

THE

# PROJECT

A MORROW PROJECT BI-ANNUAL MAGAZINE



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# From The Directors Desk

By Tim Gray

Well we survived Issue one and made it to re-release issue 2! I do want to thank everyone that helped with writing for this issue, it absolutely made it possible to release on time. We still need content and we still need those willing to help. Making NPC's or even PC characters to publish for others to use would really help. Any artist that have maps or any short adventures you want to share.

you might notice that the look and format of the magazine has changed, I no longer have access to the really expensive authoring software I used before and instead switched to using a free product. Apple's iBooks Author. So consider this issue an experiment in publishing software changes. Yes that means I'm locked into Apple products, but hopefully they wont eliminate this product on me.

I also want to take this space to remind everyone that the To Morrows End podcast at <http://tomorrowsend.rpgstuff.net> is going to start running a giveaway! You will be able to win the grand prize of a hardcover 4th edition book, custom Morrow Dice set and A Challenge Coin! Keep an eye out at the website as well as the Facebook pages for how to enter to WIN!

There are also other runner up prizes that are going to be given away, so please go and spread the word about the magazine and podcast to get your entry to win!



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# The Project Directors Corner

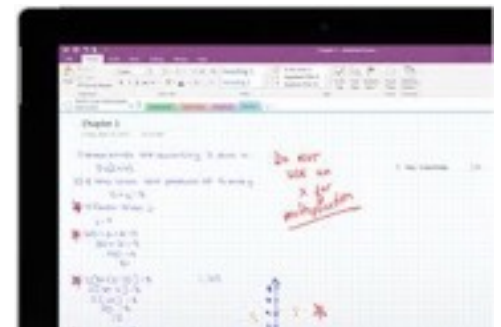
This issue we will talk about electronic tools to organize your game. Some PD's love paper and organize everything old school. That's great but it means carrying around a ton of stuff and having to keep track of it. I'm a technology guy and I keep it all in digital form so I can work on the next gaming session or the whole story arc anywhere. I am a HUGE fan of syncing services like Box and DropBox as it lets me share files with players easily, for writing text I use google docs because I can access everything no matter what device I have with me. Having access is huge, plus I can share a document with someone else so we can collaborate on it.

I used to be a huge "it's gotta be paper" guy. The tactile feel and having the GM screen in front of me with all my stuff created my separation between players and my game god status... And then I switched to a mini game screen so I did not have that wall, and then finally switched away from a GM screen completely. When I GM play sessions for the podcast I actually have two computers up and running as well as a tablet with the documents I need on it. It lets me keep the storyline on one, the books on the tablet and the other available for taking notes. All this tech allows the podcast to stop after a 6 hour record session and pick up exactly where we left off without any time wasted as I can read from the notes, "last time you guys were fighting the radioactive bugbear and Will decided to launch grenades into it's mouth...."

Being able to organize all this is key. And there are a lot of different ways of doing this and it really depends on what platform you like for computing. If you are an Apple head like me you

have some limited choices, and I'll even run a windows program because there is no native mac choice, plus you have to choose between "free" and paid apps. Some are better than others, and I am one to shy away from anything that is subscription based. I am not a fan of the pay a monthly fee forever software model, but some options exist if you are ok with that.

Let's start with what is out there from the big players.



First is from Microsoft and Not for Gamers but it's incredibly useful... One Note. It allows you to do some serious game management and not taking and have tabs and folders for everything. this way you can create a tab for "town ABC" and tabs under that for NPC's, items, secrets, etc... It is for OSX and Windows so it's cross platform and worth owning, you can get free limited cloud version that is more than enough for most people.

If you are a Tabletop RPG junkie then you are absolutely familiar with HeroLab. It's a pricey but incredibly capable program for character generating for many different game systems (Except Morrow Project) and they released their own GM software suite called Realm Works. This suite looks incredibly polished but unfortunately has no demo at all and at \$50 it's an expensive risk to see if it even works for you. It has the advantage that it has a player edition that your players can buy for \$16.00 each and they can keep their own notes plus have access to all files you sent

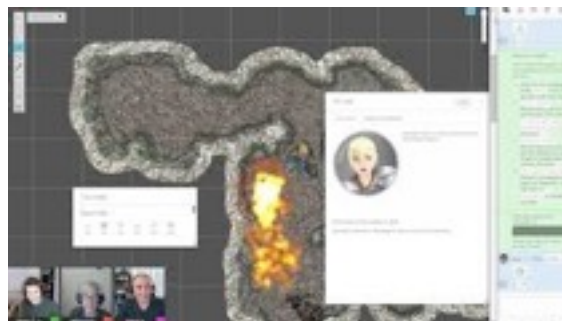
them. This requires their cloud sync service that also comes in at \$40 a year. So this becomes an extremely expensive option. There are other problems with their software such as you MUST be connected to the internet to create a new campaign, that rubs a lot of people the wrong way. Many of the ideas are really cool, but their pricing for the cloud service is insane, and not allowing you to sync even to local players on your own lan without the cloud service makes this continue to be a GM tool I can not recommend unless you have an extremely active group with remote players and you play weekly and multiple games.

There used to be other tools out there but before I wrote this article I decided to look them up again and found most of the mare now gone forever. Mapping programs like Dunjinni and other are simply gone and dead. But one I bought years ago is still kicking around and doing well, and that is “Fractal Mapper” from NBOS software who makes “the Keep”. I actually decided to get the keep because of their free program “inspiration pad” where you can write in their own script language automatic generators to create loot or NPC’s automatically for you while in game. I was spending some time searching for a Inspiration Pad script that was “random books” because I had a player that was constantly asking , “they have books? What are the titles? I grab one give me details” and found a coupon code to get it and the “fractal mapper” program together as a bundle. I was more interested in the mapping program so the download of the Keep sat there for months. I decided to mess with it one day and realized that it was quite useful. It’s basically a Game Masters Wiki that lets you create pages and folders of information and even create the handouts so you can print them if you want or copy and paste the info to email or send to your players. It’s the one I use to this day simply because I can create scripts with the inspiration pad plugin and right there tell that player that he is holding a copy of “Dave’s compendium of wasteland edibles, and

is a poorly leather bound book with loose pages and incoherent writing” with a single click. The Keep is \$35.00 on it’s own. If you watch Drive thru RPG you can find a bundle of the keep and Fractal mapper for \$55.00.

Using free tools like <http://tiddlywiki.com/> can work as well. In fact the free desktop wiki’s work just as good as any of the paid GM specific programs if you don’t care about sharing images on a second screen to players or the scripting.

For the longest time I used a Wiki to keep track of NPC’s and towns and other things the players did in each location. It made it a lot easier that I can see the notes that the last time the players were in TimVille they saved little timmy from the well but they also left the tavern without paying their tab. And I can play the interactions of the townsfolk accordingly instead of shuffling papers and trying to figure out where in my notes they did what in what town. Managing your data is a huge part of being a successful PD in morrow, even if the team is trying to be incognito every time they do a good deed for someone their reputation grows and word will spread. People that have been saved tend to talk about it, keeping track of that really help the game feel like a world instead of a linear story line.



Sharing maps with players, I personally like “Roll20” as anyone can

see the maps and can even move their own token on screen if you really want to do a battle map. The free version is good enough and it also lets you set up some online information sharing with players if you can convince your players to even think of the game when not at the table.

All of this means you will be typing a LOT at the table, you really need to transcribe what happened at least key items. One thing I found that helps a LOT is bringing a recorder to game and

record audio during the game. That way I can play it back and listen to what happened if I can not remember later while I am filling up my notes as to what really happened. Granted I have it easy as I have a microphone in the face of all my players and record everything for the podcast, but on a low budget you can get a table microphone that is called a “boundary” mic inexpensively from amazon or ebay and plug it into your laptop and use a free record software to record the audio during your game session. Being able to replay the game really will help you with details you may have missed.

On the Tablet side, I use an iPad. Specifically because I am an old fart, I use a 12” iPad pro because the displayed pages are as large as the actual book pages. I also use a specific ebook reader called “goodreader” because it will let me organize my own bookmarks so I can easily flip around to different tables in the rule books easily. This allows me to also have other books open at the same time with apple books. Being able to bring up the rules on dysentery in 3 touches keeps the game moving instead of the grinding halt while I look it up in the book. As a PD it is imperative that you are fast at retrieving what you need to know so combat or the heat of the moment is not ruined by “wait let me find that..... everyone take a break” The energy in that moment of the game was just killed and honestly the enjoyment for everyone just dropped. Do what you can to have things instantly accessible.

And honestly I will roll a die and tell them the answer I want them to have if it moves the story along. I’m not a simulation rules must be followed PD, I firmly believe my job is to make the game fun for the players and to build the story.

So if I see even a pause will kill the moment, I’ll fudge it to where it makes the story better, makes the players more energized or makes it more interesting.

What is important is that you let technology be a TOOL that helps you focus more on the game and less of a distraction That means then you turn off all Social network notifications to minimize distraction. If you are using Roll 20 with a mix of local players and remote players, I suggest doing what you can to keep players constantly involved to reduce the “I’m bored what's on Facebook” distraction that happens when you allow tech at the table. Honestly most of the times when this happens it’s because the PD is not involving all the players and you really can't focus on one or two players, you have to do something to keep everyone involved to keep their attention.

Next time we will look at what to do when all your time prepping is thrown out when your team decides to go off the rails.

# FROM THE JOURNALS OF ERIN CARR



*Lt. Carr was frozen in 2014 with Contact team FC-002 outside of Jacksonville Florida. His specialty is anthropology, archeology and history. He has traveled the new world extensively and his journals are a popular source of information to many. These journals are banned within the Kentucky Free State.*



The Florida landscape is back to virgin nature with added dangers. Brazilian peppers make huge acreages impassible. Fire ants have grown unchecked. Wild boar and coyotes and wolves are bigger then belief without a fear of man. Even the smells are different, pure. The going has been slow and very hard on my feet. I really miss Chap Stick and suntan lotion. The coastal area are easier so I have made that my route south the last few weeks. I want to remain enthused that nature has thrived, but it has made travel very difficult.

