

A SURVIVOR'S GUIDE TO RISEN AMERICA

VOLUME TWO: LOOKING AT LUBBOCK

I could see Lubbock spread out in front of me. I'd passed a military cordon a few hours back, and night was fallin' fast. Here and there I could see lights flickerin', so Lubbock had some power to some areas, but for the most parts, the streets were dark. Still, I wasn't plan-nin' on ridin' into the city just yet, I figured I'd wait a mite. So I nudged Pancho into his am-bling walk, and steered him toward the col-lege.

Texas Tech has quite a few students, well, it did before the dead started gettin' up and jumpin' the livin' for a quick snack. As I mosey'd through the sunset twilight, I wondered how many of them bright young lads and lasses might be still alive. Students may not be world wise, but they oughta have the book-smarts to hole up and keep themselves safe.

The lights on the campus brought me toward it. I could see plenty of the deaders wanderin' about, some with textbooks in their hands, others still wearing backpacks, but all of them noticeably dead. One building was boarded up, and I slid off of Pancho and headed toward it, pushin' one of the deaders out of my way. They were annoyin', stunk to heaven, and were noisy. I put mah' ear to the boarded up win-dow, but beyond some kind of caterwaulin' and cussin' from what sounded like a CD player, there weren't nothing else. I hammered on the door a couple of times with the butt of that fan-cy ass rifle, but nobody answered. Shruggin', I walked back to Pancho, grabbed his reins, and continued wanderin' around the campus.

Ah came round the Northern side of the cam-pus and round West, passin' some burnin' hulks of buildins'. Prolly the labs or some shit. It was eerie, knowin' all them big buildins' and halls a learnin' would be empty forever now....

Shit. Ain't got time to be worryin' about that right now.

Ah got mah' mind back on mah' business. Ah could see the Livestock Arena and animal fa-cilities in the distance, so ah made mah' way down Indiana Ave. Fuckin' undead goat rop-ers and wanna-be veterinarians millin' around the buildin' as ah got there. But they didn't pay me much mind. Ah headed inta one of the stock pens and found some a the animals were still there. Scared, hungry and tryin' ta' git out. Ah opened the pens and let 'em run. Hell, they knew how ta' survive better'n we do anyhow, and them dead fucks didn't look like they'd bother 'em much. Ah collected some more feed for Pancho and loaded up the sad-dlebags. Stoppin' ta let him crop from one a the troughs there while ah did much the same with mah' beef jerky an canteen. I took the time ta' check each of the pens, corrals, and other crit-ter holding areas and let loose the critters. No sense in them starving or dyin' of thirst.

When I was done, I took a few moments while I hacked up blood and brownish black mucus, a few minutes to compose myself, and ah got back on and kept on headin' round SouthWest. Them deaders was all over the place, stumblin' inta each other and what have you. It was get-tin' to where ah was gettin' used to lookin' at 'em now, and I didn't seem to notice the pow-erful stench anymore. It was like they was just another blade a grass or brick in a building, part of the landscape, ya' know, pardner? But I s'pose that's cause they ignored me and Pan-cho. I felt sorry for any other poor bastard got trapped out here. He'd be picked clean in min-utes by all the mobs of ex-students out here.

Mah' lungs were wrapped in barbed wire as I began coughin' and hackin'. A few deaders

looked at me, moaned mournfully after taking a step or two toward me, and turned away. The look on thar' faces was downright comedy gold. Ah looked up and there it was: University Medical Center. Standin' all by its lonesome from so many of the other buildins' like a proud man. Ah knew the place quite well... Back a few years ago I'd stayed a spell at the Southwest Cancer Center. That's when they told me mah' case was terminal. Well shit. Ah wasn't gonna' spend mah' last good days layin' in no damn hospital bed, eaten food that tasted like puke, and breathin' through fuckin' tubes. Fuck that. So ah'd gone North to the ranch. Decided ah'd spend mah' last days livin' mah' dream out of dyin' a cowboy, with mah' boots on, and in the saddle. Hell...even with the way things were now, with all the fuckin' dead gettin' up ta' bite the livin' in the ass, it was STILL better'n livin' in a damn hospital bed. Ah gave that place a wide berth. With as many patients as was in those buildins', and as many dead, ah was sure it'd be a fuckin' charnel house.

Ah continued on down Indiana Street and passed a few other buildins', Planetariums, and cultural centers and shit. You watch the stars now and some dead fuck is gonna' come up behind ya' and take a bite outta' yore ass. Up ahead ah saw a sign said: Garrison Geriatric Education and Care Center. Ah could just imagine them old folks amblin' around in there even now, mouths all bloody and skin turned white and purple. Ah chuckled, wonderin' if a zombie could gum ya' ta' death.

