

Year of the
DIARY
ZOMBIE
Fleshmongers



By Tim Willard

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Fleshmongers

FLESHMONGERS

A Year of the Zombie Sourcebook

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[Author's Foreword: This was a tricky sourcebook to write. Slavery is unpleasant, brutal, and disgusting. As a 21st Century citizen of the world, I deplore slavery and find it barbaric, savage, ignorant, and a violation of basic human rights. This book is to in no way glorify slavery or sing its praises, nor excuse it for modern societies. By writing this book, I'm not condoning slavery, saying that nations should return to it, or calling it a good and wonderful thing. Slavery is the ultimate expression of the strong dominating the weak, and stripping away the rights and the basic humanity of other people.

However, in the world of Year of the Zombie, and many other post-apocalyptic settings, slavery, and slavers, would exist. In this sourcebook I'm not presenting happy African slaves singing songs as they merrily gather cotton while white-dressed supervisors look on with smiles and owners lounge about drinking iced tea and fanning themselves, I'm presenting everyday people repressed, murdered, abused, used, and discarded when they no longer have value. This book centers around the human filth that would gather people and sell them into bondage, the type of scum that kills half the family, then sells the survivors off, piece by piece, to the highest bidder, killing those they deem worthless or too much trouble.

This is a book of villains, their tactics, their methods, their equipment, and how they operate. No glory, no misunderstood diamonds in the rough, no showing a better society through slavery. I wholly suggest that the PC's be allowed to kill these assholes wherever they find them without feeling pangs of conscience or shades of grey. -T Willard]

INTRODUCTION

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Scum. It used to hide in the worst places, in the cesspools of civilization, and since the Rising, it's goddamn everywhere. Not your normal type of Pre-Rising scum either, that tried to keep its actions below the public radar, but the unrepentant, cruel, petty, greedy, and selfish, bragging over their crimes and pretending they are better than everyone else because they can victimize the weak.

Slavers are the worst. Preying on small convoys, wanderers and lightly defended communities, they grab what they want and often kill the rest. Sexual abuse, physical abuse, torment, cruelty, all of these are the hallmarks of a flesh peddler, of someone who uses the suffering of his fellow human beings to advance his own power and wealth. To slavers, rape is merely "trying out the goods" or "breaking them in," while torture for sport is a way to liven up an evening, and cruel games designed to denigrate and humiliate their prisoners are betting games.

Groups of slavers are usually made up of the scum of the earth, pedophiles, rapists, murderers (by the Post-Rising definition, since by the Pre-Rising definitions, aren't we all murderers?) and thieves, coldhearted killers who take whatever they want and have no qualms about abusing their fellow survivors. They don't care about for human life or dignity, seeing their fellow man as little more than trade goods for their own pleasure power and advancement.

We kill them whenever we encounter them. Becka has argued that the demand for slaves, the societies that desire slaves, the root cause, must be eliminated, but personally I believe that if we kill enough slavers, eventually people will become unwilling to trade in slaves. I believe it takes a certain kind of person to be a slaver, and those people, whether or not others are willing to buy slaves, will enslave people merely because it makes them feel more powerful than those around them.

We fight Wolf Packs in self defense, kill Raiders when they attack, but we track slavers like the rabid dogs they are and kill them, releasing and arming their victims and urging them to never allow themselves to be taken captive again.

I'm brutal about it, far and above what would have been considered police brutality back before The Rising, but slavers disgust me. I have no problem kicking a wounded slaver to death, shooting one in the kneecaps and letting the Rises bring them terror and pain, or hanging them by the neck in a slow knot to leave them kicking out their lives from a branch.

Kill them, and have done with it. Don't bother wasting a bullet on a wounded slaver - a percussion nail gun works just as well, or a knife slash across the belly to split them open. Their screams will attract Mister Hungry soon enough, and then the slaver can serve a purpose for a change.

Sam, from the Diaries of Becka

The Rising destroyed civilization. Not by itself, but combined with the resulting famine, disease, collapse of infrastructure, and loss of leadership, it spelled the death knell for society. With the loss of easily obtained gasoline, farming equipment, and other labor devices, many nascent kingdoms moved from mechanical labor to slave labor in order to fill the gap.

In a world such as Year of the Zombie, to the people who live in such a world, not all forms of slavery are evil or bad, and some kingdoms may have only slavery to make them seem cruel and callous to visitors. In some communities, slaves are well treated, pulled from "unskilled" sections of the population and provided with food, shelter, protection, a justified share of the food, and other amenities that they could otherwise not acquire. In these societies a "slave" is free to leave at any time, but they would take no more than they arrived with if they did so.

But, in many communities, slaves are nearly all gathered by the same amoral group of people, no matter what settlement the captives end up in, captured, imprisoned and sold by the same band of cold blooded opportunists who are willing to peddle in living, thinking human beings. These slaves become no more than property, cattle, to be abused as those in power see fit. While the above is somewhat of a benign form of slavery, more along the lines of communal living rather than anything evil, the majority of slaving settlements are far, far worse.

YEAR OF THE ZOMBIE

In other post-apocalyptic settings, slaves may be more common, as the Risers are not out to devour anyone who lets his guard down. In those settings, it may not be uncommon to see a slaver band walking along the trail with a chained line of 20-30 prisoners. Of course, they may be enslaving mutants, pure humans, or members of a different cult/city state. In most apocalyptic settings, slavery will rear its ugly head as people replace lost luxury and labor devices, with human sweat and blood.

It will become more and more common, as time goes by, to encounter bands of scum that have people held prisoner inside their vehicles, and saving people from slavers can become a full-time job for characters interested in bringing the world up from the grave and rebuilding it. From slaver camps, to slaving communities, to slaver convoys, the players and the PCs have their work cut out for them, with a good mix of combat, role-playing, tactics and just plain terror, with the Risers more than willing to eat the losers.



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APPEARANCE

The Better to Eat You With, My Dear...

The Kid was dressed in blood-spattered leathers, his long greasy hair hanging in front of his face, the diamond rings on his hands sparkling in the sun. He was kneeling, his hands holding the dirt in front of him as if he could keep himself from being hung by holding onto the earth itself. He'd vomited at least once during the trial, spattering his front, and threads of it still hung from his mouth. He'd also pissed his Levi jeans, the dark stain adding a pungent odor to his already overpowering body reek.

I slapped the barrel of my pistol across the side of his head, the thick grease in his hair smearing on the barrel of my police issue Glock, and he looked up with rage that quickly turned to fear.

"You. You're what, sixteen?" I asked him. His face had been stamped by the last four years with the stain of viciousness and brutality to simply make himself feel powerful. His leather jacket had "TOTAL BADASS" scrawled on the back in white paint, and he had barbed wire wound around the biceps and then sewn on. What a fucking punk. The Kid looked at me hopefully, but I could see the wheels turning in his scummy little brain. "You were about eleven when all this happened?" 'All of this,' as in the Rising, the years' of zombies devouring everyone in sight, of hard, brutal struggles out of darkness.

The little shit nodded again, the earrings in his ears jangling. He winced as a single pistol shot rang out and one of his former compatriots began screaming at the top of his lungs. A glance behind me showed that Buck had shot the man in the stomach and was busy wrapping a noose around the guy's neck. I turned back to the Kid, smiling, and he seemed to relax.

"When did you become one of these assholes?" I asked, still smiling. He shook his head and hawked like he was going to spit on me, and I slammed the butt of my pistol into his mouth, knocking the wad of phlegm and most of his front teeth down his throat. He tried to cry, curl up in a ball, crawl away from me, but I grabbed his greasy hair again with my gloved hands and yanked him up. "You will tell me."

"About a year ago, my moms and dads had died and the rest of the community threw me out, and it was either join them or..." His story choked off as I slammed the barrel of my pistol into his mouth again.

"The truth, you little scumbag." I used my best hard cop tone, my eyes boring into his. I gave him a few moments to quit snuffling.

"I got tired of my moms and dads making me tend to the garden and shit, and all those stupid sheep in the community talking big about getting things running, about trading, when they could have just taken what they wanted. They had guns." He smiled as if he were better than honest, hard-working folks who had managed to make a safe place from Mr. Hungry. I snarled and he flinched before he went on. "I got sick of being ordered around, so I killed my moms and dads, burned down their house, and escaped while everyone was trying to put out the fire. I left the gate open to distract them so I could make my getaway."

"GREG!" I shouted, not turning away. The Kid's face was flushed with pleasure and victory at getting back at those who had "abused" him. Greg came up in time to hear the last of the Kid's confession.

"It ain't like too many of them died. We went back there last month, and some of them sluts who wouldn't give me a second look didn't fuck no better than any other of the sheep and trash we scooped up before. Didn't die any different either!" The Kid said this last with a bloody grin that showed broken teeth.

"Hang his ass, with a slow knot," I said, standing and dusting off my hands. Greg nodded and grabbed the Kid's arm, wrenching it around behind his back and steering him off to the row of trees where most of the other slavers were hanging. I sighed, and moved to the next scumbag while the Kid screamed and twisted, not even glancing in the young punk's direction when Greg broke his arm with a dry snap. It was going to be a long day.

Sam, from the Diaries of Becka.

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Appearances can be important to a group of slavers. With everyone but their customers out to kill them (even Raiders feel no qualms about ambushing and killing slavers) smaller slaver groups depend upon appearing like normal groups of survivors in order to avoid being greeted with a barrage of automatic weapons fire.

A well-disguised slaver group can gain access to a fortified community, allowing the slavers to reconnoiter the defenses and weaponry of the settlement, and often grabbing slaves or destroying the community from within, with less fighting than if they had assaulted it from the outside.

With the majority of vehicles out there having been modified by their owners in order to provide protection from bullets and Risers both, it can be difficult to identify a slaver vehicle relying only on visuals, but some things may give clues.

- Hasps that only lock from the outside
- Manacle racks mounted in the beds of trucks
- Excessive amount of law enforcement vehicles (Sadly enough, the prisoner holding areas of police cruisers and prisoner transfer wagons are nearly custom built for slavers)
- Excessive numbers of unarmed people within the convoy

Slavers prefer former law enforcement vehicles such as cruisers, off road vehicles, prisoner transport wagons, and SWAT transports. They commonly raid former police station armories for equipment and body armor, though the pickings are slim at best as far as gaining hardware, as it was deployed during the Rising in an attempt to protect the citizens of the local residential areas.

A very few slave groups will scavenge military bases, preferring to avoid the heavily infested areas, most of which seem to have a high preponderance of sprinter zombies. They rarely hoard any military equipment they acquire, preferring to use their best weaponry in the opening engagements in order to quickly cow their targets into submission.

Usually, however, slavers cannot be detected until they attack a settlement, unless they have been tracked for a distance after being identified or having previously attacked a settlement or group of survivors. Occasionally a slaver group will have identification markers, to identify other members of a large organization or to strike fear into their victims.

Identification markers go from simple tattoos on one cheek to elaborate dress codes, to carrying a medallion or other token beneath their clothing. However, one way to be certain that a group is comprised of slavers is when the group in question has multiple prisoners who are ill-treated and disarmed, often shackled or chained inside a vehicle or cage. One sure way to tell a slaver's vehicle is by the smell. For some reason it smells of something that can only be described as despair, as if the tears and fear of those taken captive had soaked into the metal and upholstery itself. The miasma of blood, feces, fear, sweat, and death hangs around such vehicles like a cloud, detectable at 10 paces even by those with a bad sense of smell. Slavers are unconcerned about personal hygiene to say the least, often not caring about how badly they smell, and will wear clothing that they consider either stylish or projecting a certain macho image. Leather is a popular favorite, as it has a long legacy of being worn by tough guys and outlaws in common media. Jewelry taken from abandoned jewelry stores, looted from corpses, Risers, or those enslaved, is fairly common; it is often used as a form of hard cash, easy to trade for things that a slaver would want.

SYNCHRONIZE WATCHES. WE ATTACK IN THREE HOURS

Buck gave them a single chance to surrender, telling them to release their hostages or die. The reply was a fusillade of bullets that bounced off the thick armor of the Bradleys. Someone down there popped out of the top of an old City Transit bus and opened up a LAW rocket. Before he could bring it up to his shoulder, Greg's silenced M-4 made that weird whistling noise and the man's throat blew out, the LAW rocket flying into the air. The M-203 mounted beneath the M-4 made that thump and the bus nearly blew in half as the 40mm grenade detonated inside. A single arm flew from the gunner's hatch cut in the roof of the bus and disappeared into the brush.

All eight Bradleys opened up. Two of the Bushmaster cannons had been replaced by GE Miniguns we'd salvaged off a military security robot in Yakima, and they sounded like a god passing gas. Armor sheered off the vehicles, and a limousine exploded as the Bradley's main gun hit it square. Sure, it had been armored according to politician/celebrity needs, but we packed military-grade weaponry, not garbage scavenged from a pawnshop.

Less than thirty seconds of sustained fire, and it was over. When the Slavers came staggering out of vehicles with their hands over their heads, Greg shot them as I called them out. Those who fell to their knees and cried for mercy received a bullet or were hung from the neck, left kicking and choking their life out as we drove off, not bothering to shoot the Risers that were gathering.

Sam, from the Diaries of Becka

All slavers have certain tactics. These tactics are based around quick subjugation of a target, followed by rounding up those that will bring a profit. There are minor variations according to the various slaver organizations and bands, but for the most part, slavers follow fairly predictable tactics. Slavers would rather face as little opposition as possible when attacking, and so prefer to have their opponents outnumbered at least 10 to 1, with the more the better.

When things look dire, slavers will often break up into small groups and run for it, in an "every man for himself" strategy, or attempt to surrender, hoping to ambush their opponents when they come to accept the slavers' surrender.

Reconnaissance: The first thing most groups do is a quick recon of the target. This can be as simple as checking over a convoy or a group of travelers with a pair of binoculars, or as complex as coming in pretending to be travelers to watch guard patrols, examining weaponry available to guard forces, the condition of defenses, and potential pickings. Recon activities are designed to estimate the amount of resistance a group or settlement can put up against a slaver attack, as well as pinpoint any loot or flaws in the defenses.

Probing Attacks: Whilst not all slaver groups perform probing attacks, the more experienced and disciplined slaver groups will use this tactic against well-armed convoy groups or heavily-defended settlements in order to take the measure of their target. This involves sending out a few snipers and a lightly armed vehicle to take a few shots at the settlement/convoy, in order to judge the speed and effectiveness of their counterattack capability, and also to gauge/observe the target's response patterns. Probing attacks provide slavers a lot of information, including where their targets have a tendency to bunch up and what might be the best way to "trim the herd" and grab slaves without engaging the entire group.

Inside Job: Many times, with a settlement or large, heavily armed convoy, a slaver group will send a few people to attempt to join and mingle in the settlement. Those who gain access to the target are expected to perform sabotage and place necessary explosives. Once the slavers outside attack, the inside personnel are expected to attack the defenders at key locations in order to allow the slavers to quickly and easily overcome resistance.

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Dropping the Bomb: Some of the larger slaver groups will use artillery and mortar systems to “soften up” certain targets. Mainly used against walls, indirect fire allows a slaver group to pound a target with a moderate degree of accuracy, killing or suppressing defenders while the wall is being breached. Some slaver groups use tear gas artillery and mortar weapons, or 40mm M-203 tear gas rounds to further weaken defenders.

Diversions: Setting fire to grain storages/supply areas, burning buildings, poisoning water supplies, torturing scouts in full view of a settlement - all of these are designed to give the defenders something to think about in addition to the attacking slavers, or to weaken their will and ability to fight. Also covered in the diversion section is having a small force attack, usually with grenade launchers and automatic weaponry so that they appear to be a larger group than they are, while the larger force sneaks up and engages at close range or from a superior position.

Overwhelming Firepower: Slavers prefer to have their victims outgunned, plain and simple. They rarely hold any heavy weapons in reserve, instead choosing to open up with everything they have in order to convince their prey to quickly surrender when given the chance.

Ambush: The favorite tactic of a slaver group is to lay in wait for their victims to come to them. Through the use of scouts, who carefully watched a target group for a set period of time, the slavers will be sure of the number and have a rough estimate of the firepower of that group. They prefer heavy cover, such as ruins or rocky terrain, elevation, and, preferably, the sun to their backs. Heat absorbed and released by asphalt, concrete, or rocks will mask their heat signatures from thermal sights, and the stone will give them excellent protection. Landmines and Molotov cocktails are also a favorite of slavers, as well as weakening a section of roadway or a bridge in order to trap vehicles.

For the most part, however, slavers are sloppy and uncoordinated – they rarely using interlocking fields of fire, are prone to rattling off their magazines with full auto fire (whether or not they have the appropriate feats), and toss grenades or Molotov cocktails willy-nilly without regard to target acquisition and identification. Friendly fire kills a few slavers on every raid (sometimes it's used to settle old scores between slavers) but this is acceptable, as long as they get their victims.