I had been resting my blistered feet while hiding from the sun in a camouflaged cloth lean-to that would have made my old instructors proud. From here the coastal view is beautiful and the

star scape breathtaking. I have never enjoyed the setting and rising of the sun more. I also have found great joy in not risking heat stroke and massive sunburn. Perhaps Florida has fallen into wilderness primarily from the lack of air conditioning and sunscreen? The heat and sun are tolerable when you see huge numbers of dolphins jumping at the coast and nature in all its glory.

The second day of my respite turned to refuge. The sunrise revealed a sailing ship at sea. Tall majestic masts in the wind yet a simple functional design elegant and powerful even from afar. As it anchored off shore I could see none of the fanciful designs all the Pirates of the Caribbean films taught me to expect. I saw chains, floggings, weapons all arranged and managed with efficiency. A slave ship. Yet this means trade and a functioning economic entity. Slavery is an economic choice. Politics dictate who is enslaved but it its economic value in a structured society and culture that make it worthwhile to someone.

The worst aspect of humanity show there is a deprived social economic structure somewhere.



You see how I find the sight hopeful and depressing at once.

The ship sent a landing party that came far too close to my camp site. These may be the first men I have seen in weeks but I want nothing to do with them. Ashore I could see no fear in them, they made any noise convenient to them. I hear rattling of chains, curses, talk of rape and pillage hoped for all long before they were in sight.

Undisciplined in noise, march and all things. Rufians looking for victims, predators. I presume their social order is based on strength and dominance. Perhaps the larger society behind them is the same, based upon military and or economic strength for leadership? I see signs of basic manufacturing in their clothing and equipment. There must be artisans or cottage factories to make their bolt action rifles, leather boots or to farm their food. This would be where the slaves are used, the source of the need and use for labor supplied by slavery. There must be limited soap making because these men stank horribly, as most sailors do I suppose. Their clothing is homemade, all are bearded, and after seeing one with a huge ax I began to wonder if these are hipster slavers? Maybe that was the social evolution of these people, from lumberjacks to hipsters to slavers? LOL. It is wrong to joke but it helps me put my fears aside.

Hiding is best for me. Slavers must specialize in tracking down runners. I saw their dog packs. Against that my skill my blistered feet will fail. So I stayed hidden, snuggled in quiet and low till the depraved rabble passed. I continued to stay out of the way expecting them to return this way to their ship. The time passed easier with the reassuring weight of a revolver in my hand. My vigilance did not waiver but it did fail me.

Next I awoke to a bug eyed monster snarling at me with claws. It occurred to me I might be dreaming but in the new world I have already seen monsters, If I had coffee or more than a moment of thought I would have realized it was a

man with night vision goggles holding back leashed dogs armed with a sword. Instead I reacted by jumping to defend myself and gotten quickly knocked out with a pummel to the head.

I wish I could tell you it was a manly manner in which I jumped to fight but truly it was a quick panic of no real planning or skill. I never even saw the blow that put me down.

The new reality I awoke to slowly was of being chained to a wooden horse drawn wagon with a dozen assorted people. All had far away looks of hopelessness, shoddy dirty clothing that were practically rags. They smelled of fear that held them mute. This seemed like a good time to shut up and observe. The slavers were chatting about their plans upon return to Savannah, how they would spend their spoils. The rumors I had heard were true and my assumptions of a larger social order were correct. There was indeed a slave based economic state run by the wealthiest strongest families in Savannah. They traded slaves to a larger group in Atlanta. Their main economy was the salvage and slave trading up north as well as Atlanta. These men worked for the Bristy family, one of the ruling houses. The Children of the Night enslaved me to use as food, so back to it, again I guess.

My captor made an intriguing appearance, apparently a man of authority by his demeanor and equipment. He alone has night vision plus other modern equipment and clothing like a HK MP-5 submachine gun he now carried. On his web gear I saw a canteen engraved with the Morrow Project logo. The Project or a piece of it does exist in this world. Did they fall to slavers like my team did in Jacksonville? Would all his exotic gear be Project issue? Was he a Project member?

Then came the beatings, forced march onto the ship, more beatings, stale worm infested bread rarely served, chains and darkness. These stayed constant for a length of time to which I cannot estimate. The life of slave is very hard as you would guess upon both the body and soul.

While chained to the bunks aboard the ship, awash in hunger and agonies my captor and a fancier cleaner dressed man walked the aisle into my vision. I was tired, hurt, and hungry, with nothing to lose so unable to raise my head I crooked out a greeting to my captor addressing him as "Mister Morrow Project". That stopped them cold. Mister fancy simply turned to give me a quick strong punch to the head. Again, I was out cold. Slavery and concussions have been far to common of my experience in this world to date.

The wall I was chained to upon awakening was in a cabin serving as both quarters and private office. The other walls were adorned with trophies, status symbols and art work depicting heroic deeds and accomplishments. I have heard such things referred to as a "I love me wall". Chart and papers covered the large table and desk. My head throbbed, thirst consumed me while iron shackles bloodied my ankles and wrists. I felt agony everywhere, unable to discern any one pain as it encompassed my being, I fought to consider my plan, and I did not have one.

I got to know the cabins' occupant over the continued course of our sea journey. Kate Bristy was an intellectual, disciplined and focused. She had grown up as slaver nobility in Savannah with the urge to see the world. Since her early teens she joined the family expeditions, quickly becoming a leader of them to then the head of the family business. She is cultured, sweet even with an unassuming nature yet beneath that totally ruthless in her defense and pursuit of business, family, and her image. She is dangerous, intelligent, savage and gorgeous. Even if I wasn't chained up I would know to fear this woman. Yet she dressed simply with a sense of elegance, I never could actually ignore her leather pants. Long hair and soft skin, she looked like she did not know labor and work, yet clearly she was not intimidated or soft. She was a dichotomy.

Her interest in me was what I knew of history, old world technology and Morrow Project facilities. Her city state knew of the Project as a source of material wealth and highly useful salves. They have been picking over the frozen idle remains of the Project for generations, We failed to launch, there is no Project out there for me to find. I have to hope that maybe the unlooted pieces can be found and useful.

Over the days, she questioned me, or ignored me for varied lengths of time. She asked about where I was trained, frozen and whom else I knew in the project. She explored my knowledge of mechanics, engineering, and other hard sciences I was not overly conversant in. I was never sure if I was trying to avoid disappointing her or to avoid her subtle knife usage upon my person.

In observation of her office work, I learned her ships have plied the east coast, into the Caribbean and even made treacherous raids onto the European and African coasts. It makes me think of the Vikings but the triangular transatlantic slave trade is the most on nose comparison. Maybe that knife she keep running over my skin is why I keep thinking of Vikings. 150 years she tells me have passed since the old world fell. In that time mankind only recover to this brutal primitive mind frame overwhelms my hope. The Project is a shadow of legend while its need is greater than we imaged to plan for.

#### CHAPTER 4

Upon arrival in Savannah, the great city slaver port, I am to be sold for a high price to a noble family. These jackals hope I can lead them to Morrow treasure, bring them technical toys while being a display of their power. Leashed Morrow Project dreamer is the ultimate and rarest fashion accessory of the elite it seems. At least this means they will not kill me, or starve me too much. That and the hope I might be bathed are almost too much hope to risk.



To date what I have seen of the new world has been ruins, overgrown nature and small enclaves of man. I see now in Savannah more than my experience could have guessed possible. Dozens of sailing ships ply the port, large wooden docks serve their trade. Innovations adapted to the lack of power and fossil fuels adorn the city. From afar it looked industrious, active, a hipsters dream of bearded hardworking men without the spoiling effects of modern polluting activity.

I did not see any coffee shops on the streets so this could not be a hipster paradise. I was in a horse drawn cage. The streetscape was covered in filth, smelled of disease, and was overrun with petty crimes among the town folk. Even the horses were skinny from hunger and looked sad. This close the city loses any romantic notions of a Hollywood produced past or ideal are overpowered by the filth, stink and savageness. A most wretched hive of scum and villainy indeed. Open sewers, no public services or utilities. Men degraded as slaves and as economic collateral damage. A dank diseased city under a cloud of savage even sadistic and selfishness. You can have your pockets picked or throat slit easily enough. The powerful can buy clean water food and air as they can buy the government. Think of Oliver Twists' London but far worse.

The port bustled with goods coming and going and multiple smells upon the breeze. Dozens of ships I knew to be schooners and sloops, even a few fully rigged ships. Any of these could make the journeys of exploration and trade I envisioned in place of salving and raiding. There was power here in these ships, but it was used to destroy rather than to build. Like most evil in this world, it was beautiful. These ships were majestic and agile looking.

As a tourist Savannah would repulse me. Arriving as a slave I was treated to the worst of it and of humanity. The moment I was hosed down in my holding pen made me think of The Planet of Apes, me being Heston of course. So I have come to think off these people as the apes like

the movie. This view was vindicated as I was forced into a private cell and hosed down just like that iconic film. I had a six by six foot cell with three walls and study bars over a cement floor. The building was setup like a zoo, we were to be on display to buyers who strolled the park like scene. Strolling the gaslights with their children human beings were considered as simple commodities to be traded used and discarded. One boy eager to please and impress his father stood out to me. He was well dressed and spoke with intelligence and maturity beyond his years to the masters while heaping foul abuse verbally and physically upon the slaves. This adorable little 10 year old boy whipped a man repeatedly with gutso to the pride of his father while mom smiled upon them both. Gas lamp posts kept the parade of dignified brutality going past dark. It also occurred to me that this is the first time I have ever been to Georgia and not seen any confederate flags, that seems ironic.

I was fed better. Oatmeal never was a favorite of mine but it was like the food of the gods after what I have been through to date. This place gave me time ot think, worry and wonder if I dared to hope. After the buyers left for the night and the gaslights dimmed I was assaulted by ominous sounds of crying children and adults, if whips cracking and the clanking of chains. If I were to close my eyes today I can still hear them. I was now close to the worst of the city, but still separated with a chance of being spared the worst due to my perceived value. This good fortune produced some guilt in me. I could do nothing to help the others, I felt my failure deeply as well as the Projects. I am here to help these people. I compromised to focus seeking on seeking information. My quest in very short order has been informative but with repeated concussions, could I live and retain what I discover?

In the old world, I never had to truly fear death or question my survival day to day, or see starvation. My training could not prepare me for this new world. Here in the slave pits facing darkness growing in my soul I learned the true value of The

Project. It gave us a goal. We were chosen for our passion and commitment, which they nurtured in training. Facing the harsh events, I fell back on those values to retain my sanity and strive to survive.