Shook mah' head in disbelief as ah passed further South, and past the golf course they got there. Some of those deaders were out there drivin' them little golf carts around. Well... they wasn't zackly drivin' 'em. More like they was tryin' ta. Ah'd see one hit the juice and roll on a little ways then stop again. Ah wondered if they had enough reasonin' ta ever figure it out. Some of 'em were out there on the course, still trompin' around in them golf cleats, clubs still held in their hands with no id bout how'ta use 'em anymore; though ah noted at least one with a bent, bloody club. Wondered if he'd done that before or after he died.

Finally gettin' off the campus ah was in Lub-

bock proper. Cars all smashed up and burnin' round me. Dead fucks as far as the eye could see. I pushed my way through a few crowds of them, elbowing some of the more aggressive in the face when they shoved me. One of the crowds was a mob of riled up deaders, all tryin' to get at a few dead people that the ones in the center were busy tearin' apart and shoving into their pie-holes. The blood looked purty fresh, so I figured that meant there were some survivors around, or at least there had been.

Once I was clear of them crowds, I turned a corner and found where some Army boys made their last stand. There was some of them big ol' armored tanks, a couple of hummvees, and a lot of blood. I'll give credit where credit is due, there was blood spattered everywhere, and both alleys were stacked high with bodies that had the sense to stay dead after being riddled with bullets. However, around the vehicles there weren't no bodies, and it looked like someone had cleaned tha' street itself.

I checked the vehicles for some shells, finding a couple of those curved box clips for the fancy-ass rifle, but no ammo for that hotshot pistol. I looked at the big tanks, but couldn't figure out how you got into it. I tried for a mite, but my banging attracted the attention of a bunch of deaders. I jumped off the top into the crowd, pushed my way through, and grabbed Pancho's reins.

Hell with it, let the dead rest, ya' know?

Most of the stores sported broken windows, some were burned or scorched, and all of them had been looted. I passed a pair of fire-trucks, one with the hose partially uncoiled. I'll tell you what, there was a lot of blood on that red paint. I spent a little time coughing, my lungs afire something fierce, then sat down on the step of one of the fire-trucks and chaw'd on some jerky while I thought. One of the deaders looked at me and snarled when I was coughing, like I'd offended him. He seemed pretty intent on getting into the fire engine, smashing at it with a wrench. I thought about just gunnin' him down, but figured if he left me alone, I'd leave him alone, live and let die, ya' know?

I kept hearing someone firing off rounds from a heater further in, and once the popping of a

rapid-fire rifle. That meant survivors further in. I sat and chewed my jerky as another crowd of deaders came by. A couple tried to paw my jerky outta' mah' hands, reckoning if I found it good, they would too, but I just shoved them back with one hand and grinned at their moans of frustration. When I finished chawing on the jerky, they ignored me, but a couple dozen were still milling around the fire-trucks when I stood up.

And nearly got mah' head blown off.

The bullet hit the side of the pumper, and the loud crack of the rifle sounded at nearly the same time. I didn't bother spending no time starin' around like the deaders, instead ducking low and moving into the crowd of 'em, who had started looking around somewhat confused. I felt another shell tug at my coat, heard another retort, and then was in among the deaders, the hot-shit rifle in my hands, my eyes lookin' for the shooters.

Another blast, and a deader girl a few steps off staggered as the shell went through her exposed titties. I kept low, looking where the deaders were starting to move to, duck-walking and keeping mah' breathing slow and steady, ignoring the talons sinking into mah' lungs.

"You see him, Gene?" The yell came from inside an auto-parts store up ahead. I raised the scope up to my eye and started searching.

"Ah lost him! Fast ol' bastard, looked like a big crow, didn't he, Buford?" the other yelled, and I swung around to look for that hombre through the scope. He was easy to spot, standing on top of police car with one of them Army rifles in his hands. I stopped for a moment, checking over mah' shoulder to be sure I had enough around me, and then sighted in on his belt buckle. It was one of them big ol' rodeo buckles, even though tubby looked like he never been any closer to a bull than the steak.

I pulled the trigger, and the hot-shit rifle's noise was drowned out by the moaning of mah' cover. It wasn't much more than a clergyman's cough during mass anyway. Tubby grunted, staggered and looked down at the growin' red splotch on his shirt. The rifle fell from his hands as his legs gave out and he landed on the roof of the car with a thump.