Once the attack is over, the true horror begins, as the group checks the survivors and decides who is worth selling later and who is worth only a bullet or a quick slash with a knife. Slaver groups have to work quickly, as the sounds of combat quickly draws any Riser within hearing range to the battleground, and thus only a small portion of the force is relegated to the tasks of looting and choosing slaves.

The target group's vehicles/dwellings are quickly tossed (Search checks) and only obvious wealth (such as jewelry, ammunition, weapons, food, body armor, precious metal, working electronics) is taken. Some slaver bands burn the buildings and vehicles they are forced to leave behind, while others booby trap them or just leave them behind untouched. Occasionally travelers will come across what looks like a pristine town, abandoned in mid-meal, with no sign of anything having happened. Often, this is the work of slavers, who swept in under the cover of darkness and used non-lethal methods to quickly surprise and subdue the population before carting them off.

The young and hearty are kept, unless it appears they will be too much trouble or have too much attitude. The elderly are often shot or just left behind, and children are rounded up. People who are sick, or who appear physically weak, will also be discarded or slain, or often left tied up for the Risers to feast upon, but only rarely will slavers allow those they do not take to go free.

The slaves are forced to strip naked, and given a quick visual once over to check for any obvious deformities, injuries or sickness, and then are shackled in some way. This can be through a choke-chain, handcuffs, plastic restraints, a simple rope, or chained around the waist. The newly acquired slaves are quickly loaded into transport vehicles and secured so that they cannot escape.

A slave, once captured, can expect short meals, usually only enough to keep him alive, along with constant threats and physical abuse. Slaves who stare directly at their captors, or who get

mouthy, can expect severe punishment; sometimes the slavers will even kill them for the simple crime of looking at them out of the corners of their eyes.

During the trip they are kept under close guard, fed little, and often beaten and abused as they are taken somewhere to sell. Roughly a third of all captured people are killed during transit, often from wounds or for sport. During hot weather, this percentage can rise as high as 90%, as the vehicles are poorly ventilated at best, and open-topped transports leave prisoners exposed to the sun.

This treatment lasts until the slavers arrive at either their base of operations or a settlement where they may be able to sell the slaves, if the slaver gang does not just keep them for their own sport. There, things get far worse. The slaves are often stripped down so that potential buyers can examine them; buyers interested in sexual slaves are often allowed to "test drive the merchandise," while those who desire technically skilled slaves or manual laborers are given a demonstration of the slaves' abilities. Family units are broken up and spread out sometimes within a single town, other times over several towns.

Some buyers desire the slave's tongues cut out, the slaves hamstrung, or even their vocal cords sliced so that the slaves cannot "cause trouble" for their new owners. The slavers usually perform this action, often without the benefit of anesthetic, in front of the new owner, once payment is made.

If a slave goes for too long without being sold (s)he is often killed and left by the side of the road, rather than the slavers "bothering" to keep him/her alive.

Slaver Occupation

This illicit occupation centers on gathering slaves and controlling them.

Prerequisites: Age 18+

Skills: Choose 2 of the following as permanent class skills. If the skill you select is already a class skill, you receive a +1 competence bonus on checks using that skill.

Drive, Intimidate, Knowledge (Streetwise), Knowledge (Tactics), Spot, Survival

Bonus Feat: Select from one of the following:

Brawl, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Light Armor Proficiency, Track

Wealth Bonus Increase: +2

HAVE HIM BATHED ☼ AND BROUGHT TO ☼ MY CHAMBERS

It was a fairly nice settlement, walled, at the head of a valley, and in fact two apparent settlements, one at either end of a fairly large dam. They had agreed to let us spend a few nights inside, but we couldn't bring the vehicles inside. Despite their apparent harmlessness and what everyone else took as genuine friendliness, I didn't like or trust them, and urged that some of us stay behind with the vehicles.

Sylvia was still recovering from her sickness, and Becka was nearly too pregnant to walk, much less move quickly in case of an emergency. Cindy volunteered to stay behind, and Buck, Thomas, Greg, Tens, Robert and I all insisted that the other women stay also, as well as the men we weren't sure of. Something bothered me about that settlement, and my close friends understood that my instincts were often right. Buck and Greg could sense an ambush, and I took their instincts as valid, and out of respect, they did the same for my instincts.

The first thing I noticed was the lack of women moving around. My biggest clue that something was wrong was when a young boy shoved down a young girl, and when the girl shoved back, an adult smashed her across the face, breaking her nose and sending her sprawling, unconscious, to the pavement. The other was the fact that everyone who looked at us plainly, or stood in a doorway, or walked down the small streets, had crosses tattooed on their left cheek, and others did not. I could see Greg's knuckles whiten as he clenched his fists, and a muscle jumped on Buck's jaw as the young boy kicked the unconscious girl twice before running away.

"Racist, sexist, or both?" Tens murmured, sub-vocalizing for the tac-com. It was a trick we'd picked up in the long years we'd worn them, allowing us to communicate nearly silently. I nodded, and we all turned around, heading back toward the gate. My fingers began to itch and I could feel that oh so familiar tingling in my palms, as if they were yearning for the feel of the gun butt. I could hear Buck grinding his teeth over the tac-com, but worst of all, Greg was smiling and calm. Far too often that expression, so bland and unthreatening, was a prelude to shocking violence; that same peaceful smile never leaving his face as the blood sprayed and the screaming began. For some, PTSD centers around horrific scenes, mine centers around Greg's calm smile. The sight of a calm smile makes me edgy and nervous, hyper-alert and aware of everything.

"You would be not planning on leaving so early, would you, Brother?" The capitol B was plain in the way he spoke, and the man's face shown with fanaticism and zeal above the starched collar of the red cassock he wore. An artfully embroidered Christ on the Cross, adorned his left breast, but not the Christ I'd grown up with. This one had open eyes and an open mouth, and the embroiderer had managed to telegraph the sheer hunger of that blasphemous image in the stitches.

"We desire to bring trade goods..." Tens began, and the man glared at him before turning to me. I could see that vein begin to throb under the scar tissue on Buck's forehead. Greg was gazing around nonchalantly, but I knew he was automatically scanning escape and attack routes. Worse yet, the only way his smile could show more teeth were if he had a flip-top head. Thomas sneezed, drawing an automatic "Risen Lord bless you." from the man, who did not notice that Thomas had used the noise to mask the sound of his M-4 assault rifle being switched from safe to semi.

"Has this heathen been introduced to our Risen Lord?" The man asked, his eyes shining with zeal. I noticed with some disgust that he had begun drooling, and kept glancing at Tens' crotch. "I believe he may need time with the penitent, perhaps working in the gardens."

"Now." It was said perfectly conversationally, but firmly, and the man began to blink, but I had already drawn both my pistols, putting the first shot into the bridge of his nose from the left hand pistol, the slower hand, and the second shot into the throat of a man fingering the stock of a rifle.

We all exploded into movement, Buck telling Sylvia and Cindy to warm up the vehicles over the tac-com, and Greg calling out directions as we moved, his voice calm and seemingly detached from the man who was firing that M-4 in quick, controlled bursts that killed anyone the sights settled on. Somehow the man always knew which way we should go, and his directions were faultless, allowing us to avoid the frontal assaults of the hastily gathering militia, and hit them from the side or rear when we could not move around them.

We moved through the community like a scourge, Greg reloading on the move, Buck body-slinging his empty weapon and drawing that broadsword he'd taken from a museum, Thomas firing his Uzi into packed groups, Tens wielding a combat shotgun and putting bursts of 12 gauge rounds from the huge drum clips through doors that opened to reveal armed men. I kept pace, cleaning up and taking out the ones that appeared too quickly for the other's reflexes to get before they were a threat.

As we moved out of the town, Tens stopped long enough to shoot a slave foreman in the back of the head and toss the slaves the ring of Keys - not to set them free, but to cause more confusion as they escaped and ran amuck. One older woman saw my badge and began weeping, claiming that the US Government was finally taking back control, unaware that my jurisdiction only extended as far as my weapons could reach.

I wanted to stay and erase the fucking place from the Earth, using the mortars and rockets, but the others talked me out of it, and I settled for launching a couple of 40mm white phosphorus into the nicest looking houses from the Mark-19 on Sylvia's humvee as we left.

Bastard slavers.

Sam, from the Diaries of Becka

Slaves have many uses in Year of the Zombie. With the scarcity of fuel (or at least the gasoline, and the necessary infrastructure to produce it is guarded by hordes of zombies) and other modern conveniences, many fledgling societies revert to slavery. From house servants to field

workers to other uses, slavery exists in many communities, and has lost social stigma in those societies. People who would have decried slavery, bad working conditions, low pay, and the ill treatment of others sadly threw all of those values and morals away once the Rising occurred and their quality/standard of living was in danger.



There are different degrees of slavery, as shown in the sidebar, and the depth of slave use can affect the appearance/feel of a community. The erosion of the rights of a group of people gives an odd feeling to any visitors, who subconsciously understand that their own rights can quickly go the way of the slaves, and the community will undoubtedly do so if it is its best interest.

Slaves are used for everything from menial labor to highly skilled work, all the while watched over by foremen. Their diet is generally the bare minimum required to keep them healthy and working, their clothing is scant and/or easily identifiable in case of escape, and their shackles range from high-tech "shockers" to the old ball and chain setup.

Unskilled and skilled labor separates how slaves are treated. While unskilled slaves may be tasked to rewrap the wires on massive generators within an electrical plant, the skilled slave in charge of overseeing the running of the plant itself would have many more benefits that the unskilled ones do not. These are hardly slaves at all, and treated much better than even the common citizens, but they are such a value to the community that they are kept prisoner, carefully guarded, and still a slave, no matter how the cage is gilded.

The term "unskilled" has a different connotation than before the Rising. While high tech skills may be in demand in a few communities, for the most part, a person with a Master's degree in computer technology is more likely to spend his time pulling a plow or carving furrows with a stick than ever using his computer skills. Lawyers and politicians, unless they can maneuver themselves into leadership or power positions, often end up doing physical labor rather than their chosen profession. Experienced farmers, vets, plumbers, carpenters, electricians, and survivalists are more valued than people who studied literature, philosophy, history, or mythology.

SLAVERY DURING THE YEAR OF THE ZOMBIE

Slavery. The image brings forth lines of abused African-Americans, laboring in the hot sun, mistreated, abused, uneducated, and treated worse than draft animals. While that image is indeed slavery, it is not the only form of slavery, nor is it the worst type, that can occur in Year of the Zombie.

With the loss of gasoline and the difficulty in keeping draft animals alive (how hard is it? Risers don't eat animals...), human labor has replaced plow horses, tractors, etc in many nascent communities. With that fact of life, slave labor has made a fast comeback in virtually all settlements, bringing the caste system along with it.

Some slavery is relatively benign - people who have no skills to keep a community running and are unwilling to participate in its defense are relegated to the fields and manual labor. They are housed in barracks, fed from community mess halls, given low-grade clothing and not afforded with any rights toward decisions made in the community, but are free to leave at any time, though they will not receive any survival necessities.

The opposite end of the spectrum, and far more common than the system described above, is a living hell. Whipped, beaten, raped, tortured, or mutilated for amusement, hunted for sport, starved and denied even the barest semblance of human rights, these slaves live a nightmare existence. Surprisingly, some of the most enlightened appearing settlements have a dark and disgusting underbelly consisting of slavery of this type.

People can become slaves in many ways: from being born to a slave, captured by slavers, massive debt to the community, being of a different race or religion than the majority (or powerful minority) of a settlement, or just being a different sex. Many communities that have slaves base and excuse the practice of slavery by claiming that their slaves are less than human due to race or religious differences.

Some communities offer ways to leave the ranks of slavery, from earning it, to a time delay (e.g.: Every new citizen must spend six months as a slave in order to prove their willingness to support the community and to learn what it is like to be a slave), to developing skills that will enable them to advance upwards from the slave class.

With the collapse of the high technology resources that are the backbone of modern civilization, the more rural skills are in high demand. Some of the more ruthless slaver bands have a tendency to execute (or worse) those who have no easily traded skills. Slaves still cost money to feed and protect, and groups of people have a tendency to attract large hordes of Risers in some areas, so many slaver bands will execute those they do not feel have any value for them.

Sadly, women are always considered skilled, as are children. Only the old or the sick of those two categories are killed. Many women keep a few rounds in reserve, both for themselves and any children, preferring to die than fall into the hands of slavers.

In the more brutal societies, slaves will be treated worse than animals. Those societies should be presented to the PCs as a goal to wipe from the face of the earth. There will be NO redeeming qualities in such a society, with the slave owners being some kind of horrific parasite feeding off the lifeblood of the slaves. Some communities may even go so far as to eat the slaves who have lost their usefulness.

Communities care/guard their slaves in many different ways, from actually preventing the slaves from falling under attack by the Risers and being taken advantage of by less scrupulous members of the society to forced

separations to ensure that any slave revolt will take a horrible toll.

Slave barracks are often booby trapped in order to quickly kill any resisting slaves, although some slaver groups merely use knockout gas. The most common of these anti-revolt traps are explosives wired in the floors and walls that will explode and kill the revolting slaves. These barracks can be nothing but bare floors to a fairly nice apartment building that has been renovated to be clean and comfortable dormitories for slaves. Sadly, the latter is the exception rather than the norm.

Slaves are often separated by age, sex, helplessness, and importance to other slaves. Children, infants and pregnant women are often kept next to the guards, so that they can be massacred if a rescue attempt or a revolt takes place. The population of a slave barracks is often constantly rotated to keep a leader from cropping up, as well as often searched for any weapons or plans.

While some communities allow the slaves to remain clothed while in their barracks, other, harsher, communities require the slaves to be nude at nearly all times. Tools given out are kept close track of, and a single missing tool will result in an intensive and invasive search, and occasionally the "object lesson" of mass executions.

Communities with a higher technological base may utilize shock collars to instill obedience, as well as electrified fencing and alarm systems, but most communities merely rely on brutality and cruelty to make sure that the slaves are fully cowed and their spirit broken. Part of this is a substandard diet that only allows enough nutrients to survive and perform the selected chores.

Slaves are often required to do menial labor such as janitorial work, cooking, laundry service, digging, garden care, animal feeding, and such unskilled labor. Higher skilled slaves that do such things as work in a community's power plant, communications center, electrical grid, etc, are often closely guarded and afforded more luxurious living quarters and higher standard of living. However, those skilled people are still slaves and are often treated badly.

Freed slaves rarely go back to the way they once lived, and are either unwilling/incapable of surviving on their own and under their own direction, or they become fanatically self-sufficient and vengeance driven. Freed slaves are often both very subservient and willing to kowtow/toady up to the strongest member of a group, or extremely vicious and willing to go overboard in both force and self-reliance.

EMPTY YOUR POCKETS

Equipment

The corpse of the whole world is lying there for anyone to rummage through the pockets. With weapons, food, body armor and vehicles the highest priority, it can be difficult at best to gather up everything you want. Other scavengers and looters have undoubtedly gotten to an area first, and after awhile, it can be difficult to find objects to defend yourself with.

Below is a quick and simple way to determine individual slaver's equipment, as well as vehicle contents. For the most part, it is easily transportable loot, with a few items of personal interest, as well as weapons and ammunition and the tools of the slave trade. When creating a slaver, use the wealth bonus to choose a package from below:

Wealth 3-5

9mm Beretta with 1 clip; leather jacket; 3 cans of dog food; 2 bottles of water; worn boots; knapsack; 2 extra sets of poor condition clothing; knife; 2 cans of chili; 1 package of gum; 1 set of handcuffs; 1 pair of dirty socks; costume jewelry rings and earrings.

Wealth 6-10

12 gauge shotgun with 18 shells, leather jacket, leather pants, knife, 8 cans of food, 2 bottles of water, average quality boots, 3 sets of average quality clothing, 2 sets of handcuffs, 1 gold ring, 2 diamond earrings, knapsack, 22 loose rounds of various caliber ammunition.

Wealth 11-15

AK-47 with 6 clips, 2 fragmentation grenades, undercover vest, knapsack, LBE, Beretta 9mm with 4 clips, hand held TASER, MP-3 players with headphones, 3 fragmentation grenades, 4 MREs, 16 cans of food, can opener, 4 bottles of water, 1 tear gas grenade, gas mask, combat boots, extra set of hiking boots in backpack, 2 pairs of socks, 2 sets of clothing, box of wet-naps, 4 pairs of handcuffs, 1994 Dodge Caravan, one 5-gallon can of fuel.

Wealth 16-20

M-16A2/M-203 with 9 clips and two 40mm HE rounds, Glock 10mm with 5 clips, 2 CS grenades, 2 fragmentation grenades, special response vest, combat boots, brass knuckles, LBE, knapsack, 1999 Ford F-150 extended cab, knife, 8 pairs of handcuffs, 12 zip-tie cuffs, two 5-gallon cans of gasoline, 1 LAW rocket, 2 cases of 12 MREs, 24 cans of food, 6 gallons of water, 1 Geiger counter, gas mask.