With this mindset, I was sent via the dirty caged cart to a stately southern manor. This was classic southern plantation architecture still serving that purpose. It was symbolic microcosm of the slave city culture. Outside slaves toiled to delicately tendered gardens on par with the Palace of Versailles while overseers remained discreet. The building housed the country club of the elite.

Here they gathered for the gentle art of competition, for scheming and gossiping in the glory of their wealth.

I entered the realm of the elite through the back door so as not to disrupt the sensibilities of our betters. I was cleaned and given fine clothing. My captor then came to me, I never learned his name. "Boy, you will live well if you can show your value. You will be on display for buyers. You make me look bad and I will kill you slowly. You make the Bristy family look bad and you will pray to die for weeks." He affixed a thick leather leash to my neck. "Now let's get out there and show off all that fancy old world learning you got". This man was a grunt soldier and overseer. My life was in the hands of a knuckle dragger I admitted with a sigh as a reply. I had already learned not to look him or any master in the eye.

On my leash, I entered the parlors of the local elite, civilized savages who had power over me I had to respect and fear. Like a trained monkey I played my role while trying to observe and learn. Slavers carried no weapons openly to show they had raw power of their domain. Finely woven cloth neckties and hats were the style to keep cool. Diamonds and gold adorned them all to display wealth. These were not people who dirtied their hands with labor often. I have to admit they were a good looking bunch though the finger foods produced the most admiration in me.

Lady Bristol took my leash while pleasantly sipping her iced tea over conversation a potential buyer from Atlanta. The hard woman I knew at sea was now a refined prim proper gentle creature with a wide smile. She wore a simple summer dress and made it elegant. Stunningly gorgeous as well as deadly and crafty. I do not think her peers grasped her true depth. With great effort, I tried not to admire the fit of her skirt, or the depth of her dark brown eyes. I think I almost managed to succeed.

From her chatter and questions, I learned that Savannah was ruled by a council of the strongest families who engage in constant intrigue of cloak and dagger wars among themselves. They produce little of their own; they trade slaves and raid for their power. Atlanta is their largest trading partner, which I suspect, is slowly making them an economic vassal state. Soon Atlanta will have true direct control and move openly against them. Slave traders see everyone as potential product after all and it is an economic tool and weapon cutting both ways. I find satisfaction knowing the slender hands upon my leash have themselves figuratively leashed to a master as well. I have to find a way to use that to my advantage.

Bristy pulled me down to her side where I took a deferential knee. She espoused my value as a tutor to a fat unhappy woman from Atlanta. She seemed the type to forever scowl and enjoy releasing her simmering anger and resentments. This one, Penny Ginolis, enjoyed abusing others with no compulsion to hide it. The matriarch of her family running a machining business in Atlanta I got the impression she dominated the business and family. Her husband in name ran them only. She had useless children in her words and a few grandchildren she was raising herself. What dark hearted woman hates her own children and sees her grandchildren as dynastic pawns? Once people are property all life, even family, is de-valued in new ways I suppose. I wonder if she is typical of Atlanta? She could be a symptom of a decaying corrupt society or simply

the product of a marriage for money. I need to sample more people to know.

I knew I did not want this woman to buy me. She did not need to know about the extent of my skills, some of which I had hidden from the Lady Bristy. Her questioning ceased when an oddly slender and pale man dressed all in black approached. His build was eleven, effeminate yet graceful and powerful. His eyes were a cold black that displayed no emotions. A Child of the Night here, again these savage monsters. The same of the creatures that drank the life blood out of my teammates stood inches from me looking me over as I froze in horror.

Slavers are filth trying to be sophisticated yet they still are human at least. How could they allow a vile dangerous beast into their realm? These people must be insane or ignorant. Were I the stronger willed man I wish to be I would have launched an attack upon the beast right then. As I am though, I stayed on my leash and observed through my fear.

The thing spoke with a soft unhurried voice, almost sweet sounding. His facial expressions and other body language reacted to the emotions his empathic abilities sensed as opposed to the conversation. That is an unnerving thing to watch. His kind pull it off with a sense of superiority.

Lady Bristy was not pulsed by its revolting nature. While she did not try to sell my knowledge, she offered with great flourish to serve my blood. A pearl-handled knife was produced from the folds of her jacket cut and bleed me into crystal chine for the beast to drink from. I never moved a muscle. Maybe these two creatures are more alike than I have realized?

They discussed selling a few score old slaves and quickly came to an agreement I was very glad not to be a part of it. The Children buy food not labor here; Bristy can sell devalued old or injured slaves at a better price for their blood. It did not walk away so much as it slithered. Those

things are unnerve me because they are not natural.

Dinner wound down quickly without the tension that permeated the cocktail hour. Lady Bristy kept me by her side during the opulent meal. She could make me feel safe and terrified at once. Around her I did not think past the moment, focused on the experience of living as it may be my last. I am not sure if it is fear or the relief of survival that keeps my senses notched up. She has power over me I realize as I watch her long black hair while kneeling behind her. I am not sure where it comes from. Certainly she has more hold on me than the leash upon me alone.

I enjoyed this dinner because of the heavenly aroma of fine dining. You can learn a great deal of a culture from their food. These slave lords dined like the Roman elite would have. The lobster meant they had seafaring trade to the north and or south. Coffee! They had my first and lost love coffee I long for every moment. The presence of this magical brew shows some kind of intercontinental trade or raiding. The world is larger than my limited view had suggested to date.

Do the creature comforts of this slave society appeal to me I wondered? Is it weakness needing security that keeps slaves obedient? Are they broken or just content to be fed in this new world I asked? I have to inquire as I am on one knee before the dinner table of slave lords while leashed to one of their hands.

I was returned to the salve market zoo cage. The streets were quiet in late evening but felt dangerous. Our driver and guards certainly were keeping alert. Watching simple men finger shotguns should unnerve me but I am the property they are protecting. Robert was one of the guards I got to know as he would bring me my meals and ran the wing of cells I called home. He was a large intimidating man with a shaved head and a broad smile quick to laugh. Traditionally guards are not picked for their intelligence or compe-

tence, they are brutes often who are quick obey and do not ask questions. Common folk usually, simple salt of the earth, you know, morons. But Robert had a humanity to him I would never have expected. He had three daughters with his wife. This was just a job to him feeding his family. He wants routine and no problems. His wife requires he bathe the smell of his work off each night and assure she eats healthy. His eyes betray a deep love when he speaks of her and the kids. Like all strong men he is overpowered by his daughters who play with him and break his heart.

Robert shows me there is love in this world. Responsibility still makes men compromise themselves to support a family. Robert is the post-apocalyptic office drone really. I like him because I understand and sympathize with him while envying his family. Robert took to eating his meals outside the bars of my cells. I would ask him about his family which he was happy to brag about. He would often ask me minutiae of the old world. This was not an interrogation, he never seemed to know or care about The Project. He asked who built the old forts at the water, did we really fly across the land, what we ate, those kind of things. These talks showed me a different world than the slave lords dinners revealed.

We got a new arrival into the cell next to mine. I could not see him for the first few days after we were introduced by his joining into my conversations with Robert. His voice, eager even in this slave pit betrayed the mix of confidence and ignorance called youth. His name was Doug, of a clan of flyers from Maine. It is still called Maine. His people live on one of the islands, he will not say where exactly, They roam the country in airships, well he calls them balloons but they sound like rigid dirigibles to me. Robert names his people Ballooners who trade among a number of communities.

Doug tells many stories of his adventures but is careful to never reveal locations. I surmise trade routes are secret like they were in antiquity. The

Portuguese routes and details of Asia were state secrets else a competing trader pirate or raider could threaten profits. Trade and war are both selfishly motivated.

To believe his tales Doug is the smartest toughest bravest and most successful ladies' man of his people, who really should be a ship's captain and leading member of the ruling senate soon. He is sure if not for his unfortunate captivity he would have been made a senator upon his return already. Reportedly Doug found himself in our company by way of a storm damaging and diverting his airship to low altitudes over the coastal waters. There they found themselves easy prey to a passing slave ship. Apparently Doug fought the ship single handedly till the mass number of slavers overwhelmed him. Never believe most of what an excited teenager tells you,

To be a young man like this again! I was a young man when frozen yet my short time since has aged me. Repeated concussions and the occasional starvation will do that. Doug is a young teenager and Robert is a family man at 20. Now like much of human history before my 40 years is practically ancient to them, I am grandpa old in this society and world. Granted I have better teeth than either of them thanks to having met a dentist.

Slowly summer was approaching us. I was given Lady Bristy had not had use of me for weeks. If I am not sold I cannot guess what my future would be. I got to know other slaves in the market that stayed like me. Others were sold quickly some I only met during chance encounters during market shows and work assignments.

Vince was a southern farmer from inland, friendly even while scared in this place, His southern drawl would disarm just about anyone. His last surviving son, of four, needed medical attention he could not afford so he sold himself into slav-

ery to pay for it while his in-laws would raise the boy. A man of honor in my book.

Tony was a petty criminal who grew up on the picking pockets and shoplifting. Life on the street gave him many intimidating scars as well as a permanent scowl and a malnourished frame. He was cocky mouthy and obviously not to be trusted. Robert predicts he will sell into dangerous expendable work like mining or ship hand even the harsh field work.

Susan arrived to great fanfare and hoot calls. A very pretty woman of obvious intelligence. Her fall into the salve pits was a long one. She married a successful trader who took to drink, gambling and mistresses. He paid less and less attention to his business while reveling in the expenses of his midlife crisis. After a prostitute put a knife through his ribs Susan was widowed with huge debts. She was sold as one of his many assets to pay debtors. Robert expects she will sell quickly into a lords' house as a servant which will spare her from many worse fates. She may be happier in that role even. Good to know divorces and bad marriage tragedies have continue through the apocalypse. Some things are just human nature and can never change.