"GENE!" came a yell. "I'm comin' for ya', buddy!"

I smiled, duck-walking as quick as mah' lungs would let me, moving up through the crowd. There were more deaders, and I could see a pretty good crowd comin' from the other end of the street.

There! The second guy broke from cover, running toward his friend, who was feebly kicking off a few deaders who were tryin' to pull him off the top of the car.

I crouched and fired, lining up the dot inside the scope with his thighs. The bullet went through both, and that guy went down too, screaming and flappin' at his legs. Some of the crowd I was in moved toward him, their hands reaching out. Two broke into a run, and I watched them with a mite bit of curiosity. One was the one that kept snarling at me whenever I coughed. He dropped his wrench, tucked his head down, and charged. It was a lean, predatory run, hands up close, leaning forward, and legs pumping. They both dived on the guy I'd leg shot, and began tearing at him with teeth and hands.

So why weren't they botherin' Mama Marion's Brown Eyed Boy?

The ol' boy on top of the police car screamed when a woman bit into his leg, and screamed louder when a little girl, about 8 or 10, missing her lips and part of her throat, jumped onto the car next to him. Her hands went out, her head went down, and the spray of blood fountained around her head. I turned away, seeing the hands of the first deaders to reach him, peel away the other guy's head and face.

One of the deaders picked up the Army rifle tubby was carrying, looking down the barrel, and then at the side. I saw his eyes light up and his face break into a kinda' torn up smile. He raised the rifle up and pulled the trigger, bullets flying up to shatter winders on the buildings around us.

Well that just ain't gonna' do. I aimed the rifle and put a round into his grinning face. He dropped like a hot potato, and I stood up, pausing for a moment to hack and cough. No blood, surprising. Still, my chest hurt mighty powerfully as I walked over to where Pancho

was standing. I shoved a few deaders away who were pawing at his sides with dazed and happy expressions, and mounted up. Both the good ol' boys were done caterwauling, and I nudged Pancho into a walk.

There was lights in the city, but that didn't mean that the survivors were gonna' be any friendlier than the two ol' boys who tried to shoot me. I figured I'd mosey on out to the airport and get a look-see at how things were out thar'. For the most part, the Risers left me alone, letting Pancho and me pass through their ranks. I heard the phrase "Dead man walking" before, but never thought it would be applied like this.

I stopped; briefly, to climb up to Highway 289 so's I could check out an overpass. There was razor wire at both ends, with deaders still hung up on it, moving feebly as the crows picked at their faces. In between the razor wire was wooden barricades, sandbags, and some of them military trucks. You know the ones, the wide ones, hummvees or some such. There were no weapons visible, and both the trucks were burnt up, and since all I saw were shell casings, no Army boys, we simply crossed the highway and kept heading to the airport.

I could hear them before I could see them. The wailing of hell itself, like Ol' Scratch hisself was leading a choir out there. I reckoned it was better to avoid any foolishness, so I stopped real quick like at a hunting store, grabbed a pair of binoculars, and walked Pancho back to that rise, climbed up on the highway, and took a look at the airport through the glasses.

The place was jammed with the deaders. They were surrounding the 20 or so airplanes I could make out, were packing the parking lot and loading zones, and I could see that lots of them big purty windows were busted out. Further out on the runways I could see four or five of them big planes, all burnt up, and zooming in real good I could see some bigass holes in the runways.

Seeing that, I cased away the binoculars, climbed up on Pancho's back and ignored his blustery sigh, and turned back toward the city center.

I'd guess Lubbock was one of them no fly

zones.

Something about the ambush made me feel hinky, so I returned to where the two good ol' boys ambushed me. There was a crowd of about 20 deaders chewing on their bones, and I saw two sets of keys spit out on the ground near where I shot Tubby, so I wandered over, shoved the deader out of the way, and picked them up.

The auto-parts store. Part of me knew it. They'd been hol'in up there. I led Pancho in through the broken windows and wandered about the store till I found a padlocked door. It was one of them heavy security doors. I'd worked in a place like this for a bit, so I knew that the break room was back there, as was the more expensive parts. It took me a minute to get the door open, and I led Pancho in.

At first there was some screaming as I pushed away a curious Riser before I slammed the door in his face. He looked a bit sad about being locked outside, but I dropped the heavy bar anyway. I turned to see what the screaming was about.

