

PALLADIUM BOOKS® PRESENTS:

Shadows of Evil™

RIFTS®: SIEGE ON TOLKEEN™ FIVE
COALITION WARSTM

By Kevin Siembieda



DORMANI

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Dedication

To my Dad, who together with Mom, taught me to stay out of the shadows and instilled in me the values of love, honesty and goodness. Not to mention taught me the art of ping-pong. Thanks Dad.

— *Kevin Siembieda, 2001*

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The cover: A platoon of Coalition soldiers, weapons blasting, flamethrower blazing and the head of a Dragon King on a pike as they fight a winning battle in The Barrens. Could this be a sign of things to come? Painted by Dave Dorman.

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SHADOWS OF EVIL™

COALITION WARS™

RIFTS®: SIEGE ON TOLKEEN™ FIVE

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Special Thanks to Thorn for pitching in to typeset half this book while Maryann was on one of her epic trips. All the artists who breathe life into my worlds, and to Maryann, Alex, Steve, Wayne, Julius, Adam, Hank and the rest of the heroes at Palladium.

— *Kevin Siembieda, 2001*

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The Coming Storm

Each chapter of the **Coalition Wars™** series has been carefully designed to present one particular piece in a picture of war. Each provides specific information, different outlooks, and new data to consider as the story advances. **Coalition Wars™ 4: Cyber-Knights™** is a crucial junction that helps bring the overall picture into view. With the Cyber-Knights we see the impact the war is having on one of the greatest groups of heroes to ever walk the Earth, and in so doing, it helps us imagine how it must affect others.

Shadows of Evil is one more step toward the final chapter. In many ways, it is the rumbling of the coming storm. A portent of things to come reflected in the darkening sky. It is during this relative "quiet time" after the Sorcerers' Revenge, that we can pause and look at the Kingdom of Tolkeen and some of its notable people, places and strongholds. We are still on the outskirts of the grand city itself, but we begin to get a clearer idea of the role it plays as the heart of a nation. We get to see much more of the surrounding picture as we see the lengthening shadows of evil fall over more of the country.

Tolkeen Triumphant

Only a few weeks after the Sorcerers' Revenge, the afterglow of Tolkeen's greatest victory against the Coalition Army is already starting to fade. Although the morale of the Kingdom's people is high, the resolve of its fighting force is crumbling. A quarter of the mercenaries and volunteers have left or are in the process of leaving, and half the volunteer army is already gone! Those who were never truly warriors to begin with, believe the war is won and return to their families, farms and homesteads flush with victory and confident the kingdom is saved. This sentiment can be blamed on Tolkeen's leaders. To "sell" the plan for the all-out blitzkrieg on the Coalition Army, the leadership had to convince its people that a) the plan would work to rout the CS, if not utterly destroy it, and b) that the Coalition in defeat, would acknowledge Tolkeen's sovereignty and end the war. Since "a" happened and the Coalition Army was devastated, those inexperienced in the ways of war, diplomacy or human behavior are convinced that "b" is a given, and so they are going home, proud to have saved their nation. King Creed has *asked* volunteers to remain as a show of force "in case" the Coalition States return to test their mettle once more, but the war has been long, hard fought and bloody, and its warriors want to go home. Home to celebrate with the loved ones who have survived. Home to peace. Tolkeen's leadership dare not paint a more desperate picture to get them to stay for fear of causing a panic and alerting the Coalition to its many weaknesses. And so it promises enticements and uses passive means of persuasion to hold together what it can of its fighting force.

The Coalition has helped perpetuate the illusion that the war is over when its Army did not immediately regroup and return to Tolkeen's borders. Instead, it has sent only a light force of scouts and guerilla fighters back to the outskirts of the Kingdom. The kind of force they had maintained for decades before the CS declared war. To many, this is a sure sign that things have returned to the way they were, and that the Coalition has learned its lesson. Even many of Tolkeen's less astute leaders

have begun to wonder if the war is over, unaware that in the forests of Iowa and Wisconsin, a little over 100 miles (160 km) away, the enemy gathers.

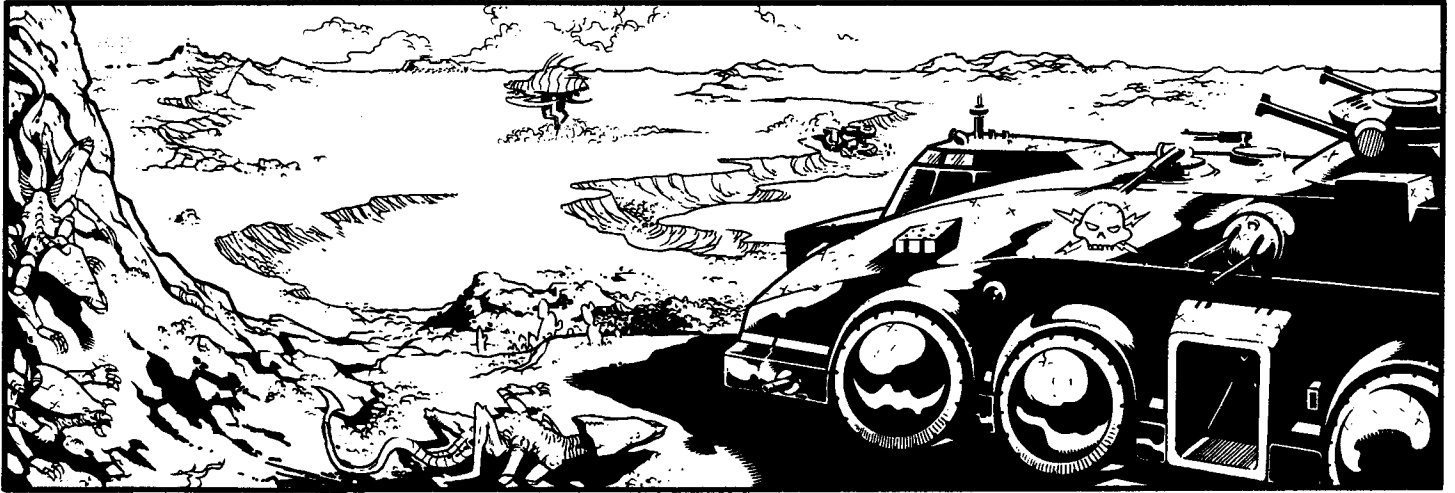
Professional soldiers of fortune and combat trained volunteers like the Cyber-Knights and bands of Juicers, **Headhunters**, Scouts and adventurers who once sided with Tolkeen, have other reasons for leaving. A tiny percentage do so because they also believe the war is over, but most are leaving either because they are disillusioned or to get out while the going is good.

Disillusionment comes in many forms. For most mercenaries, it's probably because Tolkeen continues to be a slow pay and the war extremely long and grim. They are tired of it, and packing up. Others are sickened by having to serve side by side with the growing monster contingent within the Tolkeen army. A parade of evil beings drawn from alien hell pits never seems to stop, each worse than the last. Supernatural horrors with no love for any mortal, and whose masters hold them in check by an ever fraying leash made of intimidation and magic. Just how flimsy that leash is, becomes painfully apparent when the "masters" at Tolkeen can not stop their demonic chattel from engaging in torture and atrocities. Crimes that don't stop with the enemy and leach into Tolkeen's own civilian and military population as acts of harassment, depravity, wanton destruction and wickedness the Tolkeen leadership is powerless to stop. Powerless, because they can not afford to anger or dispatch any of these demons who represent their most powerful weapons of war.

For many, the slaughter and nightmarish events of the Sorcerers' Revenge, and the retribution that continued for days afterward, was the last straw. This is no longer a noble or just war by any stretch of the imagination. It has become a murderous vendetta driven by a demonic lust for blood and revenge, and many want no part of it. This has had three profound effects on Tolkeen. One, it is reducing its fighting force by a full twenty-five percent (some fear the final number will be a full third or greater). Two, it leaves behind the worst villains to do the fighting. Men and monsters of evil intent who crave revenge, enjoy killing and stay to snatch themselves wealth or power. Beings who, if Tolkeen wins, will undoubtedly expect favors in the way of position, power and liberties when the war is over. Third, those who remain out of a sense of duty, patriotism or tarnished idealism, fight with heavy hearts and feel, win or lose, that the Kingdom of Tolkeen they once respected and loved, has already been lost. That the shadows of evil do not extend only from the east, but from the vaulted towers of Tolkeen itself.

To make matters worse for Tolkeen, its losses during the Sorcerers' Revenge were a catastrophic 53% (some say higher). While the survivors of that incredible battle can truthfully claim they are the only group to ever bring the Coalition Army to its knees, it came at a terrible cost. Furthermore, while the battle is won, the war is not — and that's the other major motivation for mercenaries and volunteers to leave. For many, their contract ended with routing the Coalition Army, and they plan to get their last paycheck and get out. If Tolkeen can not pay them, they'll compensate themselves with loot seized on the battlefield and make do with it; brigands will raid towns on their way out. Some are taking off whether their contract is up, or whether they get paid, or not.

Most war veterans believe Tolkeen stepped over the line with the **bloodbath** of the Sorcerers' Revenge. It was bad enough to rout the Army, but to rip it apart, take no prisoners and slaughter the troops for a period of a week was too much. To drive half the Army to its doom against the Xiticix, and to try to assassinate the Emperor's family on top of it — are all things the Coalition States can never tolerate. The States must save face regardless of the cost. The Coalition Army must prove itself by crushing Tolkeen into the ground. To do otherwise would diminish the Coalition in the eyes of the world. That's something Emperor Prosek will never allow, and the atrocities committed by the Tolkeen Army have given him the support he needs from the people of his nation to do whatever it takes to win. Smart mercenaries want out before that happens.



The Coalition Army

There are many reasons the Coalition States has not immediately regrouped and returned to the field of battle. First, Tolkeen's forces splintered the Coalition Army into hundreds of tiny, scattered factions. It has taken time for all those factions to reunite — units are still trickling in, and others remain missing in action (the worst is feared). Second, one of the Coalition States' greatest military leaders, General Jericho Holmes and literally half of the Invasion Force have vanished into Xiticix Territory and are presumed dead. The frenzy among the Xiticix caused by such a large force entering the **hivelands** has prevented confirmation of the loss, but all experts agree that it is impossible for more than a few dozen squads to survive, and so far even that has not occurred. Over 400,000 combat troops lost. It is the greatest military tragedy (and blunder) in CS history, and a nation takes time to mourn.

Lastly, the Coalition has had to deal with a number of other unexpected crises delivered by the hand of Tolkeen. To insure their victory, Tolkeen's leaders had devised several plots to cripple the Coalition States and send the message that the Kingdom of Tolkeen is a power not to be trifled with. Thus, the Coalition government had to deal with two assassination attempts (one directed against Emperor Prosek and one against members of his family, both failed), defusing an insane plot to get the Xiticix of the Duluth Hive to attack Tolkeen (ironically, General Holmes' unexpected foray into the Duluth Hivelands so agitated the insectoids that the plot never had a chance, and most of the Tolkeen conspirators were slain by the very monsters they had hoped to unleash upon Chi-Town), and an unexpected turn of events at the war front of Free Quebec.

In the meanwhile, the Coalition Army is crawling out of the abyss of shame and defeat, and returning for another round. Only this time they are angrier and more determined than ever. In the mind of nearly every man, woman and child in the Coalition States, the **Tolkeenites** have shown themselves to be the bloodthirsty monsters they were always feared to be. Monsters to be wiped from the face of the Earth before they can rise up and destroy humankind! The fact that it was the CS who started the war and have committed countless atrocities of their own, no longer matters. The facts, fairness and truth are buried under pain and outrage. The blood boils and the shrill scream for retribution is unanimous. Emperor Prosek has told his people, "Tolkeen will fall," is the soldiers new battle cry, and "vengeance shall be sweet victory," their solemn vow.

From the Ruins

At first, the Coalition's return is barely noticeable. A trickle of reconnaissance squads, renewed guerilla activity and a few companies of advance troops reestablishing a new front line a hundred miles (160 km) away from their old shattered line along the Mississippi. A few troops here, a few there, joined by a few more each and every day, until the Tolkeen military suddenly realizes that a new army is mounting not far from their southern and eastern borders. An army of sparkling new war machines, heartless robots, legions of power armor and great squadrons of aircraft. Most Tolkeen scouts agree that the current formation is nearly as large as the one they defeated during the Sorcerers' Revenge only a short time ago, and new troops continue to arrive each day with no sign of letting up.

The Kingdom of Tolkeen

The Minnesota Baronies

- Mizereen (southeast)
- Rivereen (southwest)
- Tolkeen (middle)
- Markeen (north)
- Wildwoods (northwest)

The Kingdom of Tolkeen started out as a collection of independent homesteads, farms, cattle ranches, mining operations, mills, wilderness outposts, and quiet rural communities. Over time, these independent factions merged with or allied themselves to one another to form five baronies that laid claim to three quarters of Minnesota and the western edge of Wisconsin. The most heavily populated and influential barony of the five was Tolkeen. In fact, the City-State of Tolkeen became so well known for its size, splendor, scholastic institutions, free-thinking, advances in magic, and overall position of power and commerce, that most outsiders began to call the entire collective of baronies "**The Kingdom of Tolkeen.**" To the Coalition States, the other Minnesota Baronies were beneath their notice, places little more than backwater wannabe kingdoms of technologically inferior, ignorant D-Bees and inhuman monsters. What did worry them was the Barony of Tolkeen, and to a lesser degree, Mizereen, to the south. These places, Tolkeen in particular,

could not be ignored. They represented higher learning, advanced mystic arts and a rapidly growing "power" in the region. The thriving and attractive City-State of Tolkeen, the dragons' city of Freehold and other large magic communities around them not only encouraged other D-Bees and practitioners of magic to flock to them, but brought stability and development to the entire region. Left unchecked, there was no doubt that the "Kingdom" of Tolkeen would grow into a formidable continental power. A nation of sorcerers, madmen and inhuman monsters that might one day join forces with, or even usurp control over, the *Federation of Magic* and other smaller magic and D-Bee communities. A possibility the paranoid and power-crazed Coalition States — under the leadership of Emperor Karl Prosek — could not allow in their own backyard. Tolkeen had to be dealt with.

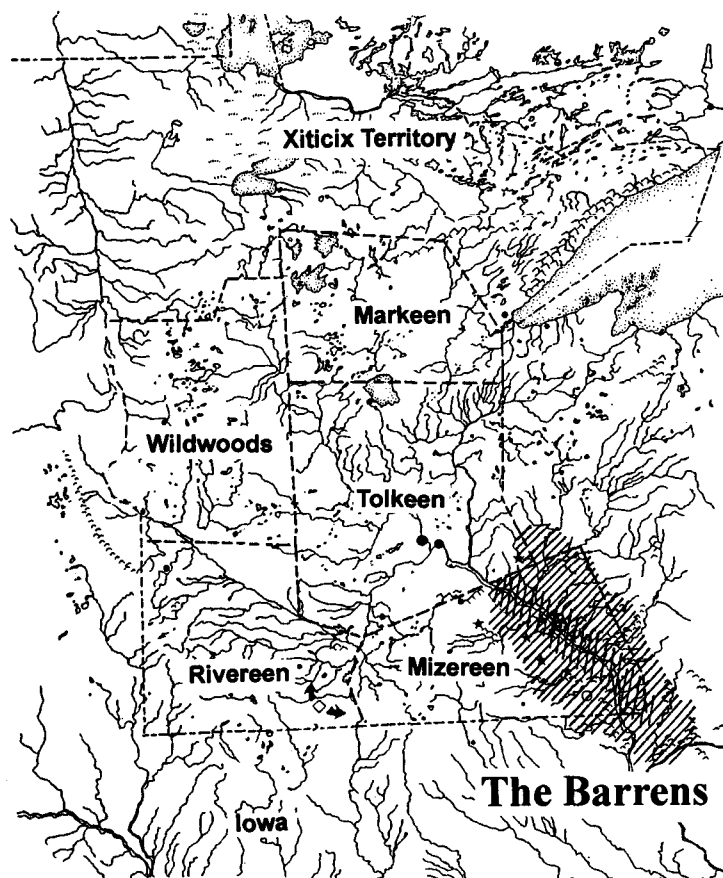
At first, Emperor Prosek and his cabinet tried to contain and impede the kingdom's growth. This was done through propaganda, scare tactics, sabotage, and an increased military presence. The results of these tactics were unsatisfactory. Despite their best efforts, Tolkeen continued to grow in size, prestige and influence. With time, it became clear that more drastic measures were necessary. The Emperor began to carefully lay a foundation of fear, hate and sense of urgency to justify the war he knew would one day come. A patient man, this subtle winning of the people's hearts and minds across the States took seven years before the Emperor felt confident enough to declare war.

War Zones Mizereen Barony The Barrens

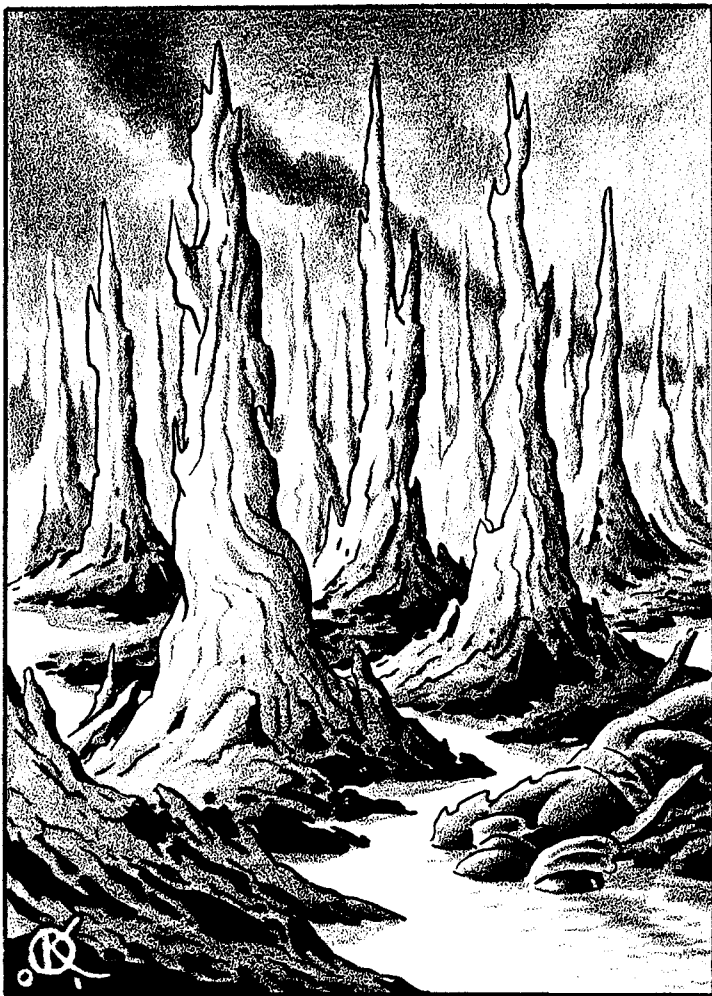
The heaviest fighting of the war has taken place along the Mississippi River, and so it is there that one finds the most devastation. Once thriving communities on both sides of the river in Minnesota and Wisconsin have been laid to waste. Farms, towns and cities blasted into rubble. The remnants of giant Coalition war machines, fields of mangled Skelebots and shattered Tolkeen fortifications mark their passing. A few places have been completely *vaporized*, leaving nothing more than massive craters and pulverized earth. Acres of forest have also been decimated, the trees knocked over like scattered piles of kindling or atomized where they grew.

With nothing else to lose, the Tolkeen defenders have used magic and elemental forces to transform the scorched earth into a nightmarish landscape of twisted stone. A zone of destruction and desolation renamed the "Barren Lands" or simply, "The Barrens."

At strategic locations and where the Tolkeen patriots have chosen to make their stand, a variety of stone edifices rise up to challenge the invaders. Some impede movement, others function



as staging grounds and fortifications. All are disturbing for they have no natural place in the landscape. These earthen formations are the creations of magic and enslaved elemental forces used to reshape and mold the very earth. Warlocks and Elementals are the chief architects of these stone and packed earth constructions, but demons and other supernatural forces may also play a role in their creation. Note: Also see *Elemental Alley*.



Spikes of Stone

Stalagmite-like thorns of stone the size of a man rise up to slow Coalition Troops and impede the movement of wheel and tread vehicles. Even the Coalition's foot soldiers and giant bipedal robots have difficulty navigating these forests of stone, and only the notorious Spider Skull Walkers have an easy time clattering over the spiny earth. When laid out in a line, spines of stone can work as defensive wall, requiring opponents to go around them (causing long delays for detours and setting up ambushes), weave through them (reduce speed by 50%), blast through or level them (both noisy, costly and time consuming efforts), or fly over them. In each case, the enemy is slowed down, forced to expend resources and man-hours, and give away their position, often caught in the open where they are vulnerable. Spikes and pillars of stone will not stop an invading army, but it causes its share of problems and losses.

Stats: Four to seven feet (1.2 to 2.1 m) tall conical formations, two to four feet (0.6 to 1.2 m) wide at the base, narrowing into a sharp point at the top.

Earth Bunkers

Earth Bunkers are simple, comparatively small, low profile fortifications that (especially from a distance) resemble little more than a mound of packed earth and stone. An entrance hatch is usually concealed in the back (60 M.D.C) and a viewing and **gunners'** slit is cut into the front. Inside, two pairs of soldiers each operate a rail gun or similar rapid-fire weapon. An additional 2-4 soldiers are usually assigned to offer support and function as backup should one of the first sets of gunners be killed. Like the Towers of Stone, they are used to ambush and gun down enemy troops, but are more easily concealed and difficult to spot and identify. One or two Earth Bunkers may be deployed as an ambush post, the defensive cornerstone of a small military outpost or base camp, or multiple bunkers may be built into or alongside a defensive wall, **butte**, Tower or other defenses.

Bunker Stats: Five to eight feet (1.5 to 1.8 m) tall and about the size of a small room. Has 1D6x100M.D.C.



Giant (Flat-Topped) Mounds

Massive mounds resembling low-cut **buttes** like those found in the American southwest, are one of the less common Tolkeen formations. They may be erected to serve as barriers to the Coalition ground troops as well as elevated out posts, staging grounds for Tolkeen combat troops, and as landing pads for **Simvan** warriors riding monstrous flying animals, TW flyers, winged Iron Juggernauts, dragons and gargoyles. Dragons find

the elevated formations particularly attractive places to roost and lay in wait for the enemy where they can strike them down with lightning and bolts of magic before taking flight to wade into them with more magic, tooth and claws. Dragons, Shifters and demon lords are also known to lead the charge of swarming gargoyles, demons, monsters or aerial assault vehicles. Warlocks, particularly of Earth and Air, may direct and orchestrate similar attacks from the **butte-like** mounds, summon storms or command Elementals while they watch from above.

Mound Stats: A flat-topped **butte** mound measures 100-400 feet (30.5 to 122 m) in diameter, rises 60-120 feet (18.3 to 36.6 m) tall, and the sides of its walls are virtually straight vertical climbs — there is very little (90 degree), if any, sloping incline. Each giant mound has about 1D6x1000 M.D.C. The mounds may stand alone or be part of a larger camp that might include Spikes of Stone, Towers of Stone, and/or Earth Bunkers as well as Elementals, human or inhuman ground troops and air support.

