk +4 melee (1d6+2, 2 slams) and +3 melee (1d4+1 and zombie infection, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Damage Immunity, Damage Reduction 5/-, Feeding Frenzy, Location Vulnerability, Break Through, Run Through Dining, Killing Bite, Not the Face; AL none; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +0; AP 3; Rep +0; Str 15 (+2), Dex 21 (+5), Con --, Int 3 (-4), Wis 10, Cha 2 (-4).

Occupation: Rural (Handle Animal, Repair)

Skills: Handle Animal -2, Hide +9, Listen +4, Move Silently +9, Search +2, Spot +4, Repair -2

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Pounce, Toughness, Weapon Focus (Bite)

Sprinter Zombie (Tough Ordinary 1) CR 4; Mediumsize humanoid; HD 2d12; HP 25; Mas --; Init +7; Spd 120 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 11 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +1 class); BAB +2; Grap +9; Atk +5 melee (1d6+3, slam), or +4 melee (1d4+1 plus zombie infection, bite); Full Atk +5 melee (1d6+3, 2 slams) and +4 melee (1d4+1 plus zombie infection, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Damage Immunity, Damage Reduction 5/-, Feeding Frenzy, Location Vulnerability, Break Through, Run Through Dining, Killing Bite, Not the Face; AL none; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +0; AP 4; Rep +0; Str 16 (+3), Dex 17 (+3), Con --, Int 3 (-4), Wis 10, Cha 1 (-5).

Occupation: Blue Collar (Drive, Craft [structural], Repair)

Skills: Craft (structural) -2, Drive +5, Hide +7, Listen +4, Move Silently +7, Search +2, Spot +4, Repair -2

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Pounce, Toughness, Weapon Focus (Bite)

Sprinter Zombie (Smart Ordinary 1) CR 4; Mediumsize humanoid; HD 2d12; HP 16; Mas --; Init +8; Spd 120 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 10 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +0 class); BAB +2; Grap +9; Atk +5 melee (1d6+3, slam), or +4 melee (1d4+1 and zombie infection, bite); Full Atk +5 melee (1d6+3, 2 slams) and +4 melee (1d4+1 and zombie infection, bite) FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Damage Immunity, Damage Reduction 5/-, Feeding Frenzy, Location Vulnerability, Break Through, Run Through Dining, Killing Bite, Not the Face; AL none; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +0; AP 4;

Rep +1; Str 16 (+3), Dex 19 (+4), Con --, Int 3 (-4) Wis 10, Cha 1 (-5).

Occupation: Student (Computer Use, Knowledge [Current Events], Research)

Skills: Computer Use -2, Hide +7, Knowledge (Current Events) -2, Listen +4, Move Silently +7, Research -2, Search +2, Spot +4

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Pounce, Toughness, Weapon Focus (Bite)

Child Zombie 1 CR 4; Small-size humanoid; HD 2d12; HP 13; Mas 12; Init +7; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 13 (+1 size, +1 Dex, +2 Natural Armor); BAB +2; Grap +6; Atk +2 melee (1d4, slam), or +1 melee (1d2 plus zombie infection, bite); Full Atk +2 melee (1d4, 2 slams) and +1 melee (1d2 plus zombie infection, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Damage Immunity, Damage Reduction 5/-, Location Vulnerability, Sucker-Bite, Break Through, Killing bite, Not the Face; AL none; SV Fort +0, Ref +6, Will +0; AP 6; Rep +0; Str 10 (+0), Dex 17 (+3), Con --, Int 4 (-3), Wis 10 (+0), Cha 6 (-2)

Skills: Hide +15, Listen +6, Move Silently +15, Search +4, Spot +6

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Pounce, Stealthy, Weapon Focus (Bite)

Child Zombie 2 CR 4; Small-size humanoid; HD 2d12; HP 13; Mas 11; Init +5; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 13 (+1 size, +1 Dex, +2 Natural Armor); BAB +2; Grap +6; Atk +2 melee (1d4, slam), or +1 melee (1d2 plus zombie infection, bite); Full Atk +2 melee (1d4, 2 slams) and +1 melee (1d2 plus zombie infection, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Damage Immunity, Damage Reduction 5/-, Location Vulnerability, Sucker-Bite, Break Through, Killing bite, Not the Face; AL none; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +0; AP 4; Rep +0; Str 10 (+0), Dex 11 (+1), Con -, Int 4 (-3), Wis 10 (+0), Cha 3 (-5).