Some ladies and some young chillun's were handcuffed to some heavy truck parts. The ladies to an axle, the two wee bairns's to a pair of engine blocks. Both were only in torn unmentionables, so I shushed them until they stopped their pleas for mercy from me.

It took a bit, but rooting around, I found some coveralls in the break room, and brought them back. The keys that Tubby's eaters had spit out on the ground had the keys to let loose the ladies and the girl children, and I turned my back as they dressed. They were sobbing on about the various disgusting things those two animals had done to them, and I resisted an urge to go outside, find their skulls, and crush them.

They begged for me to take them with me, but I insisted that they stay behind while I found someplace safe to take them with other people. The streets outside weren't no place for decent folk. I left Pancho there for the girl-children to hold onto and pet, grabbed the fancy-ass rifle and slung it across me back. I let the shotgun dangle inside my trenchcoat, and checked the load on that hot-shit pistol.

I opened the door, and listened until they let the bar down, then headed out into Lubbock to see if I could find some goodly folk to take in my newest charges. In the distance I heard more shooting of rapid-fire guns, as well as a couple of rifle shots. Taking a moment to cough up the claws in my lungs, I squared my shoulders and stepped out into the twilight.

Someone has to do it.

--In God's Blessing;

M. Samuel Lefferts

Tim and John's Note: While this outlines what happened during the fall, and who is around afterwards, a GM must remember two things: This is Marion's experiences, the PC's mileage may vary, and this is in no way canon. This should be read as examples of how things were handled, or perhaps how a place the PC's may stumble upon later may be. This is no way intended to be canon and the Way Things Are, Forever and Ever, Amen! In every single campaign setting.

In other words, pick and choose what you want, ignore what you don't want, and have fun!

The College

Texas Tech, outside of Lubbock, began to fall within the first hour. With a huge medical training wing, there were approximately 200 corpses waiting to be worked on by medical students. This proved to be Texas Tech's undoing, since at 1300 hours, Central Time, the Rising began. The medical cadavers opened their eyes and began getting up and killing; those that they killed Rose and began killing, Sprinters began hunting the hallways of the medical wing, looking for victims. More than one Sprinter leapt from the windows to chase down people walking across the campus.

Within three hours, 90% of the 20,000 strong student body was dead or had fled. Many of those who fled died of blood loss on the road home, at one of Lubbock's hospitals, or inside their cars. A handful of students have managed to board themselves up in a fraternity house, and manage to hold there for almost 2 months before internal strife, starvation, and desperation forced them to make a run for Lubbock. Of the 28 students holed up in the Fraternity House, less than 6 made it off campus and survived. Two went further into the city, one drank contaminated water and went crazy, and the other three headed out to parts unknown.

The college is a virtual gold mine of equipment. With only the biology labs and classrooms burned down (The second day a group blamed the college for the Rising, it was repeated by the Lubbock news stations and someone firebombed those buildings) that leaves millions of dollars of scientific equipment, computers, hazmat gear, animal husbandry equipment, and much more.

However, the university has over 1,000 zombies on campus at any given time, and any loud noises (engines, sustained autofire, heavy weapons fire) will bring approximately 3d10 zombies from the city proper investigating. At first, it will be strictly Sprinters, however, after 15 minutes, it will be a mixture of frenzied, normal, and Sprinters.

While Texas Tech may be a treasure trove, it's guarded by a daunting amount of the Risen.

The City of Lubbock

With an estimated Pre-Rising population of over 200,000, the disaster at the nearby university meant that Risers were spilling into the city in large numbers within hours of Zero Hour. Troops from nearby Fort Hood were mobilized quickly, but arrived too late to do much more than create cordons around the city, although First Cavalry Division did drop almost a hundred soldiers into the city via helicopter to try to create refugee stations.

Within four hours, crowds as large as 100 of the Risen moved through the streets and by T+6 Hours the police department were mowed under. Emergency services collapsed on the fifth hour, and hospitals began falling before nightfall. Troops moved in to hold the hospitals were forced to either abandon them, or clear them floor by floor, weld shut and blockade the doors and windows, and only allow patients to be flown in via helicopter.

For many of the population, the sight of the military forting up caused them to either react violently against the remaining police and the entrenched soldiers, to fort up themselves, or flee the city. Approximately 70,000 people attempted to flee, and over a third of those people died within two hours of fleeing the city from blood loss and injuries.

On the outsides of the city, the water became contaminated, by chemicals from an unknown source, making the drinking water completely undrinkable during the first night. Rumor states it was deliberate, an act by a terrorist or the government depending on who you ask. The truth is unlikely to ever be known, just that the water supply for the northern outskirts was chemically contaminated, and those who drank it were driven insane and suffered psychosis, loss of mental faculties, and delirium and tremors.