The one who had the biggest impact upon me was one I never actually met or knew his name, All I experienced of him was the sounds of sobbing, cries of anguish and desperate pleas. He was a disembodied vocal expression of pain; His emotional outbursts awakened me as he was dragged to a cell on my wing while uncontrollably wailing. After the guards secured him into his cell he changed to pleading through the sobs. This was a mistake. Why would God do this to him, this was a mistake, please someone help. This can't be real...and on and on. Other slaves had little sympathy threatening and taunting him

for disturbing their sleep. Tony I recall went into detail of how he would cut his fat throat to shut him up at the first opportunity. Their complaints and threats amplified the disturbance requiring Robert to intervene. Robert wanted the order and routine of a simple life after all. I did not could not predict how effectively and directly this father of daughters could achieve that goal.

I heard the large hallway door slam open followed by heavy determined foot steps. The other slaves were silent now and I felt the urge to hide. The bubbler began to sequel "I don't belong here" to which Robert replied by striking a baton on the cell bars while yelling "You will shut the Hell up now or I will shut you up".

"I don't belong here..please" cried our new neighbor. My guts tightened knowing what would happen, I pulled myself into the far corner of my cell with my head in my knees. I heard a cell door thrown open and the squealer pulled forcibly from his cell. Then came thuds and squishes of a savage beating that were all encompassing in the wing, louder to me then the sobbing had been. The entire wing was dead quiet as a cell door was closed and Robert breathed heavily.

"One chirp out of any of you the rest of the night and I swear I will give you the same thing" Robert roared. We showed agreement with our total silence that whole night, till guards came to remove the mess Robert left for them to clean up. I stayed huddled in the corner, I could smell the squealers death already. I feared to call out in my sleep from a dream that night so stayed awake.

You see, a simple man loving his family wanted routine without having to face the truth of his job. His love motivated him to ignore the evils of his world to blindly become part of it. The sobering squealer forced him to face the evil he compro-

mised with and he could not face it or change it. So he silenced the reminder, he struck at the truth and beat it down and away where it could not hurt him. He did evil directly to allow him to tolerate the presence of evil, to protect his family. It is illogical and wrong while it is shockingly common and human. This was to be my last night in the market fittingly as it was the most honest reveal of its true nature.

Shock and horror held me all night corned in my cell. Lady Bristy arrived in the mooring dressed in field ware for royalty, heeled boots, multi pocketed blouse of durable fabric, and tight cargo pants with a gun belt, knife, binoculars and the like. She ran her long fingers along my cheek telling me I was safe, she needed me on a salvage expedition so she was taking me away from this place.

# THE MISTAKE

Even though the team has been trying to keep a low profile word spreads about those that are powerful and do good. A reputation as someone that helps others in need spreads like wildfire these days. It's this reputation that got the attention of a pair of slavers and made them risk coming to town and talking to the team. The town is in an uproar as they approach, A woman screams, "kill the slaver scum!" and the crowd starts to turn violent when one of the slavers yells out "we need help from a monster that will probably come after you if it's not stopped!"

"Please, help us! This monster has taken over and has enslaved most of our men! She has a thirst for blood and actually will eat you if you disobey!"

## PD NOTES

You can start this any way you want and at any location you want, you should have some NPC's available to solidify that they are evil slavers and not normal honest citizens. This is a basic "bad boss enslaved everyone" situation. The team's best option is to kill or subdue the boss to break the control over the others. Your team may be happy killing the slavers, but there is a lot of slaves mixed in with them. Remember she can only have basic control over women. You may want to discourage the team wiping out everyone, have townsfolk ask if they can bring their loved ones back ,etc..

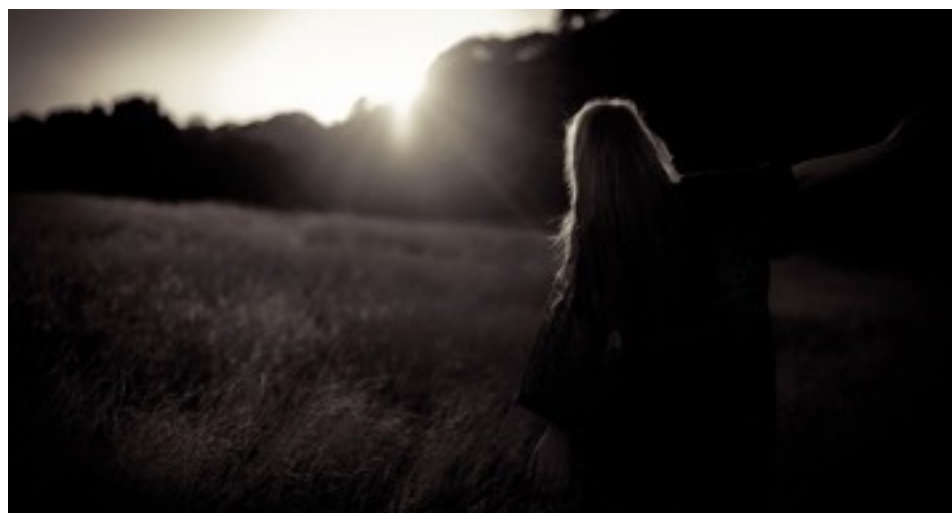
## THE SETUP

The team is at "anyplace" public having dinner, drinking, or shopping in a market. They are approached by two men that instantly has all the locals very upset and they start yelling slurs and threats at the two men. No matter what happens they will beg and

plead to talk to the "Heros of Morrow" if they are attacked they will fight back, but they will keep pleading that they are here "just to talk" and "A monster will come for you all after it is done with us".

People have been disappearing for years in this area and the locals know it is a group of slavers that have an encampment a day walk away, as a group they can fend off a mass slaver attack, but the locals lack the ability to take them on and recover their lost friends or relatives.

This clan of slavers have been capturing travelers and others and selling them to whoever will pay, but recently at a blocked road trap they captured a vehicle and it's driver, thinking it was cargo they took everything back to the camp and found in one of the boxes a woman they could not wake up. They threw both of them into the slave pens and started looting the vehicle. After sunset the woman awoke and started to feed on one of the slaves, when the guards opened the pen to stop her she sun around and grabbed one of them by the wrist and he turned and shot the other guards. She very quickly took over the compound and exacted her vengeance on those that dared to interrupt her travels. She quickly decided that she could take advantage of the situation and started to dominate and control eve-



ryone in the compound. They all will willingly die protecting her and do her will. For all outward evidence, she is a vampire and feeds off that legend. In fact she is a highly gifted empath that has a weird vampire fetish.

The slavers are looking for help to free their friends and will promise to pack up and go far away releasing all their slaves and giving up all the items they have collected on their raids over the years, Mostly because they are afraid of the team and not because they keep their word.

## THE EMPATH

Darla is an exceptionally strong empath that with physical touch can dominate the mind of men and male animals. She has practiced so much that she can now exert extremely strong control over any male for 100 plus D100 hours. Women are not as easy to control for her but she can control them with 4d6 hours of control. But any touch can have suggestion and all women players are at a -30% to shake off the suggestion. At initial touch males resisting has a -60% to any rolls resisting her control. She is wearing leather armor with a leather cape. She has 150DP/BP She also has the ability to heal about 2DP and 2BP every turn on her own as long as she is above 50DP/BP, she will also stop bleeding out on her own in 2 turns unless she has a massive wound, she can accelerate her healing to 10DP/10BP if she can touch another person and actually drain life from them, that person Loses 10DP per combat turn she is touching them. She has a knife and a pistol, she has learned how to use the pistol +10 skill but will only use it at point blank range and always acts like she is a defenseless unarmed girl. She is only 5 ft 4 " tall and weighs about 90 pounds. She is extremely agile with acrobatics +40.

The pistol is a .38 revolver with 6 rounds, she has another 12 rounds loose in a pouch on her, it will take her 6 combat rounds to reload.

Due to her life she is resentful of everyone and will never do anything to allow capture. The only way to break her control is death or waiting it out. Anyone that she controls will do anything to protect her even sacrifice their own lives. Their own will is gone, they can make basic decisions but they are in essence fanatics under her control, deadly fanatical to her.

Her healing ability is directly connected to her control ability, she actually draws life energy from her victims and they will age the longer she is in control of them. When control is broken they will fall to the ground with a severe headache writhing in pain and withdrawal symptoms as her control stimulates the pleasure centers of the brain, extended control will increase the addiction level. They will remember every single thing they did under her control, some may instantly commit suicide upon release if you want to really make this into a horror show.

**PD Note:** *If you want to keep it light, those released will wander around in a dazed state and be grateful for their freedom to the team.*

If the team does not outright kill her but knocks her out and capture, she will do everything possible to escape and will try like hell to touch them even a light touch gives her some control and any touch requires a roll or that player lets her go. If she feels that she will lose, she will run away to avoid capture or death. Short of them nuking the place from orbit make it very hard for them to kill or capture her if they do a full noisy assault. The only way they have a chance is stealth only 4 of them versus the horde of controlled she will feel confident. If the team gets within 100 feet of her she will start to retreat and if they get within 50 feet she will run. If she is cornered she will panic and draw her gun if someone gets close enough she will touch them and control them. Anyone walking towards her will get shot she is deathly afraid of ever being captured again due to her past. IF the team has any-



thing non lethal, they need to use it to capture her. Physical touch, skin to skin is needed. She is very clever and figures out ways around glove by rubbing the fingertips on rocks, etc.. all it takes is even a tiny bit of contact and it's instant.

Remember, the slavers and the slaves are technically innocents in this. The teams should NOT go on a full murder rampage.

## LOCATION

The slaver compound is at an old kennel and the dog cages are used for slaves with scavenged chain link fencing added around the kennels.

They also added fencing around the whole facility and the slavers live in the haphazardly repaired house with many outside walking the grounds and the kennels. Now with the empath they all patrol the area for her or go out and hunt for food. Basically a wooded area and a fenced compound with a typical ruined house and 8 kennel cages for the slaves. You can set this up however you see fit, scale up or down for difficulty. 8 is good for new players, if you have seasoned players scale up to 24 cages and increase the number of goons. I have seen well seasoned players freak out badly when presented with 60 goons that they technically should not shoot that are headed for them.

The location is on a hill with the back to the woods the front has a clear line of sight for 300 yards in all directions sneaking in on the house side that as the wooded area is the best approach. In the yard area is posts set in the ground where slaves are tied up for punishment or entertainment. There are two dead bodies on two posts only being held up by the ropes



both severely beaten, one has a man alive that is hoarsely screaming, "Darla, come back to me" over and over again. All three of them are wearing crude armor of leather and cloth. These are the men that captured her to begin with. In the cages are still all the women and some children.