Wealth 21+

M-4 assault rifle with M-203 grenade launcher with 12 clips and ten 40mm HE grenades, four 40mm CS grenades, two 40mm APERS grenades; Desert Eagle .50 with 4 clips; Interceptor Combat Vest; Ballistic helmet; 2 fragmentation grenades; 2 smoke grenades; 2003 State Patrol cruiser; 12-gauge Mossberg shotgun with 50 12-gauge shells; 12 pairs of handcuffs; 50 zip-tie cuffs; 1 Geiger counter; 1 gas mask; 12 CS grenades; 1 chemical suit; extra tactical vest; four 5-gallon cans of gasoline; 10 gallons of water; 10 cases of MREs, 72 cans of food; 6 K-9 shock collars with remote; Winchester 94 with scope and 45 rounds.

This is by no means a fully comprehensive list of what a slaver might have, but merely a quick and dirty system for determining the main contents of a group created "on the fly". Below is a random list of common possessions.

Table 1: Rarity

d100	Rarity
01-10	Rare
11-70	Common
71-95	Uncommon
96-100	Very Rare

Table 2: Common

d100	Item
01	Upgrade condition by 2
02	Upgrade condition by 1
03-05	Digital camera
06-15	Laptop
16-25	Jewelry
26-50	Electro-optical Binoculars
51-75	GPS system
76-90	Rangefinder
91-98	Expensive watch
99	MP-3 player/CD-player
00	Roll twice

Table 3: Uncommon

d100	Item
01	Upgrade Condition by 2
02	Upgrade Condition by 1
03-05	2 person dome tent
06-15	GPS locator with digital mapper
16-25	Flashbang grenades (1d4)
26-50	Lock release gun
51-75	Mastercraft First Aid Kit
76-90	K-9 shock collars (1d4) with remote controller
91-98	Pistol silencer
99	Night Vision Goggles
00	Roll twice

Table 4: Rare

d100	Item
01	Upgrade Condition by 1
02	Lineman's butt kit
03-05	Laser sight
06-15	M-79 grenade launcher
16-25	Pilot Survival Vest
26-50	Miniature water purifier
51-75	Expensive Jewelry
76-90	Surgical Kit
91-98	EMT Medical Kit
99	Night vision scope
00	Roll twice

Table 5: Very Rare

d100	Item
01	Roll Twice
02	Stinger Anti-Aircraft missile
03-05	Special Forces Field Dental Kit
06-15	Search and Rescue Kit
16-25	Demolition Kit
26-50	GPS Receiver with Inertia Mapper
51-75	Biochemical protection suit
76-90	Geiger Counter with Radiation Suit
91-98	Special Forces Field Surgical Kit
99	Solar battery re-charger
00	AT-4 Rocket Launcher

Common Vehicle Contents

Beginning group

Two 5-gallon cans of gasoline; basic mechanical tool kit; 6 pairs of handcuffs; pepper spray; 4 tear gas grenades; spike strip; bolt cutter; road atlas; 2 sleeping bags; 150 feet of nylon rope; 2 spare tires; repair manual; 2 person dome tent; portable stove.

Established group

Three 5-gallon cans of gasoline; deluxe mechanical tool kit; 12 pair of handcuffs; 6 spray cans of mace; 12 CS grenades; spike strips; bolt cutter; annotated road atlas; 6 sleeping bags; 2 cargo boxes; 200 feet of 100 lb test steel cable; 12 padlocks; 14 collars; 4 spare tires; repair manual with annotations; GPS system; 4 person dome tent; 2 person dome tent; portable stove; batter powered flood light (mounted); 4 gas masks; 20 chem-lights; 4 boxes of MREs; five 1-gallon containers of water.

Bola: Simply a strap with two weights, one on each end, that is thrown at a target to tangle up the legs or deliver dual concussions to the body or head, bolas are fairly common equipment with slavers. Anyone hit with a bola is treated as if they had just suffered a trip attack.

CO2 Netgun: Following the same basic principle as a potato gun, the weighted net is folded and pushed down the barrel. It takes 5 minutes to properly refold the net. The net has 5 hp and a 2 hardness, and anyone targeted by it must make a reflex check DC: 15 or be considered helpless.

Tangler bolt: Twin crossbow bolts side by side that when fired, slightly separate to drag a line in between them. This is often used to tangle the feet of targets. Those struck by this act as if they had just suffered a trip attack.

Tranq bolt: Essentially everything from a syringe taped to a crossbow bolt to high tech animal control tranquilizer darts, these munitions are used to deliver a dose of drugs to a target without causing too much harm.

Shockprod: Used to deliver a devastating jolt of electricity, a wielder attacks as if making a touch attack against the target. If the attack succeeds, the victim must make a Fortitude Save (DC: 15) or be helpless for 1 minute. If a natural 1 is rolled, the victim is knocked unconscious and must make a massive damage check or be reduced to zero hit points and knocked out.

Shock Collar: Formerly used on some pets to keep them within a certain perimeter or to train the animal to follow commands through negative reinforcement, shock collars are used on slaves for much the same purposes. . Each round the shock collar is activated, the wearer must make a Fort save (DC 15, +1/round after the first) or be considered helpless. Collars have hardness 2 and 5 hp. Break DC for a shock collar is 20, but the collar's anti-tamper circuitry will deliver a deadly jolt to both the wearer and the person trying to break it off. (2d6 HP per attempt, including a successful one)



Manacle Set: Unlike simple handcuffs or zip ties, these are steel cuffs that fit around the wrists and ankles, with a waist chain and sometimes a chain around the neck. A chain is run through the waist chain and attached to the manacles, forcing the wear to shuffle and rendering him unable to use his hands effectively. Manacle sets have hardness 7 and 10 hp. Break DC: 25 for the manacles. Failure has no penalties.

DON'T MESS WITH US MAN, WE'LL BUST YOU UP

Slaver groups

I was riding with Sylvia when we spotted them. Only six months into the Rising, but already it was starting. Law and Order was a forgotten concept, civility was dead, and everyone was grabbing what they could for themselves, no matter what they had been before The Rising. It was a rest stop, and Sylvia had paused about 100 meters down the highway, throwing the humvee into neutral and scanning the rest stop parking lot with her binoculars. I followed suit, the scene leaping to my eyes as if I were standing there.

Six men were dragging people out of a battered and blood-spattered school bus. Four people were down and dead; victims of headshots, and two of them were stripped naked. Eight more knelt on the hot tarmac, all of them naked, their hands cuffed behind their backs. Next to the bus were four State Patrol vehicles, but none of the six men were wearing police uniforms.

Sylvia threw the humvee into gear, and we rolled forward. She steered with her knees as she opened the windshield panel on her side and thrust the SAW out of it. The men looked up as the humvee rolled up, their expressions of surprise flickering in between terror and lustful anticipation, but before they could do more than react, Sylvia yanked back the trigger of the SAW and pulled it from left to right.

All six men went down, multiple rounds slamming into them and throwing them backwards. A woman screamed and tried to run, but a round caught her in the back of the head and evacuated her skull. Another man lost half his arm when he tried to run.

Despite the death and maiming that took place, the survivors were glad for our assistance, telling us that the men had been promising foul and loathsome punishments and actions, and spoke of selling them to another settlement. They refused to take any of the dead slavers' weapons when Sylvia and I suggested that they take them. Instead, they insisted that I stay to protect them.

They're probably slave's again.

Sam, from the Diaries of Becka

Humans are a pack animal, most comfortable in groups that are usually led by the strongest or most vicious. Some packs pull together for the mutual good, accepting new members eagerly, but others are only out for themselves and are only interested in power and pleasure.

Slavers run in gangs, individually cowardly but vicious in numbers; a slaver gang is often made up of the most ruthless, the most scummy, and led by the worst of the bunch. The leader inevitably rules through fear and brutality combined with a healthy dose of success. Leaders who are unsuccessful too often, or do not allow the rest of the group to engage in their desires often enough usually end up deposed through a bloody method.

Slaver gangs usually number from 3 people to nearly a hundred, roaming around in everything from scavenged pickup trucks held together by baling wire, twine and wishes to prison transports and armored vehicles. The size of a slaver group is usually a good indicator of how successful they are, as the smaller ones rarely make any large hauls or succeed in getting more for a slave than they expended in the effort to capture them and the resources to feed and protect them.

Smaller slaver groups are often wiped out, or the ultimate in irony, enslaved by larger groups.

Small Slaver Groups

These are little more than a few armed scumbags with a plan, a pickup truck, and a few rifles. They usually grab groups of unarmed people, or shoot to wound those they outnumber 2 or more to 1. They're unprofessional, and anyone who puts up too much of a fuss, or looks to be too much trouble, will be shot and dumped.

FLESHMONGERS

YEAR OF THE ZOMBIE

FLESHMONGERS

This group is usually vicious, careless, and sloppy, overconfident from hitting lightly defended or helpless targets, depending on threats of violence to control others.

Equipment	Maximum Wealth Bonus	Variance
Luxuries	15	+/- 3
Weapons	16	+/- 2
Vehicles	30	+/- 2

Month Zero

During this time, these slaver groups will first grab sex slaves and a couple slaves to do minor chores that are "beneath them," such as washing dishes, cleaning clothing and vehicles, cooking food, and the like. Usually a group of this size will have only one or two slaves who perform both duties. Most often the group will only have two medium-sized vehicles or one large one. For the most part, these groups inevitably make the mistake of biting off more than they can chew or getting into a bad situation that they don't have the firepower or gasoline to get themselves out of.

The Black Lake Boys

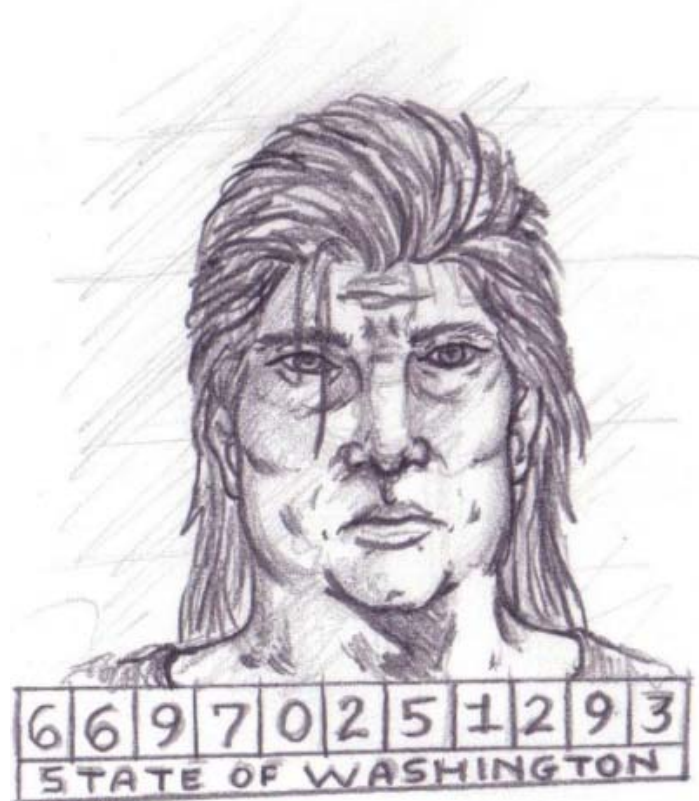
A group of four scumbags who managed to escape from a minimum-security jail during the hectic early days, the Black Lake Boys own a prisoner transport bus and a four-wheel-drive Chevy Blazer that was once part of the County Sheriff's Department. Dressed in leather jackets, Levi jeans, boots, and flannel shirts, the Black Lake Boys have turned to slavery out of a streak of cruelty and the fact that it makes them feel tough.

They commonly hit small groups of survivors attempting to run from a nearby city, taking them along in the prisoner transport until they can either trade them off or they get tired of them and kill them. The members of the Black Lake Boys are described below.

Lars Brester

Lars grew up in a middle class family, well treated by his parents, but he was still more willing to steal and lie than actually work for something. prior to The Rising occurring, he had been sentenced to a minimum-security facility for 10 years for child molestation and theft. When the Rising occurred, he spotted an unguarded prisoner transport, and led twelve men across the parking lot to it. Only he and three others survived the cannibal free-for-all in the parking lot, but they managed to escape. Lars enjoys taking slaves -, the younger the better - and is loathe to do any kind of hard work, preferring to abuse and harangue his slaves into doing the work for him.

Lars is an obese man, standing six feet tall and weighing in at 285 lbs. His hair is black, shoulder length and greasy, and he smells like an open grave. He wears an open leather vest, displaying the tattoo of a tiger's face on his chest,



YEAR OF THE ZOMBIE

ELISHMONGERS

and has "BEAT" tattooed across his right knuckles and "DOWN" across his left. He also has a single red teardrop tattooed next to his left eye. His nose is twisted and he is missing his front teeth. When leaving the group's vehicle, or capturing slaves/Risers, he wears a leather jacket festooned with chains that has earrings tipped with precious gems pushed through the leather.

He speaks with a sneer on his face and volumes of profanity, often using racial slurs.

Fast Hero 1 CR 1; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d8+3; HP 8; Mas 17; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 18, touch 17, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +4 Dex, +3 class, +1 equipment); BAB +0; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d4+2, Baton), or +4 ranged (2d6+0, 10mm Glock); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +0; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 17, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 12.

Occupation: Criminal (Disable Device, Knowledge [Streetwise])

Skills: Craft (mechanical) +2, Disable Device +4, Drive +6, Hide +6, Knowledge (Streetwise) +2, Profession +2, Sleight of Hand +6, Tumble +8

Feats: Brawl, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Two-Weapon Fighting

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Baton, 10mm Glock with 2 clips, 2 pair of handcuffs, pepper spray, knapsack with 2 cans of chili, 5 cans of mixed vegetables, 6 foil packages of dog food, 2 packages of meat-sticks, a instant camera, a booklet full of instamatic photos of his recent victims, a clean pair of socks, and a variety of hard core pornographic magazines of the worst type.

John Tasmith

A scrawny young man with shaggy blond hair, a tribal tattoo on the back of his neck and on both forearms, and "WEST SIDE POSSE" tattooed across his shoulder blade, Tasmith was convicted just before the Rising of multiple counts of assault and battery, rape of a minor, possession with intent to deal, assaulting a police officer, and several counts of rape. While awaiting transfer to Vossberg Federal Penitentiary, the Rising occurred and he was lucky enough to escape.

A homosexual pedophile of the worst sort, he could not care less whether his victim is alive or dead, and has begun to enjoy killing his victims toward the end of the act. He's a sleazy little pervert, a bully, and ultimately, a coward at heart. It was his idea to form the slaver gang, to take slaves to trade or abuse until they died.

During his trial, he claimed that he was sexually abused by both of his parents, when in fact he came from a lovely, caring home and his parents could not understand what went wrong with their son.



Tough Ordinary 1/Strong Ordinary 1 CR 2; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d10+3 plus 1d8+3; HP 17; Mas 16; Init -2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 11, touch 10, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, -2 Dex, +2 class, +1 equipment); BAB +1; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d4+3/19-20, Knife), or -1 ranged (2d6+0, 9mm Beretta); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +5, Ref -2, Will -1; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 17, Dex 7, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 9, Cha 13.

Occupation: Criminal (Disable Device, Gamble)

Skills: Bluff +3, Craft (structural) +5, Disable Device +8, Disguise +3, Gamble +1, Hide +0, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (Current Events) +5, Knowledge (Popular Culture) +5, Knowledge (Streetwise) +8, Move Silently +0, Profession +3, Spot +1, Survival +1

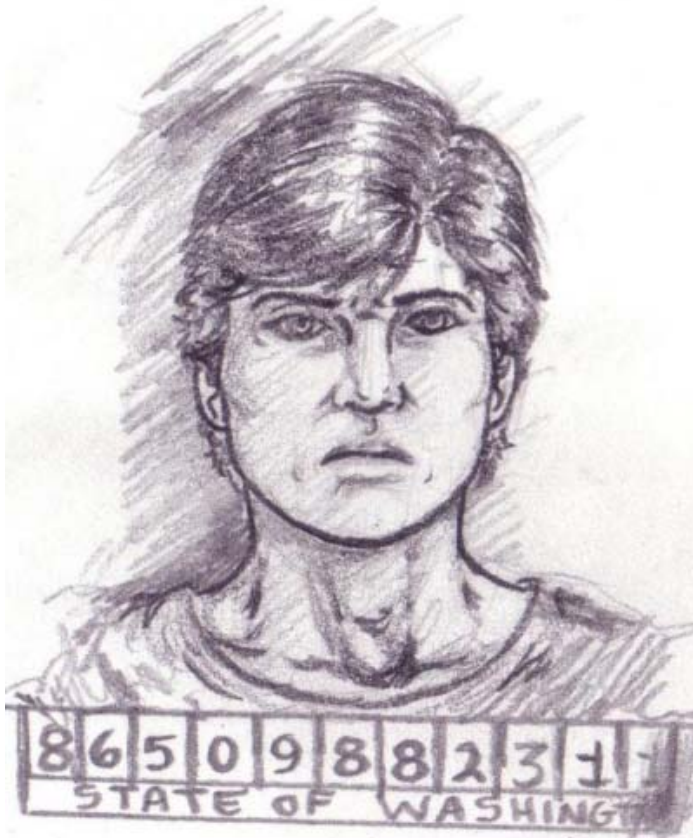
Feats: Deceptive, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Stealthy

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Knife, 9mm Beretta with two clips, TASER, 4 pair of handcuffs, pepper spray, knapsack with the following: 4 cans of beef stew, 2 cans of vegetables, 3 cans of ravioli, pair of extra socks, Rolex watch; binoculars, MP3 player and headphones, 2 cartons of cigarettes, and several butane lighters.