By the third day, the city was more or less completely in the grip of anarchy. The Risen gathered outside of barricaded buildings where small groups of survivors were holed up. The people learned that a bite was a death sentence, and the rule of the gun became a way of life.

Gunshops, liquor stores, jewelry retailers, survival equipment stores, shopping centers, hardware stores, all were looted quickly, and often time sloppily, by various groups. Over half of the people who attempted to leave their barricaded safehouses and scavenge were killed. Over a third of those barricaded safehouses fell when they were unable to keep the Risen from entering after allowing people to leave.

The military tried several times to move into the city and evacuate citizens, but were forced to stop on the seventh day due to mounting casualties. Sunrise Canyon Hospital was abandoned by the military, and everyone still living were successfully evac'd with the soldiers. The heavily fortified hospital is completely empty of the living and the dead, and travelers who go to the hospital will see where over 3,000 dead had been thrown from the roof to the ground below. The Risen have more or less stopped gathering around the hospital by day twelve, only those whose overwhelming urge was to reach the hospital and who have not been distracted since are still wandering around the parking lot.

In several places active duty soldiers from Fort Hood, and National Guard/Reservists attempted to form a blockade in the middle of a main thoroughfare in order to keep the large crowds of Risen from sweeping around the city at will. Most noticeable were the outposts on Hwy 289, with cordons on overpasses of the highway. However, the military pulled out of those outposts after the highway was overrun on the ninth day. Luckily for explorers and survivors, heavy vehicles like armored hummvees and Bradley Armored Fighting Vehicles were often left behind in just under half of the outposts. Each outpost is surrounded by empty vehicles as well as a pile of bodies, where those bitten were shot, or the Risen killed and tossed over the side.

The Airport

In the first 12 hours saw the complete air-travel ban come into force. National Guard and Reserve were ordered to take

control of airports, and air force jets were given permission to attack any aircraft that disobeyed the ban on air travel. With fears of an epidemic or a massive biological weapons attack sweeping most governments, all flights were grounded and any airborne flights were ordered to land at the nearest airfield. Flight 148 from Alpha Airlines outside of Des Moines, Iowa, disregarded orders to land immediately and was seen on camera being shot down with an air to air missile from an F-22.

Five jets attempted to take off during the second day, after waiting on the tarmac and seeing people torn limb from limb by the Risen. Each one was blown up on the tarmac after a single warning by Air Force jets that were enforcing the no-fly ruling.

During the first night, a large group of Risers, several thousand strong, followed law enforcement officers who were the few survivors of an attempt at quelling what the officials were still calling "civil unrest." The officers had seen their fellow men in blue pulled apart by a crowd that ignored teargas, water hoses, rubber bullets, and finally, even live fire. Pre-crowd control briefings had listed the airport, with its plentiful parking and large spaces, as the rally point in case the police were overrun. The police were expecting additional reinforcements, armored vehicle support, medical treatment, and re-supply.

All they got was trapped inside the main terminal when the Risers swept into the building.

Roughly 4,500 people were killed at the airport. Some fled back onto the airplane, and in six cases they managed to shut the door before any of the Risen gain entry to the airplane itself. Two of these were destroyed on the runway the following morning. However, the other four took a risk on the fourth day, when everyone was dying of thirst, and managed to take off.

This led to the Texas Air Guard bombing the runways to stop any other takeoffs at the direct order of the Governor of Texas. This did nothing but ensure the remaining 8 planes full of passengers either crashed when attempting to take off, turned into abattoirs when a dead

passenger Rose, or were the center of a slaughter when passengers attempted to leave.

The airport currently has several 767's, 787's, and other aircraft attached to the terminals via umbilical. There are 2-dozen small private aircraft, and 9 unattached jumbo jets.

By Day 11, all of the passengers on board the planes are dead.

The Ambush

The two fire engines are facing one another. The one on the right has a hose partially unwound. There are usually 2d6+4 normal zombies lurking about the fire engines.

The brown building to the north of the fire engines is a badly scorched and burnt out Maxi-Mart. There is little, if anything to find within the building, and searching will attract 1d6 normal zombies every minute.

The gray building north of the police car is a large bookstore. It's been trashed more than looted, and at one point the automatic sprinklers have turned on and soaked down the majority of the books. There are 3d10+15 normal zombies, 2d6 children, 1d4 memory enhanced zombies in the store, wandering about or sitting in the piles of book, slowly and tiredly battering a book on the shelves and piles of books.