Darla has 25 Slavers under her control as well as about 25 male slaves. The slavers had captured some bobcats and she has turned them to be her pets the number is up to you for scaling up.

Minimum 2 but I would not go crazy, max 4 or it gets pretty silly.

If your team goes all murder hobo, The male slaves and slavers are 100 DP/BP and the bobcats are as well. The slavers have weapons but their skill is not that great, roll firearms of 25% hand to hand at 35% hand to hand for the slaves will be 35% as well they will all have improvised clubs if they can find them. IF the team does start a killing spree, each one they take down to 70 DP/BP or below roll a 50% roll.

ANY successes means the injuries broke the control and that person will collapse with the control breaking effects and start yelling "stop shooting/hitting me" this can add some nice confusion to the mix and remind the players these are not just goons to be killed.

The bobcats, use the standard animal info for bobcat, or if you want to scale them up, give her bears for a bit of "OH CRAP" moment when the team sees them.

# QUARTERMASTERS CORNER

In the last article we covered a typical Morrow Project cache and covered what I use for them. But the caches are not just for giving the team more ammo and vehicle parts. Morrows Mission is community rebuilding and support so each team will have one or more community support caches. Depending on the team and their role the community support caches will be different sized. A small 2 man Recon team for example will have a small cache similar to their resupply cache but would have things like a community defense case, a doctor in a box, or simply aid.

For example, just like before we have a small cache that is based on a standard concrete sewer vault like before that was easy to rapidly deploy under the watchful eye of the community.

For that small team I would include the following for a generic community support cache.

1 - pelican case Containing...

12 - Colt stagecoach rifles made to shoot .45ACP

6 - .45ACP revolvers with holsters and belts

2 - repair kits with parts

12 - simple cleaning kits with pictogram books on how to clean the rifle and pistol as well as how it goes together and comes apart.

1 - pelican case Containing

12 - K-BAR knives in leather sheathes

12 - basic first aid kits with pictogram basic first aid info

12 - single channel FRS radios with hand crank charging

12 - hand crank flashlights

12 - black knit watch caps,

12 - 6X monoculars

12 - sets of stainless handcuffs

12 - polycarbonate night sticks

1 - small pelican case Containing

24 - rugged e-paper ebook readers loaded with self teaching courses including self teach how to read courses. These have a solar panel back so they can be left out in the sun to charge. They are waterproof and rugged.

1 - pelican case Containing

1250 - packets of seeds. These seeds are a wide variety of foods that will grow easily and were genetically engineered to survive dormant for 100+ years. The seeds are common varieties specifically chosen for the teams current location to be able to grow rapidly and yield enough for food and to harvest seed for replanting. There is enough seed here for 4 farms 100 acres in size

to plant for 4 years in a row to feed a decent sized village.

6 - ebook readers that are extremely rugged filled with agriculture and animal husbandry information designed to be from simple to complex as well as simple to follow guides on how to build barns, coops, and greenhouses as well as how to build irrigation, etc... these will require teaching from the starter ebook readers so they can read and understand basic knowledge first.

1 - small pelican case that is a frontier doctor in a box. It's contents has 2 ebook readers that specialize on medical and has a built in ultrasound device as well as a wrist component that will read temperature, pulse, blood oxygen, etc... Many tools needed for the doctor as well as a pill press and other items needed to make the recipes in the ebook reader for aspirin, penicillin, and other important drugs needed to increase the overall health of the community.

1 - large case that contains 2400 rounds of .45ACP

1 - case with 6 trade packs and 1st contact clothing such as ripped up jeans, heavily worn boots, worn and damaged leather jacket, shirts etc.

This community support cache will allow the team to set up a local law enforcement or militia that will be effective against animal threats as well as raider threats. The whole kit will be able to set up a local doctor, a small school and get at least 2 farms going well. It is not a drop off and "good luck" cache. The team will have to spend time in the community getting them rolling. At least 6 months is needed, and they will have to continue to support the community for a couple of years before they would be able to be left on their own. The above is a small enough amount to fit in a small team vehicle in one load to drag back to town.

A bit of details on the ebook readers. Putting in regular books like the original Morrow caches would have consume lots of precious space that they just don't have, technology pioneered by Morrow Industries has created extremely rugged ebook readers that use epaper that short of using them as bullet shields or intentionally trying to destroy them they will continue to function for at least a 30 year time span in severe conditions, longer if they are well cared for. Power supply is a super capacitor system that the entire back of the unit is a solar panel that will charge it completely in only 2 hours of direct sunlight. The memory storage is not "flash" but instead a laser burned rom so memory degradation is not a problem. Each unit can hold 10,000 books,

some are generic education and entertainment and others are specific for a certain field. There are special versions with added sensor connections such as the medical ebook tablet that has storage in it and can have a sensor plugged in to give them more information the connectors are surface pegs that are waterproof and require no maintenance. The medical tablet for example has a simple rugged rubber wristband that when connected will let the medical operator read basic health stats and it has a built in rudimentary ultrasound device to image internally.



What about a larger team? Scale up the kit.

But if it's a science team? They are supposed to set up and rebuild an area or even start a university, etc... their community support caches would be quite large. In fact I have gone as far as having the cache for one science team be a separate bolt hole that contained a large trailer packed with everything needed to set up a base of operations that was to become a central learning location and lab. A mars team may have a similar trailer that is a defense post or even a secondary bolt home with that trailer and a couple of HMMV vehicles designed to run on biodiesel for the community to use themselves for security of the base. Finally a Science One team would have a couple of bolt hole sized caches as well as mars teams all designed to meet at a location to set up and defend a large university they are to build.

The important part is, out of the 5 caches, 2 should be community support caches. They are a Morrow team not a death squad. Their primary mission is to restore society, so their caches will reflect this.

Details on the community support caches and how you should design your own are interesting.

Think of it this way, what if a community had a major disaster and all local leaders are wiped out. What would you need to get up and running again? Let's explore those in detail.

## **Community Security support in a Box**

You can not have community security without communications. Short range radios with a base radio that can act as a "repeater" to increase range and reliability. So in the box would be a "command center" that would have a radio for command that has enough cable to run the antenna to the top of the highest structure they have. This radio has a built in power supply and charges from solar panels. It can run for the entire night under light use. Radios for the patrols on the ground, again self contained with a crank to charge them, or they can be connected to the base and charged from the solar panel. They are a single frequency, you can turn it on and adjust volume. Along with this would be a typical army field desk filled with what a sheriff would need to manage a group of deputies. Generic badges, polished stainless steel for deputies and polished brass for the sheriff no writing on them.

Weapons and restraints for all as well as information on training for being a community peace officer as well as guidelines on handling disputes without force. There would also be flare guns to call for help in case radio is not working or unavailable. Several ebooks on dedicated readers for police training. How to shoot better, self defense, how to do investigations, and many more.

Designed to deliver basically a frontier level of law and peacekeeping with some modern techniques.

## **Hospital in a Box**

This would be a large cache that is medical in nature only. Lots of tools for basic medical for immediate modern aid. But a whole half of the box is dedicated to sustainable medicine. Simple tools for diagnosis including a microbiology lab, pharmaceutical lab and manufacturing, as well as items needed for surgical and care that are extra durable as well as duplicates. There is enough here to set up a small hospital that can care for 20-30 long term cases as well as 20 per



day emergency cases for one year. After that it will need to be resupplied. The labs can start creating medicines, and the documentation has enough there for a highly skilled blacksmith to start making some of the items needed as well as information on medical grade stainless steel.

If 2 years were spent and a suitable building was found a fully operational hospital could be created with the external support personnel to make it self sustaining for basic care at a level of medicine from the early 1900's but with modern knowledge available. Training a doctor completely will take much longer. But even with basic training such a facility will dramatically reduce the mortality rate of a community even with only 1900's level of technology.

## Farm in a Box

Lastly we have the agriculture in a box system. This extremely large version would have tens of thousands of packets of seeds as well as an extreme amount of ebook readers and some basics to help get farms started. Morrow Industries clear plastic rolls that do not degrade in UV light and

have thin clear fibers running through them to resist ripping for up to 50 years. These rolls are designed to get several greenhouses up and running quickly to extend growing seasons. The same plastic can be used to make water tanks for rainwater storage for the greenhouses, this delivers a large thermal mass inside the greenhouse for temperature stabilization as well as a large source of water to make the crops survive dry seasons. There is enough plastic inside a large cache to create 5 acres of greenhouses and 1000 gallon water storage for each 1/2 acre sized greenhouse. If done properly yields will be increased dramatically.

There is also enough PVC and stainless steel pipe in the cache to sink 4 wells up to 500 feet deep with a large volume cast iron hand pump at the top. Along with all this is also a blacksmith starting kit that has some hammers and other tools to get an forge functioning fast so that more tools and plows and saws can start to be manufactured.

I left out details so that you as the PD can create the kit you want your people to have. Also the full details are really not needed unless you have an accountant on your team. Letting them know they can build X number of greenhouses, etc... is enough. Don't let the game turn into "The Morrow Accounting and Ledgers Project".



# SOLITARY MORROW

By Jason Brown

Cold, damn cold... Joints stiff... Can't move... Where am I? Blinding, flashing light in my face accompanied by a muted alarm. Getting warmer now, electrical humming and sparks. Morrow? Memories coming back now. They said the freezing process was safe, but they didn't say anything about the thawing process. As the hatch began to open the tube's emergency system tried to zap me one last time, got out just before caps overcharged and detonated with a bright blue plasma and the smell of ozone. I slammed the hatch shut on my pod, looked around the room. It's dark, with the dim flow of the emergency lighting only. I made my way over to inspect the others, everyone else is still in cryo. I attempted to start the manual wakeup on each of the tubes, nothing. Opened the panel on one of the tubes, the wakeup control board is busted. I checked the board from my pod, fried. It must have failed while I was waking up. The tubes cryo functions are still working just the damn wakeup controls are fried. Looking over the control boards I noticed that the serial numbers were almost sequential. Must have been a part out of tolerance, for it to degrade in only a couple of years. If only Sparks tube had activated first. Looked up at the nameplate on the tube "William C. Sparkman" He could troubleshoot these boards. Referred to as Willie C. Sparks by others in the group that knew him before Morrow training. Something he did his first year in Electrical school secured that moniker.