Harvey Stillman

Harvey's never seen anything he would rather work for than steal, be it material possessions, women, or credit. school he'd switch his tests with other people, beat up other kids for homework, steal lunch money and jewelry, and break into cars and lockers. At 19, Stillman is a young punk with no redeemable features, having been found guilty of breaking and entering, robbery, rape, and assault and battery just before the Rising occurred.

Stillman considers himself better than his fellows, but wisely keeps his mouth shut about his ideas. He plans on killing Finster the first chance he gets, since Finster raped him in their holding cell and insists on calling Stillman a "little punk," a "sweet little bitch," or a "baby-faced fag" all the time.



In

Fast Ordinary 1/Strong Ordinary 1 CR 2; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d8+2 plus 1d8+2; HP 14; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 16, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class, +1 equipment); BAB +1; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d4+2, Brass Knuckles), or +3 ranged (2d4+0, .22 Automatic); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will -1; AP 1; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 8, Cha 14.

Occupation: Criminal (Hide, Knowledge [Streetwise])

Skills: Balance +4, Craft (mechanical) +3, Craft (structural) +2, Drive +4, Escape Artist +4, Hide +7, Knowledge (Current Events) +3, Knowledge (Streetwise) +3, Knowledge (Tactics) +2, Listen +1, Move Silently +6, Repair +2, Spot +1, Tumble +6

Feats: Alertness, Brawl, Personal Firearms Proficiency

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Brass Knuckles, .22 Automatic; Wealth +6

Jack Finster

Jack was sentenced to 20 years for killing a homosexual man just for kicks, and was found guilty despite his claim that the other man had propositioned him. A bigot, racist, and woman hater, Jack Finster has always had a cruel streak that previously manifested itself as schoolyard bullying, fighting in bars, and woman beating. Jack considers himself a regular tough guy, a manly man, and a womanizer. He used to amuse himself making fun of Tasmith until the other man knocked out six of his teeth and broke a few of his ribs. Despite his bigotry, he holds his tongue around Tasmith, but looks forward to someday shooting "that gawdayum fahggawt."



Tough Ordinary 3 CR 3; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d10+3; HP 20; Mas 16; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 13, touch 12, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +2 class, +1 equipment); BAB +2; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6+1, Brass Knuckles), or +2 ranged (2d6+0, .38 S&W); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +3; AP 1; Rep +1; Str 13, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 13.

Occupation: Criminal (Gamble, Knowledge [Streetwise])

Skills: Craft (mechanical) +4, Craft (structural) +4, Gamble +3, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (Streetwise) +4, Survival +3

Feats: Brawl, Improved Damage Threshold

Talents (Tough Ordinary):

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Brass Knuckles, .38 S&W;

Six Months

By this time small slaver groups are either, both moderately successful and skilled at ruthless assaults on small parties, or have been wiped out when they bit off more than they can chew. Most small groups by this time are either just starting out, or have some kind of ace up their sleeve such as nerve gas, an armored vehicle, or state of the art body armor.

Small groups at this time seek a quick turnover on slaves, charging more for them, as well as to seek to attract more members into their group. The casualty rates of small groups during this time are usually horrendous, often exceeding 300% a month through the magic of replacements.

The Black Lake Boys

Six months into the Rising, and the Black Lake Boys are delirious with joy. There's more ways to satiate their sickening appetites than they have ever dreamed of, and no repercussions to anything they do. They often grab slaves, use and abuse them, and kill them as they feel like it. Very few slaves actually manage to reach a point of sale in the Black Lake Boys not so tender clutches.

Recently, they've managed to luck into an armored humvee with an M-60 mounted in the ring mount, as well as an 80mm mortar and a couple dozen tear gas rounds. They've been thinking of hitting a larger settlement and taking it over as a base of operations, using the tear gas to disable the defenders.

Lars Brester

Fast Hero 3 CR 3; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+9; HP 23; Mas 17; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 19, touch 18, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +4 Dex, +4 class, +1 equipment); BAB +2; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d4+2, Baton), or +6 ranged (2d8+0, M16A2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +1; AP 1; Rep +1; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 17, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 12.

Occupation: Criminal (Disable Device, Knowledge [Streetwise])

Skills: Balance +6, Craft (mechanical) +2, Disable Device +4, Drive +6, Escape Artist +6, Hide +8, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Knowledge (Streetwise) +2, Move Silently +6, Profession +2, Sleight of Hand +6, Tumble +8

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Brawl, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Two-Weapon Fighting

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Baton, M16A2

John Tasmith

Tough Ordinary 3/Strong Ordinary 1 CR 4; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d10+9 plus 1d8+3; HP 34; Mas 16; Init -2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 12, touch 11, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, -2 Dex, +3 class, +1 equipment); BAB +3; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d4+3/19-20, Knife), or +1 ranged (2d6+0, 9mm Baretta); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +6, Ref -1, Will +0; AP 2; Rep +1; Str 17, Dex 7, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 9, Cha 13.

Occupation: Criminal (Disable Device, Gamble)

Skills: Bluff +3, Climb +7, Craft (mechanical) +6, Craft (structural) +8, Disable Device +8, Disguise +3, Drive +0, Gamble +1, Hide +0, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (Current Events) +5, Knowledge (Popular Culture) +5, Knowledge (Streetwise) +8, Move Silently +0, Profession +3, Spot +1, Survival +1

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Deceptive, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Stealthy

Harvey Stillman

Fast Ordinary 3/Strong Ordinary 3 CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 3d8+6; HP 40; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 19, touch 18, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 class, +1 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d4+2, Brass Knuckles), or +7 ranged (2d6+0, Tec-9); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +3; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 13, Cha 6.

Occupation: Criminal (Hide, Knowledge [Streetwise])

Skills: Balance +4, Craft (mechanical) +3, Craft (structural) +2, Drive +4, Escape Artist +4, Hide +7, Knowledge (Current Events) +3, Knowledge (Streetwise) +3, Knowledge (Tactics) +2, Listen +3, Move Silently +6, Repair +2, Spot +3, Tumble +6

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Alertness, Brawl, Burst Fire, Personal Firearms Proficiency

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Brass Knuckles, Tec-9

Jack Finster

Tough Ordinary 6 CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 6d10+6; HP 39; Mas 16; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 13, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +3 class, +1 equipment); BAB +4; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d6+1, Brass Knuckles), or +4 ranged (2d6+0, .38 S&W); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +4; AP 3; Rep +2; Str 13, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 13.

Occupation: Criminal (Gamble, Knowledge [Streetwise])

Skills: Craft (mechanical) +4, Craft (structural) +4, Drive +1, Gamble +3, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (Streetwise) +4, Spot +6, Survival +7

Feats: Brawl, Improved Brawl, Improved Damage Threshold, Knockout Punch, Personal Firearms Proficiency

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Brass Knuckles, .38 S&W;

One Year

Most small groups are either splinter groups or scouts of larger groups. The few small groups that remain are ruthless and cruel in the extreme, knowing that everyone's hand is raised against them and determined to keep their own independence. They strike from ambush, grab what they can, and quickly fade away. They infiltrate communities and use poison and kidnapping to get what they want.

The Black Lake Boys

By this time the Black Lake boys have become highly skilled at picking off stragglers and scouts and hitting lightly defended settlements. With a small base that is nothing more than a cesspool of filth, depravity and suffering, the Black Lake Boys are convinced they are the big dogs in a small yard.

The recent acquisition of an M1A1 main battle tank has allowed them to easily crush smaller settlements, at one time finding a cache of nerve gas that they've used several times to put down slave revolts.

Lars Brester

Fast Hero 5 CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d8+15; HP 38; Mas 17; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 20, touch 19, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +4 Dex, +5 class, +1 equipment); BAB +3; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d4+2, Baton), or +7 ranged (2d8+0, M16A2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +4, Ref +7, Will +1; AP 2; Rep +1; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 17, Int 11, Wis 10, Cha 12.

Occupation: Criminal (Disable Device, Knowledge [Streetwise])

Skills: Balance +8, Craft (mechanical) +4, Disable Device +4, Drive +6, Escape Artist +8, Hide +8, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Knowledge (Streetwise) +2, Move Silently +8, Profession +2, Sleight of Hand +6, Survival +1, Tumble +8

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Brawl, Double Tap, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Two-Weapon Fighting

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1, Uncanny Dodge 2

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Baton, M16A2

John Tasmith

Tough Ordinary 3/Strong Ordinary 3 CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d10+9 plus 3d8+9; HP 49; Mas 16; Init -2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 13, touch 12, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, -2 Dex, +4 class, +1 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +8; Atk +8 melee (1d4+3/19-20, Knife), or +4 ranged (2d6+0, Uzi); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +7, Ref +0, Will +1; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 17, Dex 7, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 9, Cha 13.

Occupation: Criminal (Disable Device, Gamble)

Skills: Bluff +3, Climb +7, Craft (mechanical) +6, Craft (structural) +11, Disable Device +11, Disguise +3, Drive +0, Gamble +1, Hide +0, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (Current Events) +5, Knowledge (Popular Culture) +5, Knowledge (Streetwise) +11, Move Silently +0, Profession +3, Repair +6, Spot +1, Survival +1

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Deceptive, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Stealthy, Weapon Focus

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Knife, Uzi

Harvey Stillman

Fast Ordinary 3/Strong Ordinary 3 CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 3d8+6; HP 40; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 19, touch 18, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 class, +1 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d4+2, Brass Knuckles), or +7 ranged (2d6+0, Tec-9); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +3; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 13, Cha 6.

Occupation: Criminal (Hide, Knowledge [Streetwise])

Skills: Balance +4, Craft (mechanical) +3, Craft (structural) +2, Drive +4, Escape Artist +4, Hide +7, Knowledge (Current Events) +3, Knowledge (Streetwise) +3, Knowledge (Tactics) +2, Listen +3, Move Silently +6, Repair +2, Spot +3, Tumble +6

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Alertness, Brawl, Burst Fire, Personal Firearms Proficiency

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Brass Knuckles, Tec-9

Jack Finster

Tough Ordinary 10 CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 10d10+10; HP 65; Mas 16; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 15, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +5 class, +1 equipment); BAB +7; Grap +8; Atk +8 melee (1d6+1, Brass Knuckles), or +7 ranged (2d6+0, .38 S&W); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +5; AP 5; Rep +3; Str 13, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 13.

Occupation: Criminal (Gamble, Knowledge [Streetwise])

Skills: Craft (mechanical) +4, Craft (structural) +4, Drive +1, Gamble +3, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (Current Events) +1, Knowledge (Streetwise) +4, Speak Language +1 (English, Spanish), Spot +8, Survival +11

Feats: Brawl, Improved Brawl, Improved Damage Threshold, Knockout Punch, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Power Attack

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Brass Knuckles, .38 S&W

After a year, it is safe to assume that either the Black Lake Boys bit off more than they could chew and were killed, or were absorbed by a larger group. Or they had a falling out and killed each other off.

Medium Slaver Groups

These are larger, better-organized groups packing some serious firepower and often with armored vehicles. They often possess light anti-tank weaponry and some indirect firepower, and usually have a large vehicle or two to hold a large number of slaves, and have a method for culling those who will bring a high price, from those who will not.

These groups often have some tactics, but for the most part, depend on numbers, overwhelming firepower, and intimidation. They number between 5 and 20, and they often have a motley assortment of weapons and equipment. Fights between members are not uncommon, and are often encouraged by the leader in order to keep his subordinates from banding together and ousting or killing him.

These groups often have dozens of slaves chained together, with a highly efficient brainwashing/will-breaking methodology.

Equipment	Maximum Wealth Bonus	Variance
Luxuries	22	+/- 3
Weapons	18 (Restricted)	+/- 2
Vehicles	32	+/- 2

The Mobsters

Convinced they're the "baddest" thing in the post-Rising world, the Mobsters are prone to bragging and swaggering about, threatening people they don't just haul off and shoot outright who stare at them, or do anything else that a Mobster might feel as a challenge to his authority.

The Mobsters primarily hit small- to medium-sized caravans and the odd lightly guarded villages, preferring to avoid the real fight that traders convoy or decent sized settlement might put up. Wannabe or newly initiated members dress in leather and wear football helmets stolen from sports stores that display NFL team logos. "Established" members and leaders dress in suits and ties, looking like Hollywood stereotypical mobsters from movies and TV shows. They pack a motley assortment of gear, including a mishmash of weaponry, and have next to no discipline in a firefight.

Their numbers range from 15-20 at any given time, with no apparent leader. They are often found with close to 50 slaves, though they often kill their slaves by accident or for sport long before they reach a community where they could be sold. Members often shoot one another or fight to the death over trivial matters or just because the mood strikes them. Leaders rarely last for any length of time until some other member takes offense and shoots the leader at an opportune time.

Their vehicles bear crudely daubed white skulls, a symbol more laughable and childish than the feared logo they imagine it to be.

The Mobsters possess two prisoner transfer buses that have been up-armored with sheet metal, four police cars, and a school bus with a stove and lockers welded to the floor. Their membership is highly fluid as members kill each other, die in attacks, are left behind, or are picked up here and there to replenish their membership.

The Mobsters have no base of operations, mostly roaming around striking where they please and bypassing other places. If a superior force attacks them or they accidentally hit a target that's tougher than they estimated, it's everyone for themselves and the survivors either regroup together or form their own band of "Mobsters", making this group seem much larger and possibly the scouts of a larger group, rather than the disorganized mess they actually are.

Typical "Mobster"

Strong Hero 3/Tough Hero 3/Soldier 2 CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 3d10+3 plus 2d10+2 plus 3; HP 53; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 17, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +5 class); BAB +6; Grap +8; Atk +8 melee (1d4+4/19-20, Knife), or +9 ranged (2d6+2, HK MP-5); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +3; AP 4; Rep +1; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 10.

Occupation: Criminal (Hide, Move Silently)

Skills: Craft (structural) +4, Drive +5, Hide +5, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (Popular Culture) +4, Knowledge (Streetwise) +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +6, Listen +3, Move Silently +5, Navigate +5, Repair +4, Spot +8, Survival +5, Treat Injury +2

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Alertness, Burst Fire, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Quick Draw, Toughness, Weapon Focus

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

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

Talents (Soldier): Weapon Focus, Weapon Specialization

Possessions: Knife, HK MP-5 with 2 full clips, Armani suit, combat boots, handcuffs



"Jack Hammer"

A large and filthy man, this guy revels in debauchery and cruelty, picking on the slaves and his fellow Mobsters in equal part. A towering man at 6 foot five, weighing in at almost 300 pounds of fat marbled slabs of muscle, his protruding gut is as hard as iron despite the way it looks. With a booming laugh that often sounds out above the screams of victims, "Jack Hammer" leads the Mobsters into new directions of cruelty and dehumanizing acts. Not caring one way or another for someone's sex, he rapes whoever catches his eye, takes what he wants from anyone who crosses his path, and is well known for killing those who show even the slightest hesitancy for following his commands or the slightest bit of rebellion/resistance.

YEAR OF THE ZOMBIE

FLIES MONSTERS

Jack Hammer was a bad apple before the Rising, having once raped the court appointed psychologist who was out to prove that alleged abuse as a child caused his anti-social and criminal behavior. As he assaulted the woman he laughed that he did it because he could and liked to. He was found not guilty of both the rape and murder of two college coeds that he was on trial for, *and* not guilty of raping the psychologist. Jack Hammer is a scumbag, plain and simple.

Unless killed by the PC's, Jack Hammer eventually dies when a girl he is preparing to rape pulls the .22 short nosed pistol out of his boot and shoots him 5 times in the stomach.

Tough Hero 6/Strong Hero 5/Gunslinger 4 CR 15; Medium-size humanoid; HD 6d10+18 plus 5d8+15 plus 4d10+12 plus 6; HP 129; Mas 16; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 21, touch 20, flatfooted 19 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +8 class, +1 equipment); BAB +12; Grap +17; Atk +17 melee (2d8+8, Fist), or +15 ranged (2d8+0, M-4 Carbine); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL None; SV Fort +10, Ref +7, Will +6; AP 7; Rep +4; Str 20, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 15.