The grey building to the south is a large auto-parts store. It has been heavily looted, but there aren't any Risers within the building. The back room is barricaded off and contains:

- 12 cases (12 each case) of MRE's.
- 4 cases of 24 bottles of water.
- 3 sleeping bags
- \$5,400 in various bags
- 3 adult women chained to an axle.
- 2 prepubescent children chained to engine blocks.
- 6 mastercraft automobile toolkits
- 6 sets of handcuffs.
- 1 television hooked into an antenna
- 1 military radio.

The women and girls will beg anyone who enters to rescue them, and have obviously suffered physical and sexual abuse. There is

the headshot corpse of a young woman tossed in the corner.

The ruined building below the fire-trucks has burnt to the ground, and is nothing more than tumbled wreckage. Before it burnt down, it was a public library.

Gene Morris (Tough Ordinary 5): CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d10+5; HP 33; Mas 13; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 13, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +3 class, +1 equipment); BAB +3; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d6+1/19-20, Knife), or +3 ranged (2d8+0, Winchester .30-.30 Lever Action); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +1; AP 2; Rep +1; Str 12, Dex 11, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 8.

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

Skills: Craft (mechanical) +5, Craft (structural) +6, Drive +5, Hide +2, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (Current Events) +3, Knowledge (Streetwise) +3, Listen +2, Move Silently +2, Profession +2, Spot +6, Survival +2

Feats: Alertness, Brawl, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy

Talents (Tough Ordinary):

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Knife, Winchester .30-.30 Lever Action, 65 .30-.30 shells, canteen, binoculars, handcuffs, 1 CS grenade, work boots, keys to the back room of the auto-parts store.

Appearance: Gene is a skinny little weasel, with a pointed face and beady little eyes. He slobbers often when he speaks, and is dressed in filthy jeans and flannel shirt.

Combat: Gene prefers to strike from hiding, killing male targets first, and trying to shoot women in the legs. If Buford is in danger he will run to help his friend, but if he is wounded he may try to run back to the back room of the auto parts store and use the women as bargaining chips.

Personality: Gene is a slimy little predator. When the Rising occurred, he was out on bail after his daughter told the police that he had been molesting her. He sought out his ex-wife and daughter, and broke both of their legs and let the Risers eat them. He hooked up with his high-school buddy Buford, and together they make a good team. Gene likes ambushing those stronger than him and tormenting those weaker than him. Every time he's been caught stealing, or accused of rape, he blames the victims rather than himself, and feels that the whole world owes him a living.

Buford Vincent (Tough Ordinary 6): CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 6d10+6; HP 39; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 15, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +3 class, +1 equipment); BAB +4; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d6+1/19-20, Knife), or +6 ranged (2d8+0, M-16A2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +2; AP 3; Rep +2; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 12.

Occupation: Law Enforcement (Intimidate, Knowledge [Streetwise])

Skills: Climb +2, Craft (mechanical) +4, Craft (structural) +4, Drive +4, Hide +4, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (Streetwise) +5, Listen +2, Move Silently +4, Spot +5, Survival +3

Feats: Alertness, Brawl, Improved Brawl, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy

Talents (Tough Ordinary):

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Knife, M-16A2 with 3 full magazines, work boots, handcuffs, pepper spray, taser, compass, map of Lubbock, keys to the back room of the auto parts store, 2 CS grenades, 9mm Glock with 2 clips, greasy pants, keys to the police cruiser.

Appearance: Buford is fat and slovenly, with greasy hair and unwashed skin covered with sores and pimples. His shirt is greasy, and he has a "NW TEXAS CHAMP" belt buckle he shot a man for Zero Hour, since he always wanted one. Buford has acted as a crooked Private Investigator for the last 3 years since leaving high school, often robbing clients or telling his buddy Gene about easy marks.

Combat: Buford is a fan of Soldier of Fortune magazines, cop shows, and has a tendency to stand out in the open shooting as his targets. He'll abandon Gene to his own fortunes if it looks like Gene's in trouble. Out of cruelty and spite he fed his elderly mother to a pack of Risers, as well as stole the cop car, raped and killed the woman in the back, and keeps it close in case things go south. He's told Gene that it's out of gas, but it really has $\frac{3}{4}$ of a tank.

Personality: Buford is a bully, plain and simple. He likes to pick fights and hurt people, and often ambushes them if possible. He prefers his women screaming and crying, and likes prepubescent girls for reasons too disgusting to list here. Buford will run if the slightest heavy fight is put up.