Towers of Stone

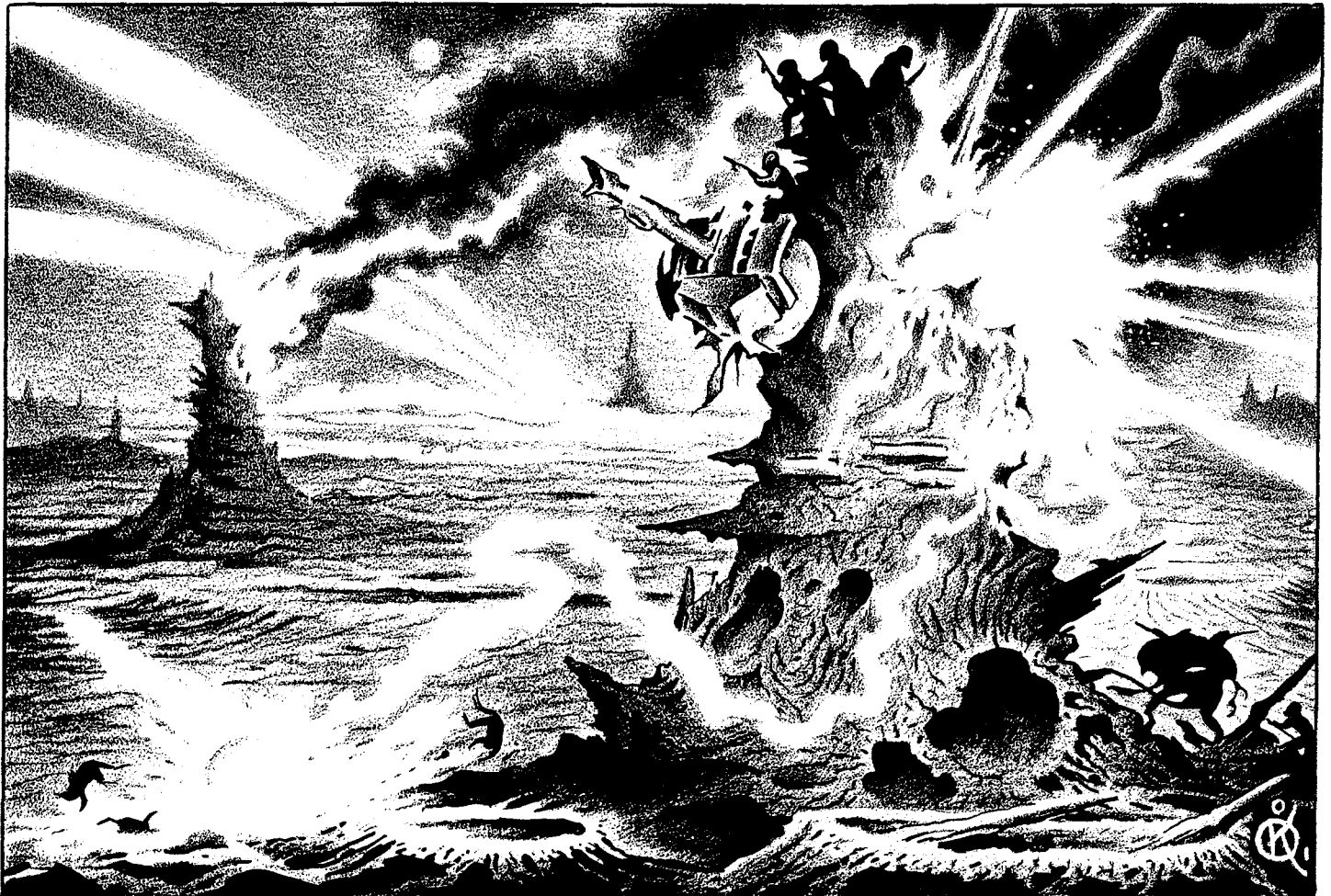
Towers of Stone serve as fortified machinegun nests, guard towers and observation posts. Like the towers of a castle keep or prison gate, these structures house warriors armed and ready to engage the enemy. Sometimes these fighters are ordinary soldiers equipped with long-range energy cannons, rail guns, assault rifles, and/or missiles. Other times the tower may be staffed by a squad of (6-10) spell casting mages, or an adult dragon, or 1-4 dragon hatchlings, or a powerful Shifter capable of summoning forth demons and monsters, or a couple of War-

locks each commanding 1-4 Elementals, or even a host of (20-30) Gargoyles, Black Faeries, enslaved Xiticix or other winged monstrosities. **Note:** Practitioners of Magic will often be accompanied and protected by a squad of (6-10) Men at Arms or one or two monsters such as the Daemonix, Thornhead demon, Neuron Beast, Brodkil, Iron Juggernauts and similar powerful beings.

A *single tower* may stand as a lone monument of defiance in the face of the enemy or defensive guardian to an entrance, place or road — its occupants ready to deal out death to whom-ever dares challenge them. These defenders may retreat in the face of apparent defeat or fight to the death. These single towers are often used like *pillboxes* and *bunker-style machinegun nests* of old, placed at crossroads, bridges, and other strategic locations where the enemy is likely to pass, and where the tower and its troops have the advantage of position, elevation and fire-power to mow the enemy down before any can reach it.

One may also encounter a *cluster of 4-16 towers*, providing fortress-like defenses and housing an entire battalion of defenders (640 troops; 1-5% are magic O.C.C.s and another 5-10% demonic or supernatural R.C.C.s). Often additional troops from company to battalion-sized ground forces are nearby. Or Towers of Stone may serve as the outer defenses of a larger camp, military base, or other fortifications with anywhere from a company to a division of (160 to 5760) soldiers.

Tower Stats: A typical Tower of Stone measures 20-40 feet (6.1 to 12.2 m) in diameter and 20-40 feet (6.1 to 12.2 m) tall. Stairs may be carved into the stone, or iron climbing pegs





Defensive Walls

Massive earth and stone walls are also used to bar the enemy. They may be low (three feet/0.9 m minimum) to provide cover for shooters, or tall (up to 25 feet/7.6 m) to bar the enemy from easy passage, and are nearly as thick as they are tall. Defensive walls may run in a horizontal line, curve or be used as the four outer walls of a military compound. Like all of these elemental creations, they are crude and rough looking, almost a natural looking formation. **Stats:** M.D.C. varies with the size of the wall: 3-6 feet (0.9 to 1.8 m) has approximately 2D6x10 M.D.C. per 10 foot (3 m) length, 7-10 feet (2.1 to 3 m), 4D6x10 per 10 foot (3 m) length, 11-15 feet (3.3 to 4.6 m), 6D6x10 M.D.C. per 10 foot (3 m) section and 16-25 feet (4.9 to 7.6m), 1D4x100+180M.D.C.

Combined Elemental Defenses

Military strongholds, forts and places designated as front-line defensive positions may use all or several of these elemental fortifications in one capacity or another. This means the enemy could encounter one or a series of fortified walls with *Towers of Stone* scattered along its length in front, behind or built into the walls themselves. Likewise, *Earth Bunkers* could be built at spaced positions at the base of the wall(s) or scattered throughout the "no man's zone" — the open field between the enemy and the defenders and their fortified defensive line. Jagged *Spikes of Stone* might also litter portions of the no man's zone or run along the front of the walls and other places to impede the charge of attacking troops and the onslaught of ground vehicles.

pounded into one side. In the alternative, portable ladders or a simple elevator (a simple platform, cable and pulleys) may be used to get troops up and down. Otherwise, the rough-hewn earthen walls are a straight vertical climb. The pillar of the tower is usually solid stone, but raised platforms may be erected or small chambers carved out to accommodate troops, garages, storage areas, etc. The top section is always carved out to serve as a bunker and observation deck. Windows and gun ports are narrow slits like those of a pillbox to offer maximum protection to **gunmen**, lookouts and those inside. The roof is usually flat, allowing flyers and VTOL aircraft to land and take-off, as well as providing an elevated position for rooftop snipers. *Battlements* along the edge of the roof take the form of a low wall of stone (one or two feet/0.3 to 0.6 m tall) with taller, flat stone projections scattered around the edge like an uneven crown of stone. These randomly spaced projections serve as protective barriers from behind which a shooter can fire and hide, much like the merlon of a castle wall. There may also be jagged, flat-topped ledges protruding from the tower serving as gunner platforms and launch pads for small flying vehicles, and perches for winged creatures. One or two hatches (100 M.D.C. each) are usually built into what passes for the "back" side and 3-6 small hatches (50 M.D.C. each) open up onto the roof.

A single tower usually has 4D4x100+40 M.D.C. and is large enough to accommodate 50 human-sized warriors without being too cramped; 80 under crowded conditions. Additional troops can camp at ground level around the tower and/or on the rooftop. Only the topmost portion is a hollowed out bunker with thick walls.



Earth and other Elemental magic might also be launched against the enemy to turn patches of the battlefield into muddy quagmires, moats, quicksand, fields of thorns, and rivers of lava. Or to open up fissures to swallow troops whole or stop armored vehicles, while a directed earthquake may topple enemy forces somewhere else on the battlefield. Of course, other combat troops, Elementals and monsters will also be sent against the attackers using the Earth Defenses for cover, support **and**, when needed, refuge.

Note: All the stalagmites, towers, bunkers, walls and such described in this section are found throughout *Elemental Alley* and the Mississippi River region bordering Minnesota and Wisconsin, as well as the outskirts of **Tolkeen**. These transfigured places may appear as small patches the size of a typical backyard or cover a sprawling field. They may be encountered as one, lone, defensive measure, say a field of pointed stone towers, or as a combination of earthen fortifications - such as a lightly defended combat zone with a field of jagged stone, and a few bunkers and a stone tower or three, manned by no more than a company of Tolkeen defenders and more likely as few as a platoon. Likewise a single fortification such as a bunker or tower may lay hidden in an otherwise normal-looking environment. Cities, towns and occasionally farms may also have one or more these defenses, such as a Stone Tower or two at the town gates **and/or** the town square, with perhaps, a partial 10-20 foot (3-6 m) wall covering its most vulnerable side or precious resource. While these modest, but effective fortifications are found throughout the Kingdom of Tolkeen, at the most hard-fought combat zones like those along the Mississippi, they may cover acres and acres of shattered land, sometimes as far as the eye can see.

Skelebot Graveyards

Within The Barrens and, especially, Elemental Alley, one finds the largest and most numerous *Skelebot Graveyards* — blasted battlefields covered with the remains of thousands upon thousands of Coalition **Skelebots**. Before the CS Army rethought their strategies, they would send armies of thousands of their automated hunter-killer robots to "soften up" the enemy. They believed the bots would sweep the countryside and obliterate scores of farms, homesteads, and towns, as well as slay every non-Coalition individual encountered en route. The Coalition High Command did not realize that the robots' linear combat parameters to "find the enemy and relentlessly, fearlessly attack" would send hundreds of thousands of Skelebots to their destruction. Without fear or human leadership, the murderous robots would attack an enemy town or stronghold regardless of the numbers or level of **firepower** pitted against them (which was considerable when magic and the supernatural were involved). While the majority of these communities and fortified positions *would* fall to the hordes of automatons, thousands, often tens of thousands, of Skelebots would fall in the process, their losses far outweighing any small victory the robots may have won.

As a consequence, many locations of *Skelebot Graveyards* are also the site of a decimated town, city or fort. However, the carnage is usually so complete that there is little of value buried

under the rubble or carpet of destroyed Skelebots. What little might have held any value (like the **Skelebots'** assault rifles, energy cells and **Vibro-Blades**) are either damaged beyond repair, or have already been claimed by salvage crews from one side of the war or the other, or by bandits or **humanoid** scavengers.

Still, if one takes the time and has a little luck on his side, some items of value may be uncovered. The table that follows is designed only for those Graveyards where a civilian community or military compound once existed. In such places, one will find piles of Skelebot remains mixed among mounds of debris and rubble from the town that once stood there.

Skelebot Graveyard Salvage Table

Value Note: Unless stated otherwise, the Tolkeen military or individuals (especially Operators, other towns, salvage dealers, merchants and other professional traders) *maybe* willing to pay 10-30% more than the Black Market price listed in the table that follows; the amount paid depends on availability of the item and market demand. If the item is in low demand, the same buyer will offer 10-30% less than the price listed here, but if demand is high, they may pay the list price to 10-30% more.

Bandits, fences, smugglers and other crooks are likely to offer 20-50% less than the price listed in the table!

On the other hand, collectors and individuals who have a use, need or desire for the item are likely to be willing to pay twice the price listed. If the item is rare or important to said individual, he may be willing to pay full market value or more (50-200% more), even if the item is slightly damaged but fully functional, however, this will be a *rarity*.

Of course, most "dealers" do whatever modifications and **fix-ups** necessary to bring the item up to its best market price and sell it for 3-8 times what they paid.

Random Determination: Roll once for every 3-5 hours of searching through the rubble, and only roll once for every two characters actively searching. This is hard, time consuming work with minimal payoff. After the war and in resettled areas, these Graveyards will be picked clean of valuables and some will be plowed under or cleared away. Of course, the G.M. can use Skelebot Graveyards and other ruins as places where he or she can allow the player characters to find all kinds of little things, including clues that might further a cause or help in an adventure.

01-02% CS Warbird Rocket Cycle! Banged up but in working order with only 1D6x10% of its M.D.C. (main body) gone. **Value:** 270,000 credits from the Black Market.

03-05% One Skelebot micro-power supply: The miniature nuclear power supply used in bots and power **armor**, but can be modified to power small vehicles and machines. 2D6+10 months of life left in it. Only recognizable to Operators, scientists and those with knowledge of robotics or weapon systems. **Value:** These items get top dollar at 180,000-250,000 credits each.

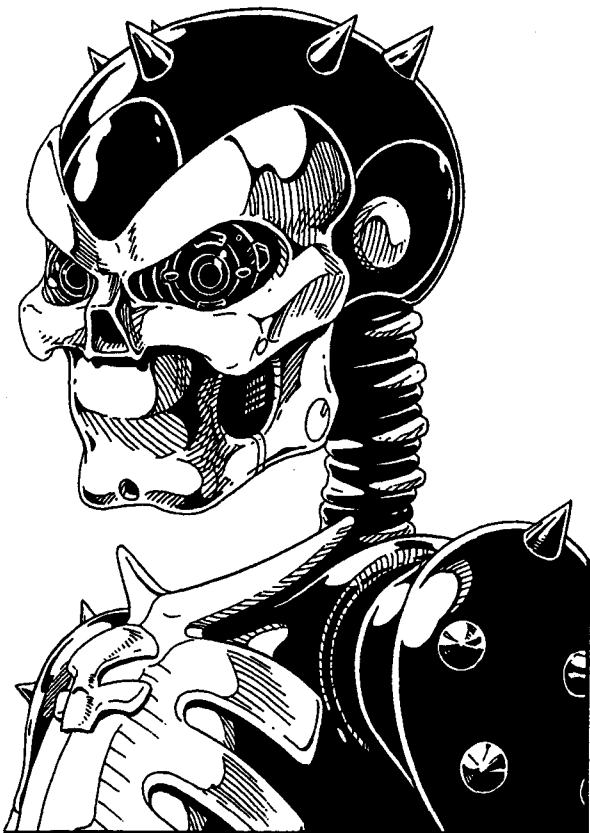
06-10% Highly valuable robot or machine parts or electronics, but only recognizable as having value to Operators, scientists and others with the mechanical or electrical engineering skill; to anyone else it looks like junk. **Value:** 2D4x10,000 credits (make a random roll for the exact value).

11-15% Usable robot or machine parts or electronics, but only recognizable as having value to Operators, scientists and others with the mechanical or electrical engineering skill; to anyone else it looks like junk. These parts are good and valuable but nothing particularly unique or highly valuable. **Value:** 2D4x1000 credits (make a random roll for the exact amount).

16-18% 1D4 FASSAR-30, "Dead Man's" Skelebot, light rail gun (new style) and light ammo drum. Useless until it is physically modified for use by humanoids or attached to a robot or suit of power armor. (The Skelebot rail gun draws its energy from the bot itself, through a cable connecting it to the robot's power supply rather than using an E-Clip. Furthermore, all targeting and optic features are in the robot not the weapon, and there is likely to be minor damage to repair and cleaning necessary.) **Value:** 7000 credits.

19-20% 1D6 FASSAR-20, old style Skelebot variable frequency laser rifles. Useless until it is physically modified for use by humanoids or attached to a robot or suit of power armor (The Skelebot laser rifle draws its energy from the bot itself, from a cable connecting the weapon to the bot, rather than using an E-Clip. Furthermore, all targeting and optic features are in the robot, not the weapon, and there is likely to be other, minor damage and cleaning that is necessary) **Value:** 4000 credits each.

21-23% 1D6+1 Skelebot Vibro-Blades, but like the assault rifles, requires physical modification (like a handle and compartment for an E-Clip) to be used as a viable hand weapon by a humanoid. Recovered Skelebot Vibro-Blades (and other retractable blades from robots and power armor) may also be used as a component for robots and armor. **Value:** 1000 credits from the Black Market or at Tolkeen.



Breaux

24-25% One complete Skelebot that has suffered minor damage (reduce M.D.C. of the main body by 20%), but which is

not working due to some glitch in its internal computer or electronics. Nothing an Operator with the robot mechanics skill can't fix for a meager 50,000 credits (half for a friend). To modify the Skelebots programming and make it obey a player character (or any non-Coalition character) will take 4D4 days of labor and cost 200,000-300,000 credits! **Value (without modification):** 500,000 to 600,000 credits!

26-27% Precious Goods, which may include jewelry, gemstones, ancient relics, artwork, books, and similar items, or an actual credit/debit card with Universal Credits or some other useable denomination. **Value:** The Black Market is willing to pay 6D6x100 credits for the lot. If a valid card is found, 6D6x100 credits is the amount on the card.

28-30% Body Armor, provided one is willing to remove salvageable pieces from the dead! Enough to make two non-environmental suits with 1D4x10+32 M.D.C. each. **Value:** The Black Market is only willing to pay 3000 or 4000 credits each.

31-32% One or two TW Wing Boards (or similar, simple, one-man flyer). **Value:** 15,000-25,000 credits from the Black Market; double for Turbo or Crescent Boards.

33-34% CS Scout Rocket Cycle or Command Car. Banged up but in working order with only 1D4x10% of its M.D.C. (main body) gone. **Value:** 120,000 credits from the Black Market.

35-36% ATV Speedster Hover Cycle that has lost only 10% of its M.D.C. and other than a few dents and scratches is in perfect working order! See *Rifts® RPG*, page 226, for details. **Value:** 175,000 credits from the Black Market.

37-38% C-18 Old Style Laser Pistol (or Northern Gun equivalent) and 1D4 E-Clips. **Value:** The Black Market pays 1,500 credits for the gun, 500-1000 for each E-Clip.

39-41% 1D4 standard Vibro-Blades (hand-held, does 1D6 M.D.). **Value:** 1000-1200 credits each from the Black Market.

42-43% One Vibro-Sword (hand-held, does 2D6 M.D.). **Value:** 3000-4000 credits.

44-45% One Language Translator in working condition. **Value:** 2000 credits.

46-47% Pocket Laser Distancer and Portable Tool Kit, both in working condition. **Value:** 1800 credits for the distancer, 50 credits for the tool kit.

48-49% Deluxe First Aid Kit with RMK (knitter) and IRMSS (surgeon) nano-systems (normally worth 70,000 credits) along with the usual bandages and items in a standard first aid kit. **Value:** Medical supplies of any kind are in high demand, so even the Black Market is willing to pay 20,000-30,000 credits for this item. (Player characters may be wise to hang onto it themselves.)

50-51% Portable Laboratory and Scan Dihilator: See page 246 of the *Rifts® RPG* for details. **Value:** 3,000-4,000 credits for the lab and 1500 for the Dihilator.

52-53% Highway-Man Motorcycle with laser: Other than a few dents and scratches (has 69 M.D.C.), this gasoline powered bike is in good working order; see page 227 of the *Rifts® RPG* for details. **Value:** 5000-7000 credits from the Black Market. An independent adventurer, merc or townspeople is likely to be willing to pay 10,000 to 12,000 credits for it.

54-55% 1D6+3 Optic Systems for rifles or binoculars that may include telescopic sight, nightvision, thermo-imaging, etc.,

but no multi-optic helmet or band; see the **Rifts® RPG** for details. Value: 300 credits each from the Black Market.

56-57% **1D4 Bolt-Action Rifles** (or twice as many automatic pistols or revolvers) with 3600 rounds of conventional S.D.C. ammo and 144 rounds of silver bullets (typical rounds do 4D6 to 6D6 S.D.C. damage from a rifle, 3D6 to 4D6 from a handgun). Value: 800-1200 credits for the entire kit and caboodle from the Black Market. A **Techno-Wizard** gun maker might pay 20-30% more. Most soldiers and meres do not have much use for S.D.C. weapons and are not likely to pay more than a 100 credits for the lot. Common folk don't have the money but might trade some food and offer a comfortable place to spend a night or two in exchange for the guns.

58-60% **1D4+1 Wilk's or Northern Gun Laser Pistols**. The E-Clips are drained but the weapons are in excellent condition. Value: 1200-1800 credits each; double for Wilk's manufactured weapons. The Black Market will always buy guns.

61-62% **One Northern Gun Laser Rifle** (any kind the G.M. allows) with a half full E-Clip. Value: 3,000 to 4000 credits for single shot; double for "pulse" rifles.

63-64% **One JA-9 or JA-11 Juicer Rifle** in perfect working condition and with a full E-Clip. Value: 4000 credits for the JA-9 and 8,000-10,000 for the JA-11.

65-66% **One NG-P7 Particle Beam Rifle** with a nearly spent E-Clip (only 1D4 shots left). Value: 6,000-8,000 credits.

67-68% **One TW Melee Weapon** such as a flaming sword, Lightning Rod or Whip of Pain (see page 54 of **Coalition Wars One** for the whip). May substitute for other TW or magical weapon or simple magic device. G.M.'s discretion, but nothing rare or too powerful (e.g. normally sells for under one million credits). Value: Magic items are always in high demand, and the Black Market is usually willing to pay 30-50% of the standard price! However, they usually sell them for 50-200% more than the standard price. A practitioner of magic or anybody who appreciates magic is likely to be willing to pay as much as 50-75% of the standard price.

69-70% **Two Old Style, C-12 Heavy Coalition Assault Laser Rifles**, one with a full E-Clip and one with a spent one; see **Rifts® RPG or Coalition War Campaign** for complete information. Value: 4000 credits for the rifles, and 500-1000 for each E-Clip.

71-72% **Adventuring Gear** including, 1D4 backpacks, 1D6 air filters, 1D6 canteens, 1D6 pairs of tinted goggles, 1D4 weeks worth of food rations, 1D4 large sacks, 1D6 signal flares, two smoke grenades and either one full power E-Clip or three high explosive hand grenades (do 3D6 M.D. to a six foot area). Note: G.M.s may add or substitute minor, common items; no weapons. Value: The Black Market will pay 400-700 credits for the entire lot, E-Clip or grenades included.

73-74% **1D6+1 E-Clips**, however, only one has 2D4x10% of its payload, the others are spent but still valuable. Value: The Black Market will usually pay 500-1000 credits per E-Clip, even empty ones. However, they charge 2000-3000 credits to "recharge" a clip, sometimes as much as 5000 or 6000 to charge an E-Clip when people are desperate and the crooks can get away with price gouging.

75-76% **TW Pistol or Revolver**. Exactly what is left to the discretion of the G.M., but probably nothing rare or too powerful. See weapons described in **Rifts® New West** and listed in

Coalition Wars One. Value: Magic items are always in high demand, and the Black Market is usually willing to pay 30-50% of the standard price! However, they sell them for 50-200% more than the standard price.

77-78% **Coalition CR-1 Rocket Launcher** and tattered backpack containing six armor piercing mini-missiles (1D4x10 M.D. each) and three plasma (1D6x10 M.D. each)! Value: 4,000 credits for the launcher and 750 per each missile. **Optional:** G.M. may substitute these items with four Type One Fusion Blocks (1D4x10 M.D. each) and two Type Three (4D6x10 M.D.); the lot being worth about 6000 credits to the Black market, or with a small, mixed crate of hand grenades (12 fragmentation doing 2D6 M.D. each, 12 HE doing 3D6 M.D., and six plasma, doing 5D6 M.D. each; value to Black Market is about 100 credits per grenade).

79-80% **Souped-Up Mountaineer ATV** with nuclear power system, top mounted hatch laser gun, spotlight, radar, long-range radio and 260 M.D.C. (once had 340)! Damage is relatively minimal and although rather battered looking, the vehicle works fine! See **Rifts® RPG**, page 227, for details. Value: 200,000 credits is what the Black Market will pay (sold for around a million credits new), but one can easily get double from an adventurer group or mercenary outfit if that group has the money to buy it. What will you take in trade?

81-82% **Two Old Style, Crl4 "Fire Breather" Assault Rifles** both with spent E-Clips, but one has five grenades and the other all 12; see **Rifts® RPG or Coalition War Campaign** for complete information. Value: The Black Market will pay 7000-10,000 credits for each of these popular weapons and 150 for each rifle-grenade.

83-84% **One New Style, CP-40 Pulse Laser Rifle** and two full E-Clips. See page 92 of **Coalition War Campaign** for complete information. Value: The Black Market will pay 10,000-14,000 credits for this rifle, and 500-1000 for each E-Clip.

85-86% **One New Style, CTT-P40 Particle Beam Cannon** with a drained, rechargeable energy cell! Ideal for cyborgs. See page 95 of **Coalition War Campaign** for complete information. Value: The Black Market will pay 18,000-22,000 credits for this rifle, and sells it for 60,000+ credits.

87-88% **One New Style, C-29 Hellfire Plasma Rifle** and a full E-Clip canister! See page 94 of **Coalition War Campaign** for complete information. Value: The Black Market will pay 15,000-18,000 credits for this rifle, and 2500 for the energy canister.