Occupation: Criminal (Disable Device, Knowledge [Streetwise])

Skills: Craft (mechanical) +3, Craft (structural) +5, Demolitions +3, Disable Device +7, Drive +5, Intimidate +15, Knowledge (Streetwise) +7, Knowledge (Tactics) +5, Listen +3, Move Silently +4, Sleight of Hand +10, Spot +9, Survival +6, Tumble +10

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Alertness, Brawl, Burst Fire, Combat Reflexes, Double Tap, Frightful Presence, Improved Brawl, Leadership, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Streetfighting, Weapon Focus

Talents (Tough Hero): Robust, Stamina, Second Wind

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

Talents (Gunslinger): Close Combat Shot, Weapon Focus, Defensive Position

Possessions: Leather Jacket, Fist, M-4 Carbine with 8 full magazines, brass knuckles, knife, .22 street special pistol (5 rounds in the clip), combat boots, greasy Levi jeans.

Large Slaver Groups

These groups number up to a hundred, and often have a permanent base that provides them with shelter, slave pens, gasoline and garage services, food, and a fully stocked armory. These groups rely on overwhelming firepower and mass-combat tactics, often taking on whole settlements with the intent of looting, razing, and enslaving the entire settlement.

Large slaver groups can be counted on to have motorcycle-riding scouts using recon tactics, and most, if not all of them, have indirect fire capability. Most large slaver groups have military vehicles, either taken from old battlefields or recovered from decommissioned depots. While the military vehicles may not be state of the art before the Rising, they are still more than effective against groups and communities that do not possess those weapons.

Most large slaver gangs will seek to either incorporate the smaller gangs, or eliminate them entirely.

Equipment	Maximum Wealth Bonus	Variance
Luxuries	25	+/- 3
Weapons	20 (Restricted)	+/- 2
Vehicles	35 (Restricted)	+/- 2

Pride of the New Aryan Nation

Even by the standards of other Aryan groups, these guys are nothing but pure scumbags. Only those who have blond hair, blue eyes, and white skin unblemished by even freckles are considered for anything more than slavery. They sport swastika brands on their foreheads and the backs of both hands, keep their hair cut to 1/4 inch in length, and dress in leather or brown clothing, favoring heavy boots and leather jackets.

Armed with a plethora of M-16A2s, M-249 SAWs, M2A2 GPHMGs, and sporting anti-tank weaponry, the P-NANs (called Pee-Nans or Peons, but never to their face) don't hesitate to engage the largest groups or settlements if they feel that the risk is worth it.

The P-NANs make slaves of all who are not “Pure Aryan stock”, going so far as to declare people with an excessive number of moles, or overly large ears or nose, as unclean, undesirables, and “slave races.” They kill the women of all “slave races” that they find, throwing the bodies in with newly captured slaves to show them just how helpless they are. Those bodies, when they Rise, are allowed to kill one or two of the newly captured slaves before a P-NAN troop kills the Risen and one or two slaves with a spray of automatic gunfire. They often cut out a new slave's tongue, and brand all of them with large swastikas upon their backs. Those P-NANs caught raping “inferiors” are often shot by their fellows out of disgust for “defiling themselves.”

The P-NANs are over 200 strong and possess heavy firepower, including TOW-II missiles, Stinger anti-aircraft missiles, Bradley armored fighting vehicles, two M1A1 tanks, a handful of Kiowa and Black Hawk helicopters, and an AH-64 Apache helicopter at their primary base in Iowa. The base is heavily dug into a valley, with cement walls, construction vehicles, tunnels, interlocked fields of fire from towers and bunkers, and an extensive mine field.

Nearly everyone considers the P-NANs psychos and scumbags, but they still seem to grow larger year after year, as well as becoming more vicious. Eventually, the P-NANs will attempt a genocidal campaign, but that is not until way down the line. P-NANs are more likely to keep Risers as slaves inside their own compound than “inferiors,” selling the living to other communities and secretly marking that community for taking slaves from and for “cleansing” when the opportunity presents itself. Those “inferiors” not sold will be put into the high-risk farms or work programs where Risers can't be used with any efficiency. All those that the P-NANs don't consider worthy of freedom are sterilized when captured be they slaves or those who they plan on releasing.

Scout groups often operate out of forward bases that are created in what were once banks or other heavily fortified buildings. Fuel and ammunition is stocked within the building, and a steady rotating guard shift is kept on hand to supply reinforcement and guard scout teams that need a little “down time”.

P-NAN Scout/Slaver Group

This group works out of a modified humvee and a medical humvee with all the medical gear stripped out, the stretchers inside the back used for holding small groups of slaves. The Scout/Slaver group avoids contact with large groups and settlements, marking them down on the extensive and detailed maps that each scout patrol carries.

Vehicles: Humvee, Ambulance Humvee

Driver

(Strong Hero 3/Tough Hero 3): CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 3d10+3 plus 3; HP 40; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 25 ft; Defense 23, touch 16, flatfooted 21 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class, +7 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d4+1/19-20, Knife), or +7 ranged (2d6+0, HK MP5); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL P-NAN; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +4; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 10.

Occupation: Law Enforcement (Drive, Knowledge [Tactics])

Skills: Craft (structural) +3, Drive +14, Knowledge (Streetwise) +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +9, Pilot +4, Repair +5, Spot +6, Survival +6

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Combat Martial Arts, Drive-By Attack, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Vehicle Expert

Talents (Strong Hero): Extreme Effort, Improved Extreme Effort

Talents (Tough Hero): Robust, Remain Conscious

Possessions: Tactical Vest, Knife, HK MP5 with 4 magazines, combat boots, urban camouflage BDUs, Kevlar helmet, keys to vehicle

P-NAN Trooper

(Fast Ordinary 5/Tough Ordinary 3): CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d8+5 plus 3d10+3; HP 48; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 25 ft; Defense 26, touch 19, flatfooted 24 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +7 class, +7 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d4+2/19-20, Knife), or +7 ranged (2d8+0, M-16A2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL P-NAN; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +3; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 10.

Occupation: Military (Knowledge [Tactics], Survival)

Skills: Hide +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +11, Move Silently +5, Spot +8, Survival +13

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Burst Fire, Personal Firearms Proficiency

Possessions: Tactical Vest, Knife, M-16A2 with 4 magazines, Kevlar Helmet, 4 fragmentation grenades, 2 sets of handcuffs, white supremacy literature, 2 cans of food, backpack, self-winding watch, handheld GPS receiver, combat boots, urban camouflage BDUs.



P-NAN Assault Group

This is usually three humvees backed by a “cargo hauler” or two and packing heavy ordnance to take down tougher targets. These groups usually hit settlements, but they will often take on any targets of opportunity that they encounter on the way to their destinations.

Armed with mortars, anti-tank weapons, machine guns, grenades and often wearing heavy body armor, in addition to often being escorted by armored vehicles; these groups are considered the fist and sword of the P-NAN.

Vehicles: Up Armored Humvee (x3), Greyhound Bus, 1 M2A2 Bradley Armored Fighting Vehicle.

Driver

(Strong Hero 3/Tough Hero 3): CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 3d10+3 plus 3; HP 40; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 25 ft; Defense 23, touch 16, flatfooted 21 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class, +7 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d4+1/19-20, Knife), or +7 ranged (2d6+0, HK MP5); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL P-NAN; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +4; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 10.

Occupation: Law Enforcement (Drive, Knowledge [Tactics])

Skills: Craft (structural) +3, Drive +14, Knowledge (Streetwise) +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +9, Pilot +4, Repair +5, Spot +6, Survival +6

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Combat Martial Arts, Drive-By Attack, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Vehicle Expert

Talents (Strong Hero): Extreme Effort, Improved Extreme Effort

Talents (Tough Hero): Robust, Remain Conscious

Possessions: Tactical Vest, Knife, HK MP5 with 4 magazines, combat boots, urban camouflage BDUs, Kevlar helmet, keys to vehicle.

P-NAN Trooper

(Fast Ordinary 5/Tough Ordinary 3): CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d8+5 plus 3d10+3; HP 48; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 25 ft; Defense 26, touch 19, flatfooted 24 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +7 class, +7 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d4+2/19-20, Knife), or +7 ranged (2d8+0, M-16A2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL P-NAN; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +3; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 10.

Occupation: Military (Knowledge [Tactics], Survival)

Skills: Hide +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +11, Move Silently +5, Spot +8, Survival +13

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Burst Fire, Personal Firearms Proficiency

Possessions: Tactical Vest, Knife, M-16A2 with 4 magazines, Kevlar Helmet, 4 fragmentation grenades, 2 sets of handcuffs, white supremacy literature, 2 cans of food, backpack, self-winding watch, handheld GPS receiver, combat boots, urban camouflage BDUs.

Joseph Wagnerson

Joseph Wagnerson, born Tag Breemer, claims to be a direct descendant of Nazi refugees who hid inside America from "unwarranted Jewish persecution" and claims that his grandfather was tracked down and hung in the front yard by Jewish vigilantes. Both claims are nothing but a lie, but his followers eat it up.

A racist of the worst sort, Joseph mixes a healthy dose of self-hatred into his vitriolic speeches, which advocate genocide of everyone not blond, blue-eyed and milky skinned. His speeches are rousing and persuasive, even to those who would not be normally be susceptible to that sort of hate speech.

A high school dropout, Joseph turned to petty crime until his arrest and incarceration. A small, weak man, Joseph quickly sucked up to the Aryan Nation in prison, relying on them for protection and hitting the weights. When he left prison, Joseph changed his name and began a White Supremacy group of such venomous hatred that other Aryan and white supremacy groups disowned it. Although he was twice arrested for possession of automatic weapons, he managed to slide out of the charges both times.

Joseph is a wiry man in his early 40s with a disdainful expression, blond hair cut severely short, and a swastika tattooed not only on both shoulders, but also across his back and on both sides of his chest.

Fast Hero 4/Charismatic Hero 7/Dedicated Hero 8 CR 19; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+4 plus 7d6+7 plus 8d6+8; HP 90; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 23, touch 23, flatfooted 21 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +11 class); BAB +12; Grap +13; Atk +13 melee (1d6+1, Club), or +15 ranged (2d6+0, Walther P-38); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL P-NAN Group; SV Fort +10, Ref +10, Will +12; AP 9; Rep +11; Str 12, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 16, Cha 22.

Occupation: Criminal (Knowledge [Streetwise], Sleight of Hand)

Skills: Bluff +20, Craft (pharmaceutical) +5, Craft (visual art) +7, Craft (writing) +7, Diplomacy +23, Disguise +8, Drive +6, Escape Artist +6, Gamble +5, Gather Information +11, Hide +6, Intimidate +15, Investigate +6, Knowledge (Behavioral Sciences) +16, Knowledge (Civics) +7, Knowledge (Current Events) +4, Knowledge (History) +3, Knowledge (Popular Culture) +8, Knowledge (Streetwise) +10, Knowledge (Tactics) +5, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +12, Listen +5, Perform +13, Read/Write Language +1 (English, German), Research +5, Sense Motive +8, Sleight of Hand +5, Speak Language +1 (English, German), Spot +5, Survival +10, Treat Injury +10

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Alertness, Burst Fire, Confident, Deceptive, Defensive Martial Arts, Double Tap, Henchmen, Iron Will, Leadership, Mutation, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Renown, Super-Charismatic, Trustworthy, Weapon Focus

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1

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

Talents (Dedicated Hero): Empathy, Skill Emphasis (Diplomacy), Faith, Cool Under Pressure

Mutation: Those who listen to Joseph speak for any length of time must make a Will save (DC 20) or begin to believe more and more what Joseph is expounding upon. A second save is allowed, but if failed, the victim acts as if a *charm person* spell has affected him.

Possessions: Club, Walther P-38 with 2 clips, modified SS uniform.

Hilda Wagnerson

A buxom knockout, Hilda was formerly a pornographic movie starlet known as Sugar Bunn, starring in, believe it or not, White Supremacy S&M movies. She saw Joseph Wagnerson speaking at a local community college back when he first began starting his group, and fell completely under his spell.

Hilda (born Wendy Carter) is just over six feet tall, with long whitish blond hair and aristocratic features. She speaks in a slight German accent (an affectation as fake as her breasts) and prefers to stare down at people that she forces to kneel in front of her. She carries around a riding crop with which she lashes out at people, and dresses in a modified Nazi SS uniform that belongs in a porn movie wardrobe.

A cold and cruel woman, she enjoys humiliating victims and "inferiors" as well as performing medical experiments upon them that are inspired by the writings of Nazis and a diseased imagination.

While they claim to be husband and wife, Hilda and Joseph have not been formally married.

Charismatic Hero 3/Smart Hero 4 CR 7; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+3 plus 4d6+4; HP 32; Mas 12; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +2 class); BAB +3; Grap +3; Atk +4 melee (1d4+0/18-20, Scalpel), or +5 ranged (2d6+0, 9mm Glock); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL P-NAN Slaving Group; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +5; AP 3; Rep +8; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 14, Cha 19.

Occupation: Celebrity (Perform)

Skills*: Bluff +10, Craft (pharmaceutical) +15, Craft (visual art) +5, Craft (writing) +4, Decipher Script +5, Diplomacy +10, Disguise +7, Gather Information +10, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (Art) +5, Knowledge (Behavioral Sciences) +5, Knowledge (Business) +5, Knowledge (Current Events) +5, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +9, Knowledge (Popular Culture) +5, Knowledge (Streetwise) +5, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +11, Perform +11, Profession +8, Read/Write Language +1 (English, German), Research +5, Speak Language +1 (English, German), Treat Injury +9

Feats: Educated (Knowledge [Physical Sciences], Knowledge [Theology and Philosophy]), Medical Expert, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Renown, Studious, Surgery, Weapon Focus

Talents (Charismatic Hero): Charm, Favor

Talents (Smart Hero): Savant (Knowledge [Physical Sciences]), Savant (Craft [pharmaceutical])

Possessions: Scalpel, 9mm Glock with 1 full magazine, Mastercraft Medical Kit

*Not all skill points have been allocated, as Hilda is lazy, spoiled, self indulgent, and honestly couldn't care less about improving herself beyond her self taught medical skills. She'd rather sleep than read a book.

High Tech Slaver Groups

With these groups, numbers do not matter as much as the quality of their equipment. High tech slavers use knockout gas, tranquilizer weapons, non-lethal rounds, and the like when gathering slaves, often drive high-tech armored vehicles, and have military grade weapons, including wire-guided and anti-aircraft missiles.

High tech slavers often control their slaves with shock collars, potent drugs, clever indoctrination, and/or lobotomizing the larger/more troublesome slaves. While they may be small in number, high tech slave gangs are some of the roughest opponents that a group of characters may run into.

Equipment	Maximum Wealth Bonus	Variance
Luxuries	40	+/- 3
Weapons	25 (Military)	+/- 2
Vehicles	45 (Military)	+/- 2

WELCOME TO NEW EDEN, TRAVELER

Slaving Communities

FLIESHMONGERS

The place was an armed camp, with a thick sturdy wall, manned weapons positions, and often quickly eliminated any Risers they saw, but something about the place made my hands itch. Maybe it was the large common barracks, or the stench of roasting meat that seemed to permeate the small valley, or maybe it was just cop instinct.

Greg, Tens, Buck and I moved up in the dark, the NVGs we wore giving us a decided advantage over the gate guards, who relied on spotlights and the like. We slithered over the wall, blackened knives and silenced pistols in our grips, and bellied over to a brightly lit house. In the distance, the thumping of multiple heavy generators masked any small sound we might make.

From beneath the window, Greg extended a telescoping fiber optic periscope that had been blued, as our weapons were, to prevent a gleam of light from giving us away. He looked through it for a moment, and his nostrils flared momentarily before his face settled into a calm, Buddha-like smile. Dreading what I'd see, I took it next and looked through.

Inside a family of five was sitting at a table. Obese and dripping with jewels and fine clothing, their faces were soft and pampered. The two children were portly and had arrogance and cruelty stamped on their faces, even though one was maybe fourteen and the other roughly twelve. They would have been about nine and seven respectively when the world fell apart.

Serving the meal was a man with a black plastic collar around his neck, his eyes downcast and dressed in a tux and tails. As I watched, the young boy said something that made the older man wave his hand in acceptance. The boy motioned to the man, who approached. The young girl pulled down the man's pants as the boy stood up, undoing his belt. Sickened, I passed the periscope to Buck, who took a single look before passing it to Tens. I could see Buck's jaw muscles begin to ripple.

Greg, in the meantime, had attached what looked like a black suction cup to the corner of the window, a contact microphone, and was listening to the earpiece. As I watched, the bright green of his eyes faded away to be replaced by a pale, almost transparent blue, and he smiled widely, revealing the steel teeth that had replaced his front teeth. He passed the earpiece of me, and I plugged it in.

"...in the morning. After all, the slaves have to learn they exist at our sufferance, at our benevolence." The man was saying. I could hear grunting and moaning also, but had no desire to see what was going on. Thomas looked sickened as he passed the periscope back to Greg, who folded it up.