Cop Car: In the trunk of the police cruiser, which Buford hasn't even checked, is: A tactical vest, a 12 gauge Mossberg shotgun with 2 boxes of 20 rounds, a gas mask, a riot shield, a baton, a first aid kit, an EMT backboard, a defibrillator, 4 stuffed bears, a spare tire, and a roadside repair kit.

Rosalinda Sternmeyer (Fast Ordinary 1/Charismatic Ordinary 3): CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d8+1 plus 3d6+3; HP 20; Mas 12; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 15, touch 15, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +4 class); BAB +1; Grap +0; Atk +0 melee (1d6+-1, weapon), or +2 ranged (1d6+0, weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +2; AP 2; Rep +2; Str 8, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 16.

Occupation: Blue Collar (Drive, Repair, Ride)

Skills*: Balance +5, Diplomacy +6, Drive +9, Handle Animal +6, Hide +3, Knowledge (Current Events) +8, Knowledge (Popular Culture) +8, Listen +3, Move Silently +3, Profession +5, Repair +2, Ride +7, Spot +3, Tumble +2

Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy

Possessions: None

**Rosalinda's skills are not fully fleshed out.*

A ranch girl who was attending college for her freshman year, Rosalinda barely made it out of the Texas Tech Massacre, and hid out in a small house just outside the city limits. When she saw Buford cruising toward the city in the police car, she ran out to wave at him. Buford got out smiling, and when he threw a protective arm around her, he TASER'd her.

She's been in their possession the whole time, and has retreated into herself. She suffers from PTSD, night terrors, and depression.

Appearance: Rosalinda stands at five foot four inches, and has been starved down to 85 pounds. She has long blonde hair that is filthy and tangled and crusted with grime and worse. She has a little rose on her ankle that is obscured by grime. Gene cut off her right nipple the day before the PC's find her.

Charlene Donner (Smart Ordinary 3): CR 3; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+3; HP 14; Mas 12; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 11 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +1 class); BAB +1; Grap +0; Atk +0 melee (1d6+-1, weapon), or +2 ranged (1d6+0, weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +3; AP 1; Rep +1; Str 8, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 15.

Occupation: Student (Knowledge [Art], Knowledge [Popular Culture], Research)

Skills: Computer Use +6, Craft (writing) +4, Decipher Script +2, Knowledge (Art) +7, Knowledge (Popular Culture) +7, Research +3

Feats: Defensive Martial Arts, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Studious

Talents (Smart Ordinary):

Possessions: None

**Charlene hasn't been given all due feats and skill points*

A high school student, Charlene managed to hide out and survive until two days ago, when Gene grabbed her while she was looking for cans of soda or a snack

machine inside the auto-parts store. Since then, she's been burned with cigarettes and violently and sadistically raped to break her spirit. She's beginning to become anti-social and sociopathic. She fantasizes and dreams about killing her two captors and eating their eyes, as well as castrating them with her teeth and fingers.

Appearance: Charlene is five foot three, one hundred and ten pounds, and fourteen years old. Her blue eyes are becoming more and more soulless as time goes on, and her brown hair is limp and dirty. Her body is covered in cigarette burns, bruises, and scrapes. Buford cut off all the toenails on her left foot the first day she was caught.

Note: She will break and run from the PC's at the first opportunity, eventually gaining levels in Feral Child, and then Den Mother. Should the PC's not "rescue" her or manage to recapture her, she will eventually head a Wolf Pack, 16 members strong, ruled over by her iron fist.

Jolene Bethsdon (Tough Ordinary 3): CR 3; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d10+6; HP 23; Mas 14; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +2 class); BAB +2; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6+1, weapon), or +2 ranged (1d6+0, weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +1; AP 1; Rep +1; Str 12, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 13.

Occupation: Rural (Handle Animal, Ride)

Skills: Climb +4, Concentration +3, Craft (mechanical) +4, Craft (structural) +6, Drive +1, Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (Current Events) +4, Knowledge (Popular Culture) +4, Knowledge (Streetwise) +4, Read/Write Language +1 (English, French), Ride +4, Speak Language +1 (Engl), Spot +2, Survival +2, Swim +3

Feats: Athletic, Brawl, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Track

Possessions: None

Jolene has been in Gene's possession since the second day. After he killed his wife and "big mouthed" daughter, Jolene was next on his list. A neighbor woman who had testified against him, when she answered the door, Gene hit her in the face with a baseball bat, raped her unconscious body, drug her out to her car, and threw her in the trunk. She's been sadistically and brutally defiled, made to act out the two men's most perverted desires, and has been used hard and often. Despite the fact she's in her mid-30s, she is by far the two men's "favorite" due to the fact she often begs for it when they come close.