89-90% **One Triax TX-24 Ion Pulse Pistol** (2D4 M.D. single shot, 4D6 M.D. per multi-shot, 500 foot/152 m range, 10 shots from a standard E-Clip) and 1D4 full E-Clips. See page 144 of **Triax & The NGR** for complete information. Value: The Black Market will pay 5,000-8,000 credits for this weapon and 500 for each E-Clip.

91-92% **One Triax TX-42 Laser Pulse Rifle** (2D6M.D. single shot, 1D4x10 M.D. per pulse blast, 2000 foot/610m range, 10 shots from a standard E-Clip). Its E-Clip is spent. See page 145 of **Triax & The NGR** for complete information. Value: The Black Market will pay 10,000-15,000 credits for this weapon and 500 for the E-Clip.

93-94% **One suit of CS Dead Boy body armor** in perfect condition! Value: The Black Market will pay 10,000-15,000 credits, meres 20,000.

95-96% TW Rifle or New TW Weapon (any type) or **Heavy Rail Gun** (any type with two full ammo drums). See *Rifts® New West or Coalition Wars One* (pages 58-65) for a variety of TW weapons. **Value:** Magic items are always in high demand, and the Black Market is usually willing to pay 30-50% of the standard price! However, they turn around and resell them for 50-200% more than the standard price. Heavy rail guns can get 15,000 to 20,000 credits. Mercs or adventurers with money are likely to be willing to pay 50-75% of the standard value, or equivalent in trade.

97-98% Light TW Vehicle! G.M.'s discretion, but nothing rare or larger than a six-man flyer. See *Coalition Wars One*, starting on page 68 for possible vehicle types. **Value:** The Black Market will only pay 20,000-30,000 credits, but one might get double from a buyer who appreciates (and can use) magic.

99-00% Pair of TW Demon Claws! See *Coalition Wars One*, page 54, for details. **Value:** At least 160,000 credits for the pair (70,000 for one). If one is willing to take trade instead of credits, he can get an extra 50,000 credits worth of equipment. Magic items are always in high demand, and the Black Market is usually willing to pay 30-50% of the standard price! However, they usually turn around and sell them for 50-200% more than the standard price. Practitioners of magic with cash or valuable trade may pay 60% to full price for this item, especially a matched pair.

Note: Game Masters should feel free to substitute their own ideas and different items, but keep them within the range shown in this table, and remember, not every find is a bonanza. Skelebot Graveyards are the scenes of titanic battles, so any items found are likely to be of a military nature.

Danger Table for Skelebot Graveyards

Previous books in the *Coalition Wars* series have touched upon Skelebot Graveyards and made note that the sinister CS often dispatches platoons and companies of active Skelebots to "play dead" among the fallen and attack those fools who come too close. Some active Skelebots hide among the fallen during the day to go forth at night like mechanical ghouls to hunt down new victims up to 50 miles (80 km) away before returning to the grave site to hide. While this is all true, there are other dangers lurking at these grim war zones.

Note: This encounter table can be used at any battle ruin or ramshackle town where villains can set up an ambush, trap or lair. Tolkien forces at these ambush sites *may* consider adventurers to be CS sympathizers, spies, mercenary hirelings, or just worthless bandits, thieves and lowlifes who are better off dead than let loose to trouble the locals or interfere with the war effort.

01-15% Coalition Skelebots. 1D6+2 lurking among the ruins. They are programmed to use stealth and surprise against their enemies and fight to kill. Others may be hidden in other parts of the graveyards or off on a killing run. Also see the encounter table on page 88 of *Coalition Wars Three* for additional ideas.

16-20% 4D6 D-Bee refugees in hiding. They don't want trouble but don't know who to trust and are extremely paranoid. Will try to stay hidden, but will attack if one of them is threat-

ened or hurt. Probably have one low (1D4) level mage among them and a handful of D-Bees with formidable R.C.C. abilities, but average level of experience of most is 1-3. Fairly well armed thanks to salvaged weapons found at the graveyard.

21-25% Recruitment band. A small group of 4-6 mid to high level (6 to 10th level) freedom fighters, smugglers, Black Marketeers, mercenaries, mages (from the Federation of Magic?), **Cyber-Knights**, or **Coalition Special Forces** (probably in disguise), looking to recruit adventurers for a (supposedly) profitable mission - may be war oriented or self-serving.

26-35% Robbers: A gang of thieves (human or D-Bee) hide at or near the graveyard waiting for travelers to come near or to sift through the debris in search of salvage. When the visitors least expect it, the bandits strike. Fortunately, most bandits are only after loot and do not kill without reason.

Bandit Archetype, Motivation & Level of Violence (roll percentile dice or pick one):

01-60% are simple robbers who rob and harass their victims, taking only obvious valuables (which may include weapons, armor, vehicles and food), but far from everything, nor do they kill unless they feel it is absolutely necessary or in self-defense. They will, however, intimidate, lie, threaten, beat, and fight their victims, but only to the point of getting what they want. These crooks never fight to the death and prefer *easy targets*. If an opponent proves to be too tough, they will retreat, leave them be, and wait or go searching for easier prey. These bandits also prefer to strike fast, often using ambush and surprise, grab what they can and get out fast. This means they are likely to leave a



good amount of valuables behind and not linger to hurt anybody. Typical Alignments: Anarchist (60%), Miscreant (25%), and other evil (Aberrant and/or Diabolic 15%).

61-90% are psychotic, vicious thugs who are brutal and easily provoked to violence. They may hurt anybody who threatens or angers them, or who just looks at them the wrong way. They also tend to shoot to kill when spooked. Likewise, those victims who offer resistance are severely hurt, physically incapacitated, or killed (better safe than sorry). If a prisoner is taken, the character can expect to be terrorized, beaten, perhaps tortured and, at some point, there is a 50/50 chance the prisoner will be slain. Like the simple robbers, these crooks rarely fight to the death unless they seek revenge or a vendetta. If an opponent proves to be too tough, they will retreat, leave them be, and wait or go searching for easier prey. These bandits also prefer to strike fast and may use ambush and surprise, but tend to be more obvious and direct, using strength of numbers and **firepower** to win the day. Although they seldom fight to the death as a group, there are likely to be one or more individuals who are so crazy that they *will* fight to the death, even if the rest of the group leaves them behind. These vicious thugs will leave a fair amount of valuables behind but are more aggressive and thorough than simple robbers. If they feel confident and safe, they may linger to have some "fun," i.e. **threaten/terrorize** and hurt some of their victims before leaving. Typical Alignments: Anarchist (25%), Miscreant (35%), Diabolic (30%) and Aberrant (10%).

91-00% are con-artists, flimflam men, and tricksters. Con-ning thieves who talk a good game and pretend to be something or someone other than what they really are (i.e. pretend to be innocent travelers, farmers, refugees, meres, etc., rather than thieving crooks). They use fast talk, diversion and misdirection to steal from their victims. Typically, one or more will draw attention to themselves or someone or something else, while the other members of their band **stealthily** steal valuables. They are bold pretenders who often earn their victims' trust **and/or** sympathy before they do their dirty work. The moment their intended **victim(s)** turns his back, they rob him blind. Like the simple robbers, these lying thieves and con-artists try to avoid violence and murder, preferring treachery, cheating and guile to win the day. They will hurt others to save themselves or one of their thieving teammates, but usually kill only by accident, in self-defense or out of revenge. There is some twisted honor among these thieves as they usually travel in tight-knit bands or family clans loyal to one another. Usually, some members of the group will be skilled in gambling, seduction, disguise and forgery; most are streetwise. Typical Alignments: Anarchist (42%), Miscreant (38%), Aberrant (15%), Diabolic (3%) and even the occasional Unprincipled (2%).

36-45% Bushwhackers: These are murderous thieves or savage patriots who find it easy and effective to kill, or at least render their victims' incapacitated. All too often, standard procedure is to attack and fight until all or most of their prey are unconscious or dead, chase the rest away or force a surrender, then strip them of their valuables, shoot (to kill) any eyewitnesses (which might be all of them), and leave. Bushwhackers seldom try to negotiate and they quickly grow tired of intimidation tactics if they don't yield fast results, so they usually kill everybody and take what they want. That way they leave no eyewitnesses behind to seek revenge or to send the authorities against them. Survivors of bushwhackers are usually a mistake

("I thought he was dead," or, "I didn't see him"), or a rare moment of compassion. Although they will usually accept someone's surrender, they will beat, rob and either kill him in cold blood or sell him into slavery. The worst of these cutthroats will take a captive only "to have fun with" - meaning to torment, torture and eventually kill.

Typical alignments for Bushwhackers are Miscreant and Diabolic; evil through and through. The only time such a group may include Aberrant and Anarchist characters is when the bushwhackers are patriotic extremists who justify their foul actions by targeting only the enemy, such as the Coalition Army, or the people of Tolkeen, or all D-Bees, or a specific race or tribe of D-Bees, or the Black Market, or practitioners of magic, or a particular government or people, and so on. Exactly who might be seen or chosen as an "enemy" is left to the G.M. Of course, most Bushwhackers don't need any justification or cause to rob and steal.

46-55% Tolkeen Ambush: Bunkers. Two or four Earth Bunkers are carefully placed at some strategic point in the ruins/graveyard. They are laid out for a perfect crossfire and camouflaged with debris to hide their true nature. They are recognizable only when the unsuspecting are within 30 feet (9 m) of them, and by then it's too late! Only Wilderness Scouts, **Psi-Stalkers** and characters with the Detect Ambush or Detect Concealment skills have a chance at recognizing the trap before it is sprung, but do so with a skill penalty of **-10%**.

In addition to the gunners inside the Bunkers, there are at least 1D4+2 additional troops, 12 maximum, none of which cast magic spells (unless the G.M. needs them to).

56-60% Raiders. A band of raiders use the ruins as a hiding place, lair or rendezvous point. Raiders are aggressive bandits and robbers who specialize in armed robbery and combat, guerrilla hit and run tactics, and military style "raids." This means they are highly mobile, rustle cattle, hit merchant and military convoys, ride down travelers, blast into a town to make a "hit" (attack the bank, storehouses, cattle pens, or other specific target), and are always on the move. They may ride horses or monsters, use robot or bionic animal equivalents, pilot motorcycles and trucks, or drive high-tech hovercycles, rocket bikes, armored vehicles, power armor, and giant robots, or some **combination** of them all. Highwaymen and rustlers are probably counted among them and their group may include any professional criminal as well as any men at arms, adventurer or practitioner of magic who have turned to crime.

No raider hesitates in killing those who raise a weapon against them, but most are not mad-dog killers or wantonly destructive. Raiders tend to see the communities, businesses, people and even militias around them as fruit trees ripe for the picking. It's one thing to pluck the fruit, and in the process break a few branches, it's another to destroy the tree entirely or burn down the orchard. That's madness or stupidity because it takes away one's very means of livelihood. Consequently, most raiders try to keep the killing to a minimum, welcome surrender, don't usually care about eyewitnesses, and avoid brutalizing their victims or destroying too much property. They burst onto the scene, take what they want and leave their victims and the community intact so they can return to plunder it again at a later date. Of course, there are insane or **horrifically** evil raiders, or those engaged in vendetta, who destroy and slaughter with aban-

don, but this is a small percentage (2-8%). Typical Alignments: Anarchist (27%), Miscreant (33%), Diabolic (18%) and Aberrant (22%).

61-65% Tolkeen Tower of Stone. Somewhere in the Skelebot Graveyard is a Stone Tower and perhaps a small field of jagged stone. The tower may be in the center of the site or at one of the corners or sides. It functions as a gunner's nest with a rail gun station and a 1D4 level Fire Warlock to rain down magical fire and rounds of ammunition upon any enemy forces, or suspected forces, foolish enough to challenge it. An additional 2D6 troops, mostly 1D4 level soldiers, are also camped here and often set up ambushes away from the tower, or lure enemy squads into its range of fire.

66-76% Tolkeen Stone Tower Trap. As above, except the tower (or Earth Bunker) is deserted — unmanned. It is a ruse meant to attract Coalition soldiers (and frighten away others). The real danger comes from one of the following hidden dangers roll percentile dice or pick one.

01-10% Monster Squad with a **Witchling**, a pair of **Simvan** riding small monsters, **Thornhead** or Neuron Beast and one (1D4+1 level) Ley Line Walker or Mystic.

11-20% D-Bee freedom fighters (each is 1D4 level and there are 1D4+2 of them), but the real threat is the one or two concealed *Earth Bunkers* (machinegun nests) or 1D4+1 snipers (all snipers have 1D4+3 levels of experience) shooting from elevated positions and whom attempt to pick off enemy targets from a distance (may use conventional M.D. weaponry or TW weapons). Snipers will change their locations to avoid capture or being killed.

21-30% Monster Squad consisting of a 3rd level Ley Line Walker, 4th level Witch or Necromancer, a Black Faerie and 2-4 **Brodkil** or Gurgoyles; all are out for blood.

31-35% A cunning 5th level Neuron Beast or dragon hatchling.

36-50% A 6th level Earth Warlock, one 2nd level Air or Water Warlock, two minor Earth **Elementals**, and 1D4 Tolkeen soldiers (all 2nd level).

51-65% Dragon **Hatchling** (1D4+2 level) or **Witchling**, and 1D4 Juicers or 1D4+2 soldiers (both if the player group is large or powerful enough to handle them).

66-75% 1D4 level Ley Line Walker or Shifter who knows Ley Line magic (described in **Coalition Wars One**), a pair of **Bursters** (each is 1D4+1 level), and 1D4 3rd level psychics (G.M. picks their R.C.C.).

76-80% 1D4 Hangdog **Daemonix**.

81-85% One **Feculence Daemonix** and a couple 2nd level henchmen (**Simvan**, human or D-Bee soldiers, or similar).

86-90% One **Immolator Daemonix** and a 2nd level monstrous henchman (lesser demon forced into its service, **Brodkil**, **Gargoyle**, **Witchling**, or similar).

91-95% 1D4 **Blazing** or **Sea Viper Iron Juggernauts**.

96-00% An adult dragon from **Freehold** with the ability to create two *Shadow Dragons*.

77-80% **Tolkeen: Iron Juggernaut.** One or two **Thundering Iron Juggernauts** or a pair of **Sea Vipers** or a single **Fury Juggernaut** lays in wait at or near the graveyard. The TW **machine(s)** of destruction has several hiding places among heaps of rubble and debris where it rests until alerted by the sounds of intruders.

The **Juggernaut** first sizes up its opposition before launching an attack. If the invading force is too much for it, the **Iron Juggernaut** will remain in hiding. Depending on the situation, it may engage in sniper attacks, hit and run strikes, call for reinforcements (a **Monster Squad** or 1D6 other **Iron Juggernauts** are usually nearby; 2D6 minutes away), or hide until they pass, then either strike from behind or follow them after reinforcements arrive. Once a battle is started, however, there is a 50/50 chance that the **Iron Juggernaut(s)** will fight to the death! Note that a single **Iron Juggernaut** can easily destroy a **Coalition** squad of (10) ordinary grunts — **Special Forces**, **CS Juicers**, **Cyborg** squads, and **power armor** squads, on the other hand, are likely to defeat one or two **Iron Juggernauts** with reasonable effectiveness, but with casualties.

81-85% **Tolkeen Graveyard Trap.** A **Shifter** has loosed one of the following groups of monsters in the **Skelebot Graveyard** to slay all they encounter (**Tolkeen** troops know to avoid this place). Roll percentile dice for a random encounter or pick one. See **Conversion Book One** for details on entities and demons.

01-20% Two to four **Tectonic Entities** that build bodies out of the shattered remains of **Skelebots** and other **M.D.C.** materials.

21-40% A **Banshee** and 1D4 **Haunting Entities**.

41-60% 1D6 **Grave Ghouls** and 1D6 **Poltergeist Entities**.

61-80% 2D6 **Gremlins**.

81-00% 2D6 Lesser demons, probably **Shedim**, **Alu** or **Lasae**, may include **Aquatics** if near a body of water.

86-88% Tolkeen: Lure Attack! **Psychic** may animate a deactivated or patchwork **Skelebot**, or suit of **Dead Boy armor** like a puppet to lure unsuspecting **CS** troops or dangerous looking adventurers to their doom. A squad of (10) soldiers (all 1D4 Level) or a couple of **Earth Bunkers** wait in ambush.

89-90% Dragon! Two 1D4+1 level dragon hatchlings or one 1D6+5 level adult (any breed). The dragon is not allied to either side, and is intolerant of fanatics. It is following its own agenda. Exactly what that may be (good, like helping refugees or **Cyber-Knights**, etc., or bad, a powerhouse raider, or desires to rule the local town, or other evil intention) we leave to the G.M.

91-00% Monsters! Roll on or pick from the **Monster Table** that follows.

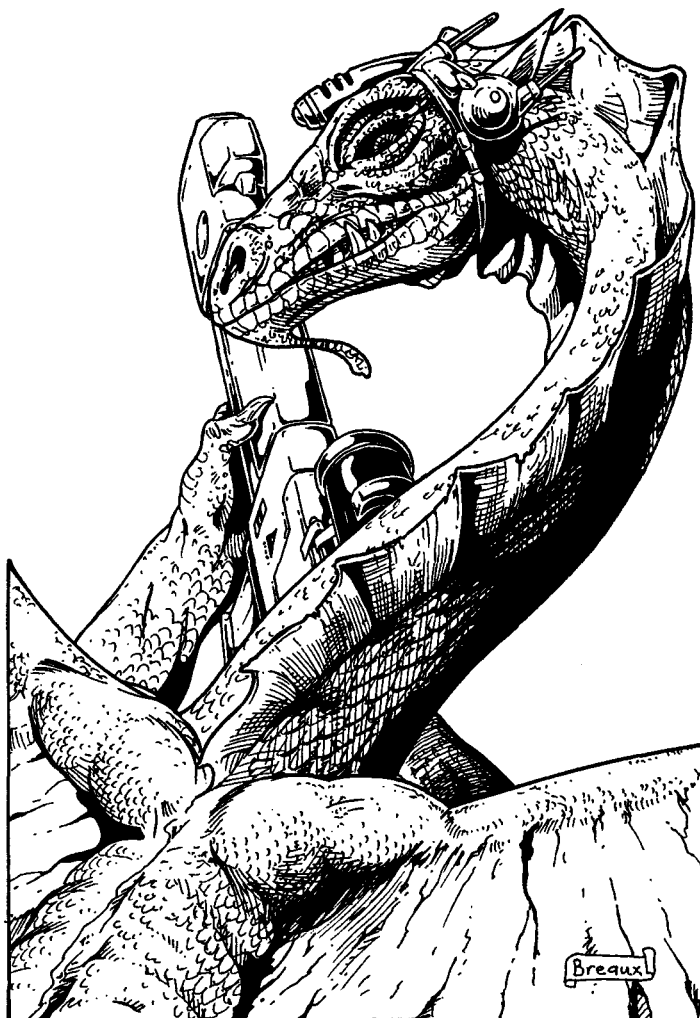
Monster Encounter & Adventure Table

Any of the following monsters may be encountered as a lone individual, pair or small group of four to six (more if the G.M. deems it appropriate and the player group can handle them). These *monsters* are either dangerous predators or evil beings with no allegiance to either side. They may represent independent activity and trouble or be the **henchmen**, associates or leaders of third party groups operating in the region.

The Game Master can take two basic approaches to the use this table.

One, the G.M. can play the monsters as nameless, savage killers who stalk the countryside and have built their lair at or near a **Skelebot Graveyard** or other ruin (live down in a clawed out burrow, a cave, the basement of a fallen building, tunnel,

sewer, pit under a pile of debris, etc.). Such creatures are great as surprises, complications and secondary villains in an adventure to plague our heroes and spice up the action.



Two, the G.M. can throw the player characters a curve and build a more elaborate adventure involving the creatures rolled up by making them more than slobbering beasts or boogeymen. The monsters may provide clues or ideas that lead the player group to a new adventure, serve as a starting point for an adventure, or play an integral role in an adventure or campaign. This is accomplished by the Game Master asking himself a series of simple questions and considering the possible answers. It works something like this:

Why are the monsters here? Are they guarding a treasure or some magic items or hostage that will help the player group, the war effort or an innocent community? Or perhaps they guard a doorway to another world or place or protect spies or evildoers? If so, what, who or where?

Or do the monsters serve a secret master? If so, to what diabolic purpose? Are the monsters unwilling slaves, willing henchmen or partners, the true power behind the scene, or are they tricked or forced to do these terrible things? Will they leave if set free? And perhaps most importantly, who is their master/leader and what are his goals? If the player group interferes, one must ask not only what will the monsters do in response, but what will the mastermind behind it all do. And does he have other monsters and henchmen who will strike out at the player group in retribution? Or will this mastermind go into hiding and

cover his tracks to start up again? Will he seek revenge against our heroes at a later time, strike now or let things go? Will such an attack be an attempt to kill them or something more subtle, like discrediting or framing them for crime they did not commit or getting them run out of town? Remember, there is more than one way to eliminate competition or one's enemies. Will the heroes run across this character in the future? What happens then? Returning villains are always fun.

What is the monster's motivation or goal? Is it to gather a treasure hoard? Is it to get revenge? If revenge is the motive, then all or many of the creature's attacks will have a pattern. Many, if not all, of its victims will have ties and affiliations to a particular place or organization (Tolkeen, the CS, the Cyber-Knights, a particular town or group of meres or bandits, etc.), and the few who don't may have tried to protect the target of the monster's rage, such as lawmen innocently trying to protect one of the townspeople, or maybe the victim who doesn't fit the pattern was simply at the wrong place at the wrong time. This brings us back to why and when will it stop?

Why, is always a good question. Why here? What is it that makes this place attractive? Opportunity? Sentimental reasons? No place else to go?

What if the monsters are the injured party or victims? What if they are seeking to avenge some terrible wrong or free a loved one, friend or ally — or to free themselves?! Are they slaves, pawns, or victims of evil? Are they being blackmailed? With all the Shifters, Witches, evil mages, Daemonix and demons unleashed during the long years of war at Tolkeen, this is a very likely scenario. Do the angry and suffering monsters turn to the player characters for help?! Do the heroes agree?

More likely than not, the monsters don't trust humans, but our heroes may have learned the "truth" behind the murder and mayhem and realize if they can right the wrong, free the captives, or fix whatever it is that is making the monsters do bad things, maybe they can stop the beasts' rampage and the creatures will go away.

If the heroes succeed, there are more questions: Are the monsters satisfied? Will they be grateful or feel cheated out of their revenge? Do they leave, or do they continue to blame everybody in town or in the organization, and will not be satisfied until they all suffer or die?! Or do the creatures launch some new reign of terror here or elsewhere, turning the player group's best intentions into an exercise in futility? Do the monsters cause a new (worse?) problem by accident or deliberately? Do the heroes feel responsible for the new crisis? If so, do they attack the very beings they recently tried to help? Can the creatures be reasoned with? A bargain or compromise reached? Do people blame the heroes for this turn of events? If so, what kind of ramifications does this reap?

Another possibility is that the monster or monsters involved are not unreasoning, rampaging menaces, but intelligent, cunning, and manipulative fiends. Villains with their own personal agenda: revenge, power, glory, wealth, the acquisition of a particular magic item or place, or food - people to eat perhaps - dream to build their own empire, and so on. A creature who is an evil schemer and liar who might pretend to be the innocent or injured party, or uses something else to leverage or trick our heroes into helping it. Such a monster may even seem to genuinely want to help the player group in stopping some terrible

evil, menace or disaster, but secretly helps only to further its own goals or for its own sardonic or ironic pleasure. Perhaps in so doing, it eliminates a competitor or hated rival, extracts deadly revenge for some past slight, annoys an enemy, places the creature in a better position of power, gets it some treasure, or serves as a diversion where it can slip away and do or get ... "X."

The other important question to ask oneself to spin-off ideas and develop intrigue and subplots is, *what are the consequences of the adventure and/or specific actions and events within the adventure?* For example: The initial menace is destroyed! But in the process the town's great champion was slain. He died a hero's death and saved lives, but he is gone now. This leaves the town vulnerable and troubled. 1) Their main lawman and protector is gone, and the scum and monsters of the region will soon know it. Who will protect them? What villains might attack next? 2) There is a vacuum of leadership that might cause the town to make some bad choices and decisions. 3) That same vacuum might spawn intense rivalry, bickering and civil discord. Perhaps, a dangerous power-monger, hate-monger or villain gains power because of it. What foul agendas might he put forth? 4) Whatever happened to the monster (or monsters) who started this campaign? You know, the one encountered back at the Skelebot Graveyard. What did he or they get out of this? Is he or they gone, or do they launch some new trouble, something worse or just as bad?

Remember, the consequences of today's actions may not have immediate or obvious repercussions. That's what makes them subplots. Germs of ideas and things set into motion that will create a dilemma and spawn an adventure (sometimes now, sometimes later) if the G.M. lets it.