Grabbed one of those shiny bags that Sparks always kept electrical components in and put one of the control boards in it and took it over to the computer terminal. Turned on the terminal and swiped my badge to login. Attached the board to

the diagnostic port. Fortunately it was an automated process. After a few moments an error was displayed on the screen. 5 VDC = 0.14 VDC and a shortcut to the specification sheet for the TS5205. So I clicked on it, without even knowing what I was looking for. After skimming the document for what seem like hours. Saw something about capacitance aging and happened to glance down at the system time bar, 7/25/2167. After some quick math, that's more than a couple of years in cryo than we were supposed to be. We were only expected to be in for 3 to 5 years, but 150, no wonder the tubes were failing. Looking back at the spec sheet the TS5205 requires an output capacitor of a minimum of 2.2  $\mu$  Farad, whatever a Farad was, after a 150 years I'd reckon that's enough time to degrade below that value.

I need to get out of here, see if there is somewhere I can get help. Gathered my pack, checked my gear and threw the switch for one of the personnel exits, held my hand over my face as the sand came down from the hatch and made my way up the ladder.

It's night time, I cover the entrance and survey the area. I look up at the sky to get a bearing, pick a direction and start walking, hoping to find a town. Full moon out, that helped, How did the tubes wakeup systems fail? After a few hours I approach the edge of a settlement, no electrical lights, just campfires and torches. Everything looks so primitive. How long was I in cryo? Surely I can find what I need to get the other tubes controls working here, I wonder what passes for currency here, hopefully it's not bottle caps or something dumb like that.

Made my way into the settlement, found what looked to me a tavern, went inside almost expecting the cliché of everyone in the bar going silent and looking at me coming in the doorway, but that didn't happen everyone kept to their own. Went up to the old man behind the bar and ordered something to eat, traded something for it. Barkeep has a microwave he heated my meal in it. I played dumb. Asked him where he got a fancy contraption like that. He said a group of travelers a few years ago dressed similar to the way I am came through here, helped fix the place up and made them a couple of power generators too. I said it's a microwave. He recalled that's what the travelers called it. Asked him if I could I take a closer look at it. He was afraid that I would break it. Tried to convince him I was part of the same group that came through here. He wanted me to prove it by fixing the large generator that normally powered the settlement, it went out a few months back and all they had was the smaller one used to work the food heater. I agreed, only if he would let me look at the microwave latter.

Managed to get the generator working and the barkeep allowed me to look at the microwave. It was just as I expected, the other Morrow team that came through here used parts from a cryopod and fabricated this microwave and they used the very same control board that I need to wake the others. Tried to explain to the barkeep that I really needed to borrow a part from it and at first he wasn't having it, until I explained that I could use it to wake the others in my team and how we could help the city further. He offered a room for me to stay the night in if I could pay for it the same way as the other Morrow group did, with a chocolate bar. Who would have thought a freeze dried 150 year old chocolate bar could be more valuable than gold.

The next morning I left the settlement with the working control board, in the shiny bag with the broken one. Made my way back to the bolthole,

uncovered the entrance and went back down the ladder. Powered up the generator, so that I would have better lighting. Swapped the control board in Sparks' tube first. Everything worked correctly. After Sparks got acclimated he woke the rest of the team. I explained to them what happened at the settlement asked what we could do to help them further. Sparks spoke up first said he had just the thing in mind, while looking at the busted control board in hand.

We arrived at the settlement later that evening went straight to the tavern The barkeeps eyes were wide as we presented him with 4 working microwaves and the control board that he allowed me to use. Sparks later upgraded the generators, Gunner improved the settlements defenses and Sam fixed the water problems.

# The CCC

## Central California Coast

By Clive Hendrick



What can I tell you? As a trader in these lands the CCC is a safe place when you compare the cess pool of local warlords or the crazy monks of Baraba or the endless flooded ruins of the Bay Area. Add to that they have a smooth paved road and a working railroad, and I tell you it's like heaven in comparison to the rest of the south or most of the north. The Farmers Collective of Salinas is a bunch of rich Landowners and the poor peasants that till the land. The Soil is as rich as any I have seen and they actually export food through ships to the other lands around the area. Can you believe an area that can export food?

Camp Roberts is the center of the CCC military and they still have actual running vehicles and pre war equipment. You say that's bullshit? No I swear to the Gods that I actually saw what they call a Tank once. And if you know the right people, you can even trade for actual ammo that can fit the old weapons. Heck if you know the right people, I heard you can get almost anything from certain quartermasters ( if you know what I mean ).

They also patrol the roads and the boundaries of the CCC from any bandits or undesirables for the Farmers collective and for SLO. I heard that the soldiers from Roberts can be hired for most things, so if you need some muscle and you can pay, they might be what you need. Last in the CCC is SLO. I think the old title was "San Luis Obispo" but today it's just SLO. It's what they call a University town under the Faculty Senate and it runs most of the south from Morro Bay to Solvang. They are pretty friendly to traders and a good place to buy goods as they make a lot of interesting things. There graduates keep all the prewar gear working, and I heard that they are making machines that let people fly. I personally don't believe it, and you know you can't trust everything that you hear on the road."

### Introduction:

The CCC came about during the regionalization and breakdown of the California government during the crisis of 2017 and the resulting nuclear exchanges. The important point about the CCC is that it is not one government but three different groups that work loosely together in order to control the region.

### Regions:

North - Salinas - Farming - Salinas Farming Collective "The Collective"

Central - Camp Roberts State Government - Military dictatorship. "Roberts"

South - San Luis Obispo - University Republic - "SLO"



Central Coast - Underpopulated - "Coast".

Prewar:

The California Central Coast has long been a lightly populated who main products are agriculture and tourism from the state parks on the coast.

It major feature of the area is Highway 101 that links Los Angeles to San Francisco. Once it was the primary road linking Northern and Southern California, but has largely been bypassed by the more direct Interstate - 5 in the central valley.

The War and the Asteroid Strikes:

With no major targets, the central California coast escaped most of the warheads with the exception of strikes at the Diablo Nuclear Power Plant and Vandenberg AFB in the far south. Because of the strong offshore wind currents (West to East), it escaped all of the fallout from the Bay Area to the north and the Los Angeles region to the south which effectively boxed in the area from a refugee influx. The Asteroid Strike did little direct damage to the area, but the resulting tsunami caused major damage to the low lying coastal regions of Morro Bay and Monterey Bay. The global cooling of temperatures from nuclear strikes and impact from the asteroid strikes again did little damage to this area as the sea regulated much of the changes, and the increase in rain actually helped the region which before the war was semi-arid. Once the tsunami from the Asteroid hit the coast, it took years before the local population resettled the rich coastal farming lands around Monterey and some selected areas around Morro Bay, but abandoned much of the central coastal areas accessible by

highway one do high maintenance needed and the sparse population.

The Early Years:

Within a year the population did fall by 40% due to hunger and widespread disruptions in transportation and infrastructure, but the catastrophic collapse seen in other areas did not happen. The reason why the area was able to weather the war and asteroid strike was isolation, geographical location, and a strong military presence.

Civilian Government:

This State Government ceased to exist almost as soon as the war broke out with both the state capital and most major cities taking nuclear strikes. The local government in the California Central quickly came under martial law from Camp Roberts and Fort Hunter Liggett. The stabilizing influence did much to help the region survive more or less intact. With little in the way of any higher state government or a strong national government, the area more or less continued to function independently and over time became a completely independent of any national organizations (or the 4 to 5 National governments that claimed jurisdiction).

Military:

The Region has two major Military bases used by the California National Guard (Camp Roberts) and the United States Army Reserve (Fort Hunter Liggett). Camp Roberts was built during World War Two and is spread across 41,000 acres and is the center for California National Guard Training. It is a sprawling camp with only a small permanent support garrison but it is close to Highway 101 and major rail lines. Fort Hunter Lig-

gett was also built around world war two and is the largest USAR base in the world ( 167,000 acres ) that is used to train US Army Reserve units in infantry, artillery, air, and tank combat. Unlike Roberts, there is a permanent support garrison as well as a large amount of equipment that was used for training. The California National Guard and USAR was already on High Alert before the war started due to the upcoming Asteroid Strikes in 2017 and the need to train units and pre - position equipment away from the coastal areas. At the time of the war parts of the parts of the 79th Infantry Brigade Combat team were at Camp Roberts for disaster relief training.

**On June 12th, 2017, The following elements were at Camp Roberts.**

79th Infantry Brigade

1st Battalion, 184th Infantry Regiment  
1st Battalion, 160th Infantry Regiment  
1st Squadron, 18th Cavalry Regiment  
1st Battalion, 143rd Field Artillery Regiment  
578th Brigade Engineer Battalion  
40th Brigade Support Battalion

**At Fort Hunter Liggett**

91st Training Division HQ group  
3rd Brigade 356th Logistics Support Battalion

U.S. Navy's 31st Seabee Readiness Group

Elements of the 5th Armored Brigade were assembling at the Fort when the war started -

3rd Battalion, 362nd Regiment (Armor) "Stallions"  
2nd Battalion, 356th Regiment (Logistics Support) "Red Ball"  
2nd Battalion, 362nd Regiment (Field Artillery) "Red Leg" )

After the first days of the war, the 79th Infantry Brigade spread out over southern areas of central coast areas trying to help with disaster relief as well as radiation containment from the strikes to the Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant and Vandenberg AFB. The elements of the 5th Armored Brigade moved out and attempted to support the northern areas around San Jose but soon found out that with the amount of devastation to the Bay Area there was not that much that they could do to help with the few resources at their command. Both units attempted to help the survivors the best they could but only 100,000 or so refugees from the North and South were resettled into the local farms and ranches that were desperate for manual labor as much of the infrastructure was destroyed by the EMP effects of the war. By 2018, the US Central Government and Military structure more or less collapsed as three different leaders claimed to be president and their ability to affect more than regional resources ceased. Seeing the writing on the wall, the commanders at Camp Roberts and Fort Hunter Liggett declared that they would no longer accept commands from outside groups till there was a legitimate national government.

Needless to say, as each region tended to its own, and fought for vital resources, this never happened.