Jolene is a tough woman who has survived solely on the thought that sooner or later her captors will get sloppy and she'll be able to kill them. She stays subservient and acts "wanton" to ensure that her two captors will choose her rather than one of the other two women, or God forbid, the kids.

Appearance: A buxom and lush woman, she would be described as "plus sized" quite easily. Her red hair hangs down to her wide waist, and she keeps her blue eyes downcast. She is quite an attractive woman despite the stretch marks adorning her breasts and stomach. Her captors keep her naked. She stands 5 foot 10 inches tall, and 210 lbs. She managed to spike the coffee, brewing it with battery acid, and will wait to see how her "rescuers" behave before she decides whether or not to serve a "warm cup of joe."

Note: Jolene is close to Hero class, having her Ordinary Template removed for her actions in keeping the other women safe; sharing the food she is given with the other women, and her watchful attitude for the slightest chance.

Becky Stanton (Child): CR 1; small humanoid; HD 1d4; HP 3, Mas 11; Init +0; Spd 20 ft; Defense 11, touch 11, flatfooted 11 (+1 size); BAB +0; Grap -2; Atk -2 melee (1d2-2, Fist); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Small sized; AL None; SV Fort +0, Ref +1; Will +0; AP 3; Rep +0; Str 7, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 15.

Occupation: Student (Computer Use, Knowledge (Current Events), Knowledge (Popular Culture))

Skills: Computer Use +1; Hide +1; Knowledge (Current Events) +0; Knowledge (Pop Culture) +1; Listen +2; Move Silently +1; Search +0; Spot +2

Feats: Attentive

Possessions: None

Becky Stanton was grabbed recently, and has been abused to the point where she just lays curled up in a ball. Her captors have performed unspeakable acts upon her, and she is Buford's favorite beyond Jolene. She'll react violently to the touch of any male, screaming, kicking and hitting. As soon as she gets the chance, she'll break away from any rescuers and run screaming down the street. Should she escape, the Risers that swarm the streets of Lubbock'll probably eat her. Best-case scenario, she'll be recruited by a Wolf Pack.

Appearance: Becky Stanton was born cute, and her parents capitalized on that by entering her in beauty pageants since she was a toddler. With curly blond hair, blue eyes, and a cupid face, she's won countless pageants. Treated more as a living doll or objects, when her father passed out at the wheel after being bitten and crashed into a guardrail, she wandered around for a few hours, and was grabbed by Buford, who recognized her from a magazine he'd read in the Parole Office a few months before.

Haylee Quinten (Child): CR 1; small humanoid; HD 1d4+1; HP 4, Mas 12; Init +1; Spd 20 ft; Defense 12, touch 12, flatfooted 12 (+1 size, +1 Dex); BAB +0; Grap -2; Atk -2 melee (1d2-2, Fist); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ Small sized; AL None; SV Fort +1, Ref +2; Will +0; AP 3; Rep +0; Str 7, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 14.

Occupation: Rural (Balance, Climb, Personal Firearms Proficiency)

Skills: Balance +1; Climb +1; Hide +2; Knowledge (Current Events) +0; Knowledge (Pop Culture) +0; Listen +0; Move Silently +2; Search +0; Spot +2

Feats: Stealthy

Possessions: None

A recent capture, Buford spent several days bound and determined to catch the "little rug-rat" who he kept seeing around. Small, nimble and quick, Haylee managed to elude him for almost 3 days, and was caught only after Gene threw one of the tear gas grenades that the two had looted off the bodies of dead soldiers. A fighting, biting, kicking, screaming machine, Haylee is currently sporting a broken jaw, four missing teeth, a broken hand, and a broken left leg. She's had to been beaten nearly to death each time Buford abused her.

Appearance: Brown haired with brown eyes, standing at four foot six and weighing sixty pounds, Haylee is covered in scrapes, bruises, blood, and scars from her previous scrapes. She stares at anyone who approaches her, and lunges at them trying to bite them.

Note: Haylee will bide her time, waiting for the best time, cut the throats of any males, and scurry off. If she gets a chance to escape that is too good to pass up, she'll run even if she doesn't get the pleasure of drinking their blood. Haylee is an amoral sociopathic little girl who is hell bent on surviving at whatever cost to others.

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