See how easy it is to take just a simple encounter and spin it into something much more than a brief interlude to "kill the monster." These are the kinds of questions I ask myself whenever I write a story or build an adventure, whether it is for publication or a night of gaming. - *Kevin Siembieda*

Monster Encounters

Roll percentile dice for random determination or pick one. The G.M. may substitute creatures from other books if so desired. Remember, unless stated otherwise, it is left to the G.M. as to whether the player group encounters one monster or a group of them.

- 01-02% Aqua-Hydra (see page 98 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™*) or other sea/lake monster.
- 03-04% Vampire (see *Rifts® World Book One: Vampire Kingdoms™*).
- 05-06% Momano Headhunter (page 122, *Rifts® Canada™*).
- 07-08% Dark Behemoth (see page 92 of *Rifts® Psyscape™*).
- 09-10% Swamp Sludger (see page 109 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™*).
- 11-12% Moss-Back Scuttler (see page 151 of *Rifts® New West™*).
- 13-14% Aardan Tek D-Bee (see page 130 of *Rifts® Canada*).
- 15-17% Daemonix; all one type or a mixed group (see page 89 of *Rifts® Coalition Wars™ Two*).
- 18-19% Blood Hawk (see page 90 of *Rifts® Psyscape™*).
- 20-21% Tree Spiders (see page 163 of *Rifts® New West™*).
- 22-23% Demon Bear (see page 170 of *Rifts® Canada*).
- 24-25% Vampire Flat Worm (see page 212 of *Coalition War Campaign™*).

- 26-27% Gargoyles or Gurgoyles (see *Rifts® Conversion Book One or Triax™*).
- 28% Iron Juggernauts; all one type or a mixed group (see *Rifts® Coalition Wars™ One & Three*).
- 29% Greot Hunter D-Bee (see page 135 of *Rifts® Canada*).
- 30-32% Simvan (Riding Fury Beetles? See page 152 of *Rifts® Canada* for the beetles).
- 33-35% Lanotaur Hunter (see page 123 of *Rifts® Psyscape™*); may be a lone individual or a group of bandits, mercenaries, bounty hunters or evildoers.
- 36-38% Loup Garou (see page 155 of *Rifts® Canada*); and maybe a Shifter or other dark mage.
- 39-40% Devil Sloth (see page 211 of *Coalition War Campaign™*).
- 41-42% Faerie Bot (see page 149 of *Rifts® Canada*); may not be evil, but may be mischievous.
- 43-44% Oborus-Slitherer (see page 152 of *Rifts® New West™*).
- 45-46% Land Ray, an animal predator (see *Rifts® Psyscape™*).
- 47-49% Morpox the Afflictor, demon (see *Rifts® Coalition Wars™ Six*).
- 50-51% Yeno D-Bee band (see page 139 of *Rifts® Canada*); may be bandits or henchmen of evil.
- 52-53% Zenith Moon Warper, monstrous shape changer with a taste for treachery and blood (see page 138 of *Rifts® Psyscape™*).
- 54-56% Brodkil (see page 141 of *Rifts® Coalition Wars™ One*).
- 57-58% Windigo Demon (see page 177 of *Rifts® Canada*).
- 59-60% Sun Demon, Lipoca (see page 109 of *Rifts® Psyscape™*); tend to be evil megalomaniacs who rule over others.
- 61-62% Devil Unicorn (see page 140 of *Rifts® New West™*).
- 63-64% One or more Darkhounds (see page 94 of *Rifts® Psyscape™*); may be an agent of the Federation of Magic.
- 65-66% Black Faerie (see page 140 of *Rifts® Coalition Wars™ One*).
- 67-68% Power Leech (see page 126 of *Rifts® Psyscape™*); usually gather in groups.
- 69-70% True Sasquatch (*Rifts® Canada*, page 163) and/or Native American warrior or shaman (see *Rifts® Spirit West™*). These are typically good guys, perhaps out to rescue somebody or tracking down some sort of evil to battle. On the other hand, they may be evil, possessed by evil, or lost to revenge.
- 71-72% A group of 1D4+3 Ostrosaurus (see page 153 of *Rifts® New West™*, or *Sourcebook One*); can Simvan be far away or are these wild animals?
- 73-74% Mastadonoid (see page 137 of *Rifts® Canada*); may be bandits.
- 75-76% Neuron Beast (see page 143 of *Rifts® Coalition Wars™ One*).
- 77-78% Chatterling (see *Rifts® Coalition Wars™ Six*).
- 79-80% Thornhead Demon (see *Rifts® Coalition Wars™ One*).
- 81-82% Dragon-Ape (see page 98 of *Rifts® Psyscape™*).
- 83-84% Shadow Dragons (see *Rifts® Coalition Wars™ Three*); there must be an adult or ancient dragon behind any Shadow Dragon for they are the magical essence of a Dragon King.
- 85-86% Noli Bushmen (see page 137 of *Rifts® Canada*); typically good guys, but may be mercenaries, bandits, extremists or just plain ol' evildoers.

- 87-88% Spiny Ravager (see page 212 of *Coalition War Campaign™*).
- 89-90% Demon-Dragonmage (see page 120 of *Rifts® Psyscape™*); probably a lone individual.
- 91-92% Gang of Vanguard Brawler D-Bees (see page 206 of *Coalition War Campaign™*).
- 93% A powerful (9th level or higher) dragon (any type).
- 94% Greater Demon and a number of lesser demons or D-Bees as its underlings (see *Rifts® Conversion Book One* or *Rifts® Mystic Russia* for a variety of demons).
- 95% Psi-Goblins (see page 128 of *Rifts® Psyscape™*); may have a powerful psychic (any type; level 1D4+5), Shifter or Witch as their leader.
- 96% Falcate the Profane, demon (see *Rifts® Coalition Wars™ Six*).
- 97% One Major Elemental or 2-3 Lesser Elementals (any; see *Rifts® Conversion Book One*); there must be a Warlock or some power binding these elemental beings to Earth and directing their actions!
- 98% D'Sonoqua, the Cannibal Woman, a demonic spirit (see page 172 of *Rifts® Canada*); probably works alone or with a couple Demon Bears or Loup Garou as her henchmen or guardians to her lair.
- 99% Armored Slayer, probably only one or two, typically a good guy but may be confused or up against more than it can handle (see *Rifts® Canada*, page 140). A greater demon can be substituted, including Russian Demons, if the G.M. so desires.
- 00% Phantasm (see page 157 of *Rifts® New West™*). Some other *weird* monsters can be substituted if the G.M. would like.

Lake & River Danger Zones

Minnesota is the so-called "land of 10,000 lakes," as well as home to the northern part of the Mississippi River and numerous other rivers, creeks, streams, ponds and marshlands. Wisconsin has its fair share of such waterways too, and both are part of the Tolkeen war front. This means aquatic monsters, Water Elementals, river craft and marine O.C.C.s from the Coalition Navy to pirates and other sailors will come into play. In fact, Game Masters may want to take this opportunity to have fun with creatures, characters and encounters that the player group does not normally get to enjoy. *Rifts® Sourcebook Four: The Coalition Navy™* will go a long way to help build such adventures because it is packed full of cool monsters, aquatic O.C.C.s and CS water vehicles and power armor.

Tolkeen uses its many waterways to great effect, letting *Water Warlocks* manipulate the environment as well as use water magic, ice and Water Elementals against the enemy, but things don't end there. Tolkeen's military has *Simvan Monster Riders* and *Shifters* summon, ride and command dangerous, Mega-Damage marine animals to attack the enemy, create diversions, sink boats, and patrol Tolkeen's waters. There is even a small Simvan tribe calling themselves the River Masters, who specializes in the use of aquatic animals.

The River Masters

This tribe is unique, because Simvan are traditionally nomadic plains people who avoid water, but this band of nearly one thousand have been operating as raiders and river pirates in the region for over two generations. The River Masters never allied themselves to Tolkeen, and caused their share of trouble for the kingdom over the years. However, the tribe joined Tolkeen as soon as it became clear that the Coalition invasion represented a danger to them all.

The River Masters are fundamentally the same as the typical Simvan R.C.C. (see *Rifts® Sourcebook One* or *World Book 13: Lone Star* for details on this tribal D-Bee). The main difference is their marine orientation. Instead of roaming the plains, the River Masters travel the waterways and tame the beasts of the rivers, lakes and forest. All skills stay the same except males and females also know how to *swim* (+10%) and add the following Wilderness Skills to these Simvans' area of knowledge *Undersea Survival*, *Underwater Navigation*, and *Hunt and Track Sea Animals* (all get a +15% R.C.C. bonus). Also replace one of the traditional W.P.s or make one of the three W.P. "choices," *W.P. Harpoon* or *W.P. Trident*. The River Masters retain all the usual wilderness skills and survive by hunting animals (as well as riding and using them as guard animals, etc.). All that has changed is their focus on marine animals and using waterways as their primary mode of travel and place to live. Thus, this tribe is most commonly found on or around rivers and lakes, and pitch their camps and building lodges on their banks.

Random Lake & River Monster Encounters

Roll percentile dice for random determination or pick one. The G.M. may substitute creatures from other books if so desired. Remember, unless stated otherwise, it is left to the G.M. as to whether the player group encounters one monster or a group of them. Monsters, demons and Elementals are likely to have been "summoned" and placed under the control of a Simvan, Shifter or Warlock, respectively - of course, some may be wild animals and others may be escaped slaves and supernatural beings looking for revenge, fun or bloodletting.

01-05% Crab Warrior summoned up the Mississippi from warmer climes in the Gulf of Mexico (see page 100 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™*).

06-10% Aqua-Hydra (see page 98 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™*).

11-15% Wishpoosh, the Demon Beaver! This is no monster to be scoffed at or dismissed, the Demon Beaver of Nez Perce legend is a fiend to be reckoned with. In fact, while it hates to be manipulated by Shifters or Shamans, it delights in killing Coalition soldiers, sinking ships, flooding base camps, and drowning sailors, see page 178 of *Rifts® Canada*).

16-20% Rhino-Buffalo (see page 158 of *Rifts® New West™* or *Sourcebook One*).

21-25% Devil Unicorn (see page 140 of *Rifts® New West™*).

26-30% Giant Leech; if a swamp or marshland, the water is likely to be infested with them (see page 103 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™*).

31-35% **Dragonfish** summoned from the Great Lakes or Lower Mississippi (see page 102 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy*).

36-40% Demon Aquatic (see page 209, *Rifts® Conversion Book One*).

41-45% Water Serpent; usually hunt in small packs of 3-6 and love to inhabit and hunt at ruins, sewers, tunnels, swamps and shallow rivers and lakes. They often serve Shifters, Witches and other evil beings. (See page 110 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy*).

46-50% Minor Water Elemental (water or ice; see *Rifts® Conversion Book One*).

51-55% Giant Waterstriders are effectively giant mosquitos (River Master **Simvan** ride them) that prey on large mammals, **humanoids** included. Shifters and Simvan are fond of sending swarms upon the Coalition Navy and troops operating in swamps and along waterways (see page 111 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy*).

56-60% Swamp-Slugger; usually travel in small groups. Although not inherently evil or murderous, they are easily intimidated, tricked, and manipulated (see page 109 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™*).

61-65% Major Water Elemental (water or ice; see *Rifts® Conversion Book One*).

66-70% Demon Bear from the north. Resembles a giant Polar Bear (see page 170 of *Rifts® Canada*).

71-75% Moss-Backed **Scuttler**, either as a wild animal or ridden or commanded by a Simvan or Shifter; often encountered in small groups of 2-8. (See page 151 of *Rifts® New West™*).

76-80% Horned Demon-Fish, but only in the deepest part of the Mississippi or the deepest lakes of Minnesota. How even a Shifter got this "sea" monster into shallow northern waters is a mystery (magic is obviously involved). The creature will not survive more than 1D6 months in any body of water smaller than the Great Lakes and will have trouble navigating shallows, but until it dies or is slain, it will inflict grievous amounts of damage on those it is sent against. (See page 104 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™*).

81-85% Minor Air Elemental (see *Rifts® Conversion Book One*).

86-95% Windigo Demon found along the forested banks of rivers and lakes (see page 176 of *Rifts® Canada*).

96-97% Cadborosaurus from the northwest. Magic must be involved in getting them to this part of the country where these dinosaur **throwbacks** will thrive (see page 147 of *Rifts® Canada*).

98-99% Maelstrom-Maker! Very rare, and very powerful (see page 107 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™*).

00% Sedna, the Sea **Hag!** A powerful and frightening Inuit spirit from the arctic! (See page 174 of *Rifts® Canada*).

As for people, they may fight for one side or the other (probably as paid hirelings), but may also be independent operatives from brigands to heroes with their own mission and agenda.

Danger Table for The Barrens & Waterways

Roll percentile dice or pick one. Note: This encounter table can be used at any battle ruins or wilderness where Tolkeen freedom fighters, bandits, adventurers and monsters might be operating. Tolkeen forces *may* consider adventurers to be CS sympathizers, spies, mercenary hirelings, or just worthless bandits, thieves and troublemakers who are better off being chased away or slain, than let loose to cause trouble for the locals or the war effort.

01-03% Moss-Backed Scuttler, either as a wild animal or ridden or commanded by a Simvan or Shifter; often encountered in small groups of 2-8. (See page 151 of *Rifts® New West™*).

04-06% Devil Unicorn (see page 140 of *Rifts® New West™*). This malevolent being is a threat to Tolkeenites, unallied travelers and the CS alike.

07-09% Tolkeen Ambush Bunkers. Two or four Earth Bunkers are carefully placed at some strategic points for a perfect ambush and crossfire. They are inconspicuous and may be camouflaged with debris to further hide their true nature. They are recognizable only when the unsuspecting are within 30 feet (9 m) of them, and by then it's too late! Only Wilderness Scouts, **Psi-Stalkers** and characters with the Detect Ambush or Detect Concealment skills have a chance at recognizing the trap before it is sprung, but do so with a skill penalty of -10%.

In addition to the gunners inside the Bunkers, there are at least 1D4+2 additional troops, 12 maximum, none of which cast magic spells (unless the G.M. needs them to).

10-12% Dragonfish summoned from the Great Lakes or Lower Mississippi (see page 102 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™*) by Simvan or Shifters to either attack an enemy position or simply let loose to attack and kill any travelers in the area. The monsters seldom attack large groups (platoon sized or bigger), won't bother most demons, Daemonix, Iron Juggernauts or vehicles, and most civilians know enough to stay out of The Barrens. Thus, the majority of these wild monsters' victims will be Coalition soldiers.

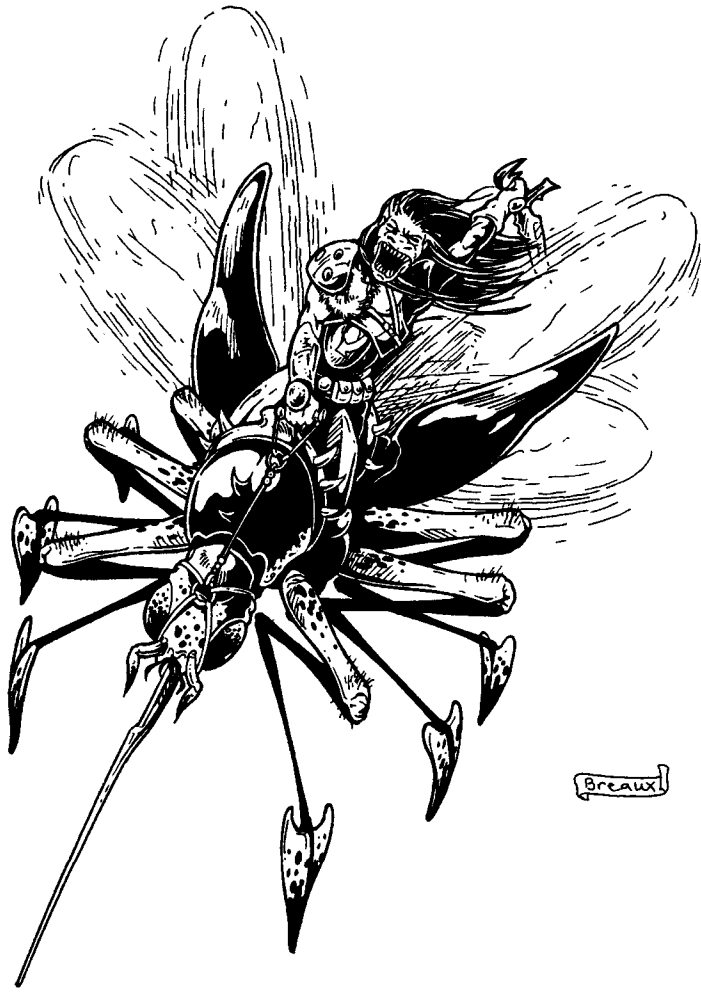
13-15% Bushwhackers! Same as number 36-45% described in the Danger Table for Skelebot Graveyards presented earlier in this section.

16-19% Sea Viper Iron Juggernauts! 1D4+3 of these marine Iron Juggernauts out for blood and suspicious of everyone.

20-23% Rhino-Buffalo (see page 158 of *Rifts® New West™* or *Sourcebook One*). May be a lone wild animal, small herd (4D6) or a squad to platoon number of animals ridden by Simvan Monster Riders.

24-27% Minor Earth Elemental. One or two of these alien beings instructed to attack any Coalition troops and block (and if possible, destroy) small convoys. The problem is, Elementals are so alien they have trouble identifying the enemy so they attack anybody wearing black or dark armor and/or have a "skull/death's head" insignia or appearance!

28-31% Swarm of Giant Waterstriders — giant mosquito-like creatures ridden by *River Master Simvan* out on aerial patrol or a raid. May be as few as six or as many as two dozen animals. The assault may be a strafing run from the air or an all-out attack. Note: Waterstriders are often ridden by two



Simvan, one of whom leaps off the back of the giant insect (usually while it is still in flight or hovering above ground) to either pounce on an opponent (01-50% chance of knocking his victim off his feet, causing the victim to lose initiative and two melee attacks) or to take ground positions to support their winged brethren. Shifters and Simvan are also fond of sending unmanned swarms of **Waterstriders** upon Coalition troops — great for causing confusion, panic and retreat. (See page 111 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™* for details on this creature.)

32-34% Skelebot Hunter-Killer Squad! 2D6 Skelebots showing signs of previous combat (all have lost 1D4x10% of their M.D.C.). Programed to kill any non-Coalition **humanoids**, including demons and refugees, but not Tolkeen armor (i.e. Iron Juggernauts or vehicles) or Daemonix. Note: Yes, this is supposed to be the non-Coalition encounter table, but the CS presence is so strong here, and the number of Skelebots on the loose is so great, that I felt they had to be included on this table too.

35-37% Stone Butte. Making its lair on the top is a dragon (hatchling or adult, but not more than powerful than 10th level) or a 7-10th level Air or Water Warlock accompanied by a Minor Elemental (Major Elemental and a Minor if it seems suitable). In the alternative, the top of the **butte** may be the camp of 2D6+4 Gargoyles or other lesser demons, or winged creatures.

If the residents of the butte are allied to Tolkeen, they watch over the area and harass and kill the enemy when the opportunity makes itself available. They may also shake down or rob travelers and are always on the lookout for spies and traitors.

If not allied to Tolkeen, the creatures or group may be independent adventurers, mercenaries, opportunists or Xiticix preying upon both sides and anybody else they encounter. Or they may have some other agenda (see the ideas for developing plots described under the **Monster Encounter & Adventure Table** in the Skelebot Encounter section).

38-40% Fury Beetles (see page 152 of *Rifts® New West™* or page 255 of the *Rifts® RPG*). May be a lone wild animal, small herd (4D6), or a squad to platoon-sized number of animals ridden by Simvan Monster Riders out for blood.

41-44% Pirates! An entire ship and crew, or may be a small scouting or raiding party, a couple of drunks, troublemakers, or a rogue castaway from his own shipmates. See page 116 of *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™*, for details on this O.C.C.

Pirates and River Pirates tend to be raiders, robbers and extortionists who, like their land-lubber bandit counterparts, try to avoid senseless killing and wholesale destruction so they can come back a few months later and raid, rob or extort from them again. Typical Alignments: Anarchist (30%), Miscreant (35%), Diabolic (15%) and Aberrant (20%). Only pirates who are roguish Robin Hood types or self-styled patriots will have a better alignment spread, such as, Principled (1%), Scrupulous (4%), Unprincipled (10%), Anarchist (40%), Miscreant (10%), Diabolic (5%) and Aberrant (30%). These "good-guy" pirates, privateers or freedom fighters will usually target specific governments, armies and their allies as their enemies and targets for plunder. For example: River Pirates who fight for Tolkeen will target Coalition troops, military outposts, known CS sympathizers and, perhaps, those who have not chosen a side or who have refused to fight on Tolkeen's behalf, like the Cyber-Knights who remain loyal to Lord Coake, the people of Lazlo, and so on.

45-48% Pirate Slavers! Scum of the Earth. The only value human, D-Bee or animal life has to these brutes is the credits they'll earn on the Slave Market. That can work to the advantage of a captive who is worth a lot of money, because the Pirate Slavers will tolerate a great deal of trouble from someone (or something) worth a lot of money. On the other hand, ordinary people are treated harshly and troublemakers are beaten, tortured or killed and fed to any carnivorous animals on board. Most Slavers do not work for any nation or government, nor do they hire themselves out as man-hunting mercenaries. However, they are likely to have connections to other pirates, the Black Market, and **Splogorth** Slavers. Furthermore, they will usually keep an eye out for fugitives with a bounty on their head (might as well cash in if one happens to run into a wanted man) and periodically engage in kidnapping and extortion schemes. Pirate Slavers have few qualms about torturing, raping and killing their victims or anyone who opposes them, unless it has an impact on their profit margin. Typical alignments: Miscreant (35%), Diabolic (50%), Aberrant (10%) and Anarchist (5%); most are evil through and through. Likely to have a few practitioners of magic as part of the crew.

One group of pirate slavers known as **The Black Eels** is said to have thrown in with the Coalition, capturing D-Bees and selling them at Fort Perron located on the coast of Wisconsin's Lake Superior, southeast of the Duluth **Hivelands**. What becomes of their **humanoid** cargo after they are sold, the pirates don't know or care. Rumor has it they are taken to "labor

camps" somewhere in Wisconsin (yeah, General Drogue's Death Camps). Pay is only 75-125 credits a head, but with so many ill-equipped refugees wandering the wilderness, they represent **quick**, easy money and little resistance. The Black Eels have sold at least 2200 captives to the CS in the last year alone. Besides, the Black Eel pirates reason, it's good to have friendly relations with a power like the CS. Who knows what other opportunities might arise from helping out the Coalition States?

49-53% Tolkeen Tower of Stone. 1D4 Towers of Stone and perhaps a small field of jagged stones mark a small Tolkeen military outpost. The towers may be in the center or at the corners or sides. Each functions as a lookout post and gunners' nest with rail guns and one Warlock (each has 1D4+1 levels of experience, and the type of element, air, **fire**, earth or water, they command is left to the G.M.). Additional Tolkeen troops are likely to include any combination of the following (pick three):

4D6 soldiers/grunts/mercenaries or other basic fighter types equipped with basic M.D.C. body armor and assault rifles (the group may have a few TW weapons).

2D6 Gargoyles or Gurgoyles, or **Brodkil**.

1D6 Juicers or Full Conversion Cyborgs.

One Monster Squad (any type).

1D6+1 Iron-Dragonfly Iron Juggernauts.

2D4 **Warhawk** Iron Juggernauts.

2D4 Sea Viper Iron Juggernauts.

1D6 **Earthwake** Iron Juggernauts.

1D6 Other Iron Juggernauts of the G.M.'s choice.

1D4 Daemonix (any one type or mixed group, except for the Daemonix Overmaster).

One 1D4+1 level dragon hatchling.

One 1D4+2 level Ley Line Walker or Mystic.

One 1D4+2 level Mind Melter, or Psi-Ghost, or Psi-Tech.

One 1D4+3 level Burstier or Zapper, or **Psi-Warrior**.

One 1D4+2 level Warlock and a minor Elemental under his thrall.

54-56% Forest of Stone! 1D6+1 square miles covered in Spikes of Stone 5-7 feet (1.5 to 2.1 m) tall; anything else that might have once stood here has been flattened, and not even scrub grass grows here. Makes for difficult passage, slow speed by half for those on foot, and by 75% for those on small hovercycles. Larger vehicles and even horses will have to go around (does the detour lead to an ambush or Tower Stronghold?). The forest of stone may offer other dangers from the likes of **Dragonfish**, **Waterstriders**, **Leather Wings**, other predatory animals, **Haunting Entity**, **Poltergeists**, **Banshee**, band of 1D6 **Grave Ghouls**, as well as a possible sniper or two.