"I volunteered Manfred over there, after all. He isn't up to par, and we have had him for six months anyway. Perhaps burning him alive with the others will serve as a suitable example to the other slaves," the man continued.

"Daddy, he stopped, make him do it right," came the girl's voice, a petulant, spoiled, nasty whine that made me feel cold and greasy inside. I pulled out the earplug and offered it to the others, who waved it away at the sight of my expression.

"We should have saved some of that VX for this shithole." Greg smiled, his voice full of dark glee. He frightens me when he's like this, but only after everything is done. At the time, a small part of me, that a law officer would never admit existed, was overjoyed to know that he would be helping cleanse this vile blight of humanity from the face of the earth.

"We kill them?" Tens asked. I nodded, Buck nodded, Thomas nodded. Tens smiled. Greg grinned and began attaching the silencer to his M-4.

Sam, from the Diaries of Becka.

Slaveholding Communities

Communities that use slaves are sadly quite frequent in a post holocaust civilization, replacing technological devices with raw muscle and sweat rather than lose the amenities that the devices brought. From fan-boys to plow-pulling slaves, missing pieces of the dead civilization are replaced with slaves.

These communities often see nothing wrong with holding slaves, excusing it as “less than human” or claiming that “our “Gawd” approves” of the slaves being treated in such a manner. They will defend the right to own slaves, to the death, and some communities will kill all their slaves if it appears that they cannot defeat those who have come to conquer them.

Slaves are never armed, and anything that could be used as a weapon, as well as any tools used to complete a job, is kept under close inventory. The punishment for hiding such an object is often a horrible death in public, with other slaves made to watch.

Child slaves are often kept as “hand servants,” kitchen helpers, rodent control, and cleaners, or assigned jobs where their small size allows them to do a job that would be difficult for a larger slave to perform. Child slaves are also “educated” that slavery is normal, that it is their lot in life, and that the slave owners are kind, gentle people who graciously protect the slaves from outsiders, Risers, and other slaves.

Brainwashing is a standard method of operation within these settlements, and strangely enough, those performing the brainwashing often come to believe in their claims themselves. Many slave holding communities find it unreasonable that a person would be offended over slavery, seeing it as the natural order of things in the post-Rising world.

While a community may be neat and clean, with such amenities as running water, electricity, schools, crops and livestock, it may be entirely driven and sustained by slavery,



Slave Treatment

Treatment of slaves varies wildly from settlement to settlement, as will the people enslaved. Some communities may merely require X amount of hours working for the community good, with the rest of the time given over to education, leisure, and personal time, with the slavery only lasting a set period of time, more like indentured servitude or mandatory community service than true slavery.

Most, however, treat their slaves brutally and inhumanly for the short remainder of the slaves' lives. Those born of a slave remain a slave, and a slave is always a slave. The worst things imaginable are done to the poor souls who fall within these societies' clutches, and many pray for death to Gods that seem to have left or become uncaring.

In many societies, the sexual abuse of slaves is seen as harmless fun, a dalliance, and homosexual acts performed on a slave are not seen as such. Indeed, claiming that because a man has had anal sex with a male slave makes that person a homosexual, is considered a grave insult and often results in a deadly fight.

Working a slave to death is not considered an issue. Slaves are expected to work until the job is done or until the owner/supervisor is happy, often with no tools at worst, substandard tools at

YEAR OF THE ZOMBIE

ELSHMONGERS

best. The work is often dangerous, humiliating, or “beneath” the “citizens” of the settlement. Scrubbing dishes is relatively benign work. Cleaning out animal pens with bare hands is common, as is mining, working naked in gardens in the sun, and - in some places - capturing the Risen to supplement the slave food supply. Whenever it is hard physical labor, these communities will use slaves.

Slaves are rarely permitted to marry, and some cruel owners will deliberately abuse a slave's loved one to display their power and the slave's helplessness. Some owners will kill the object of a slave's affection, or require the slave to do it out of pure maliciousness.

Community Size

Greg led the way into each house, moving like a deadly wraith as the rest of us secured the house's perimeter and went to free the slave. We didn't ask, but we knew what he was doing. Once there was the beginnings of a scream, but it bubbled away quickly, and Greg had bite-marks on the leather gloves he wore. He changed clips repeatedly, borrowing two from Buck at one point and giving Buck his empties. I swapped one of the empties for one of my M-4 clips; I rarely used the thing anyway.

Thirty houses, and not once did they see us coming. A single guard caught a glimpse of us once, but Tens threw a knife with long practiced accuracy that cut off a warning shout before it could be given. Thirty houses and six roving guard patrols, all going down with little more than silenced weapons fire. We moved through the community like a pestilence, sparing none over the age of 10.

Cindy figures we killed around 200 people, and looks at us with anger hidden in her face that we did not try to negotiate with them, but she didn't see what we saw. Not once, in any of the houses, did we find evidence of kindness. We found evidence of brutality, cruelty, and an appalling lack of concern for human life.

Buck carried back a single child, a young blonde girl maybe five years old, and turned her over to Robert for medical care. She was splashed with blood from when Greg shot the two men abusing her at close range, killing them both instantly.

That single child, a mute witness to the horror we had seen, a silent testimony that the community belonged in Hell, forestalled any arguments over the wholesale slaughter we had performed. Becka said nothing, just touched Greg's face softly while looking him in the eyes. I saw his eyes turn from pale blue back to deep green while she touched him, and I sighed with relief.

When we left the area, only the slaves and some children remained. I like to think that we made a good difference in the world that night.

Sam, from the Diaries of Becka

The size of a community makes a large difference in Year of the Zombie. Gone are the “small towns” of several thousand people and the “cities” of millions. These places are often populated by their former residents, who stagger around as Risen, lurking in places important to them.

Newer communities are in once isolated places, in the woods, in former state parks, at former interstate/highway rest stops, at summer campgrounds, or isolated mountain resorts. These communities are comparably small in size, but large for Year of the Zombie.

Community	Citizens	Slaves*	Size (In city blocks)	Max Wealth DC**
Homestead	2-15 people	1-20	1x1 to 1x2	20
Encampment	16-25 people	5-50	1x2 to 3x5	20
Settlement	25-50 people	10-100	2x2 to 5x5	25
Town	50-100 people	25-250	3x3 to 10x10	35
City	100+ people	50+	10x10 or higher	50+

*This is if the community keeps slaves. Not all will.

**This represents the common items that a community might have that the PCs would be interested in, in general. For specific things (like the fire control board for a TOW-II missile launcher system) it's better if the GM places it and decides what the people would want in advance.

Homestead—These communities are often little more than a family, extended family, or small group that has taken possession of a site that was either pre-fortified, or they have fortified it themselves. These communities range from squalid and nasty hovels to well kept fortified “manors” and often have large stores of food and water, with a garden on the roof or a fortified greenhouse. Slaves, if kept, are kept in their own wing of the building, and in rare cases for a walled homestead, in their own buildings. Usually, the practice of slavery dies out within a few months or years due to the small size and closeness of the community.

Encampment—Larger and better-fortified, encampments usually have walls or other methods of keeping Risers at bay (moats and water are useless - Risers float and often struggle across small bodies of water in small groups, or just use wave tactics to cross in large groups) as well as greenhouses, gardens, livestock, and a source of fresh water. The buildings are usually pre-Rising and have been converted into to serve the population's needs rather than their former uses. Encampments are rarely permanent, and they have a temporary feel to them. These communities usually have good trade, as well as several different families. Slaves are kept for working with the gardens and livestock, as well as performing wall maintenance and doing menial work.

Settlement—By far the most common community in Year of the Zombie, settlements are relatively crude, with makeshift housing, usually one or two permanent buildings, a wall, a guard force, and self-sustaining gardens/livestock for the community. They often show signs of good upkeep, building repairs, and a move toward climbing out of barbarism. Settlements that keep slaves have both house servants and a slave pool, which does community work and are kept separate from the rest of the population, usually under heavy guard.

Town—Towns are rare in Year of the Zombie, and usually fall under the rule of a dictatorial or charismatic leader, backed by a loyal cadre of guards and strongmen. Towns always have at least one source of water, and often have a cistern to provide water during the summer or when more water is required than can be normally provided. Enclosed gardens, greenhouses, and livestock pens are common, nearly a requirement, and towns often have a “entrance courtyard” added to their wall, where a vehicle can pull in and the defenders can close the outside gate and deal with those Risers who have gotten into the courtyard with the vehicle. Towns that have slaves often keep personal, household, and community pools of slaves. Towns usually have a militia as well as strongmen who enforce the laws, but for the most part, all free citizens will be armed and expected to help in the defense of a settlement. Class lines will be thin and fairly blurry.

City—Cities are few and far between, linked together by traders and convoys that bring needed luxuries. Notable cities are *Vossberg Superfortress*, New LA, Gee-Em City, Would Be Island, Silo City, Black Hills Mines, and a few others. These are sources of legend, and while rumors begin within weeks of The Rising, they don't become full-fledged cities for several months or even years. Cities have extensive gardens and livestock, usually have a working sewage system and running water, and often have electricity. They have a standing militia force, a police force, and often a group that handles the will of the leader. Class lines will actually exist, with hard, defined differences. Only the militia and those with special permission will be armed, and there will be several different pools of slaves for those communities that have them.

Rural—Rural enclaves are considered the best. Located away from pre-Rising cities and places of importance to the rotting brains of the Risers, as well as being off the beaten path, a rural settlement has a much better chance of going unnoticed for years, as well as drawing fewer Risers. Rural communities benefit from cleaner water, ground soil, and air, but more than one community has met with a horrible end due to contamination from factory tanks leaking into the groundwater, air, or fresh water supplies. Rural enclaves are usually armed with some weaponry scavenged military weaponry, rifles, shotguns and illegal weaponry hoarded by former citizens.

Urban—Most of these communities are either within a walled compound inside a city, or actually in the suburbs of a city, within a walled community???

SAMPLE COMMUNITIES

Small Slave Community Douglas Farm

Low Tech
Rural
Population: 6
Slaves: 8
Time of Founding: Day Zero

A backwards-clannish family, consisting of inbred children and parents, had been little more than a rumor to the people of a nearby town. The family's name was used to scare children into behaving, as well as to blame when things (or people) went missing. However, despite teenage (and some adult) skepticism that the family actually existed, the Douglas's have been in the area for over 100 years. They are a family of the worst sort of trash, inbred, superstitious (although outwardly bible-thumping) rednecks who believe that everyone but their own family is inferior to themselves.

When the Rising occurred, they had no problem enslaving those who came across their run-down house in the middle of the woods. With six well armed, psychotic and freakish family members living in the sprawling ranch house (many of whom are kidnap victims who have been brainwashed into believing that they have always been part of the family) and over 200 acres claimed and booby trapped, it isn't hard for them to keep away both Risers and investigators.

The family will act kind and friendly, but will constantly be looking for a chance to ambush any visitors, in order to enslave them to working the fenced off fields and perform household chores. Rumors have always flown that the family engaged in cannibalism, but it's unknown whether or not these rumors have any grain of truth.

The farm itself consists of a sprawling ranch house, the main building being 3 stories high with a basement/root cellar, the three wings having two stories and only the north one having a small root cellar/bomb shelter, 2 ramshackle barns that are falling apart, 4 out sheds that are full of junk and rusted crap, and fields of beans and other easy to maintain crops. Behind the house is a pigpen that houses roughly 30 hogs, a chicken-coop that houses roughly 20 chickens, and a single generator that is infrequently used.

For unknown reasons, Risers very rarely come out to the farm, often turning back with mournful moans at the edge of the woods, in sight of the farm itself.

Karl

Tough Hero 9/Strong Hero 9): CR 18; Medium-size humanoid; HD 9d10+45 plus 9d8+45 plus 3; HP 184; Mas 23; Init -1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 19, touch 19, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, -1 Dex, +10 class); BAB +15; Grap +22; Atk +23 melee (1d8+9, Double Bitted Axe), or +14 ranged (1d6+0, Bow); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL Family; SV Fort +15, Ref +5, Will +8; AP 9; Rep +5; Str 24, Dex 8, Con 20, Int 6, Wis 14, Cha 6.

Occupation: Rural (Climb, Survival)

Skills: Intimidate +1, Listen +4, Navigate +0, Spot +9, Survival +16

Feats: Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Brawl, Cleave, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude, Guide, Heroic Surge, Improved Brawl, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Damage Threshold, Power Attack, Streetfighting, Sunder, Toughness, Track, Weapon Focus

Talents (Tough Hero): Remain Conscious, Damage Reduction 1/—, Damage Reduction 2/—, Damage Reduction 3/—, Second Wind

Talents (Strong Hero): Extreme Effort, Improved Extreme Effort, Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash, Ignore Hardness

Possessions: Double Bitted Axe, Bow, quarrel with 12 arrows, coverall, work boots

A mountain of a man, Karl is illiterate and barely able to speak comprehensibly, more inclined to grunt and howl than to actually speak. He carries a double bitted axe whose handle is stained

with dark patches either in a sling across his back, or in his hands. His forehead is bulging, more Neanderthal than a normal human, and his features are slightly skewed off-center. His arms are longer than normal and his legs slightly bowed. He is immensely strong, with thick muscles layered over by fat, looking like a grotesque travesty of a human.

When he captures a victim, he often “marks” him by gnawing off his nose if none of the other family members stop him, which is why Rebel or Precious Thrill is usually pared with him.

Big Ugly Momma

Tough Hero 10/Strong Hero 8 CR 18; Medium-size humanoid; HD 10d10+30 plus 8d8+24 plus 13; HP 158; Mas 19; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 23, touch 23, flatfooted 21 (+2 Dex, +9 class, +2 Natural Armor); BAB +15; Grap +19; Atk +20 melee (1d6+7/19-20, Hand Axe), or +17 ranged (2d6+0, Colt M1911A1); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL Family; SV Fort +14, Ref +7, Will +7; AP 9; Rep +4; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 4.

Occupation: Rural (Repair, Survival)

Skills: Hide +4, Jump +8, Knowledge (Tactics) +3, Listen +6, Move Silently +4, Spot +8, Survival +21

Feats: Advanced Combat Martial Arts, Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Blind-Fight, Brawl, Combat Martial Arts, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Heroic Surge, Improved Combat Martial Arts, Improved Damage Threshold, Mobility, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Power Attack, Streetfighting, Toughness, Weapon Focus

Talents (Tough Hero): Second Wind, Remain Conscious, Robust, Stamina, Damage Reduction 1/—

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash, Advanced Melee Smash, Extreme Effort

Possessions: Hand Axe, Colt M1911A1 with 2 clips, overalls, tool belt

Big Ugly Momma rules over the family with an iron fist, barking orders and cowing even the huge Karl into submission. Patchy whiskers decorate her face, and a huge potbelly hangs over her belt. She wears filthy, bloodstained trews tucked into heavy hiking boots, often with a hand axe hanging from one of the tool loops. She stands nearly six and a half feet tall, with huge feet and overly large hands, her frame heavy with both muscle and fat, her thighs the size of most men’s waists, and her multitude of chins heavily scarred by knives and other signs of violence. A unibrow is perched above beady, shifting black eyes, and is marred by several streaks of grey and an abundance of lice and grime.

Big Ugly Momma’s skin is a uniform gray from ground-in dirt, and the rolls of fat that ooze out from the tears in the overalls and overflow the armpit holes, is covered with cysts and boils that ooze greenish white pus and watery blood. The woman stinks horribly of sweat, grime and unwashed human. Her huge hooked nose is covered in blackheads, warts, and broken blood vessels, and the whites of her eyes are bloodshot.

Big Ugly Mamma was once set upon by no fewer than five Federal Marshals, whom she killed with her bare hands and still managed to escape, when law enforcement officials raided the family’s original farm in 1987. Nobody knows her real name, and even the wanted posters that existed, listed her name as “Big Ugly Momma, Real Name Unknown” along with a multitude of suspected crimes like kidnapping, murder, extortion, rape, white slavery, and other unsavory things.

Big Ugly Momma ensures that the slaves survive, and always picks at least one slave each week to be singled out for punishment. This punishment entails being tied to a pole on the balcony of the house, stripped naked, and left out to the weather. Inevitably, the slave is found strangled, the handprints wrapping all the way around the victims neck. Rebel complained once about this practice, and Big Ugly Momma punished him by slicing his ears off.

Everyone in the family is terrified of Big Ugly Momma, groveling at her feet and bringing the best slaves to her. All of them fawn over her, competing for her favor and attention. Her favor and affection usually manifest by brutal blows, cursing, and horrific attentions.

Rebel

(Fast Hero 8/Tough Hero 6): CR 14; Medium-size humanoid; HD 8d8+8 plus 6d10+6; HP 83; Mas 12; Init +5; Spd 30 ft; Defense 25, touch 25, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +5 Dex, +10 class); BAB +10; Grap +13; Atk +16 melee (1d4+3/19-20, Knife), or +15 ranged (1d6+0, Bow); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL Family; SV Fort +6, Ref +11, Will +6; AP 7; Rep +4; Str 16, Dex 20, Con 12, Int 6, Wis 14, Cha 4.