**2018 Army Mutiny :**

Within the first year the stress of the relief work and the growing breakup of the national government caused a rift between the elements of the army command that wanted to go home to their ruined cities vs those that wanted to stay in the Central Coast Region. Some of the 5th Armored Brigade and National Guard units decided that in

comparison to other sections of the United States, where chaos and mass starvation was common, this area was more or less intact so they were in no rush to leave. It looked like a full scale munity might occur when calmer minds prevailed and elements of the Military that wished to leave were allowed to leave. In all about 70% of the National Guard Troops stayed with 60% of the 5th Armored Battalion. The rest headed off and disappeared from the area. A large armored element did leave and made it's way back to Texas ( See Operation Lonestar ).

### **The Middle Years: 2020 to 2120**

The Middle years was one of stabilization and limited rebuilding. Much of the electronics was permanently lost, but with the knowledge of Cal Poly in SLO, the basic infrastructure was slowly rebuilt and maintained. By the mid 2020's, the North and Southern areas chaffed and the continuation of Martial Law and the imposed food supplies demanded by the Army to protect the areas from constant border skirmishes with marauding bandits and hostile groups. After a series of civilian strikes against the military, it looked like the remaining civilian and military governments were going to come to a head when compact was brokered by the mayor of the Northern Farmers Collective ( Salinas ) allowed for the valley to be at peace with an barter system setup that more or less lasts till today. The north would provide Agriculture to Roberts while SLO would supply technical support would operate the Oil fields and infrastructure in exchange for army protection of the region's governments. It is not a perfect system and hostilities still flare but it has managed to keep the peace for over 100 years. Now the main three power elites are actually repressing the new democratic movements in the population as all three governments are not interested in changing the status co.

North:

After years of hunger the and near subsistence living, the north managed to stabilize faster than the other areas due to the amazing rich soil and the larger population.

As there was not the driving need to keep the cities running and most of the population was spread out on the farms, this led to a slow but steady erosion of elected power from the larger cities to that of the Large Farms and Ranches that became the true power in the area.

The Northern government soon fell under a charismatic farmer named Carlos Rodeos who was instrumental in organizing the local farm workers and refugee into work groups to keep the farms operational.

With the local county government with little actual power, The other larger farming and ranching families soon formed an elected council that elected Carlos to the title of Mayor. Today his descendants continue with that title today ( 150 years latter ).

Middle:

The Middle regions had little external problems in comparison to the southern regions.

Slowly the Military command structure turned less from an merit based one into a inherited one with the sons of the officers and senior NCO provided an inherited elite. By the 2040 it was com-

mon to see the same unit be commanded by the sons and daughters of the soldiers that started before the war.

The Military did centralize its control and equipment to Camp Roberts from Fort Hunter Liggett. Over time Camp Hunter Liggett returned back to a large Cattle Ranch that still provides Beef to most the region and is a major source of wealth for the officers at Roberts.

South:

The south had a harder time than the north and the central regions as it had to deal with the lasting effects of fallout as well as being closer to the refugee influx from the now safe to travel highway 101 to Santa Barbara.

San Luis Obispo (SLO) very quickly became the seat of the regional government and its leadership dominated the local politics.

By 2030, the relative safety of the Salinas River valley drew more and more desperate people from the devastated Los Angeles region. The great fire of 2031 in Santa Barbara sent tens of thousands of people moving north following highway 101 and threatened to overwhelm the fragile CCC governments.

The Military had to clamp down on the area passes and roads and institute a strict immigration policy.

A small proportion of the refugees were settled in the less desirable ( and still dangerous from the fallout from the Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant Strikes ) in the Santa Maria area while with the collapse of the Santa Barbara government, the more choice land around Solvang soon was annexed to the SLO government.

This rejection of many of the refugees that were blocked at the tunnel around Las Cruces on highway 101 and the mountain top along Highway 154 by the Military. Many of the people were forced back to the Santa Barbara region and to this day results in many hard feelings.

Recent History:

Power has been consolidated in all three local governments.

In the north, the top is an oligarchy ruled by the main ranching - farming lands with a lower technology and education base.

Camp Roberts recruits from the north and the south but has become a more or less military dictatorship for hire with the officer class an inherited title and the lower ranked NCO's drawn from the lower educated masses.

The South is ruled by SLO and the Faculty Senate. It has an outward facing democracy but the real power lies in the faculty senate and its inherited members.

Many of the officer children do attend SLO as do the more wealth farming barons in the north so there is a far degree of contact between the leaders of the different regions. This has created a more or less stable ruling class with many families intermarrying.

As mentioned below, in general, the rulers of the CCC have little interest in democratic change but there are those who fight for the rights of the common people.

Over time, much of the northern farms and ranches fell under the charismatic leadership of a local rancher named Delgado who eventually formed NUEVESPANIA ( See below ). At the time, the collective barely noticed the change till the new kingdom started to actively expand into the border regions north of Salinas.

#### Infrastructure:

#### Land:

Highway 101 is much smaller at 2 lanes but it generally a paved road from SLO to Salinas. It is a well worn gravel road from SLO south to the borders at the 101 and a poorer gravel road on the old highway 154.

There is a 38 MW Gas turbine Power Plant near Camp Roberts that provides power to Roberts, SLO.

The Gas - Oil Wells near Roberts also still provide both Gas and Refined Oil to the region but it is heavily regulated by Roberts and is a source of wealth to the military.

There is windmills that generate power for Salinas more powerful families, but most of the population is without electrical power.

There is well main tended Diesel Train Railway that runs from just south of SLO all the way to Salinas.

#### Sea:

There is a minor port at Monterey that can take larger wooden ships as well as smaller tramp freighters. This is a known port of call for many of the Pacific region power bases and does brisk trade with groups from Los Angeles ( insert names from other module ), Latin America, south america, china, new zealand, and the australian city states.

Small ocean capable wooden ships are commonly made up and down the coast with a small shipyard in Monterey.

#### Air:

While there was small airports dotted throughout the region, over the last 150 years most airports have been abandoned with the remaining few piston driven aircraft under the control of the regents board at the SLO County Regional Airport.

A newer breed of aircraft have started to appear in the last few years which are made by a small company out of SLO, that resemble late 1920 aircraft in design ( mostly made from wood and canvas ). These have been equipped and sold to Rich farming families for agricultural spraying and are proving to be a huge success.

The Current Camp Roberts is experimenting with a small recon squadron of 3 planes and has commissioned 4 more for the next year. The Military has high hopes that these will one day allow if to

project greater power up and down the coast and allow for it to push eastward to reclaim areas in the central Valley.

#### Communication:

There is a Telegraph system to various outward facing regions and an active telephone line that follows Highway 101 from SLO to Salinas.

There is a Commercial AM Radio Station on the hills of SLO that broadcasts a single that can be heard for about 100 miles around. The play local news and a mixture of music from various pre war groups ( mostly on vinyl records ).

#### Technology:

#### LAND:

The rural society is more or less horse drawn with limited mechanized support mostly in the way of tractors on the well to do farms in the north.

Internal Combustion Engines are well known, but rarely used as the cost to keep them up means only the wealthy use them. Camp Roberts has the largest amount of pre-war equipment that still runs but they use it rarely as their reserves of spare parts is limited.

The workshops of SLO have produced in limited quantities internal combustion engines for the new aircraft and for reconditioned cars, but they have not been able to built engines at the same power or reliability of the prewar designs. Most of the working designs are closer to the 1940's in complexity with little in the way of electronics.

Train travel is commonplace up and down the valley and reasonably inexpensive for the middle class but quite expensive for the poor. In the last

few years, they have added train lines to Morro Bay and Monterey Bay to support the growing shipping and tourism of the more well to do.

The Diesel Train transportation for goods is commonplace and is the real driving force for the trains continued operation.

Most of the population does not travel and more than 70% of the population will have never traveled more than 30 miles from where they are born.

#### SEA:

SLO engineers can work on the more simple pre-war internal combustion ship, but the workshops at Monterey do not have the ability to do more than rebuild existing ships engines.

The sea port at Monterey does have a small shipyard running by a shipping company from SLO. It is are only capable of producing ships smaller than 150 tons. Steam Engines can be produced in the workshops of SLO then shipped by rail to the shipyard for special orders but are common on the more well to do coastal merchantmen.

While building an iron ship is possible, the lack of cheap iron sources means that the cost would be prohibitive for the common merchantman so most ships are built from wood with Iron supports.

Next Up. - The - Salinas Farming Collective and The University Republic of "SLO"

# The Melitia

By Doc

The boots, really. The knee high jackboots, well polished, of the officers, when they would drink brandy and laugh about skirmishes in his fathers cafe in Loisville, had been his first real impression of them. Sometimes the jackboots had been muddy or scarred, fresh from the field, and the men that wore them filthy and wearily battered by whatever it was that had they had contested against. The floor of the cafe was gouged deeply by the hobnails, and dents testified to the stomping along with the drinking songs until one imagines the cafe floor as one vast instrument for the playing of The Gunner's Daughter.

He loved the natural swagger that the boots lent their wearers, whether they were in ripped field smocks or dress blacks, and they way they spilled their wages on the tables for drink, food and gambling, or to bait over the best whores the cafe had.

Then it was the felt berets. Red for tankers, green for infantry, black for artillery. And the silver snakes on the lapels of the dress blacks, starched to an impervious sheet of flawless cloth. As a boy, he had loved it all. As he aged, he learned more about them. Watched them brand the palms of a newly commissioned Gun Captain, or the gauntlets formed to welcome the new infantry officers with rods and knotted ropes. Once, they even performed a Tanker blood pinning before my wide open eyes, and



the officers swore honor and victory over burning glasses of shine.

They would come in on paydays, to sheepishly buy their tabs back from my father, who kept the ledger book under his hanging saber over the tile stove, an ever present reminder that he was a Retiree, and that refusing a tab was never acceptable for a gentleman.

I could not wait for my turn, and at sixteen, with my fathers blessing, I joined the Infantry, 2nd Battalion. I was already a veteran of the Junior Ranger program, and had served as a orderly for a few months to one of my fathers former cadets.

Three days later, as I waded through the infested sludge of a nameless stream, eyes stinging from the pepper spray, I was nearing the end of my pride. The sergeants had us chanting “The Militia is my Homeland, I will have no other!” as we lugged the infamous honor trees on our aching shoulders. I had slept only five or six hours since getting to Camp Bravo for Infantry Basic.