57-59% Mammoth Brontodon, probably ridden by **Simvan** on the attack. This is a favorite riding animal of the Simvan, appreciated for their great size and M.D.C. (450-1150). They are suitable for riding through most terrains including swamps and shallow bodies of water. They instinctively dislike The Barrens because of the lack of vegetation and hiding places, but can be made to go or do anything Simvan (and Shifters) want them to do. May be encountered as a wild animal (uncommon in these parts), as a pair ridden by Simvan, a squad of Simvan or a mixed group or entire Simvan cavalry platoon.

60-63% Tolkeen Ambush Bunkers. Two or four Earth Bunkers are carefully placed at some strategic points for a perfect ambush and crossfire. They are inconspicuous and may be camouflaged with debris to further hide their true nature. They are recognizable only when the unsuspecting are within 30 feet (9 m) of them, and by then it's too late! Only Wilderness Scouts, Psi-Stalkers and characters with the Detect Ambush or Detect Concealment skills have a chance at recognizing the trap before it is sprung, but do so with a skill penalty of -10%. This is a bare-bones operation with only the crews of each bunker, not support troops. Probably located in an isolated area in the war zone.

64-66% Bandito Arms Tarantula ATV (see page 193 of *Rifts® New West™*). One of these Spider-Walker inspired All-Terrain Vehicles (ATV) and a mixed group of other armored Tolkeen troops, or a squad of 4-8 Tarantulas, imported from the New West. These vehicles are ideal for clamoring through The Barrens as well as operating in and under water! Tolkeen wishes it had more than a few platoons of these combat vehicles, but they are hard to come by (Bandito Arms has limited production and fear of retribution from the CS against all Black Market operations makes the manufacturer hesitate selling Tolkeen more than a few dozen a year). Note: The G.M. may substitute this vehicle with Iron Juggernauts, rare Federation of Magic Automatons (from fringe supporters or mercenaries) or more conventional vehicles or giant robots from Northern Gun.

67-70% Major Earth or Fire Elemental! One or two of one type or one Earth and one Fire. These alien beings have been instructed to attack any Coalition troops and block (and whenever possible, destroy) small to medium-sized convoys. The problem is, Elementals are so alien they have trouble identifying the enemy so they attack anybody wearing black or dark armor **and/or** have a "**skull/death's head**" insignia or appearance!

71-73% Dive-bombing **Leatherwings** led by two or more Simvan, each riding a lead monster. These pterodactyl-like creatures swoop down from the sky to attack boats and their crews, camps along river banks, and small fliers (including SAMAS), as well as troops out in the open in The Barrens; small squads and platoons are the most vulnerable to these attacks. Simvan love riding these winged beasts from the New West. (See page 148 of *Rifts® New West™*.)

74-76% Tolkeen Towers of Stone Stronghold. 1D4+2 Towers of Stone, earth wall lined and a field of jagged stone interspersed with 1D6+1 Earth Bunkers. This is a small to medium Tolkeen military stronghold. Its job is to dispatch smaller squads to perform reconnaissance and to harass and destroy the enemy. This means a lot of seek and destroy missions and other combat operations come from this place.

The towers are may be clustered in the center or distributed throughout the compound (probably the latter). Each functions as a lookout towers and gunners' nest with rail guns and one Warlock (each has 1D4+2 levels of experience, and the type of element, air, fire, earth or water, they command is left to the G.M.), as well as 40 infantry troops (all 1st and 2nd level) and any combination of the following (pick four):

3D6 experienced soldiers/grunts/mercenaries or other basic fighter types equipped with basic M.D.C. body armor and assault rifles (the group may have a few TW weapons and the average level of experience is three or four).

4D6 Gargoyle warriors.

4D6 **Simvan** and their monstrous mounts; probably **Waterstriders** or **Leatherwings**, but may also have half as many Fury Beetles or Rhino-Buffalo held in reserve for ground combat.

1D6 Immolator Daemonix and **Manslayers**.

1D4+1 Monster Squads (any type).

2D6 Iron-Dragonfly Iron Juggernauts.

3D6 **Warhawk** Iron Juggernauts.

3D6 Sea Viper Iron Juggernauts.

1D6 Other Iron Juggernauts of the G.M.'s choice.

1D4 Daemonix (any one type or mixed group, except for the Daemonix Overmaster).

Two 1D4+2 level dragon hatchlings.

Two 1D4+5 level Ley Line Walkers or Mystics.

One 1D4+4 level Mind Melter, **Psi-Slayer**, Burster or Zapper.

Four 1D4+1 level Warlocks (all the same or each different).

One 1D4+5 level Warlock and a Lesser and Major Elemental under his thrall.

One Dragon King able to turn into four Shadow **Dragons!**

77-79% Monster Squad: Magic Strike Force! Two Ley Line Walkers (1D4+3 level), one Warlock (1D4+2 level), one **Techno-Wizard** (1D4+2 level), one Necromancer (1D4+2 level) accompanied by a half dozen animated dead, one 1D4 level dragon hatchling, one 9th level adult Thunder Lizard dragon and a pair of Black Faeries or a Neuron Beast. May substitute for any of the Monster Squads listed on page 148 of *Coalition Wars One™*.

80-82% Privateers. Both **Tolkeen** and the Coalition Army have hired a few crews of Privateers - marine mercenaries equipped with their own water vessels and power armor. These hirelings may be sent out on specific assignments or given a general mission, but typically engage in river reconnaissance, spying and infiltration, sabotage, scuttling enemy ships, bounty hunting, smuggling, and conducting raids to steal from enemy towns, military outposts and cargo ships. The Privateers' enemy is the enemy of their employer. Nobody trusts Privateers because they could be working for anybody (including the Black Market), but they do manage to get work. Note: Those encountered here may be spies or agents for one side or the other, or an outside party or engaging in a little freelance piracy for their own benefit. Typical Alignments: Unprincipled (10%), Anarchist (40%), Aberrant (25%), Miscreant (15%) and other (10%).

83-85% Travelers. A small group of 3-8 non-military travelers. They may claim to be refugees, merchants, smugglers, lost, victims of an attack, mercenaries, or soldiers, spies or sympathizers for whatever side the people they meet appear to be on. In reality they are one of the following (roll percentile dice or pick one):

01-20 **Cyber-Knights** or 1D4 **Cyber-Knights** and their traveling companions.

21-40 **Tolkeen Freedom Fighters**; at least one of which will be a practitioner of magic and another a dragon hatchling or other shape changer.

41-60 Coalition Special Forces, including one Ranger and psychic sensitive or Mind Melter (having a Dog Boy would tip off the enemy).

61-80 Robbers, Raiders, or Bushwhackers looking for a target to victimize.

81-00 Spies from the Federation of Magic! One is a Conjurer, one is a Battle Magus (his automaton hidden not far away) and one is a Ley Line Walker or Mystic. May be accompanied by non-humans **and/or** a monster (shape changer?).

86-88% T-Rex or two brought in from the west by Simvan or Shifters. May be a lone hunter or pair set loose in The Barrens on the Wisconsin side to hunt Coalition troops, or as part of a large band of Simvan and their monsters, or a Monster Squad. Even Simvan have trouble keeping these brutes in check. They love prowling The Barrens as well as woodlands. (See page 266 of *Rifts® New West™* for details.) May be substituted with some other rare and frightening monster.

89-91% **Tolkeen**: Marine Iron Juggernauts. 1D4+2 Sea Viper Iron Juggernauts and (or instead of) three **Earthwake** Iron Juggernauts. If near a river or lake, there may be 1D6 additional aquatic Juggernauts, or a single Fury Juggernaut lays in wait nearby. The TW machines of destruction have several hiding places among heaps of rubble and debris where they rest until alerted by the sounds of intruders. The Juggernaut first size up their opposition before launching an attack. If the invading force is too much for them, the Iron Juggernauts will remain in hiding. Depending on the situation, they may engage in sniper attacks, hit and run strikes, call for reinforcements (a Monster Squad or 1D6 other Iron Juggernauts are usually nearby; 2D6 minutes away), or hide until they pass, then either strike from behind or follow them after reinforcements arrive. Once a battle is started, however, there is a 50/50 chance that the Iron Juggernauts will fight to the death!

92-94% Robbers! Same as number 26-35% described in the Danger Table for Skelebot Graveyards presented earlier in this section. Actually, bandit operations in The Barrens are fairly uncommon; the risks are too high. So only robbers looking to make a "big score" on something special rumored to be in The Barrens and in the possession of either side (most robbers don't care about the war or any cause) or third party (the player group, perhaps) or extreme desperation or vendetta will compel robbers or any bandits into this War Zone. The only exceptions are bold, cunning pirates, privateers and the rare patriotic band of robbers who target the enemy.

95-97% **Tolkeen Attack Wing!** 1D4 Shadow Dragons, 1D4 flying dragon hatchlings, 1D6 War Hawk Iron Juggernauts, 2D4+1 **Iron-Dragonflies**, and 2D6+2 TW Flyers (mostly one- and two-man aircraft).

98-00% **Tolkeen: Mixed Group of Iron Juggernauts.** One or two Thundering Iron Juggernauts, one or two Sea Vipers, and one or two Iron-Dragonflies **and/or** Blazing Iron Juggernauts. They are on a seek and destroy mission targeting 1) Coalition troops, 2) Coalition spies, or 3) bandits and raiders, and are questioning strangers. In the latter case, if the Juggernauts find the group to be suspicious they may want to take them in for questioning at a nearby **Tolkeen** outpost or base. Resistance will be met with violent persuasion and combat with deadly force. If the opposition is too much for them, the Iron Juggernauts will retreat, but may go looking for the group later, joined by reinforcements (more Iron **Juggernauts**, Monster Squad, **Brodkil**, Simvan or other **Tolkeen** forces).

Coalition Encounters in The Barrens

Coalition forces tend to be trigger-happy and suspicious of everyone whether they are an obvious enemy or not, all the more since the Sorcerers' Revenge. Consequently, travelers can expect to be questioned and harassed by CS troops. Some squads may also engage in some freelance enterprises such as raids, robbery, and smuggling. The Sorcerers' Revenge has also made many Coalition soldiers more hard bitten, driven and vindictive than ever. The most extreme will not hesitate to use lethal force with the slightest provocation, and some refuse to take prisoners, gunning down those who surrender rather than make a run for it; this is especially true for D-Bees and practitioners of magic. However, at least two thirds of the Coalition Forces returning to the front-line at Tolkeen manage to control their hatred and lust for revenge. In fact, more than ever, these troops follow procedure and go by the numbers. The large number of *new* CS troops coming in from the north are a bit green and cocky, but wisely tend to follow the lead of the combat veterans. ALL are devoted to wiping the stain of the Sorcerers' Revenge from the memory of the people by winning the war at all cost.

Experimental Equipment: The war at Tolkeen has given the Coalition Army the perfect avenue to "field test" a variety of new combat units, from new Skelebots and combat vehicles to genetically engineered mutant animals. As a result, one will encounter such unusual and new war machines as the *Hunter*; *Hellion* and *Centaur Skelebots*, *Scout Spider-Skull Walker*, *Scorpion-Skull Walker*, *Fire Storm Mobile Fortress*, *Talon jet fighter* and *helicopter gunships*; most of which do extraordinarily well in The Barrens and urban environments. (They are described in detail in *Rifts® World Book 11: Coalition War Campaign™*). In fact, the Scout and Scorpion-Skull Walkers, the *Hellraiser* and *Hellfire* manned combat robots, and Hunter and Hellion Skelebots have performed so admirably they have been added to the Coalition Army's "official" ordnance and are being produced en masse!

Lone Star's Legion of Mutant Animals: The success of the Dog Boys in this theater of operation has encouraged the Coalition High Command to use other mutant creations more liberally. As detailed in *Coalition Wars™ One*, one or two Psi-Hounds (better known as "Dog Boys") are assigned to most every squad in the field. The Dog Boys' hypersensitivity to magic and the supernatural has made them indispensable in a war against an enemy wielding magic and enlisting the aid of preternatural allies and minions. Like their land-based cousins, Navy **Sea Dogs** are part of every crew on every ship in the war (see page 39 of *Rifts® Coalition Navy™*).

Since the Sorcerers' Revenge, approximately 10,000 **Kill Hounds** have been released into the Tolkeen wilderness without human supervision. Their mission is to hunt down and kill D-Bees, practitioners of magic, psychics and lesser demons fighting for or living in the kingdom. While Kill Hounds may be encountered in The Barrens, they are most at home in the forests and fields where they have become "deep insertion" exterminators. See page 43 of *Rifts® Lone Star* for complete details on these mutants.

Battle Cats are incredibly adept in The Barrens where these predatory cats have no difficulty navigating the forests of stone, jumping or climbing walls, sniffing out Earth Bunkers or scaling Towers of Stone and **Buttes**. These mutant felines have proven



so effective that squad and platoon-sized forces have been sent out into The Barrens to "locate and neutralize" these Tolkeen defenses. The Battle Cats do so (often with a few Kill Cats and human Special Ops in tow) with the stealth and skill of born assassins. The mutant cats are generally kept away from the Dog Boys and never forced to work together (their natural animosity toward one another remaining even in their mutant form). Natural hunters and killers, they are extremely effective in combat, Black-Ops and situations where they must be independent and resourceful.

Unfortunately, they are much more independent, rebellious and vicious than Dog Boys, and most human soldiers and even their "handlers" do not feel comfortable with the creatures. Most agree the felines can only be trusted to a point. Thousands of Battle and Kill Cats prowl The Barrens. See page 76 of *Rifts® World Book 13: Lone Star* for complete details.

A third of the CS Reconnaissance Teams have taken to including **Mini-Monkey Spies** in their squads. The little mutants are likeable, get along with both humans and Dog Boys and most show strong loyalties and good teamwork. The diminutive mutants (roughly the size of a squirrel or possum) can move more quickly and silently through trees and across rooftops than any human or even Battle Cat, making excellent spies, relays, and advanced scouts. (See page 81 of *Rifts® World Book 13: Lone Star* for complete details.) However, the CS brass can not bring themselves to fully deploy the larger Monkey Boy soldiers or technicians. As many as a couple dozen of each have made it to the front line, but the expanded use of this genetically engineered mutant seems unlikely.

Approximately 200 **Mutant Bats** have been deployed at Tolkeen to assist in night operations and reconnaissance. They have proven to be surprisingly trustworthy and helpful, but their lack of physical power or impressive flying speed limits their effectiveness as a combat force. On the other hand, they have been extremely useful in rescue and recovery missions. See page 88 of *Rifts® World Book 13: Lone Star* for complete details.

The Ursa-Warriors, mutant bears, have proven to be too wild and uncontrollable to use in the war effort in any big way, but several dozen have been let loose in the southwestern part of Tolkeen (the Rivereen Barony) to undermine the enemy in whatever way they can.

Now on to the Coalition Encounters in The Barrens; roll percentile dice or pick one. Remember, most Coalition Military O.C.C.s, weapons, robots, power armor and vehicles are found in the pages of *Rifts® World Book 11: Coalition War Campaign™*.

01-03% Sky Cycle Squad. 1D4+4 new or old style Sky Cycles out for blood. If they run into tough opposition they'll call for **reinforcements** - typically 2-4 helicopter gunships or 4-6 SAMAS arriving within 1D4+1 minutes.

04-05% Xiticix Killer. One that has wandered down from the north (perhaps chasing a Xiticix). Aggressive and deadly if threatened or startled; usually fights to the death.

06-09% Spider-Skull Walkers! 1D4+2 of them each with their standard complement of troops. May be escorted by 1D6 SAMAS (any type) or CS Skull Patrol Cars.

10-11% Ursa-Warrior. One ferocious mutant bear out for blood. Kills **indiscriminantly** and may even attack CS troops.

12-15% Undercover Squad. CS soldiers, including a Ranger, one Dog Boy or Battle Cat, one CS Juicer or Cyborg, two Commandos or Special Forces and the rest regular grunts in non-issue body armor and riding small, fast hovercycles (see *Rifts® Lone Star* for a variety of hovercycles). They aren't deep-cover spies, but a reconnaissance team that goes out dressed like meres or Tolkeen freedom fighters to avoid making themselves obvious targets as they try to penetrate Tolkeen held areas for observation and assessment of enemy troop movements. If stopped by Tolkeen forces they will try to fake being meres or sympathizers or even regular Tolkeen soldiers separated from their company or on a special assignment. If their cover is blown they fight only enough to make good their escape. Half will fight to the death to avoid capture and interrogation.

16-18% CS Nautical Commando Unit. The squad is made up of 4-6 Nautical Commandos clad in CA-7 Mk2 body armor or CNA-2 Barracuda armor, along with two Sea Dogs, and two Trident power armor or Sea SAMAS. Base of operation is a CS Patrol Boat (any type) or Hurricane submersible patrol boat or Stingray **min-submarine** in a nearby river or lake (all are found in *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™*).

19-21% Helicopter Patrol! 1D4+1 Black Lightning or Demon Locust gunships. May be escorted by one or two SAMAS or Rocket Bikes. They may be out on a simple border patrol, rescue mission, or seek and destroy mission (and the player characters have just been seen). Intolerant of suspicious travelers and unknown intruders, and typically shoot to kill rather than take prisoners (but some do). Or may alert a ground unit to investigate.

22-25% Skelebot Patrol! 2D6+2 Skelebots showing some signs of previous combat (M.D.C. on all is minus 20%). Programmed to kill any non-Coalition **humanoids**, including demons. Will also fight anybody or anything that attacks them.

26-28% Light Robot Ground Unit. Two IAR-4 Hellraisers, two IAR-5 Hellfires or Scout Spider-Skull Walkers, 1D4 Mauler Power Armor or Terror Troopers and two standard Skelebots.

29-31% Psi-Stalker Bandits. Although not officially working for the CS, these brigands will cooperate with the Coalition military and always keep an eye out for spies and fugitives with a bounty on their head. Many **Psi-Stalkers** have turned their backs on Tolkeen when it allied itself with the Daemonix and other forces of supernatural evil - the **Psi-Stalkers'** natural enemy. Consequently, Psi-Stalker bandits tend to victimize those allied with Tolkeen. Likewise, they will warn local CS patrols and outposts of suspicious characters and possible spies.

32-35% Hunter-Killer Robot Ground Unit (Mixed). One Scout Spider-Skull Walker, 2-4 Hellfires, two Glitter Boy Killers, two Smiling Jack SAMAS and 4-6 Skelebots (any type or combination).

36-37% Perimeter Patrol. 1D4 CS Skull Patrol Cars going through the paces and not paying much attention. Easily eluded or ambushed, but the sound of combat may alert other CS patrols in the area.

38-41% Kill Hound Squad. 1D6+4 of these aggressive beasts, plus there is likely to be a couple of ordinary Dog Boys or human soldiers with them (a lot of Juicers like these savage canine warriors and may hook up with them). Their mission is simple: locate the enemy and destroy him. These junkyard



dog-soldiers are adept at picking off enemy patrols, scouts and predatory monsters one by one, as well as setting ambushes. They show no mercy unless a human intercedes, and even then the human might react too slowly to stop the killing.

42-44% Coalition Special Forces Squad. 1D4+1 "Striker" SAMAS plus one CS Ranger and two CS Cyborgs with jet packs and 1D4 Commandoes or RPA Aces flying CS Scout Rocket Cycles or Wind Jammer Sky Cycles! (See *Coalition War Campaign™* for details on most CS weapons and vehicles).

45-47% Iron Juggernaut Hunter-Killer Unit. One Scorpion-Skull Walker, two IAR-2 Abolishers, two IAR-3 Skull Smashers, 2-4 IAR-4 Hellraisers, 2-6 Super SAMAS, and may be accompanied by 1D6+6 Hunter Skelebots or four Glitter Boy Killers, or two UAR-1 Enforcers (see *Rifts® RPG*). This unit can typically take on as many as 10 Iron Juggernauts, but that's a fair and close fight; engaging eight or fewer is preferred. **Note:** When facing a large force of Iron Juggernauts, several of these units will be dispatched and/or they may be accompanied by additional power armor, aircraft or tanks depending on the situation.

48-50% Juicer Strike Team: 3-6 Coalition Juicers, 2-4 Kill Hounds, one Ranger or Commando, and one Striker SAMAS or Glitter Boy Killer.

51-53% A Coalition CR-005 Scorpion-Skull Walker. This experimental design is being field tested heavily at the Tolkeen war front, particularly in The Barrens. If the crew of the Scor-

pion-Skull Walker thinks they can take an enemy patrol (and the enemy is pretty much anybody who is not CS personnel, including helpless refugees) they will attack; prisoners are rarely taken. If not seen or ignored, the crew will radio to the nearest mobile base and report what they see. This may elicit a response from ART (CS Aerial Response Team). Depending on the situation, size and nature of the potential enemy, the ART may be composed of light, fast *power armor* troops with air and ground combat capabilities (a typical "wing" includes 4-8 Smiling Jack SAMAS, 2-4 Special Forces Striker SAMAS and a Super SAMAS or two), combat aircraft from Black Lightning and Demon Locust assault helicopters, to a heavy armor team that may include any combination of hover tanks and/or flying APCs usually accompanied by a squad of Rocket or Sky Cycles (sometimes SAMAS). If the enemy force is large or powerful (includes several suspected practitioners of magic, and/or dragons, greater demons, Daemonix, Iron Juggernauts, Elementals, and similar beings) two or more Aerial Response Teams may be dispatched. ART may also be dispatched to rescue Spider and Scorpion-Skull Walkers and other Coalition field squads or provide reinforcements for joined combat! ART can arrive at any location within The Barrens within 2D4 minutes; often within 1D4.

54-57% Battle Cat Strike Force. 6-10 Battle Cats, a Psi-Stalker (handler), and one human Commando or Cyborg Strike Trooper.

58-60% Terror Troopers! A squad of 1D4+5 Terror

Trooper power armor troops out for revenge. May be accompanied by one or two Dog Boys or Battle Cats.

61-65% Coalition Magic Hunting Squad. An eight to twelve man team designed to sniff out practitioners of magic, psychics and demons and terminate them. The squad typically includes one Mind Mage (1D4+4 level and typically the Squad Leader), one or two Major Psychics with sensitive and/or healing psionic powers, one **Psi-Nullifier**, one Psi-Ghost or Psi-Tech, one Burster or Zapper, and two Dog Boys or Kill Hounds (all 1D4+2 level), accompanied by two Commandos or Special Forces or SAMAS, and a pair of Hellion Skelebots. Note: See *Rifts® World Book 12: Psyscape™* for the full range of psychic R.C.C.S noted here.

66-68% Pair of Sky Sweeper Anti-Aircraft Tanks keeping an eye out for flying Iron Juggernauts, dragons, and Tolkeen aircraft. Escorted by 1D6+4 Skelebots or a pair of Maulers.

69-72% Hellion Skelebot Patrol. There's no better place to field test the new Hellion design than at Tolkeen, especially in The Barrens and surrounding woodlands. 1D4+4 have been set loose to kill any non-Coalition **humanoids** bearing arms or who are a members of a known D-Bee race, as well as lesser demons, including **Brodkil** and Gargoyles, and select monsters such as the Black Faerie, **Witchling**, and others. They are programmed to use some measure of stealth and discretion and will *avoid* enemy groups that outnumber them by more than two to one, as well as Iron Juggernauts and Daemonix.

73-75% SAMAS Quick Response Team or Strike Force. 3-6 Super SAMAS, 2-4 Smiling Jacks or Striker SAMAS, and may be accompanied by 2-4 **Warbird** Rocket Cycles or Wind Jammer Sky Cycles.

76-78% Kill Cat Squad. 1D6+6 Kill Cats unleashed without any human supervision to harass and exterminate the enemy. These aggressive mutants will slaughter entire villages if given the opportunity, and will slay anyone they find suspicious. They love to scale Tolkeen fortifications, pick off guards and patrols, and assassinate unsuspecting soldiers in their sleep. Ruthless, merciless and stealthy.

79-81% Coalition Power Armor Patrol. 1D4+2 Smiling Jack SAMAS and one or two Super SAMAS or 1D4+1 Scout or Warbird Rocket Cycles. The soldiers of this patrol trust no-body and are likely to attack any non-Coalition personnel without provocation or questioning - "If somebody is within the borders of Tolkeen, especially The Barrens, they are presumed to be the enemy!" After the Sorcerers' Revenge, half the Coalition Troops prefer to shoot first and not worry about questions.

82-84% CS Sea-Spider Walkers, two operating from one of the lakes or rivers to make strategic hits and then run back to safety underwater. May be accompanied by one Sea SAMAS or two Trident power armor (all found in *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™*).