Occupation: Rural (Balance, Survival)

Skills: Balance +10, Escape Artist +10, Hide +12, Jump +5, Listen +7, Move Silently +12, Spot +9, Survival +10, Tumble +7

Feats: Acrobatic, Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Brawl, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Brawl, Mobility, Spring Attack, Stealthy, Streetfighting, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus

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

Talents (Tough Hero): Remain Conscious, Damage Reduction 1/—, Damage Reduction 2/

Possessions: Knife (x6), Bow with 20 arrows, moccasins, boxer shorts, children's shoes.

Rebel is a scrawny man with a surprisingly deep voice who is constantly scratching, at a bad case of scabies that covers his flesh, with thick jagged fingernails, often digging bloody trails in his skin. Rebel often stares at people and slowly licks his lips as if he's sizing the person up for bread. Of all of them, Rebel is the most likely to "accidentally" kill a slave in his excitement.

Rebel is patchily bald, with greasy brown curls hanging in wisps, brown eyes, freckles and unnaturally pale skin. He often giggles to himself, and has breath as rancid as a carrion eating dog. His ears have been torn off his head, leaving behind wax dribbling holes in the sides of his head that often have flies buzzing around them. His hands are small and his feet tiny; he is able to wear children's shoes, and often has mismatched tennis shoes taken from little girls.

Usually, Rebel is close by Sweet Thang, watching from hiding and being disgusting.

Oldie

Dedicated Ordinary 1 CR 1; Medium-size humanoid; HD 1d6+-1; HP 3; Mas 8; Init -1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 10, touch 10, flatfooted 11 (+0 size, -1 Dex, +1 class); BAB +0; Grap -2; Atk -2 melee (1d6+-2, weapon), or -1 ranged (1d6+0, weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL none; SV Fort +0, Ref -1, Will +0; AP 0; Rep +1; Str 6, Dex 8, Con 8, Int 6, Wis 8, Cha 4.

Occupation: Rural (Repair, Survival)

Skills: Craft (electronic) +2, Craft (mechanical) +2, Repair +4

Feats: Builder (Craft [electronic], Craft [mechanical])

Oldie is old as the hills and twice as ugly as a boar's rump. He has patchy, straggly gray hair that hangs down to his shoulders, rheumy black eyes, and more loose flesh on his neck than two people combined, and ears that stick out from the sides of his head like handles, that have yellowing hairs sprouting from them. He usually shuffles around the house, mumbling to himself and drooling greenish stinking spittle all across the front of his bare chest.

Oldie mostly wanders around in filthy boxer shorts that are stained with urine, blood, feces and worse, carrying the odd wrench or pair of pliers in his gnarled hand. He's kept around as a focus of abuse and because he often repairs things before they break, or soon after they break.

Rebel once ate three of his toes as a "joke".

Precious Thrill

Charismatic Hero 5/Fast Hero 5 CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d6+10 plus 5d8+10; HP 61; Mas 17; Init +7; Spd 30 ft; Defense 20, touch 20, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +7 class); BAB +5; Grap +8; Atk +6 melee (1d4+1/19-20, Knife), or +8 ranged (1d6+0, Bow); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL none; SV Fort +6, Ref +11, Will +3; AP 5; Rep +4; Str 12, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 6, Wis 12, Cha 19.

Occupation: Rural (Climb, Survival)

Skills: Balance +8, Bluff +6, Climb +6, Disguise +6, Escape Artist +6, Handle Animal +9, Hide +7, Jump +2, Listen +5, Move Silently +5, Navigate +1, Spot +5, Survival +6, Tumble +5

Feats: Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Combat Throw, Deceptive, Defensive Martial Arts, Elusive Target, Improved Damage Threshold, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Personal Firearms Proficiency

Talents (Charismatic Hero): Charm, Favor, Captivate

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

Possessions: Knife, Bow and 12 arrows, mismatched tennis shoes, "Daisy Duke" cut Levi jean shorts, halter top.

A sultry, exotic siren, Precious Thrill has dark mocha colored skin, long curly black hair, long exquisite eyelashes and dark brown eyes. Her gaze is innocent and guileless as a child's, and she often "poses" somewhat "provocatively" to distract strangers and outsiders while her brothers sneak up on the targets. Precious Thrill takes after Big Ugly when dealing with the other members of her family, ruling over them with fear and cruelty, using them for whatever takes her fantasy, from footstools to beasts of burden to other, more exotic uses. She cut off Rebel's nipples once because she caught him staring at her while she bathed, and has no problem committing acts of horrors upon people.

Like Sweet Thang, Risers, who act as if she is one of their own, never detect Precious Thrill.

Sweet Thang

Fast Hero 5/Charismatic Hero 5 CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d8+5 plus 5d6+5; HP 51; Mas 12; Init +8; Spd 30 ft; Defense 21, touch 21, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +4 Dex, +7 class); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +9 melee (1d4+1/19-20, Knife), or +9 ranged (1d6+0, Bow); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL Family; SV Fort +5, Ref +12, Will +3; AP 5; Rep +4; Str 12, Dex 18, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 19.

Occupation: Adventurer (Spot, Survival)

Skills: Balance +10, Bluff +11, Climb +3, Disguise +6, Escape Artist +8, Hide +12, Listen +5, Move Silently +12, Spot +12, Survival +10, Tumble +8

Feats: Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Combat Martial Arts, Combat Reflexes, Deceptive, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Stealthy, Weapon Finesse

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

Talents (Charismatic Hero): Charm, Favor, Captivate

Possessions: Knife, Bow with 12 arrows, TASER, 2 pair of handcuffs, tattered and stained bikini pants, unbuttoned sleeveless vest.

A young woman of amazing beauty, Sweet Thang often runs around in skimpy clothing or partially/fully naked. Something about her causes her to be ignored by Risers, a strange talent she uses to full advantage when trying to escape or get close to someone.

With long legs, full attributes, an angelic face, long red hair and bright blue eyes, Sweet Thang is many a man's (and some women's) wet dream. A psychotic nymph who oozes sexuality, Sweet Thang loves the "sport" of getting a person right to the edge of "consummating" a relationship before either handcuffing him, TASERing him, or slicing his throat.

Medium Slave Community

Colleen Estates

Moderate Tech

Urban

Population: 80

Slaves: 120

Utilities: Running water, electricity, telephone service, sewage

Founding: Day Zero

Time of Writing: Year One

As survivors fled the nearby city and pleaded for safety within the walled community, the elderly residents welcomed those who were allowed in at first. However, on the first day, a particularly vicious group of refugees took over the small community, quickly establishing themselves as the rulers. They performed searches of the houses, confiscating weaponry, luxury items, and bullying/beating the residents into submission, occasionally killing some of them. Before the Risers surrounded the walls, they allowed several dozen people inside, for the most part women and minorities, handcuffing them and taking what few possessions they had fled with, from those refugees.

Once the Risers started swarming the walls, pushing to get in, the slavers welded shut the gates and threw any dissenters outside the walls so that they would be publicly torn apart and devoured. Inside the walls, the lush parks and golf courses of the walled community were replanted into gardens, tended by the elderly and wealthy population of the community, while the slavers ruled with an iron fist. Within a few months, a sally port was installed, allowing the slavers to enter and exit the community without endangering it.

The residents of Colleen Estates fit in one of two categories: Masters and slaves. None of this depends on race or sex, but rather who comes in as a slave from slave gathering bands, and those cruel and vicious enough to defend themselves. Several houses are devoted to segregated slave barracks, divided by sex and age, where slaves, that the slavers are not interested in, are kept in large groups.

The leaders of Colleen Estates keep some modicum of security on their slaves, requiring all slaves to bunk down nude in their barracks, keeping careful count of tools and other dangerous objects, and allowing those who want to run, to run. Slaves who attempt to hide within the walled estate are often driven over the walls by hunting parties, or, when captured, are thrown over the walls for the Risers to devour.

The walls are patrolled by four teams of four security guards at any given time, who drive around the perimeter in golf carts that have been wrapped with chicken wire fencing. The guards are armed with M-16A1's taken from the Colleen Estates private security office, along with a varied assortment of handguns.

Within 6 months the population of Colleen Estates begins moving away from slavery when the 4 leaders have a falling out and kill one another. As the last of the hard-core slavers that originally took over the restricted community disagree, the remainder of the slavers decide that the only way to survive is to pull together, and free their slaves.

Despite the atrocities performed on the former slaves, most of them choose to stay, and those who were once in power turn a blind eye to a few random murders that occur when the former slaves revenge themselves or dead loved ones on some of the worst of the slavers.

By Year Two Colleen Estates is a thriving community, without slavery or brutality, which is a democracy where ultimate power rests on the shoulders of elected officials.

Typical Estates Guard

Strong Ordinary 3/Tough Ordinary 3

CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 3d10+3; HP 37; Mas 13; Init +0; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 14, flatfooted 17 (+4 class, +3 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d4+1/19-20, Knife), or +5 ranged (2d6, 9mm Glock) or +5 ranged (2d8, M16); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL Colleen Estates; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +3; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 12, Dex 11, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 11.

Occupation: Criminal (Disable Device, Knowledge [Streetwise])

Skills: Climb +1, Craft (structural) +2, Disable Device +6, Drive +2, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Knowledge (Streetwise) +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +2, Repair +2, Spot +2

Feats: Armor Proficiency (light), Brawl, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Streetfighting

Possessions: Undercover Vest, Knife, 9mm Glock with 4 clips, M-16 with 2 clips, walky-talkie, flashlight.

Legendary Communities

The following is intended to begin as bare rumors, and only sketchy information is provided within this sourcebook. These cities would be more legend and rumor than an actual presence in the PCs' careers in the beginning - the stuff spoken of in taverns, around a campfire, or during a Trademeet.

Vossberg Superfortress

When I was a rookie I was assigned to a prisoner transfer to Vossberg. The place is a massive fortress designed to hold its population in, full of highly trained and well-armed guards, and the worst predators that America had produced. I hear its a city now, overseen by the same ruthless warden who kept the place running like a clock and made it the most feared penal location outside of Gitmo.

From what I saw of the place, I can believe it. With its own generators, motor pool, high stone walls, expansive armories, living space, and plenty of space to grow food, not to mentioned Warden McTavish, it is undoubtedly successful, and unlikely to have any truck with raiders, slavers or other scumbags.

It might be a good place to get some refit done on the Bradleys that we just don't have the time or space to do. Buck is always complaining that the transmissions need overhauling, and Bradley-Five has developed a weird sound in the engines.

Sam, from the Diaries of Becka

Formerly Vossberg Super maximum Security Federal Penitentiary, this huge stone edifice was the last stop for the worst scum of society. Since the Rising it has become one of the few safe havens out there.

New LA

The place is a madhouse. With hordes of Risers just tearing into the population, and my fellow police officers unable to stop it. The streets are flooded with them, and two news stations have shown live footage, both of which quickly cut away when the Risers overran the reporters and the screaming began. Fires can be seen in the background, vast plumes of smoke from blazes that firefighters are unable to put out. It's doubtful the population of LA will consist of anything more than Risers within a week.

Sam, Day Four, From the Diaries of Becka

LA took a pasting. First the government used a chemical weapons cocktail on it to try to subdue the Risers (who were still being considered rioters by some self-deluded sections of the Federal government) and then by another lethal cocktail. All that did was make things worse, and someone offshore fired a nuke at the place. Sylvia says it was a MiRV (multiple reentry vehicle) cluster of six 1 megaton weapons. That set off an earthquake, and then the fires raged for days.

But, life in LA breeds hardy survivors, and tales have come to us of a city on the outskirts of Old LA, guarded by a wall and what remains of the Orange County National Guard and some troops who were stationed at the National Training Center when it all went down. Supposedly, if you want it, you can get it. Some people describe it as paradise; other people make it sound more like Hell. Either way, it might be worth a look some day.

Sam, From the Diaries of Becka

Los Angeles, California, took serious hits during the Rising, but has started to bounce back after a fashion. With no less than three nuclear reactors from naval vessels heating the bay to the point it steams, the ruins of cities next to the bay are perpetually overcast and covered with a thick gray fog that smells faintly of rot and dead fish. New LA is a conflicting place, consisting of hippie commune lifestyle and strict regulations for who is tasked with doing what.

Gee-Em City

We've heard of this place, but never seen it. From what we hear it would be better called Purgatory instead of what some call it - "Gem City". Mostly, we've heard about it from raiders, slavers, and worse, and have never actually seen it.

Formerly a GM automobile plant, raiders took it, fortified it, and have kept it running as one of the largest cesspools in America. Slaves, gladiator pits, torture for pay, brothels, blood shops, the whole nine yards are all supposedly available.

I agree with Greg, even if we never visit, we should encourage someone to nuke the place, or maybe put a couple of Hellfires into the wall to let Mr. Hungry check out what it offers.

Sam, From the Diaries of Becka

A rather large and successful raider group calling themselves the Detroit Rollers took over a nearby GM plant that was used to manufacture Bradley Armored Fighting Vehicles, seizing the two dozen that were waiting for shipment, as well as nearly 100 humvees. The raiders used much of the raw metals to fortify the sprawling factory and make it impenetrable to ordinary Risers.

Slaves are used for most of the manual and "low born" labor, from cleaning floors to working "on the lines" to replace broken down robots, to other, less savory tasks. Slaves are often pitted against one another in the gladiatorial arena, as well as used for the rooftop and hydroponics farms.

Only the toughest come the Gee-Em City, and even then, many a would-be tough guy has ended up enslaved or dead at the hands of someone else within a few hours.

Silo City

A cluster of ICBM silos in Kansas, hidden underneath cornfields and wheat now grown wild, hides a fairly large settlement. Sylvia's abundant (and rather creepy) knowledge of places like this puts the figure at 80 silos, all of them Minuteman IV complexes hidden in the national defense budget in the late 1990s, and all of them linked together by those who live inside.

Inside the warren is a place to sleep, trade, relax, and actually live instead of survive. It was bewildering to see so many people at the same time, to hear the sounds of life without the steady background crackle of automatic weapons fire keeping the Risers at bay.

We found two new engines for the Bradleys, as well as managing to restock our basic load and swap out the damaged TOW-II launcher on Bradley-9 for a Hellfire Missile launcher. They kept indentured servants, and EVERYONE had to work their first month, and one week a year, in the hydroponics labs or on the janitorial staff. The place could have been worse.

Sam, From the Diaries of Becka

Silo City is an extensive warren of tunnels that link together Minuteman IV silos, control complexes and emergency barracks. Silo City was not armed with nuclear weapons before the Rising occurred, although over 90% of the massive subterranean facility was completed (including the installation of no less than four nuclear reactors using "safe" laser fission) and the equipment to finish the rest of it was left within the facility when the worker strike took place.

The original inhabitants of Silo City are the striking workers themselves, along with almost a thousand military troops who were present for security reasons and to test the facility.

Above ground is a concrete "yard" that is walled in, with four gates that have holding areas to allow vehicles to gain entrance, the Risers who came in with them disposed of, and the vehicles searched before being allowed inside the "yard" where the massive material elevators wait.

VEHICLES

She's got a cracked flywheel, timing gear is missing a few teeth, and needs a new valve cover gasket. It'll cost ya around three grand and it'll have to be in the shop for a couple weeks.

Pre Rising Mechanic

The engine makes a lot of racket, but she runs - see if you can find some armor for it.

Post Rising Mechanic.

The Rising has made how well a vehicle runs and how much armor can be added to it more important than how it looks. Most serious survivalists will bypass a tricked out 2004 Honda Prelude covered in chrome with a heavily modified NOX-charged engine for a beat up 1978 Ford pickup truck.

Excellent rules for modifying vehicles can be found in *d20 Apocalypse*, published by Wizards of the Coast, but this section provides a sample of slaver vehicles that are commonly found in the Post-Rising world. No hard and fast rules were used for the modification of these vehicles, just estimations and a desire to provide the GM some vehicles.

The dual entry in the hardness and hit points represent the difference between the raised values in Year of the Zombie and normal d20 Modern, respectively (see the Year of the Zombie core book for more details).

Weapons Wag

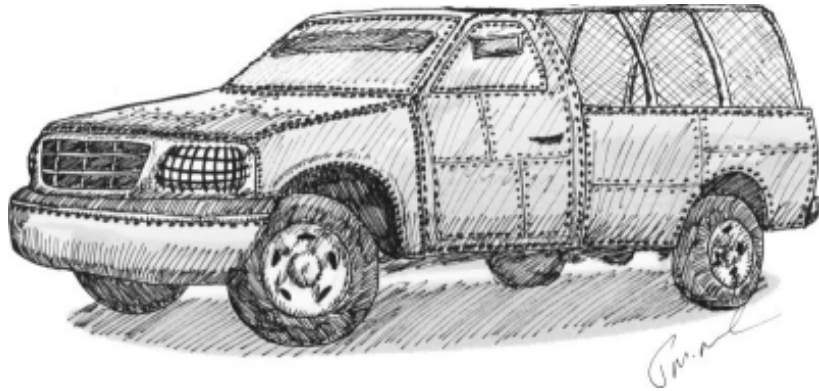
Formerly a 2003 Ford F-150 XL extended cab.