When I went through Tank Scout school a year later, I would wistfully remember the good old days of Basic with a fond sigh. But I was far more prideful by then. I was already Infantry; had accepted the full weight of my family name and heritage, and the two made me lust after a Tank Scouts brier pin of my very own.

But all that was a decade ago, and nearly endless frontier conflicts and long emergencies have faded that pride somewhat and even replaced it with a amused fatalism. I too have bought the

whores and drinks of the veteran cafes, and had both fail to blot out the stink of flame-thrower burned villages.

Now, I am sustained by a businesslike jadedness, one that I have built brick by secret brick from the unspoken wreckage of civilization. I have personally led punitive expeditions, brokered peace deals with warlords, and shot every tenth member of a town once because they couldn't pay the taxes without starving. All to preserve the Homeland. All to tame unchecked aggression. All to save my comrades from violent ends.

I've seen the other end too, the darkness that rules outside the hamlets of the Militia Zones. Human bones cracked for marrow, soldiers slowly tortured by tribal children as their elders cheered them on, slave markets and whole groups wiped out over petty feuds.

I'm 28 years old now, and have slaughtered for the Militia for nearly half my life. I drink too much, something my father mutely despairs over. I'm a Gomez, a jumped up family with no pretension to the status of Lordship or Captaincy. Our hands are the ones usually soiled by the endless skirmish of the frontiers. I live alone in a room over the cafe.

I laugh into my brandy. It's a soldiers life. And tomorrow I lead a tax train to the east to handle Villanueva, Yartigan, and Colson. The blacksmith in Colson should have my double rifle ready. I dimly anticipate this as Sergeant Soong enters the cafe, striding in his silent boots to my table.

Crisply snapping to attention, he awaits my return salute, which I begrudgingly give. "Report," I mutter into my glass.

Soong doesn't relax a bit. The man would stand attention while burned at the stake. "Lieutenant, the preparations are finalized for the train. All details are here, sir." He thrusts the Clipboard at me. I shudder inwardly, but take it anyway. I even set my glass down to leaf through it.

I'm shocked by how few of my requisitions have gone through. Not only have I been declined for a Scout Dragoon diamond, but both gun cars. My Marauders can't handle security, crowd control, labor AND all reconnaissance work, especially not at speed. A tax train is a slow moving, ungainly beast made up of oxen and men. Held after the harvest, the roads are invariably mired in the September rains. It is a ripe target, and we will be carrying the accumulation of three hamlets as well as Agroville 4. Normally, I post ludicrous demands for mission requisition; assuming I will get a third of it and still have what I really need.

The liquor burned from my blood as I poured another glass before shoving it to Soong. "Drink that, Sergeant, and give me the Intel roll."

Soong still doesn't relax, but slaps the roll into my hand before snatching up the glass. I don't take the time to enjoy this brief humanity of this before I quickly inspect and then break the wax seal ravens of the intel branch.

Soong is long done with his drink by the time I finish my brief scan of the document. Atypical signals traffic? Illicit motorized river movement? Advise strong caution in regions adjoining tribal sector?

"Three bottles for the road, please. Give them to Sergeant Soong." I called, donning my field jacket.

"Sir?"

"Apple brandy is the fuel that fires the Kitchen. And we need more than this fucking roll."

During the Founding, General Maxwell would convene his officers, scouts, spies, and local intelligence sources in the large farmhouse that served as his HQ. And there, around a vast harvest table his men had hewn with axes, they convened for intelligence sessions in the kitchen. Intel Branch has been informally called the Kitchen ever since,



I've been part of the system long enough to know how to work outside channels when necessary. However, while my brandy was eagerly accepted, additional info was sparse. In fact, it was non-existent, hidden carefully behind the visage of none other than her Ladyship Filma Branch, of Tank Lord fame. And for her to stir from her lair meant I was pushing some serious boundaries. She sent forth her most withering legion of stares, and I, no fool, withered appropriately. I have crossed the Lady Filma more than once, and will likely do so again. However, such things are not done without due consideration.

This is too much resistance; often enough intel holds back just to support some house feud or to gain bribes, but holding things this close to the chest meant heat from higher up. And to be too bold could have outsized consequences.

"Soong, we are assigned the Albertson Hamlet loop same as last year, correct?" I queried.

Soong dutifully following exactly one stride behind answered immediately." Yes sir!"

Albertson bordered the eastern tribal sector, but 2nd Battalion had performed its brutal work in that area only five years ago. It was doubtful that the tribes would be ready for another dose so soon. I was lost in thought when I realized I was heading to the stables without really choosing to do so.

The dashing officers of my childhood, who would let me sip from their glasses and run errands for coins, had always imparted what wisdom they thought I should know. One of the best was this: There are enemies inside the wire same as without.

Intrigue and plot was how the Houses of the Militia kept and exchanged power. There are rules, of course, but much leeway available for those looking for it. A mustang officer, one who earned their stripes by merit rather than family connection, is a useful pawn in those conspiracies, as few will go to war for them.

I want to see the oxen, every wagon, every soldier for myself. If I am to be made sacrifice in some game, than I will be a expensive piece to take from the board. MY plans were gaming out in my mind as I turned to Soong.

"Fetch a bottle of devil's tea and rouse Fournier and his squad. Instruct him to tell no one where he is going and to get here soonest. We have a long night ahead."

# Detailed Weather

Weather can be a bit fickle and a pain in the butt for the PD but it doesn't have to be. There are things you can do to make keeping track of the weather easier and make it more realistic. Now this does not mean you as the PD can not control that weather and make it storm when you want it to. No you will ALWAYS have that ability and I suggest you use that god gift. This is for when you want to not bother but you have players that ask "whats the weather like?" Typically I start with what it is outside when they ask in real life unless I want them to be in a different climate or season. I then roll a D6 each time in game that any real time has passed.. 1 or 2 temperature dropped. 3 or 4 it stayed the same. 5 or 6 temperature went up. You can also use fudge dice for this as well (I love abusing other games dice for

| D%      | Weather        | (Winter)<br>Cold Climate                    | (Spring + Fall)<br>Temperate Climate                           | (Summer)<br>Warm Climate   |
|---------|----------------|---|--|--|
| 01 - 70 | Normal         | Cold and calm for 2D6 days                  | Normal for 2D6 days  | Warm and Humid for 2D6 days  |
| 71 - 80 | Abnormal       | Cold Snap <74 or Heat Wave 75> for 3D6 days | Cold Snap <74 or Heat Wave 75> for 2D6 days                    | Cold Snap <74 or Heat Wave 75> for 2D6 days  |
| 81 - 90 | Inclement      | Snow<br>1D6-1 inches<br>Wind=3D6+5          | Precipitation<br>1D6/2 inches<br>wind 2D6                      | rain with scattered thunderstorms<br>2D6/2 inches<br>wind 3D6+5                                    |
| 91 - 99 | Storm          | Snowstorm<br>3D6 inches<br>wind 5D6+10      | Thunderstorm<br>1D6 inches<br>wind 4D6+5                       | Thunderstorm<br>1D6 inches<br>wind 4D6+5   |
| 100     | Powerful Storm | Blizzard<br>6D6 inches<br>wind 6D6+15       | Severe Thunderstorm with tornados<br>2D6 inches<br>wind 5D6+20 | Extremely Severe Thunderstorm with tornados and very active lightning<br>4D6 inches<br>wind 6D6+30 |

my Morrow Needs!) I then simply keep track on my story notes or in the GM/PD software I use what the temperature was at that time. really simple. If it become night, drop the temperature by 10 degrees. if it was night and becomes day? increase it by 10 degrees or more if you want it to be a hot day. If you want more tables to choose for you, roll on the big weather table here! Cold snap drop the temp by 20. Heat wave increase by 20! (Fahrenheit not Celsius... if you use Celsius then a drop of 20 would be drastic while an increase of 20 will cook them. Cut those to 10 and 10 for Celsius and a 5 degC change from night to day)

Wind speed and listed conditions match the first weather type in the list. Weather starts 2D6 hours after weather check.

Temperate Climate normally includes forest, hills, marsh, mountains, plains, and warm aquatic. Marshy regions are warmer in winter on average.

The temperate average (Avg) is based on the season – mid-winter = 20, mid-summer = 70, mid-spring & mid-fall = 50.

The desert average (Avg) is based on the season – mid-winter = 78, mid-summer = 98, mid-spring & mid-fall = 88.

Abnormal weather lasts 3D6 hours. A desert cold snap brings a single light cloud, with 4D6 minutes of rain, and then dissipates.

Inclement weather typically brings precipitation, which lasts for 2D6 hours. Precipitation is in the form of Fog (01-30), Rain/Snow (31-90), or Sleet/Hail (91-00) when the temperature is 30 degrees or less. Hail will last only 2D6 minutes with 1D6 hours of rain.

Storms last 2D6-1 hours. Any thunderstorm occurring in a relatively open area has a 10% chance of spawning a tornado 2d6+10 minutes before the storm hits an area. If a raint storm lasts 5 hours or more, there is a 50% chance it will upgrade itself to a full-fledged thunderstorm. A non-upgrading rain storm has a 30% chance of being followed, 2d10 minutes later, by a downpour lasting d4 hours.

Powerful storms: Blizzards last D6-2( round up) days. Windstorms last D6 hours. Hurricanes last 2D4 days but will affect a single area for only 5D6+18 hours if near the center of the storm. If near the edge of a hurricane, it will last only 3D6+6 hours. Tornadoes last only 2D6+6 minutes and the thunderstorm that creates tornados will sprout D6\3 funnels. Typically, only D6\3 will have enough power, or touch the ground long enough, to be truly destructive.



|   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 |
| 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | 8 | 9 |

Tornado – A tornado’s base moves 4D6 mph (Movement Rate of 3D6 x10) each round. The top moves in one direction only. The base can move in a 180-degree arc centered on the general direction of movement (use d10, treat a roll of 10 as a roll of 5, a 2 indicates same direction as tornado top, a 4 indicates 9 o’clock movement, a 6 indicates a 3 o’clock movement 5 means it goes back to the center it can move 3D6 meters from the center).

All flames extinguished. Ranged and siege attacks, and listen checks, are impossible. Characters are sucked toward it unless they can grab something that is solid. Standard strength check at this point. Once sucked in one takes 2d6 damage per round for 2d6 rounds and then is ejected at a height of  $(2d4+2) \times 5$  meters.