85-87% Coalition Cyborg Strike Trooper Squad. 6-8 Cyborgs, two Dog Boys, one **Psi-Stalker** (scout and Dog Boy handler) and possibly one or two power armor troops like a Terror Trooper or Mauler.

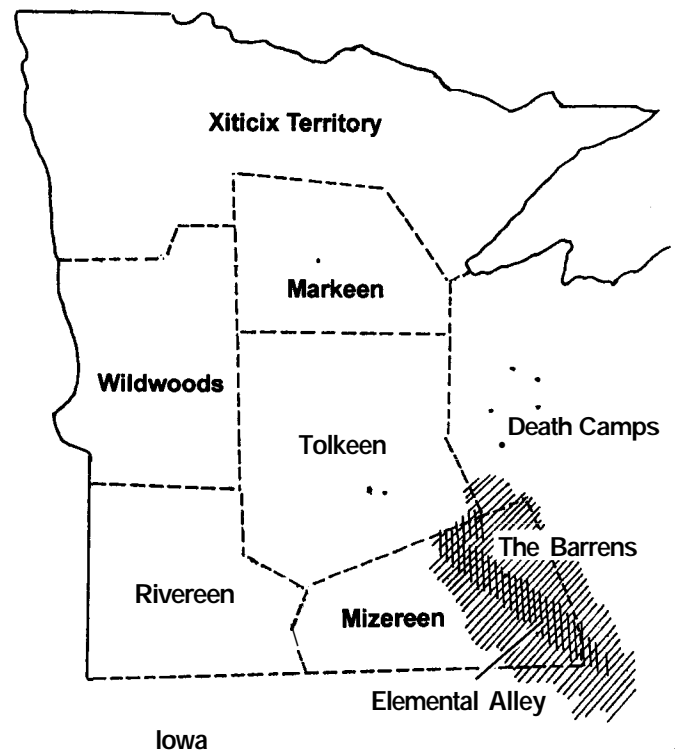
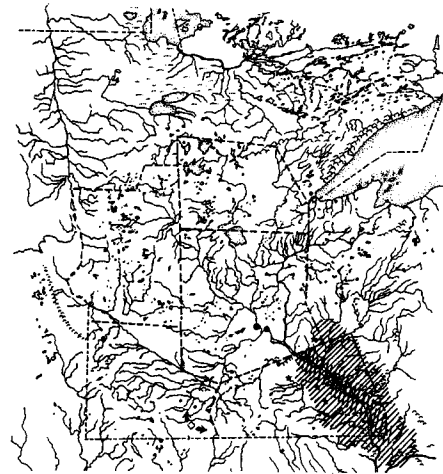
88-92% Coalition Soldiers. 12-24 ordinary grunts, 1D6+4 Dog Boys, 1D4 Rangers and a pair of **Psi-Stalkers** (all 1D4+1 levels of experience), accompanied by two CS Skull Patrol Cars or Scout Rocket Cycle.

93-94% Coalition Tanks! 1D6+2 Line Backer Assault Tanks, 1D6 Sky Sweepers, and two CS Skull Patrol Cars. May be accompanied by 2D4+4 **FASSAR-20** or 30 Skelebots.

95-96% Skelebot Seek & Destroy Platoon! 3D6+6 spanking, brand new **FASSAR-30** (new style) Skelebots, plus 2D4 Hunter Skelebots and two Hellions or Centaur Skelebots, all programmed to kill all non-Coalition humanoids, including demons and Daemonix. Will also fight anybody or anything that attacks **them**.

97-98% Navy Air Strike! 2D4+8 Navy aircraft strafe and bomb an enemy position or suspected position. May also be deployed as support for ground troops and evacuations. May include any combination of Navy "Sea Strikers," Shrike Interceptors, Dagger Bombers, Super-Tomcats, and Eagle Unmanned drones. Launched from an aircraft carrier in the Great Lakes or Naval base like the recently expanded Fort Perron in Wisconsin. See *Rifts® Sourcebook 4: Coalition Navy™* for information on these and other Navy vehicles.

99-00% Fire Storm Mobile Fortress and her standard complement of 782 combat troops plus crew. Functions as an armored, mobile base.





Elemental Alley

Within the heart of The Barrens is **Elemental Alley**, a stretch of land that runs along the Mississippi River from the southeastern corner of Mizereen, north to about 80 miles (128 km) short of *Freehold*. Like the rest of The Barrens, this is a desolate, war ravaged landscape of blistered, lifeless earth littered with ruins, debris fields, twisted stone and Tolkeen's earthen fortifications. Any of the encounters outlined in the preceding tables can occur here, but it is called "Elemental Alley" for a reason. This strip of land on both sides of the river is where the heaviest fighting has taken place, bar none. The two opposing forces clash frequently here in the Alley. Whatever cities, towns, farms, fishing villages and homesteads that once thrived on the shoulders of the Mississippi have been atomized. This part of the Kingdom has been so heavily pounded by destructive energy, bombs and ravaging magic that any trace of their existence is gone. Only the occasional bit of ruin, Skelebot Graveyard or debris field (mostly shattered war machines) mark a few - the barren and twisted land itself stands as mute testament to the destruction of the others.

The reason for this blighted battle zone is that the Coalition infantry and armored divisions must pass through Elemental Alley to get to Tolkeen and Freehold specifically, and the rest of the Kingdom in general. When the ingenious sorcerers at Tolkeen created magical defenses that effectively negated any air war, it forced the Coalition Army to make it a land and water battle. This gave Tolkeen a tremendous advantage for it had monsters, demons and its own combat vehicles to match the Coalition's war machines. Add into the mix magic and Elementals,

and Tolkeen seemed impenetrable. Warlocks commanding the forces of nature and Elementals — bizarre supernatural beings that are the living essence of earth, water, fire and air - were the foundation of the Kingdom's defenses along the Mississippi. The Coalition Army had faced Elementals in the past, but not very often and seldom more than a dozen at a time. Even in the historic battles with the Federation of Magic, the tactical use of Elementals was minimal (largely because there are very few Warlocks allied with the Federation and most Shifters avoid summoning elemental beings because they are so difficult to control and accurately direct, unless one is a Warlock). Consequently, to say the Tolkeen invasion force was ill prepared for a front line composed of thousands of Elementals is an understatement. Supported by Iron Juggernauts and Tolkeen's other heavy-hitters, the Tolkeen defenders at Elemental Alley have held the CS at bay. The front line has wavered back and forth, the CS has obliterated scores of cities and towns throughout the Alley and slain thousands of Tolkeenites, but they can not get past (yet).

Much of this is to the credit of War **Lord Thadeus Grimm**, a hulking monster of a man with such a keen understanding of magic and its military applications, that one wonders why he never became a practitioner of magic himself. With his leadership, Air, Earth and Water Elementals have been used with devastating effect against the Coalition Navy and Infantry. Warlocks and Water and Air Elementals literally control the Mississippi, causing storms, hurricane winds, ice, lightning, turbulent waters and whirlpools to toss river boats and marines around like rag dolls. Over one hundred CS water vessels and 15,000 naval troops have been lost. Meanwhile, tidal waves smash and disperse troops along the river banks, foot soldiers and vehicles are mired in mud, tornados run through the Coalition's armored divisions, and all manner of storms, winds and the fury of the heavens bombard the front line troops every day.

Then there are the Elementals themselves. **Earth Elementals** rise up out of the ground without warning to attack the infantry, armored vehicles and giant robots, or to smash through fortifications. Trees come alive, vines and the roots reach out to entangle or batter soldiers and vehicles. Clad in Mega-Damage armor the physical damage of attacks from vegetation is minimal, but it is psychologically unnerving and slows advancement. **Moreover**, tree-like Minor and Major Elementals, both Mega-Damage beings, may hide among the true trees waiting to pounce, and an ordinary looking stretch of road or stone covered mound may be an Earth Elemental watching or waiting to attack. **Air Elementals** are a danger to those on the ground as well as in the air. They cause storms, wind, and ice as well as engage in hand to hand combat. Able to fly and nearly invisible, they can swoop down on airborne SAMAS, rocket bikes, aircraft and ground troops alike before anybody realizes they are upon them. Large, conventional aircraft and helicopters are the most vulnerable to their attacks, especially if the Elementals are told to target propellers and engines. Silent as a breeze and nearly invisible (may appear as a **mist**, cloud, swirl of wind, and similar atmospheric formations), an Elemental can often move through a camp undetected. Here sensors that detect slight changes in air temperature and movement of the air are **helpfu!** in enclosed areas, but fairly useless in the field where it is impossible to tell whether that breeze was the wind or an Elemental. **Water Elementals** also attack ground and navy forces. With the thousands of rivers and

lakes scattered throughout Minnesota and Wisconsin, and with the mighty northern arm of the Mississippi River forming a natural border, it is a Water Warlock's and Water Elemental's paradise. They are in their element almost everywhere they go, with an endless abundance of water to draw upon or hide in. Water Elementals are especially damaging to water vessels above and below the waves. In fact, they have virtually negated the impact submarines might have had on the war. **Fire Elementals** are also used, particularly in Elemental Alley and The Barrens where there is nothing left for their fires to hurt, and they can unleash the full force of their fiery fury against the enemy. They are used primarily as anti-tank, power armor and giant robot countermeasures, but may also be sent against the infantry and fortifications.

The Coalition considered other strategies to circumvent Elemental Alley, but none worked. Trying to go up and over in the north, through Markeen, seemed like a winning option until the Sorcerers' Revenge routed the CS forces in that barony, delivering the Coalition's greatest losses of the Blitzkrieg. Likewise, trying to cut under, through Rivereen in the south, has proven difficult as it is nearly as well protected by Elemental forces as Elemental Alley. (Note: This is a well orchestrated *illusion* on the part of Tolkeen. Rivereen is nowhere close to as heavily protected or fortified as Elemental Alley or The Barrens, but a dra-

matic show of force early in the war convinced the Coalition High Command otherwise. Faced with what seemed to be one equally difficult path or another, the Army chose to punch a hole through Elemental Alley, reasoning that it was the most direct route to Tolkeen. While keeping pressure on Rivereen has prevented the Barony from redirecting all of its Warlock forces to Elemental Alley, it has enabled Tolkeen to pull 50% of the Rivereen Elemental defenders. If ever truly tested, Rivereen's defensive line would fall, however, the CS will not discover this until the very end.

Tolkeen has thwarted the Coalition's military efforts in Elemental Alley by putting most of their "big guns" there, unleashing hordes of demons, Iron Juggernauts, the majority of their Daemonix, as well as the majority of their Shifters, Warlocks and Elemental beings. However, this also means they have suffered the greatest losses. As successful as the Sorcerers' Revenge was, it was a costly gambit that has left Tolkeen's defenses weakened. Of the Elementals, Warlocks and other troops in The Barrens, 29% perished during the early years of the war, 38% during the Sorcerers' Revenge campaign and another 3% through attrition. This means as formidable as the remaining forces are, they are less than a third of what they were at the onset of the war.



R town in the Mizereen Barony

Population Breakdown: Before the war, approximately 3200 residents with another 1500-2500 transients at any given time. Since the war, the population has exploded to 4700 residents and 7,000 to 10,000 transients at any time (1D4x1000+6000 for random determination)!

40% Human

55% D-Bees

5% Other nonhumans (dragons, the truly alien, supernatural beings, etc.)

Transient Population Breakdown by General Occupation:

30% Men at Arms: Professional Fighters (Mercs, Juicers, Headhunters, Gunfighters, Gunslingers, Cyber-Knights, etc.)

25% Men at Arms: Criminals (Thieves, Bandits, Smugglers, etc.)

16% Men at Arms: Wilderness: Wilderness Scouts, Trappers/Hunters (including Indian O.C.C.s, Psi-Stalkers, Simvan and other D-Bee R.C.C.s), Rangers, etc.

11% Practitioners of Magic (various)

18% Other (Scholars, Operators, Psychics, Adventurers, Dragon R.C.C.S, etc.)

Transient Population Breakdown by Race:

40% Human

15% Larmac (see *Coalition Wars*^{TM 3})

8% Vanguard Brawlers

8% D'norr Devilmen (see *Coalition Wars*^{TM 3})

6% Psi-Stalkers

4% Quick Flex-Aliens

2% Noli-Bushmen

17% Other (mostly various D-Bees as described in *Rifts*[®] World Books **Coalition War Campaign**TM New **West**TM **Lone Star**TM and **Canada**TM, but also includes a small percentage of creatures of magic, aliens and supernatural beings.

Mad Town has always been a rather rambunctious and raucous community. For the last 30 years it has served as a "watering hole" and trading post for warriors, rogues, adventurer types and the disenfranchised. As such, it has always attracted rough and tumble men and women of action and adventure from Juicers, Crazies, **Headhunters**, Glitter Boy Pilots, 'Borgs, Trapper/Woodsmen, Wilderness Scouts, bounty hunters, and mercenaries to adventuresome Rogue Scholars, scientists, practitioners of magic, and refugees, as well as the criminal element (smugglers, thieves, raiders, spies, black market traders, and criminals of all sort). Many neighboring communities consider Mad Town to be nothing more than a den of thieves and way station for the most wild, barbaric, dangerous or desperate humanoid flotsam in the region. In fact, it was the locals who gave the place the name "Mad Town." It started out as the Boonesville Trading Post, named after the family who founded the town. However, from the outset it was a wild place known for its brawls, roughhousing, drunkenness, gambling and noisiness every hour of the day and night. The gentler, hard working and god-fearing citizens began calling it "Mad Town" because, "only a crazy person would go to that god-forsaken place with its crooks, roughnecks and wild men." Soon everybody began calling Boonesville, Mad Town, and the name stuck. Today, most folks don't even remember the Boone family, who moved away when things got too crazy even for them.

The Job Market

Mercenaries, adventurers, and freelancers (heroes, criminals, and everything in between) use Mad Town as a recruiting station. *Freelancers* and *adventurers* can put out "the word" that they are looking for work, while those in need of a hired gun, muscle or characters with unique (often illegal) talents, come to Mad Town to shop around and hand pick "agents" and "mercenaries" for special jobs and temporary assignments.

Work includes a wide range of possibilities for trained fighters, impressive looking strong men and those willing to place their lives in danger for some credits. One can find work serving as armed guards, riding shotgun for couriers and merchant caravans, providing military-style escorts, or acting as enforcers, spies, assassins, smugglers, messengers, runners and pure muscle. One can also usually find work serving in any number of *private armies* hired to protect important and/or wealthy individuals, civic leaders, households, businesses, convoys, land holdings, entire towns, and so on.

Occasionally, lawmen, deputies and posses are recruited as well. Riding on a *posse* is usually volunteer work, but given the

nature of men at arms and adventurers, there is always a large number of gunmen ready to join in when they believe a terrible injustice needs to be righted or when they are bored and hungry for action. Consequently, Mad Town has become a place where people go to find willing candidates to join a posse. The large number of Juicers, Crazies, **Headhunters**, Wilderness Scouts and Bounty Hunters in the town makes such volunteers extremely capable man hunters.

Other work suitable for adventurers and warriors may include scouting, monster hunting (trapping or hunting down and exterminating monsters plaguing the region), fire fighting, rescue, and law enforcement as a deputy or militiaman. Work can also be found ranching, herding cattle, guarding livestock from rustlers and towns from raiders (bandits, desperate refugees, Coalition troops, and sometimes Tolkeen troops as well). Military raids and the seizing of livestock, crops and goods for the war effort are extremely commonplace.



Guns for Hire

Many of the men at arms and adventurers one finds at Mad Town are hard working and reasonably honorable. Many live up to their end of an agreement and try to do the job right. They follow a code of ethics and conduct that makes them attractive hirelings, although they may have a sense of justice and a line they won't cross that may conflict with their employer's wishes. However, a good number are outright criminals of one kind or another — disreputable cutthroats and freebooters quick to cheat, trick, rob or betray their employer the moment they get the chance. Likewise, they may engage in criminal activity as a sideline, and turn to illicit work to make extra money, especially if it is quick and easy money or fun.

Even with the Coalition invasion of Tolkeen, Mad Town remains a place where most of its visitors are called "freelancers." Most of these warriors are willing (some even hoping) to go up against Coalition troops, and many emotionally hope the Kingdom of Tolkeen wins, but they are not patriots and reserve their services for clients who can afford to pay them rather than *volunteer* for military duty at Tolkeen.

While most "hired guns" have no problem engaging in military missions on behalf of Tolkeen, they expect to be paid well and given a reasonable amount of freedom to "get the job done" as they (the meres) deem necessary or desirable. Some even specialize in military operations and prefer to challenge the CS and/or other military organizations. On the other hand, at least a third of these adventurers, opportunists, and even crooks try to stay *neutral* in the conflict, and make a point of avoiding jobs that pit them against the Coalition or any activity at the war front. These are often the thieves, assassins, spies, smugglers, arsonists, gunmen, thugs, bullies and cutthroats who specialize in *skulduggery and crime*. Villains who are glad to destroy or kill a business competitor or political rival (and for a little extra, make it look like the handiwork of the CS), burn out homesteaders so their client can claim their land, extract revenge, engage in vendettas and enforce cruelty, injustice and inequity for whomever can afford them. These parasites and bottom-feeders are only too glad to help some despot claim and rule over a village or town, rob a bank or business, steal land, destroy a business, or extort an entire community by seizing control of food, medicine and/or other commodity, and rape the people by charging exorbitant prices or demanding foul favors to get what their employer wants (and enjoying every minute of it). They are cattle rustlers, bandits, enforcers, lackeys and brutes attracted by money and power.

Freebooters and Raiders also use Mad Town as a rest stop and trading post for their ill-gotten gains. Freebooters are typically bands of mercenaries or brigands given a license to steal and destroy — provided their victims are "enemy" forces. Enemy forces could be Tolkeen or the CS, or even *Cyber-Knights*, *Simvan*, dragons, or specific communities depending on who has hired them. At Mad Town, most have been hired by Tolkeen to harass the Coalition invaders, something the residents and most visitors have no trouble accepting. As long as these cutthroats harass, plunder and kill Coalition troops, CS agents, and sympathizers, the Tolkeen authorities leave them alone and let them carry on their criminal pursuits without interference or threat of punishment. This often gives murderers and monsters a great range of freedom as well as a certain level of acceptance they don't ordinarily enjoy. A fact they often flaunt in the face of authority and law-abiding citizens ("Hey, you can't do nothing to me, lawman, cuz I'm *fightin'* on the side of the angels, kickin' Coalition ass.") While it is true they are making an impact in the war and hurting the CS, allowing freebooters to operate on the land and waterways brings an evil and destructive element into the communities and the lives of ordinary people. The majority of Freebooters and Raiders are criminals and killers who are used to taking what they want and hurting anybody who gets in their way. They have little, if any, regard for local laws, customs, property or personal privacy, and little in the way of social skills. Thus, these misanthropes have a nasty tendency to bully, harass, and abuse innocent communities of *Tolkeenites*, especially when the brigands are down on their luck, drunk or in a bad mood.

Local authorities will usually try to "contain" these villains and "ask" them to leave their town without further incident (many towns just don't have the power to "make" a large or powerful group of freebooters to leave or obey the law; which is where other hirelings may come into play). Furthermore, even the worst troublemakers are typically arrested and locked away only long enough to settle things down or to let them sleep it off before being released to go about their business. When a troupe of Freebooters is ready to leave, brawlers, cheats, bullies and even rapists and murderers are typically let free to join their comrades. To do otherwise is to risk the ire of the entire gang, resulting in mass destruction, injury and death to the townspeople. Thus, these diabolic raiders are tolerated and given unprecedented leeway, lest they turn on the people they claim to serve. All rural communities can hope for is that the gang does not cause too much damage and trouble when they visit, and that they get their just deserts from the barrel of a Coalition blaster. Note: At Mad Town, Freebooters and the rowdiest patrons are generally kept segregated in the Center Court and South Corner areas of town. Furthermore, the local lawmen and the number of other powerful warriors and mages willing to side with the law, keeps even the worst desperados in check most of the time.

Despite the number of crooks, lowlifes, and refugees that come to Mad Town, there are no *known or suspected* Coalition spies in the community. The one thing these warriors, brigands and D-Bees have in common is a healthy (in some cases, a psychotic) hatred and paranoia for the Coalition States and its military. If somebody is even suspected of being a CS spy or sympathizer, they are run out of town, if not taken captive by some group or another, interrogated, tortured and either turned over to the Tolkeen Army or executed. This makes Mad Town a safe haven from CS spies and bounty hunters. Of course, with so many cutthroats in town, one must be alert for trouble from robbers, con-artists and other villains quick to take advantage of those they believe to be vulnerable, weaker or unprepared. And while bounty hunters might not strike in town, bushwhacking someone outside of town is an entirely different matter.

A haven for refugees

Mad Town also serves as a haven for fugitives, refugees and people on the run, whether it is from the Coalition, Tolkeen authorities or other power. Not all of these wanted men and women are evil or criminals, many are wrongfully accused or hunted only because of their inhuman skin or independent ideas. Of course, many are indeed criminals, killers and villains who have traveled north to the Kingdom of Tolkeen either to hide in the middle of a war where few are likely to follow them, or wreak mayhem in a place where authority and justice is likely to be missing. As a result, Mad Town residents have dozens of safe houses available for those on the run and laying low, as well as establishments and areas of town that cater to the needs of specific groups and races. Safe houses can range from a secluded apartment, a concealed room in a basement or cellar, to an entire floor of a hotel or business, a secret tunnel or bunker, to an entire house or business, often in a quiet part of town or on the outskirts. "That's no fugitive, that's Uncle Ben!" See the section on Grove Lake for much more on safe houses.

Notable Places at Mad Town

A plethora of shops, businesses and people cater to the thousands of adventurers and warriors who come to town. The following people and places are just some of the most notable establishments. It is said that even away from the business districts, a pawnshop, saloon and general store is found on nearly every street corner. This is an exaggeration, but you get the idea.

Fortifications

Minimal and concealed. The town leaders have deliberately avoided putting up any obvious bunkers, walls and towers to prevent the Coalition Army from considering them an armed camp and a target for destruction. Likewise, they have refused support from the Tolkeen government, and do not themselves support its military (no known Tolkeen combat personnel are located within or near the town).

There are, however, a few places that are cleverly concealed M.D.C. structures that can be quickly turned into defensive strongholds. About a third of the buildings in town are made of M.D.C. materials, including the **Sheriff's Office** (#17), the **Jail** next door (#19), and **Town Hall** (#15). In an emergency, each makes an excellent Mega-Damage bunker, with the Sheriff's Office and Jail functioning as a fort and the Town Hall as a military command center, motor pool and shelter for civilians, complete with communications center and makeshift basement hospital with 200 beds, 12 operating rooms, cybernetics wing, and other standard hospital facilities. Normally, most of it is shut down with the rest serving as a small town hospital and free clinic for the indigent. The **parking structure** (#13) kitty-corner from the Town Hall is also an M.D.C. bunker-style construct that can be turned into a fortified military position.

Not far away, in the town square, is a **Clock Tower** (#16) that is also a reinforced M.D.C. structure ideal as a lookout post, communications relay tower (200 mile/320 km broadcasting range and equipped with a radar tracking system, basic sensors and infrared searchlight), and sniper nest. A sliding roof conceals a missile launch system (100 M.D.C., with a self-loading payload of 32 mini-missiles and a pair of medium-range missiles) to give the Clock Tower a little surprise punch.

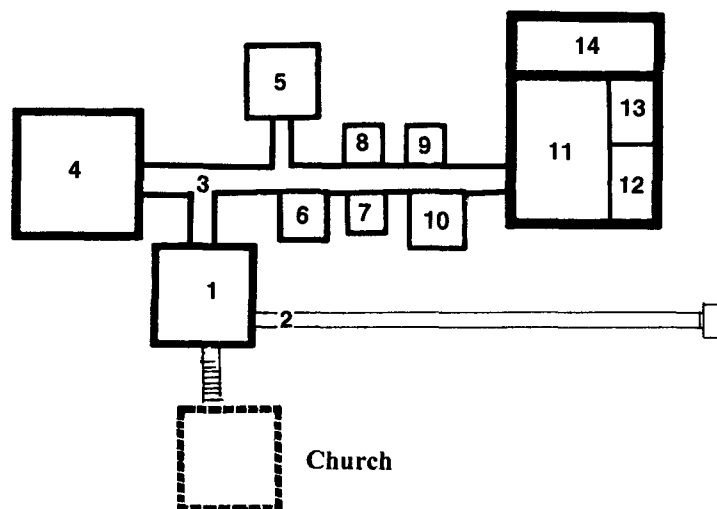
Likewise, the M.D.C. **Town Square Fountain** (#17) provides a circular, two and a half foot (0.75 m) tall outer wall ideal for gunners to hide behind, plus the ornamental statuary also provides M.D.C. cover. In addition, the resident (7th level) Water Warlock, who is a member of the town council, can use the water in the fountain to fuel her magic and summon Water Elementals.