Skills: Hide +11, Listen +6, Move Silently +11, Search +4, Spot +6

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Pounce, Stealthy, Weapon Focus (Bite)

Child Zombie 3 CR 4; Small-size humanoid; HD 2d12; HP 13; Mas 10; Init +7; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 16, flatfooted 13 (+1 size, +3 Dex, +2 Natural Armor); BAB +2; Grap +6; Atk +2 melee (1d4, slam), or +1 melee (1d2 plus zombie infection, bite); Full Atk +2 melee (1d4, 2 slams) and +1 melee (1d2 plus zombie infection, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Damage Immunity, Damage Reduction 5/-, Location Vulnerability, Sucker-Bite, Break Through, Killing bite, Not the Face; AL none; SV Fort +0, Ref +6, Will +0; AP 5; Rep +0; Str 10 (+0), Dex 17 (+3), Con -, Int 4 (-3), Wis 10 (+0), Cha 4 (-3).

Skills: Hide +13, Listen +6, Move Silently +13, Search +4, Spot +6

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Pounce, Stealthy, Weapon Focus (Bite)

Frenzied Zombie (Strong Ordinary 1) CR 3; Mediumsize humanoid; HD 2d12; HP 17; Mas --; Init +8; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 17, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +4 Dex, +1 class, +2 Natural Armor); BAB +2; Grap +10; Atk +6 melee (1d6+4, slam), or +5 melee (1d4+2 plus zombie disease, bite); Full Atk +6 melee (1d6+4, 2 slams) and +5 melee (1d4+2 plus zombie infection, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Damage Immunity, Feeding Frenzy, Locational Vulnerability, Break Through, Killing Bite, Not the Face; AL none; SV Fort +0, Ref +7, Will +0; AP 5; Rep +0; Str 19 (+4), Dex 19 (+4), Con --, Int 3 (-4), Wis 10, Cha 2 (-4).

Occupation: Rural (Handle Animal, Repair)

Skills: Handle Animal -2, Hide +8, Listen +4, Move Silently +8, Repair -1, Search +2, Spot +4

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Toughness, Weapon Focus (bite)

Frenzied Zombie (Tough Ordinary 1) CR 3; Mediumsize humanoid; HD 1d12; HP 22; Mas --; Init +7; Spd 30 ft; Defense 15, touch 15, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +1 class, +2 Natural Armor); BAB +2; Grap +11; Atk +7 melee (1d6+5, slam), or +6 (1d4+2 plus zombie disease, bite); Full Atk +7 melee (1d6+5, 2 slams) and +6 melee (1d4+2 plus zombie disease, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Damage Immunity, Feeding Frenzy, Locational Vulnerability, Break Through, Killing Bite, Not the Face; AL none; SV Fort +0, Ref +5, Will +0; AP 3; Rep +0; Str 20 (+5), Dex 15 (+2), Con --, Int 3 (-4), Wis 10, Cha 1 (-5).

Occupation: Blue Collar (Craft [structural], Drive, Repair)

Skills: Craft (structural) -2, Drive +4, Hide +4, Listen +4, Move Silently +4, Repair -2, Search +2, Spot +4

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Toughness, Weapon Focus (bite)

Frienziend Zombie (Smart Ordinary 1) CR 3; Mediumsize humanoid; HD 1d12; HP 13; Mas --; Init +7; Spd 30 ft; Defense 15, touch 15, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +2 Natural Armor); BAB +2; Grap +11; Atk +7 melee (1d6+5, slam), or +6 (1d4+2 plus zombie disease, bite); Full Atk +7 melee (1d6+5, 2 slams) and +6 melee (1d4+2 plus zombie disease, bite); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Damage Immunity, Feeding Frenzy, Locational Vulnerability, Break Through, Killing Bite, Not the Face; AL none; SV Fort +0, Ref +6, Will +0; AP 4; Rep +1; Str 20 (+5), Dex 17 (+3), Con --, Int 3 (-4), Wis 10, Cha 1 (-5).

Occupation: Student (Computer Use, Knowledge [Current Events], Research)

Skills: Computer Use -3, Hide +7, Knowledge (Current Events) -3, Listen +4, Move Silently +7, Research -3, Search +4, Spot +4

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Toughness, Weapon Focus (bite)

RANDOM ZOMBIE APPEARANCE

Random Zombie Wounds

Provided here is a quick and easy method for determining zombie injuries/damage, allowing the PC's to tell possibly how they died, or perhaps that it is a zombie rather than a living person.