Armor added to the sides, roof, engine compartment, underside and cab, four wheel drive kit added, winch added, windshield and back window broken out and replaced by steel shutters, side windows replaced with steel plates with firing slits cut into them. Bed of the truck is layered with sandbags and has a chicken wire covered roll cage to protect the gunner in case of rollover and to prevent easy access by Risers.

The bed of the truck provides the rear gunner with 50% cover due to the sandbags, and the weapon has a 270 degree firing arc, from the right edge of the cab, around the back of the truck, to the left edge of the cab. Some raiders add weapon blocks to prevent the weapon from rotating to point at the cab. The chicken wire has hardness 3 and 10 hp per square meter for the purposes of slicing it open, and requires a DC 20 Strength check to tear it apart.

The wheels are partially covered by steel plating to protect them from enemy fire, a piece of steel has been placed behind the grill to protect the engine, and a brush guard has been added.

This sample vehicle has skilled crew, with +2 bonus to initiative, maneuver, and to attack (Baretta 93F with 2 clips) for the driver, +2 to attack for the passenger (Tec-9 with a 15 round clip) and +2 to attack and initiative for the rear gunner, (M-60 machine gun with 200 rounds). The crew has 25 hit points each. Treat the driver as having Vehicle Expert, Drive By Attack, and either Vehicle Dodge or Force Stop feats, and the rear gunner as having the Burst Fire feat for purposes of quick usage. If these characters are actually written up, they do not have the feats.



Cargo Wag

Formerly a Chevy Suburban SUV

Armor added to the sides, roof, engine compartment, underside and cab, steel shutters added to windshield, windows replaced by steel plates (passenger window has a firing slit cut into it), steel plates welded over wheel well to protect tires, brush guard and winch added, grill replaced by steel plate, four wheel drive kit and improved suspension kit added, auxiliary fuel tank added.

The rear seats have been removed and chicken wire fencing has been used to seal off the back of the vehicle from the driver and passenger seats. An upraised steel bar (used to shackle slaves to) has been added to the floor from the rear seats all the way to a few inches short of the rear door. The chicken wire has hardness 2 and 10 hp, or a DC 20 Strength check to tear it free, while the bolted shackle bar has hardness 2 and 8 hp, and requires a DC 25 Strength check to tear free. The rear door has been cut in half, the lower half welded into place, and the upper half has any glass replaced with steel plate and often has a locking mechanism added to the outside.

This sample vehicle has skilled crew, with +2 bonus to initiative, maneuver, and attack (Ingram Mac-10 with 2 clips) for the driver, +2 to attack for the passenger (AK-47 with 3 clips) and the driver is considered to have Vehicle Expert, Drive By Attack, and either Vehicle Dodge/Force Stop feats. The rear gunner is considered to have the Burst Fire feat. – The passenger? There is no rear gunner.

Heavy Weapons Wag

American Motors Hummer II (Open Bed Model)

(Author's Opinion: Massive retooling to the design has resulted in this vehicle only superficially resembling the military Humvee, making it less useful for rough terrain use than the military version. To consider the Hummer II the equivalent of a military Humvee for actual rough terrain and combat performance is a bad mistake.)

Armor added to the sides, roof, engine compartment, underside and cab, vehicle lowered, windshield and rear window removed and replaced with steel shutters, side windows removed and replaced with steel plates with firing slits cut into them, rear seats removed, sandbags placed in bed for additional protection, roll cage added, chicken wire wrapped around cage, suspension upgraded, extra fuel tank added, weapons mount added to bed, armored ammunition boxes welded to bed near cab, wheel wells covered by steel plates to protect tires, steel plate placed behind grill to protect engine, bed frame reinforced to handle weapon recoil.

The bed of the truck provides the rear gunner with 50% cover due to the sandbags, and the weapon has a 270 degree firing arc, from the right edge of the cab, around the back of the truck, to the left edge of the cab. Some raiders add weapon blocks to prevent the weapon from rotating to point at the cab. The chicken wire has hardness 3 and 10 hp per square meter for the purposes of slicing it open, and requires a DC 20 Strength check to tear it apart. In the back of this example vehicle is a set of four 60mm mortars welded to the bed (the tailgate is lowered during firing) and dual mounted M2A2 .50 GPHMGs with 250 rounds of ammunition (the two weapons are considered *fire linked* and do 3d12 points of damage). When the dual fifties are in use the drive takes a -1 circumstance penalty to all maneuver checks.

The rear cab area holds two men wielding SAWs from the firing ports, each with two 150-round boxes and brass catcher bags on the weapons, while the passenger has an AK-47 with eight clips stored in a box at his feet; it takes a full round to reload his weapon. The driver is armed with an MP-5 and two clips.

This sample vehicle has skilled crew, with +2 bonus to initiative, maneuver, and attack (MP-5 with 2 clips) for the driver, +2 to attack for the passenger and the rear gunner has +2 to attack and initiative. The two rear-seat gunners have +2 to attack, but only a 45 degree firing arc from each side of the vehicle, and suffer a -4 circumstance penalty to Spot checks. The crew has 35 hit points each. The driver is considered to have Vehicle Expert, Drive By Attack, and either Vehicle Dodge/Force Stop feats. The rear and side gunners are considered to have the Burst Fire feat.

Heavy Cargo Wag One

Formerly a Moving Van

Armor added to the sides, roof, engine compartment, underside, cargo area, and cab, four wheel drive kit added, windshield removed and covered with steel shutters, suspension upgraded for heavier loads, side windows replaced with steel plates with firing slits cut into them. For slave carrying models, multiple upraised bars are welded to the floor of the bed to shackle slaves to. The sliding door has been removed and steel has been welded over the entryway, with a crude, heavy door mounted. Bursting open that door requires a Strength check (DC 25 unlocked, 30 locked) and it has 5 hardness and 15 hit points.

The enclosed area provides total cover to the cargo, and the sides and roof often have barbed wire welded or broken glass glued with epoxy to it. The wheels are partially covered by steel plating to protect them from enemy fire, a piece of steel has been placed behind the grill to protect the engine, and a brush guard has been added. An extra fuel tank has been added to compensate for the increased fuel consumption.

This sample vehicle has skilled crew, with +2 bonus to initiative, maneuver, and attack (S&W .357 with 2 speed loaders) for the driver, +2 to attack for the passenger (fully loaded Mossberg 12-gauge shotgun) and the crew has 25 hit points each. The driver is considered to have Vehicle Expert, Drive By Attack, and either Vehicle Dodge/Force Stop feats.

Heavy Cargo Wag Two

Formerly a school bus

Armor added to the sides, roof, engine compartment, underside and cab, the seats have been removed, the windows removed and covered by steel plating, a winch and grill guard added, folding door removed and replaced with a plate of steel on hinges, floor reinforced, wheel wells covered by steel plating to protect tires. On slave hauling versions there are steel bars welded to the floor (on the roof for crueller versions, allowing more slaves to be shackled to the bars) for the slaves to be shackled to, and steel is welded between the driver's seat and the passenger area. In the cargo version, the fuel tank is removed and placed inside, often with one or two other tanks added and then armored to prevent attackers from blowing up the vehicle.

This sample vehicle has a skilled crew with a +2 bonus to initiative, maneuver, and attack (Beretta 92F with 2 clips) for the driver, +2 to attack for the passenger (who is wielding fully loaded Mossberg 12 gauge shotgun), and the crew has 25 hit points. The driver is considered to have Vehicle Expert, and either Vehicle Dodge/Force Stop feats.

Crew Wag One

Formerly a stretch limousine

Armor added to the sides, roof, engine compartment, underside and cab, winch and grill guard added, wheel wells covered with steel plating to protect tires, shielding added around sunroof, windows are bulletproof and left in place with the exception of the driver's side and passenger side windows, which have been removed and replaced by steel plates with firing slits cut into them. Mini-bar, entertainment center and other luxuries have been removed, seats stripped out and replaced with beds.

The vehicle carries eight men, who use the limousine as a home. Eight beds are crammed inside, with trunks welded to the floor and curtains separating living space. The refrigerator is left inside and used for food/drug storage.

This sample vehicle has skilled crew, with +2 bonus to initiative, maneuver, and attack (Uzi with 2 extra magazines) for the driver, +2 to attack for the crew/passengers (M16A2s with 3 magazines each) and the crew has 25 hit points each. The driver is considered to have Vehicle Expert, Drive By Attack, and either Vehicle Dodge/Force Stop feats. The crew/passengers are considered to have personal and advanced firearms proficiency feats.

Crew Wag Two

Formerly a city transit bus

Armor added to the sides, roof, engine compartment, underside, and cab, seats removed, windows covered with steel plates with firing slits cut in them (the slits have closeable panels to seal them off), folding doors removed and replaced with steel doors with firing/observation slits cut into them (these slits can be sealed also), an electric heater and stove (run off the bus' generator) is provided to keep the crew warm, and trunks are bolted to the floor to hold ammunition and spare weaponry. The front has been reinforced with a ramming prow bolted directly to the frame.

The bus is usually crewed by up to twenty-four men and women whose jobs are to fire out the windows during assaults or when repelling an assault. The rear door swings open to reveal a gunner's position with twin mounted .50 caliber GPHMGs. The side doors open to reveal sandbagged and armored M-60 positions.

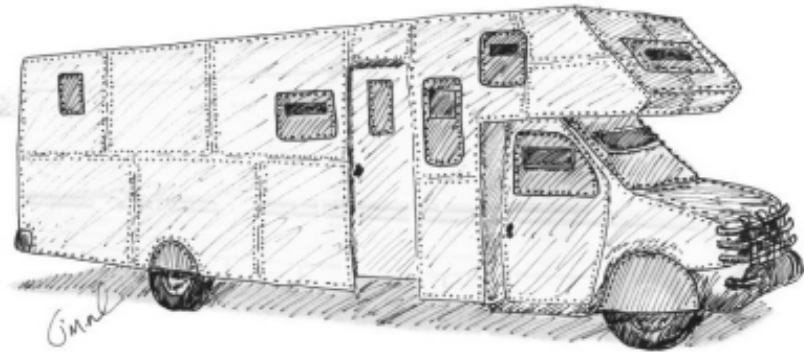
This sample vehicle has skilled crew, with +2 bonus to initiative, maneuver, and attack (S&W .357 with 2 speed loaders) for the driver, +2 to attack for the passenger position gunner (M-60 LMG with a 500 round belt), +2 attack for the left, right and rear gunners (twin .50 GPHMG's - treat as *fire linked* and doing 3d12 damage - and usually have access to AT-4 or LAW anti-tank rockets - though occasionally only M-79 grenade launchers - to handle hardened targets). The crew has 25 hit points each. The driver is considered to have Vehicle Expert, Drive By Attack, and either Vehicle Dodge/Force Stop feats.

Living Wag One

Formerly a motor home

Armor added to the sides, roof, engine compartment, underside and cab, brush guard and winch added to front, windshield removed and replaced with steel shutters, all other windows removed and replaced with steel plates with firing slits (each slit can be closed by a sliding piece of steel), wheel wells are covered with steel plates to protect tires, television and entertainment unit removed, shower and bathtub removed, tables and couches removed, beds added, interior armor plating added, weapon storage racks added, ammunition containers added.

This vehicle is used for higher-ranking or more privileged slavers, and houses six to eight "passengers" and four crewmen. The crew consists of the driver, co-driver/gunner and two gunners. The driver/co driver live in the passenger space, and the other two at the rear of the vehicle (these are larger living spaces than the "passengers"), while the passenger's bunk in available spaces. Cupboards and storage areas are filled with weapons, munitions, small valuables, expensive clothing, and precious gems/jewelry stolen here and there.



This sample vehicle has skilled crew, with +2 bonus to initiative, maneuver, and attack (S&W .357 with 2 speed loaders) for the driver, +2 to attack for the passenger (fully loaded Mossberg 12 gauge shotgun) and the crew has 25 hit points each. The driver is considered to have Vehicle Expert, Drive By Attack, and either Vehicle Dodge/Force Stop feats.

Living Wag Two

Formerly a city transit bus

Armor added to the sides, roof, engine compartment, underside and cab, seats removed, windows covered with steel plates with firing slits cut in them (the slits have closeable panels to seal them off), folding doors removed and replaced with steel doors with firing/observation slits cut into them (these slits can be sealed also), beds have been placed inside the bus, along with an electric heater and stove (run off the bus' generator), and trunks bolted to the floor. The front has been reinforced with a ramming prow bolted directly to the frame.

Each of the twelve small living spaces are cordoned off from one another by hung blankets, and the bolted-down bunks are covered with thick quilts and pillows scavenged from wherever the owners could locate them. During transit a gunner sits at the front doorway and fires an M-249 SAW with a 45-degree arc.

This sample vehicle has skilled crew, with +2 bonus to initiative, maneuver, and attack (Colt M1911A1 with 2 clips) for the driver, +2 to attack for the gunner (M-249 SAW with 6 boxes of ammunition) and the crew has 25 hit points each. The driver is considered to have Vehicle Expert, Drive By Attack, and either Vehicle Dodge/Force Stop feats. During transit there will be between 8 and 12 passengers armed with a variety of weapons (use AK-47 with 2 clips, +2 to attack, 25 hit points each, full cover) that will defend the Living Wag.

Recon Wag

Formerly a 1983 Dodge Colt

Light armor added to the sides, roof, engine compartment, underside and cab, tires inflated with "StopLeak" fluid, rear seats torn out and fuel tank moved from beneath the vehicle to inside the vehicle and armored, windows busted out and replaced with chicken wire welded to the frame, passenger side door and hatchback welded shut, passenger seat turned around.

This recon wag has an M-60 mounted in front of the passenger seat (which has been turned around, meaning all brass and links fall inside the vehicle), allowing the passenger to shoot out the rear of the vehicle, and the driver is armed with a sawed-off shotgun.

This sample vehicle has skilled crew, with +8 bonus to initiative, maneuver, and +4 to attack for the driver (12 gauge double-barreled breech-loading shotgun and 16 12-gauge shells), +4 to attack for the passenger (M-60 with 200 rounds) and the crew has 45 hit points each. The driver is considered to have Vehicle Expert, Drive By Attack, Vehicle Dodge, and Force Stop feats, while the gunner possesses burst fire, advanced firearms proficiency, point blank shot feats.

Name	Crew	Pass	Cargo	Init	Man	Top Speed	Def	Hard	HP	Sz	Pur DC
Weapons Wag	3	2	50 lbs	-4	-3	150 (15)	8	10/6	65/36	H	31
Cargo Wag	2	15	245 lbs	-4	-4	140 (14)	8	10/6	70/38	H	32
Hvy Wpns Wag	5	0	350 lbs	-4	-4	110 (11)	8	12/7	90/45	G	42
Hvy Cargo Wag 1	2	2	3,500 lbs	-4	-4	80 (8)	8	7/4	75/38	G	45
Hvy Cargo Wag 2	2	6	5,500 lbs	-4	-5	90 (9)	8	8/5	70/40	H	48
Crew Wag One	2	4	750 lbs	-4	-4	160 (16)	8	15/7	85/40	G	45
Crew Wag Two	7	22	3,500 lbs	-5	-6	120 (12)	6	13/7	90/40	H	48
Living Wag One	2	6	2,200 lbs	-6	-7	120 (12)	6	12/6	70/38	H	45
Living Wag Two	9	12	4,500 lbs	-6	-6	80 (8)	6	15/8	120/45	H	50
Recon Wag	2	0	450 lbs	-4	-2	180 (18)	8	5/3	45/30	G	25

APPENDIX ONE

WITH A FLASH AND A BANG

Not all apocalyptic or post-apocalyptic scenarios revolve around the dead rising to hunt down the living. Nuclear weapons, super viruses, comets, meteors, civil unrest, worldwide natural disasters, or even alien invasion can bring about an apocalypse and sound the death knell for human civilization.

In the rubble of afterwards, or as society collapses, slavers will make a comeback. Everything from child slavery to full-blown slave-driven agricultural societies will rise, supported on the backs of the downtrodden and oppressed. Slaves will be held in thrall by force, psionic/magical powers, or mutations, with the deciding factor being race, religion, whether or not the slave is mutated, or just circumstances.

Those who are taken as slaves will be used differently in a non-zombie scenario, since there is no need to keep the slaves within walls at all times. Still, slavery will replace machines as gasoline supplies run out and not everyone knows how to replace a tractor. Horses may be better for pulling a plow, but horses would be extremely scarce in a non-zombie post apocalyptic world and human labor much easier to acquire.

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