The Secret Shelter

Underneath the **Light of the Redeemer Church** (#1) is a large, underground M.D.C. fallout shelter. It is known only to the permanent residents of the town and is rumored to have been built before the Great Cataclysm (it is believed to have once been a civil defense bunker). The shelter has a medical clinic, recreation room, kitchen, dining area, storage and barracks style housing with bunk beds. It can comfortably accommodate 1200

for up to four weeks (double that time if placed on rations), but can hold as many as 2000 under cramped conditions.

Stairs lead from the back of the church down 80 feet (24.4 m) to the shelter below.



1. Large open chamber with 30 foot (9 m) ceiling. It can be used as an open gathering hall and rec room or, if there is prior knowledge of an impending evacuation, it can be used for additional storage and/or to accommodate an extra 400-600 people.

2. A secret door in the floor opens to a long, narrow passage that leads to an exit concealed as an unassuming monument in the town graveyard ("X" marks the spot).

3. "T" shaped tunnel.

4. The main barracks; has beds for 800.

5. Kitchen, cafeteria and food storage.

6. Medical Clinic with twelve nurses and eight doctors, plus volunteers.

7. Private living quarters for the town's leaders and their families; accommodates up to 80 with plenty of room.

8. Recreation Room.

9. Living quarters for 150, or may be used for storage.

10. Living quarters with beds for 200.

11. Administrative offices and storage.

12. Air purification system.

13. Communications.

14. Generator and electronics system.

Grove Lake Neighborhood

Mostly residential with very few markets, saloons, boarding houses and shops. Here, small to medium homes are the norm, with neighborhoods set apart by a school, church or park.

That having been said, one in every ten homes is a **safe-house** - a place that has ties to some organization or group where its members can find a temporary hiding place, basic supplies, food, and medical treatment at discount prices (typically half). As a rule, the owners or inhabitants of the home have family, friends, ideological or business ties to one or more groups operating outside the law, i.e. secretly help and support Tolkeen freedom fighters, or the Black Market, or a group of local bandits or heroes, and so on.



On the simplest level, it goes something like this: "Cousin Jake and some of his friends or kin got mixed up with the law (or the Coalition States or other kingdom) and are now wanted for some crime." Remember, with the many different kingdoms, nations and communities in Rifts North America, "being wanted by the law" seldom means trouble with the local authorities, but rather some *outside* third party such as the *Coalition States*, *Free Quebec*, *Whykin*, *Tolkeen* or some other kingdom or group. It might also mean being wanted by, or in trouble with, an Indian or D-Bee *tribe*, the *Black Market*, *Pecos Empire* or a group of bandits, desperadoes or other criminal network that has influence in a particular region and with whom the character(s), family or business has happened to run afoul. In this case, friends, family, business associates and even neighbors and other sympathizers lend the (wrongfully accused?) fugitives a helping hand by giving them a place to stay or hide, a place to hide loot and supplies (or to ditch incriminating evidence), as well as a resource to get news and information, food, water, and basic supplies. Of course, a safe-house also provides the fugitive with an alibi and other intangibles like companionship, a sense of camaraderie and feeling safe.

On a larger, more organized (and often criminal) scale, a safe-house may serve as a "front" to an underground or criminal operation. For example, *the Black Market*, *Pecos Empire*, *Cyber-Knights*, *D-Bee groups* and numerous *Tolkeen freedom fighter groups* have found supporters and established safe-houses in which their fellow members and allies can find sanctuary. The basic function and services of the **organization safe-house** are the same, but it may offer a more elaborate level of protection, concealment and additional services, such as **medics/healers**, **weapon suppliers**, **Operators/mechanics**, and access

to other personnel and members who might be helpful to "the cause," including smugglers, stool pigeons, spies, forgers, thieves, enforcers, etc.

A typical safe-house at Mad Town is usually an ordinary "looking" home occupied by 1-3 families (4-16 people) who live quiet, ordinary lives. These may be simple laborers or farmers to business people and merchants who travel a good deal. Most are simple residential dwellings in quiet neighborhoods where nothing out of the ordinary happens very often.

There are exceptions, of course, such as those houses that function more like a fraternity or guild house where visitors come and go regularly, **and/or** gatherings and parties are a common occurrence. Likewise, some boarding houses, saloons and other places (even churches) may serve the dual purpose of being a safe-house. However, most are simple residential dwellings.

Grove Lake Neighborhood Code Key

1. Grove Lake Marina. A lot of boating, fishing and fun takes place on the Lake. The Marina welcomes only the most dignified and well-to-do clientele. It is especially popular among Druids, Warlocks, mages, scholars, sportsmen, boaters and water enthusiasts. It is rumored to be a safe-house for Warlocks and other practitioners of magic. Conventional and TW boats are found at her docks and around the lake.

2. The Winding River, more of a stream, really. Bridges cross the stream at a number of junctions.

3. Renford Manor. The home of Renford the Rebel, a *High Magus* thrown out of the Federation of Magic by none other than Lord Dunscon for refusing to accept him as the true leader of the Federation and for trying to oppose him with one of the many "false" branches of the once splintered Federation of Magic. **Lord Renford** (true name unknown, 11th level High Magus, maker of Automaton; Aberrant alignment) and two dozen of his most loyal followers fled retribution and settled in Mad Town 16 years ago. The most notable residents include **Lady Renford**, a 9th level (Aberrant) Zenith Moon Warper, **Kitty**, a 6th level (Anarchist) Dragon-Cat, **Yamahnnin**, an 8th level (Unprincipled) **Bubblemaker** and something of an enigmatic sage, **Zaneer**, Lord Renford's personal bodyguard and assassin (9th level **Lanotaur** Hunter, Aberrant alignment and fiercely loyal to his master for reasons known only between them), **Battlelord Controller Marcus**, a 9th level Battle Magus (Anarchist alignment and rides a Battlelord Automaton), and **the twins**, Michael and Leta, both of which are 7th level Conjurers (both Miscreant alignments). A pair of 4th and 5th level Battle Magus Controller pilot Earth Thunder Automaton, and a cadre of three Ley Line Walkers, two **Techno-Wizards** and a Mystic (all 3-5th level) and their families also live on this large estate, in a house next door. Lord Renford has at his disposal the following magic Automaton: Battlelord, Ice Drake, Fire Demon, and Infiltrator, and is said to command two of The Corrupt, hidden away in his basement.

Rumors abound as to what nefarious schemes Lord Renford and his minions get involved in, but most keep to themselves and have come to the defense of the town on more than one occasion. Some believe they are Federation of Magic spies and that the manor is a safe house for other agents from the Federation, but anybody who knows Renford and his people know this is not true. There is no mistaking the undisguised contempt and

hatred for Lord Dunscon and his regime that drips from their lips like venom. It is likely, however, that Lord Renford maintains ties with other brotherhoods of sorcerers and villains operating in the Magic Zone, and perhaps secretly plots the assassination of Lord Dunscon and may launch a coup to seize the Federation of Magic for himself. Note: The descriptions for Battle Magi, Automatons, Conjurers and other magical O.C.C.s, R.C.C.S, spells and weapons are found in the pages of *Rifts® World Book 16: Federation of Magic™*. **Bubblemakers**, **Lanotaur**, **Dragon-Cats**, and **Zenith Moon Warpers** are found in *Psyscape™*

4. The home of Mistress Blue Stream, Town Council member and 7th level Water Warlock.

5. The Lakeside Theater. A pleasant venue that offers live performances: dramatic plays, comedies, musicals, concerts, and other forms of entertainment. It is an M.D.C. structure that seats 1500. May also be used as a gathering place for civic meetings and festivals.

6. The Lake Side Hotel. A rather posh hotel for elegant living. Appeals to those who want the best. Surprisingly, this may include Juicers, mercenaries, D-Bees, ruffians and cutthroats who want to live large, but don't usually get the chance and, for the moment, have money to burn, so they check in here to live in luxury. The cheap rooms are 300 credits a night. The best are 1000, and suites run 1200 to 2000 credits. There is a fabulous restaurant on the ground floor, as well as a swimming pool, and a large gymnasium complete with an array of exercise machines and weights. The back of the hotel opens up on a beach.

7. Grove Lake Apartments. Another attractive place to live, although not as posh as the Lake Side Hotel. This establishment appeals to wealthy visitors looking to stay in town for more than a week. Weekly, seven day, six night, rates are 1500 credits for a nice but modest room with a queen size or two twin beds, dresser, **nightstand**, full-length mirror, plus private bathroom, kitchenette (small counter top, sink, stove, microwave, and refrigerator) and study niche with a desk and two chairs. A suite (the equivalent of two apartments with a balcony) costs 3000-4500 credits a week, and penthouse apartment (top floor, balcony, full kitchen, living room, study, two private bedrooms; the rough equivalent of six rooms) costs 8000-12,000 credits a week (there are only six of them available). Appeals to those looking for comfort and class.

8. Boone Manor: A beautiful old manor house with servants' quarters and a 10 foot (3 m) tall flagstone wall encircling the estate. The owners insist it is part of the Grove Lake community, but it also rests near the edge of the *Center Court* business districts where the Town Square and Town Hall are found; a lovely area of tall trees and manicured park.

The estate gets its name from the original town founders, Ethel and Norman Boone, whose family was involved in the diverse businesses of raising and selling livestock, the fur trade and arms dealing. A pretty little town sprung up around them, fueled by their business enterprises. Proud of themselves and the leading power of the day, the not so modest family named the town after themselves, Boonesville. However, when the town turned wild and lawless, they sold their interests and headed out farther west to Colorado or Montana and were never heard from again.

Today, the stately manor is home to Marc and Elaine Bartaine, their two daughters, Clarice and Nadine, and their three sons, Teddy, Michael and Jeremy; ages ranging from 13-24. The family owns several of the **cybernetic/bionic** shops, garages, and mechanical repair shops as well as half interest in the Lake Side Hotel, the **Lion's Den** Arena, and The Palace Casino. Marc Bartaine is said to be "the" richest man in town and rumored to have connections with the Black Market and **Bandito Arms** — some say he is the secret head of all Black Market operations in town and one of the owners of Bandito Arms.

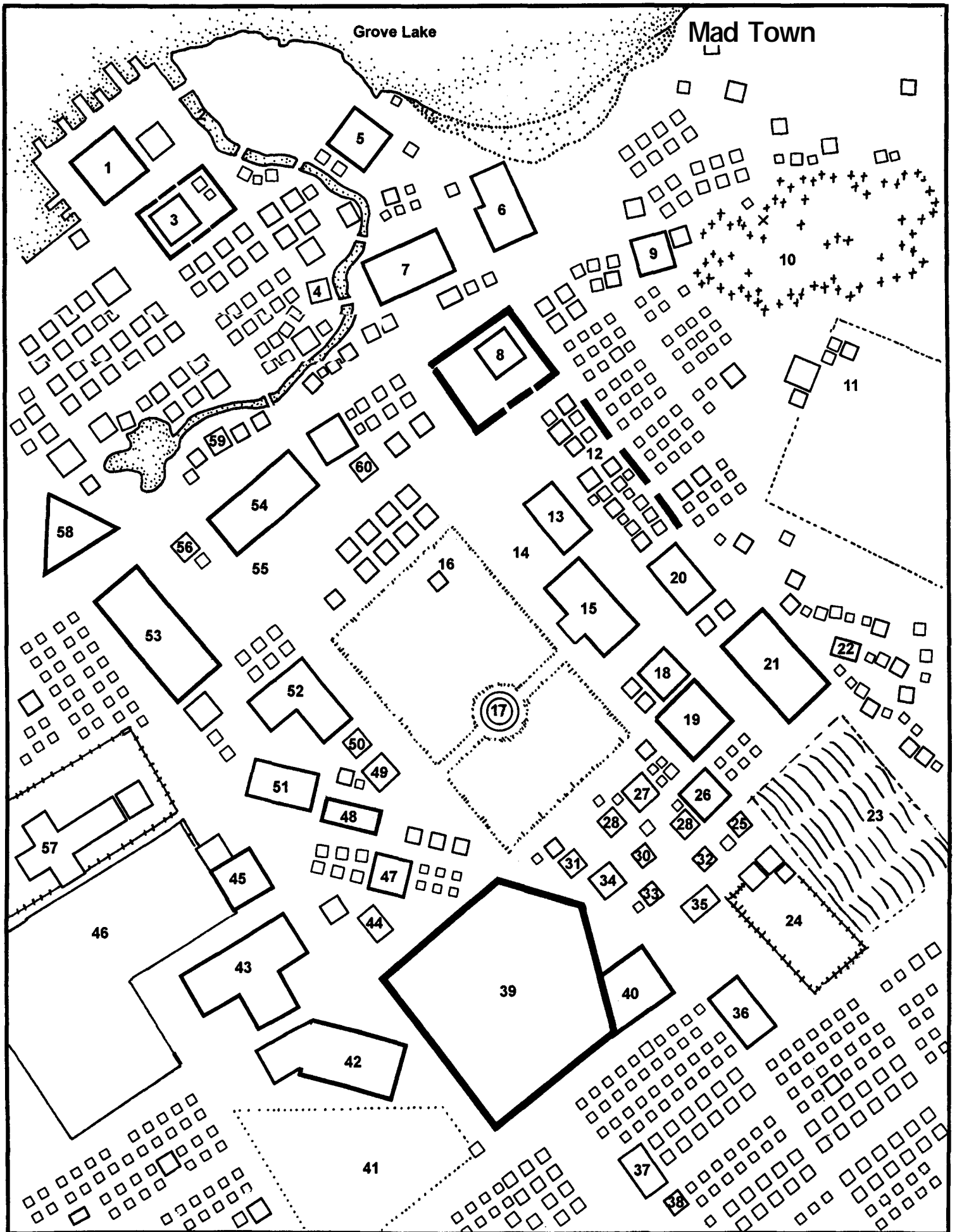
Boone Manor is the scene of regular parties, balls, and meetings by wealthy businessmen, visiting merchants, and notorious individuals rumored to be smugglers and agents of the Black Market.

Mr. Bartaine maintains a small personal army of cyborgs, Juicers and Crazies, plus a few trusted practitioners of magic and psychics. His right-hand man (partner?) is a 9th level Mind Melter known as **Farsight** (real name: **Edmond Salizaro**, rumored to be wanted for smuggling, extortion, racketeering and other crimes in the Chi-Town 'Burbs. Aberrant, age 34, I.Q. 14, M.E. 22, M.A. 13, P.S. 15, P.P. 12, P.E. 13, P.B. 10, Spd. 10; fiercely loyal to the Bartaine family). A babe known only as **Ms. Becky** (Anarchist, age 29, I.Q. 15, M.E. 11, M.A. 20, P.S. 10, P.P. 11, P.E. 12, P.B. 23, Spd 17), serves as his personal bodyguard and rumored to be his mistress. She is a 7th level Mystic whose psychic abilities include: Sense Supernatural Evil, Open to the Supernatural, Clairvoyance, Exorcism, Sixth Sense, Intuitive Combat, Mask I.S.P. and the Psionic abilities, Telepathy, Bio-Regenerate, Healing Touch, **Empathic** Transmission, and 82 I.S.P. Her spell knowledge includes, See the Invisible (4), See Aura (6), Sense Magic (4), Globe of Daylight (2), Blinding Flash (2), Energy Bolt (5), Armor of **Ithan** (10), Chameleon (6), Blind (6), Carpet of Adhesion (10), Multiple Image (7), Escape (8), Tongues (12), Fire Ball (10), Paralysis: Lesser (6), Dispel Magic Barrier (20); 112 P.P.E. Skills of note include Law (+15%), Streetwise, Seduction, Card Sharp, Palming, Horsemanship: General (+10%), Dance (+15%), Wilderness Survival (+15%), W.P. Energy Pistol and K.P. Knife. She speaks American, Euro, **Techno-Can**, Spanish, Dragonese and Gobblely, all at 95% proficiency.

Marc Bartaine claims to be nothing more than a "killer" businessman and something of a scholar. He is well built, muscular and enjoys participating in and watching sports of all kinds, including duels and gladiatorial contests. In truth he is a 12th level, Professional Smuggler (see page 24 of *Rifts® Mercenaries* for complete details on this O.C.C.). Alignment: Anarchist, Age: 47 (looks 30), Attributes: I.Q. 19, M.E. 14, M.A. 23, P.S. 15, P.P. 11, P.E. 9, P.B. 15, Spd. 13. Skills of Note: Detect Ambush, Detect Concealment, Palming, Streetwise, Escape Artist, Cryptography, Computer Operation, Computer Hacking, Surveillance Systems, Radio: Basic, Radio: Scramblers, and Basic Math, all ranging around the 85-98% level of skill; plus Body Building, Running, Swimming, Hand to Hand: Expert, W.P. Sword, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle, all at level 12 proficiency.

9. Light of the Redeemer Church. The largest and most popular church in town (also see the Secret Shelter, described earlier in this section).

10. The Town Graveyard; well kept and quiet (X marks the secret exit from the shelter).



11. Boone's Farm. This is the farm started by the Boone family but has changed hands three times since then. The current owner is a family of Noli Bushmen who also employ an all D-Bee crew of workers including scads of Larmac, D'Norr Devilmen, Psi-Stalkers (excellent with the livestock), Quick Flex-Aliens, and even a half dozen Groot and Grackle Tooth.

Center Court — Merchant District

Center Court is the heart of Mad Town's business district, filled with many shops and places of commerce located around the Town Square.

12. Trapper's Alley: A cluster of shops that buys, sells and trades animal furs, leather goods, and craftworks made from beads, bone, teeth, feathers, fur, ceramics and carved wood and stone. Native Americans have several popular shops here, and many Indians, woodsmen and Psi-Stalkers come here regularly to trade.

Goods available include the following at fair to low prices: Beadwork, jewelry, carvings, dolls, pottery, ceramics, fishing gear, traps, snares, outdoors gear, blankets, ponchos, equestrian riding gear (saddles, saddlebags, leather straps, rawhide, etc.), leather bags and pouches, leather jackets, gloves and boots, belts, bands, caps, and other leather goods, fur coats and clothing, blankets, fur hats, fur-lined boots and treated hides. There is also a candle shop, flower shop, furrier, shoe store, and two tailors in Trapper's Alley.

A pair of large shops, *The Wilderness Supply Outlet* and *Wilson's Outdoorsman's Shop*, are friendly, long-time rivals that sell all types of wilderness, hunting, fishing and trapping goods — snares, traps, hunting rifles and handguns (S.D.C., M.D.C. and Techno-Wizard varieties), tents, tarps, blankets, furs, sleeping bags, backpacks, sacks, belts, saddles, saddlebags, canteens, tools, hatchets, clothing, boots, bolts of fabric and related gear. They even offer a small selection of motorcycles, snowmobiles, and hovercycles. Wilson's also offers a variety of books and toys, while the Outlet has a kennel out back where they sell hunting dogs (mostly retrievers, pointers, and hounds).

13. Town Hall Parking Structure: Your typical M.D.C. concrete parking structure. The Town Hall, Trapper's Alley and the two nearby hotels have parking levels specifically reserved for them.

14. Parking Lot. An outdoors parking lot for the many shoppers and visitors.

15. Town Hall. An attractive and regal looking, three story town administrators' building with offices, meeting rooms and first floor meeting hall (holds 1500). A free clinic and small hospital is located in the basement as well as food stores that can last 2000 people a week. In times of emergency, the Town Hall can be turned into a fortified stronghold (it is a reinforced M.D.C. structure) and the hospital expanded. With this in mind, the 20x20 foot (6x6 m) front double doors have 200 M.D.C. each, inner office doors have 50 to 75 M.D.C. each, and the lobby ceilings are thirty feet (9 m) tall to accommodate large power armor, robots, vehicles, dragons and other giant-sized people or vehicles. As many as 3000 people can be housed in the Town Hall if necessary. **Note:** See the Fortifications for the Town Hall area earlier in this section for more details on how the Town Hall, its grounds and neighboring buildings work as a defensive center.

16. The Clock Tower. Located in the large, picturesque park in front of the Town Hall is a pretty, 40 foot (12.2 m) tall clock tower with angel statues at the midsection and top, as well as an observation deck at the top, closed to the public. If the town is attacked, a siren in the tower will sound the alert, and the tower itself can be instantly converted into a combination lookout post, sniper's nest, communications relay tower and weapon platform with a missile launcher concealed in the ceiling section (A sliding roof reveals a missile launch system that has 100 M.D.C., and has a self-loading payload of 32 mini-missiles and two medium-range missiles). The tower itself has 1200 M.D.C., the angel statues (which make nice perches for snipers and flying humanoids) have 100 each, the spotlight 20, and the roof section 500. **Note:** Also see the section on town Fortifications, presented earlier.

17. The Park Fountain. Can also be used as a fortified position; has a total of 560 M.D.C.

18. Sheriff's Office — The Law at Mad Town. Surprisingly, there is no wholesale violence and lawlessness. First, most visitors to Mad Town share a common goal and a certain sense of brotherhood. Second, most see the town as a haven from the CS and a place to rest and have a good time, so they don't want to do anything so bad that they destroy part of the town or can't come back. Lastly, there are laws and law enforcement similar to that of the sheriff and deputies of the American Wild West. In the case of Mad Town, "the law" is represented by *Sheriff Bullet*, a 9th level Gunfighter Grackle Tooth (Unprincipled alignment, I.Q. 12, M.A. 24, P.S. 31, P.P. 24, P.E. 22, Spd 16; "Bullet" is not his real name), his right-hand man, **Darren "Two-Guns" McDirth** (Anarchist 6th level Gunslinger; Quick-Flex Alien with an I.Q. 10, P.P. 23 and Spd. 52), **Sam "Windrider" Ohmar** (7th level Air Warlock, Unprincipled alignment), **"Cinderman"** (7th level Burster, Anarchist alignment), **Vanderbilt** (6th level Ley Line Walker of Anarchist alignment), and nine assistant deputies all around 5th level (four are Vanguard Brawlers, one is a Tirrvol Sword Fist, and the rest are human Gunfighters).

Sheriff Bullet and his deputies will only put up with so much horseplay and mischief. When things get out of hand, they subdue and lock-up troublemakers, holding them until things settle down or until the rest of their group is readying to leave town. In the alternative, the Sheriff and his men may "escort" undesirables or those having too much fun at other people's expense, out of town. Likewise, they have no problem with punching the lights out of somebody to "quiet them down," threaten, break kneecaps or use blackmail to keep the relative peace. Neither rape or murder, nor wanton brutality, deliberate and malicious destruction of property or the threatening of children are tolerated. Furthermore, none of these lawmen are slow to use deadly force when warranted. If a troublemaker draws his weapon, all bets are off, although most of Mad Town's authorities try to use discretion and wound rather than kill whenever possible, especially if the individual is intoxicated or provoked into doing something uncharacteristic. However, in the immortal words of Sheriff Bullet, "Sometimes ya jist have ta put a mad dog down. Thas a simple fact. Nothin' ta be sad 'bout or slow ta do. A mad dog is a danger to hisself an' ta others."

19. The Jail House is a tall building (two, oversized floors, plus basement and sub-basement) that looks more like a bunker

than a prison. There are few windows, and what ones there are resemble weapon slits. The front lobby and entire ground floor is large, with 20 foot (6 m) ceilings to accommodate giants and nonhumans. The second floor is human-sized with 12 foot (3.6 m) ceilings. It is entirely filled with standard jail cells (250 M.D.C. each) and about a dozen solitary confinement, padded cells (350 M.D.C. each). There is also a guards' station, weapons locker (with TW weapons that stun, trap and/or contain, along with flash grenades, tear gas, and neural maces), and storage area. The jail clerk's office, kitchen and cafeteria are located on the ground floor. Half the basement is basically a repeat of the second floor with numerous holding cells, but it also has a meeting room, guards' administration office, guards' lounge, guards' cafeteria, and six living quarters each with three bunk beds, a couch, two reclining easy chairs, private bathroom and shower, and study with table and chairs, where guards can go to relax, rest or sleep-over if they like. The sub-basement is a combination storage and emergency shelter with cots, blankets and space for 1000 and enough supplies to feed them for a week. **Note:** The Jail has 140 cells and can hold 300 prisoners comfortably, 600 crowded. Its many Mega-Damage rooms and jail cells are perfect for holding troublemakers until it is time for them to leave town.

20. The Parkside Boarding House: 200 rooms, nice but nothing special, 90 credits a night. Restaurant has an eight credits, all you can eat breakfast bar till 11 a.m.