Table 3: Injury

Roll (d8)	Injury
1	Broken Bone (1-2 Compound, bone exposed, 3-6 internal)
2	Amputation (in the case of head/neck, substitute missing eye, lower jaw, ear or other catastrophic facial damage)
3	Gunshot wound
4	Bite
5	Bite
6	Stab wound
7	Scrape
8	Burn

Table 4: Location

Roll (d6)	Location
1	Head
2	Neck
3	Right arm (1-2 shoulder, 2-4 biceps, 5-6 elbow, 7-8 forearm, 9-10 wrist, 11-12 and/ fingers)
4	Torso/Back
5	Groin/Buttocks
6	Legs (1-2 thigh, 3-4 knee, 5-6 calf, 7-8 foot/ toes)

Table 5: Severity

Roll (d6)	Severity
1	Critical: These wounds are the most commonly thought of. Amputation, blackened burns over 50-75% of the body, missing limbs, exposed ribs, evisceration.
2	Severe: This includes 20-30% covering in blackened flesh, amputation of a limb, a major bone broken and jutting from the skin, gunshot wounds that blew away sections of the body

Table 5: Severity (cont)

Roll (d6)	Severity
3	Minor: These are superficial wounds, such as tooth marks, minor reddening of the skin, a shallow cut, or a graze with a fire-arm.
4	Moderate: These are slightly serious wounds, but nothing too horrible, such as minor blackening of the skin from a burn, a bullet wound with no exit wound, a stab, or a small chunk bitten out. A broken limb may be twisted, but still useable.
5	Major: These wounds are obviously fatal/incapacitating. Such wounds include: Multiple gunshots to the torso, a gunshot wound with exit wounds, stab wounds with the knife left in, a twisted, unusable broken limb, missing eye or fingers
6	Catastrophic: The person is not only dead, but the horrific appearance/ damage imposes a +1 circumstance penalty to the Horror DC. Catastrophic damage would be such things as dragging the intestines behind, half of the torso blown away by a shotgun, both legs missing, lower jaw and nose missing.

Table 7: Possessions

Roll (d20)	Possessions
1	Wallet/Purse
2	Keys to nearby vehicle
3	Keys to house and vehicle
4	Cash in amount less than \$100
5	MP3 Player/iPod
6	Receipts
7	Knife
8	Cell phone
9	Gum/Candy
10	Cigarettes/Lighter
11	Condom/Makeup
12	Medication
13	Wristwatch
14	Camera phone
15	Cash, \$100-\$500
16	Palm pilot/Laptop
17	Credit card
18	Scrawled note
19	Assorted coins
20	Pager

Random Zombie Belongings

Tables 6 & 7 present a rapid method to determine what a zombie is wearing and carrying.

Table 6: Clothes

Roll (d12)	Clothes
1	Military Battle Dress Uniform
2	Jeans, Tanktop/Skort, Tanktop
3	Jeans and T-Shirt/Short skirt, T-shirt
4	Jogging Suit
5	Badly torn up business suit
6	Swimming Trunks/Bikini
7	Overalls and hat/Jeans and hoody
8	Slacks and dress shirt/Dress
9	Police Uniform
10	Fire Department Uniform
11	Military Uniform
12	Nude

ZOMBIE ACTIONS

Some zombies retain odd skills, such as Knowledge (Current Events), albeit at lower ranks. Others seem as if they would be capable drivers, with Drive scores at about 4-8, but this is hardly the case. While the knowledge may be there, or the muscle memory reflex still in existence, zombies are rarely able to use it.

Things such as Knowledge (Current Events) show what the zombie may be drawn to, where they may have been going, and what objects they may find interesting.

A zombie with a high current events score would undoubtedly be heading for a relief shelter and require major distraction, or could even be followed to one of the relief stations if the character was careful.

Those with such skills as Craft, Repair or Handle Animals will merely show fascination with the object they dealt with in life, often carrying around objects that were important to

the skill. It would not be uncommon for a zombie with the Repair skill remaining to be carrying a socket wrench, or perhaps an impact wrench, in it's hands.

Drive, however, is a special case. These zombies like to get into cars and try to drive. ALL actions involving the cars have a base DC of 20, and success does not mean they drive to the store, the success is for a SINGLE action, such as turning on the windshield wipers, turning off the stereo, starting the car and then flooding it, or something like that. For quick reference, here is a quick random chart of actions a zombie may perform in a car.

Table 8: Zombie Driving Actions

Roll (d10)	Action
1	Start car
2	Turn on headlight/wipers
3	Turn on radio
4	Chew on steering wheel
5	Put car in gear
6	Turn steering wheel randomly
7	Stomp on brakes
8	Operate power windows/beat on dash
9	Beat head on steering wheel/dash
10	Press on accelerator

If the zombie does manage to start the car, put it in gear, and hit the accelerator without killing the car, simply use the grenade scatter diagram to determine where it's trying to go, and always assume that the car will move/brake at maximum.

Marion Samuel Laffets

Marion Samuel Laffets (Fast Hero 7/Gunslinger 8/Tough Hero 3): CR 18; Medium-size humanoid; HD 7d8+14 plus 8d10+16 plus 3d10+6; HP 129; Mas 15; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 27, touch 26, flatfooted 23 (+0 size, +4 Dex, +12 class, +1 equipment); BAB +13; Grap +14; Atk +14 melee (1d6+1/19-20, Bowie Knife), or +19 ranged (2d6+0, M-23 SOCOM .45); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +5, Ref +15, Will +9; AP 9; Rep +5; Str 12, Dex 18, Con 9 (15), Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 15.

Occupation: Adventurer (Spot, Survival)

Skills: Balance +8, Bluff +4, Climb +3, Craft (mechanical) +7, Craft (structural) +3, Demolitions +3, Drive +9, Escape Artist +10, Hide +10, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (Current Events) +3, Knowledge (Streetwise) +7, Listen +8, Move Silently +14, Read/Write Language +1 (English, Spanish), Ride +12, Sleight of Hand +10, Speak Language +1 (English, Spanish), Spot +19, Survival +16, Tumble +14

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Alertness, Burst Fire, Dodge, Double Tap, Frightful Presence, Mobility, Mounted Combat, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Quick Draw, Quick Reload, Shot on the Run, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1, Defensive Roll, Opportunist

Talents (Gunslinger): Close Combat Shot, Weapon Focus, Defensive Position, Lightning Reflexes, Sharp-Shooting, Greater Weapon Focus

Talents (Tough Hero): Remain Conscious, Damage Reduction 1/—

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Bowie Knife, M-23 SOCOM .45, 8 clips of .45 ammunition, M-4 with SOPMOD kit, 15 30-round clips of 5.56mm, 2 weeks of trail rations, spurs, boots, saddle, tack, saddlebags, sleeping roll, 3 Claymore Land Mines, 2 hand grenades, 3 2-quart canteens, compass, AAA Map Atlas, felt pens, 2 cans of red spraypaint, 1 can of blue spraypaint, 1-man tent, iodine tablets, first aid kit.

Notes: Marion is afflicted with tuberculosis and lung cancer, as well as some gross motor skill damage from an unspecified source. His Constitution of 9 is reflected in his Fortitude Save, but his hit points and massive damage threshold are not affected.

Appearance: Marion is slightly built man, seemingly weak and frail, with a persistent, wracking cough that often brings up blood.

However, Marion is made of barbed wire and rawhide, and is one tough son of a bitch. Standing 5' 5", and weighing in at 105 lbs, with unruly brown hair, he is tanned and weatherbeaten, looking to be in his late 40's to early 60's. His eyes are clear and focused, often hard and cold. He moves somewhat spastically due to gross motor control damage sometime in his past. On his right biceps is a tattoo of an anchor and chain that is old and blurred with age. His voice is raspy and phlegmy, and he speaks with a thick Texas accent. He wears a tattered and stained black trenchcoat with silver threadwork at the cuffs, cowboy boots, an unadorned black cowboy hat, a silver tooled fast draw pistol rig, and a white undershirt. The fact that he looks like he stepped from the Old West and into the Rising does not seem to concern him, although he carries modern weaponry rather than any period weaponry. He carries both an M-4 Carbine and a sawed

off 12 guage across his back, and often has the rifle in his hands when riding his broken down looking horse.

Tactics: Marion relies on his blinding fast-draw, speed, and mobility when facing foes. He seeks cover in a long range fight, moving from spot to spot, and gets in close with his razor sharp Bowie knife for close in fights. He's not afraid to retreat and seek a better tactical advantage, and is a crack shot with his weapons. His ability to remain unseen by the Risen allows him to move through a crowd of them, using them for cover, until he can reach a more advantageous position.

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