21. The Biltmore Hotel. A nice hotel with 500 rooms. Nice but nothing special, 110 credits a night, 400 for a suite (equal to two rooms, plus kitchenette and extra closets), and 800 credits a night for one of the ten V.I.P. suites (equal to four rooms, plus full kitchen, study, and Jacuzzi).

22. The Five Brothers' Restaurant. A large eatery with good food and fair prices. Can seat 1000 plus has six private dining rooms (seats 12; costs 100 credits to rent for two hours) and two meeting rooms (seats 50; costs 500 credits to rent for two hours).

South Corner

Bandits, men of arms and adventurers abound in this part of town because of the arena and many shops and taverns that cater to warriors and wanderers.

23. Farmers' Market: An open-air market with scores of stalls and carts selling produce and farm goods. Open every morning from 6 a.m. till 1 p.m. and till 6 p.m. on the weekends; closed in the winter. Sells all kinds of fresh produce, small livestock, fresh eggs, cheeses, milk, fresh meats, preserved meats (smoked, salted, etc.), poultry, canned fruits and vegetables, jams, honey, syrup, nuts, flowers (when in season), local wine and moonshine, smoking and chewing tobacco, bread, cookies, pies and other baked goods.

24. Animal Market & Pens: Sell a wide variety of livestock including pigs, cattle and horses at fair prices. Also offers exotic animals (high prices) and pens for keeping horses and other pets.

25. Smiling Owl Veterinary Clinic. Fair prices, good work.

Tavern Street. Between the Jail House (conveniently enough) and the Animal Pens are a cluster of boisterous bars

that appeal to a particular range of clientele - warriors, ruffians and sorcerers who like to get drunk, brawl, fight and duel each other to prove who is the best, toughest, fastest, smartest, and any number of other things to squabble and battle over (like which bar has the best beer, the cutest barmaids, the ugliest bouncer, the meanest owner, etc.). Most of the horseplay and fisticuffs are not lethal, but things quickly get out of hand when the brawlers are Juicers, Crazies, Headhunters, 'Borgs, Psi-Stalkers, spell casters, and hulking D-Bees. Some of the fighting takes place inside the various establishments or in the small arena inside *The Bunker*; but most of it is carried out into the streets and the empty lots between the establishments (they are left empty for this very reason).



26. The Bunker House: This is a large, military-style, M.D.C. bunker that has been converted into a combination tavern, dance hall and arena. It is a hot spot for Cyborgs', Headhunters, Juicers, Crazies, Glitter Boy and other power armor pilots, Gunfighters, Gunslingers, and aggressive or powerful D-Bees (like Psi-Stalkers, Vanguard Brawlers, Grackle Tooth, Groot, etc.), as well as bandits, brawlers and other warriors who rely on physical augmentation, brute strength, guns and technology. Of course, the patrons that come to The Bunker tend to believe they are the elite and are quick to accept challenges to prove it. The Bunker is an excellent place to recruit high-powered mercenaries and muscle. The bar specializes in a wide selection of booze from "the good stuff," to hard liquor, rum and local moonshine and elixirs that will get one drunk quick. Also sells a large juicy hamburger for 5 credits, and bags of popcorn and pretzels for two credits. Prices for drinks are fair and reasonable.

Typical alignments of patrons: 35% Anarchist, 20% Miscreant, 20% Scrupulous, 10% Unprincipled and 15% others.

27. The Barracks: This two story saloon offers hard liquor, gambling, pool and boisterous entertainment. It is a favorite of men of arms who consider themselves to be "skilled" martial artists and cunning warriors, attracting Wilderness Scouts, Special Forces, Commandos, professional criminals, assassins, psychic warriors, and even Cyber-Knights and Indian warriors. Prices are fair and quality good. Typical alignments of patrons:

15% Aberrant, 15% Miscreant, 25% Anarchist, 20% Scrupulous, 15% Unprincipled and 10% others.

28. **Mighty Oak:** A rough-hewn wood structure with lots of furs, antlers and stuffed animals, including the full body of a Xiticix Leaper suspended over the **entranceway!** This establishment appeals to Wilderness Scouts, Rangers, **woodsmen/trappers**, **Psi-Stalkers**, farmers, fishermen and other wilderness folk. Typical alignments of patrons: 15% Principled, 20% Scrupulous, 25% Unprincipled, 20% Anarchist and 20% others.

29. **Magic Cloud:** You guessed it, this place caters to practitioners of magic. It is comparatively quiet and sedate, with a downstairs library (nothing rare) and gallery of fine art, wine cellar and bar where fine wines and expensive premium liquor are sold. It also has a private room with an altar for the performance of ritual magic and blood sacrifices, as well as three private meeting rooms for rent.

The main floor offers a large dance floor and stage for performances, demonstrations and contests, as well as two bars, and attractive women. Upstairs is a luxurious gambling casino and several private game rooms for cards and other diversions. Typical alignments of patrons: 13% Principled, 25% Scrupulous, 22% Unprincipled, 20% Anarchist and 20% others.

Prices are high compared to most other places (mages and psychics get a 15% discount).

30. **Watering Hole:** A tacky saloon that looks more like a falling down flophouse than a thriving business. Riffraff, thieves, river pirates, adventurers down on their **luck**, thugs, drifters and drunks frequent this place for its cheap prices and hard liquor. There is nothing fancy or special about the Watering Hole, although one can find penny-ante games of cards, darts, dice and wrestling going on 24 hours a day, as well as used up drug addicts and the poor willing to do or sell just about anything for the right price (and their selling price is a third of anywhere else). However, since most of its patrons are lost souls, diseased or the scum of the earth, it is difficult to hire anybody who is truly skilled, trustworthy or reliable. If one is looking for cheap muscle, lies, rumor, thieves, or trouble, this is the best place to find it, but one does not find top professionals here unless they have a drinking or drug problem. Average level of experience is 1D4, but mostly first and second level. Typical alignments of patrons: 35% Diabolic, 35% Miscreant, 20% Anarchist, and 10% others.

31. **Femme Fatale:** A three story building that resembles a classy **frat-house** or Mansion. It is an exclusive club *for female warriors and adventurers*; psychics and sorcerers are also welcomed. It is a posh and lavishly decorated tavern with a woman's touch. Facilities include a dance hall, art gallery, jewelry shop, candy store, salon, massage parlor, and small library as well as private guest rooms and conference rooms. Prices are fair but on the high side. Only male "guests" are allowed and they are limited to the dance hall and private meetings and guest rooms. While one might think women to be more refined and gentle, this place has its share of brawls and duels. Moreover, some will go out after getting loaded to pick a fight with men at one of the other bars, The Bunker, Barracks and Magic Cloud being the most likely targets. Typical alignments of patrons: 15% Aberrant, 15% Miscreant, 20% Anarchist, 20% Scrupulous, 15% Unprincipled and 15% others.



32. **Wise Owl:** A well lit, warm and friendly tavern with the look and atmosphere of a gentlemen's club. It caters to scholars and scientists, but also attracts mages, **Cyber-Knights**, **City Rats** and other educated people. The main "lounge" is brightly lit and elegant with plush chairs and couches clustered around small tables, and there is a large bar at either end of the room. Next door is a modest casino. This is an environment for quiet meetings, friendly get-togethers and business meetings. The Wise Owl's kitchen offers a small but scrumptious selection of food for fine dining as well as brandy and wine. Upstairs is a small library (nothing like the one at the Magic Cloud, but it contains all the works of Erin Tarn, maps of the kingdom and histories on the region and **Chi-Town**), a billiards room, darts room, and private meeting rooms for rent. It also has stage for comedians, singers, musicians and dancers (it may also be used for lectures and demonstrations).

One of its unique attractions is a smoking room where one can purchase from a huge selection of cigarettes, cigars, tobacco and herbs for immediate use or to take with as well as booze from the small bar there. Another is the Electronic Cafe in the basement, a sprawling, dimly lit chamber with over one hundred and fifty different computer stations with digital broadcasting throughout the town and up to 60 miles (96 km) away! A variety of coffees and liquor is sold at the bar and lounge area of this facility. Thousands of books on disk, video games and shareware (and data) are available to browse through for an hourly fee of 20 credits; open around the clock. A time limit of two hours is enforced only when there is a large waiting list of people. At these periods of peak use, one can reserve a computer at the cost

of 200 credits an hour. Typical alignments of patrons: 15% Principled, 25% Scrupulous, 20% Unprincipled, 20% Anarchist and 20% others.

33. The Techno-Cave: A wild and woolly, chrome and mirror plated den of iniquity that welcomes everybody, but clearly caters to warriors, cyborgs, **Headhunters**, City Rats, and other **technophiles**. In addition to the large, main floor disco, dance floor and bar, the Cave offers virtual reality getaways where the user is placed in a virtual world of his choice to play games or enjoy any type of pleasure as if he were living it (50 credits per 20 minutes, and can be addictive), and a **cyber-café** with 100 computers and hundreds of games; some linked to other players for multi-player games. But the fun doesn't end there.

The Techno-Cave offers cybernetic implants and bionic augmentation. In fact, they have a number of attractive men and women who cuddle up to the customers and try to convince or seduce them into getting implants, upgrades and even **undergoing** costly partial and full bionic conversions! The entire basement is an impressive **Cyber-Clinic** stocked full of cybernetics and bionics (half of which are clearly "recycled" bionics picked off the dead in the war or from the victims of **Cyber-Snatchers**). The only thing the Techno-Cave does not offer is M.O.M. conversion. Prices are standard and the representatives at the Techno-Cave can hook patrons up with *sponsors* to pay for the work they do. Of course, that means indentured servitude to the Black Market, a mercenary group, Mr. **Bartaine** or some other militant group, perhaps even the Kingdom of **Tolkeen**! Many a drunken fool has found himself "augmented" and belonging to somebody else for 4-10 years!



The Techno-Cave will also buy (pays 10-30% of market value) and sell (typically at 25% below market value) new and used weapons, electronics and tech-equipment in their basement boutique; fair to good selection of common goods; nothing rare and only a few TW items. Charges only 1500 credits to recharge a standard E-Clip.

Typical alignments of the workers at the Techno-Cave: 40% Diabolic, 30% Miscreant, 11% Aberrant, 17% Anarchist, and 2% other. This is a dangerous den of thieves and con-artists.

Typical alignments of patrons: 20% Scrupulous, 18% Unprincipled, 22% Anarchist, 20% Miscreant, and 20% others.

34. The Gun Nest: A tavern that is also a gun shop, complete with a basement gun-range for target practice, competitions and testing the wares. The basement also has a small, stadium seating auditorium for watching duels and demonstrations. The main floor has a large bar that also serves a variety of sandwiches, chicken and ribs, a lounge area, a darts area, an arcade offering numerous different "shoot 'emup" games, pawnshop and new weapon showroom.

The pawnshop specializes in weaponry and will pay the pawner 20-30% of the item's street value and hold it for 14 days before placing it out for sale. To redeem a pawned **weapon**, one must return with the claim ticket and the amount paid out to get it back. The shop also buys and sells used weapons, paying 20-40% of their true value and selling them at only an 80% mark-up (about 20-30% below market). To avoid entanglement with the Coalition, the shop refuses to deal in them.

The Weapons' Showroom sells **Bandito Arms**, Wilk's, Northern Gun and **Manistique Imperium** brand weapons, as well as the occasional Triax or other import. NEVER any Coalition military issue weapons and no armor of any kind; strictly a weapons shop. The cost on new items are standard list price to 20% higher than normal, with rare items and imports costing 50% to 100% more than usual. Typical alignments of patrons: Any, but a typical mix seems to include, 20% Miscreant, 30% Anarchist, 20% Unprincipled, and 30% others — mostly wannabes, yahoos, vagabonds and low level characters who dream of adventure and glory as gun-toting vigilantes, patriots or heroes. Experienced men at arms and adventurers know weapons aren't toys, and booze and guns don't mix, so they do their buying at reputable shops and drinking at real bars; they avoid this "little playground."

35. The Dancing Skirt: This bawdy saloon boasts of having the prettiest and most numerous girls in town: barmaids, dancing girls, strippers, and ladies of the night. It appeals to the high and mighty and sleazy lowlifes alike and is a notorious place of vice. One can meet a range of human and D-Bee working girls (a shabby bordello is located next door) and there are always a dozen or more card games, dice games and pool hustling going on.

Upstairs is an old ballroom that serves as a drug den. It has had its walls padded, the floor is covered in pillows and incense burners are suspended from the ceiling. It is open around the clock and users just **find** a comfortable place on the floor to flop. A small gambling area and a number of private rooms are available for rent at the rate of 30 credits an hour and are used by the patrons who desire their privacy or a little companionship, to private games of chance, and forms of entertainment most other places discourage.

Typical alignments of the workers: 40% Diabolic, 30% Miscreant, 5% Aberrant, 23% Anarchist, and 2% other. This is a dangerous den of drug dealers, pimps, addicts, thieves and cutthroats.

Typical alignment of the patrons: Any, but attracts a number of lowlifes, 30% Diabolic, 30% Miscreant, 25% Anarchist, and 15% other.

36. The Bordello. No disguising this place of ill repute. At least it's out of the way.

37. The Cozy Corner. An old but pleasant hotel with 300 rooms; 80 credits a night, 250 for a suite (equal to two rooms, plus kitchenette and extra closets), and 600 credits a night for one of the seven V.I.P. suites (equal to four rooms, plus full kitchen, study, and balcony).

38. Southend General Store. Exactly what it sounds like, sells basic goods like food, clothes, hygiene items, batteries, blankets, liquor, tobacco, etc. Fair prices.

39. The Lion's Den Arena: A homespun arena with attached saloon of considerable size. The arena is the venue for big spectacles, sporting events, competitions, duels and gladiatorial contests (the winner usually gets a new hover vehicle, robot horse or cash payment of 10,000-50,000 credits depending on the size and nature of the event, and number of participants). Mad Town being what it is, hundreds (often a thousand) of fighters and marksmen are eager to "pay" to compete in contests to prove they are the best. Admission to such events ranges from 20-50 credits with special events and shows sometimes costing double.

Betting is encouraged because the owner and his partners (including Marc **Bartaine**) make a killing. Consequently, there are betting booths next to every concession stand. The arena seats 17,000 and is always at least half full.

40. The Lion's Den Saloon is attached to the arena (actually half of it is located inside the arena), and is a favorite watering hole of Juicers, Crazies, **Headhunters**, **Gunfighters**, bandits, **musclebound D-Bees** and the most aggressive warrior-types. This rowdy establishment can accommodate 2000 customers, opens out to the street and into the arena, and is open 24 hours a day. Loud cheers, shouting, swearing, screams, gunshots and laughter can be heard erupting from it from late afternoon till dawn. This is a great place to enjoy some **roughhousing**, get the latest war news, pick up on rumors, inside information, and tips on work, as well as warrior-babes who like it rough.

Part of the nightly entertainment involves impromptu challenges at fisticuffs, wrestling matches, duels, and brawls between individuals and groups of patrons. Fun and roughhousing that sometimes spills into the arena as impromptu (usually free) physical contests, duels and death matches. Matches that are bet upon heavily and brokered by the Den's owner and partners. Betting on such skirmishes is encouraged, with the house setting the odds and holding the money (for a five percent commission regardless of who wins or loses). The drunker the Den's patrons get, the more challenges, duels and brawls to bet on.

The Lion's Den is owned by a retired, detoxed Juicer turned entrepreneur, who calls himself "Cougar" McGee. Age: 41,



Alignment: Anarchist; considered a 10th level **Headhunter Techno-Warrior**. Attributes: I.Q. 11, M.A. 20, M.E. 9, P.S. 28 (bionic arms), P.P. 22 (bionic arms), P.E. 11, P.B. 8, Spd. 21. Notable Combat Stats: 61 Hit Points, 54 S.D.C., six attacks per melee round, +3 on initiative, +6 to strike, +7 to parry and dodge, +5 to pull punch, +1 to disarm opponent when using a firearm, +4 to save vs Horror Factor and +10 to save vs coma & death; Hand to Hand: Martial Arts, Recognize Weapon Quality 98%, Find Contraband 83%, and has a zillion contacts with lawmen, mercenaries, bandits, assassins, smugglers, **Cyber-Knights** on both sides of the schism, the Black Market, Tolkeen business and government leaders (he was offered a position as a Warlord but declined) and even a couple of Coalition spies operating away from Mad Town. His bionic arms include the following concealed weapons: Chemical spray, wrist **garrote**, particle beam blaster, retractable **Vibro-Blade**, and shooting knuckle spikes on the right hand, regular knuckle spikes on the left.

Note: Half the town is absolutely convinced that this savvy character (and select members of his crew, like Tops) is a secret agent working for Tolkeen, feeding them information about mercenary, criminal and Coalition activity going on in the Kingdom. One popular rumor is that he answers directly to King Creed or Warlord Scard. Cougar laughs at these rumors, asking, "When would I find the time? I'm usually here and I'm always working." The rumors persist. What is known as a certainty is that Cougar loves Juicers and will go out of his way to help them. He is rumored to have many secret chambers and tunnels under the arena to hide Juicers on the run, and offers a private, low cost "detox program" for those looking to save themselves before it is too late. Only Juicers know the details of this program and the cost. (It's zero! Cougar provides the costly detox program for free. Well, mostly. He tells the participants that they own him their life, and in return he asks only two things of them, one, if he should ask them to do him a favor, they will do so without question or payment, and two, to help other Juicers — especially helping those who want it, to break free of the chemical bonds that lead all Juicers to an early grave without detox.)

The Saloon is managed and the peace (such as it is) kept by a stern, humorless man who calls himself **Lenny "Top Cat" Carter** (neither his real name)— "**Tops**" to his friends; a truly privileged few. He is a huge black man, standing six foot, ten inches tall (2 m), 300 pounds (135 kg), bristling with muscles and who is said to have been a **Cyber-Knight** who was personally recruited and trained by Lord Coake. According to the rumor mill, he lost Lord Coake's favor and after years of adventure along the Mexican border, settled down at the Lion's Den. Top Cat neither confirms nor denies any stories, avoiding the subject of his past with comments like, "I don't need to share my past to kick your behind," and, "My past is mine alone. Be worried about the here and now. And right now you're in my face, which isn't a good place to be." Top Cat is a master of intimidation and does indeed have incredible reflexes and adept fighting skills. To support the claim of knighthood, there are a number of eyewitness accounts that insist Top Cat is able to create a massive Psi-Axe in one hand and a small Psi-Sword in the other, as well as possessing a few other powers known to Cyber-Knights. He is also said to have an affinity for machines. **Note**: Age: Unknown, looks 30ish but probably older, Alignment: Aberrant, but is kind and merciful to those who deserve it

and defends the innocent, but is a ruthless killer and devious against those without honor and/or who victimize the innocent. With a little work he could become a better alignment, but for now, he is hard-bitten, disillusioned, cold and brutal. Considered to be an 11th level Commando (really *is* a 10th level Fallen Cyber-Knight trained by Lord Coake!). Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.A. 13, M.E. 21, P.S. 30, P.P. 24, P.E. 14, P.B. 12, Spd. 19. Notable Combat Stats: 61 Hit Points, 74 S.D.C., seven attacks per melee round, +3 on initiative, +7 to strike, +8 to parry and dodge, +6 to pull punch, +3 to disarm, +3 to save vs Horror Factor, needs a 9 or higher to save vs psionic attack (includes bonuses); see page 27 of **Coalition Wars™ Four** for additional bonuses from *Cyber-Knight Zen Combat!* Hand to Hand: Martial Arts; Psi-Axe and Psi-Sword do 5D6 M.D. (a shimmering red color). Major Psychic: 81 I.S.P.; Psi-Sword, Psi-Shield, **Telekinetic** Push, Sixth Sense, Alter Aura, See the Invisible, Resist Fatigue, Bio-Regenerate, Deaden Senses, Mind Block, and Meditation. **Cyber-Armor**: A.R. 17, 80 M.D.C. main body, +6 to all other areas of living armor (regenerates).

Top Cat's Assistants: He is assisted by **Maxie**, his right-hand man (and an 8th level Feral Dog Boy runaway from the CS), a trio of 6th level **Groot Hunters**, a couple of 5th level **Momano Headhunters**, and **Sally LaBelle**, a 6th level Mind Melter of considerable charm and persuasiveness. She is also rumored to be Tops' sweetheart (notable psionic powers include: Mind Block, Group Mind Block, Mask I.S.P. and Psionics, Detect Psionics, Induce Sleep, Deaden Senses, Ectoplasmic Disguise, Impervious to Fire, Impervious to Poison, Resist Hunger, Empathy, Telepathy, Object Read, See Aura, Sense Evil, Sense Time, Hypnotic Suggestion, Group Trance, Mentally Possess Others, Mind Wipe, **Empathic** Transmission and Telekinetic Force Field; 110 I.S.P.). All assistants are loyal to "Tops" and "**Cougar**" (alignments ranging from Unprincipled to Aberrant, with Sally being Unprincipled and the Groot being Miscreant, Aberrant and Anarchist).

41. Arena Parking Lot. Also used by other local businesses and visitors to the South Corner.

42. The Zip Shop: A place that sells a vast range of hovercycles, rocket bikes, and jet packs, as well as conventional motorcycles, snowmobiles and jet skis. Modifications for combat (i.e. the addition of 1-2 weapon systems) are easily made at the customizing shop attached to the store.

Other Places of Note at Mad Town:

43. Mad Zack's Operator's Shack: A large, run-down establishment that smells of grease, gasoline, and sweat, but is also one of the best mechanics and repair shops in the entire region! Four dozen Operators, a half dozen City Rats, four **Techno-Wizards** and a couple of Psi-Techs work in shifts around the clock. "Old Man Zack" is a 13th level **Techno-Wizard** who looks to be in his 80's but is relatively spry for his age. His youngest of seven sons, "Little Zack," is a 42 year old, 10th level Operator with amazing skill and dexterity (I.Q. 19 and P.P. 25).

Prices are 40-60% higher than usual, but the workmanship is always perfect and done in a third of the usual time. This place is always jumping with activity. Old Man Zack claims he and his crew can fix and modify any vehicle including tanks, power armor, robots and **Techno-Wizard** vehicles. Services include es-

timates of damage, cost and time of repair for 25 credits, recharging Energy Clips for 3000 credits (there's usually a 24 hour waiting period; leave the E-Clip and pick it up at the same time tomorrow), vehicular customizing, repair and rebuilding. Sorry, vehicles only, will not repair body armor, electronics, cybernetics, weapons, magic items, or alien gizmos (exceptions can only be authorized by Little or Old Man Zack).

44. Mom's Shop: Um, "mom"as in M.O.M. conversion shop. Looking to get turned into a Crazy? Then this is the place. Best of all, the people here have a list of "sponsors" willing to pay for the brain enhancements provided one is willing to work for them in a combat capacity for several years. Typical length of duty is 4-6 years, but sometimes half that time depending on what the patron needs done, how down and dirty the deed is, and how quickly it needs to be done. Of course, "short cuts" are always incredibly dangerous and often borderline suicidal, but then again, we are talking about newbie "Crazies"who feel newly empowered and cocky. Standard cost for conversion, with frequent 20% off sales.



45. Big Sam's Salvage: This is a Black Market operation that not only buys obvious salvage and used vehicles, weapons and equipment, but also fences stolen goods. Big Sam's and most Black Market outfits in and around Tolkeen are only willing to pay 5-20% of the normal market price and buy scrap metal (including trashed vehicles and bots) for five credits a ton. So if a weapon normally sells for 30,000 credits, Big Sam's will only pay 1,500-6,000 credits. Only exotic, powerful and magic items are getting 30-60% of their true market value. Note: See

the section on *Skelebot Graveyards* for an idea of what the Black Market will pay for select salvage and other items.

Big Sam is a 6th level, N'mbyr Gorilla Man, assassin of Miscreant alignment who likes to gamble and live high on the hog. Consequently, despite a thriving business, unless he made a big score at the casino, he is always broke, grumpy and looking to cheat somebody out of their valuables. In addition to the salvage, Big Sam is a rumor-monger who sells information. Nothing that would actually hurt the Mad Town underworld, but all kinds of rumors, hearsay and innuendo, as well as dirt on **Cyber-Knights** and the Coalition (he hates them both).

He and his trusted sales agents also have connections with a dozen safe houses exclusive to fellow Black Marketeers and "trusted" friends.

Big Sam and his team offer other Black Market services such as falsified travel documents, identification papers, etc., and can put prospective buyers of M.O.M. and Juicer conversions in touch with a sponsor to pay the bill in exchange for "X" number of years of service. The Black Market is one of these sponsors, although they usually limit themselves to criminal types of anarchist and evil alignments.

46. The Junkyard. Guarded by three Devil Sloths (see page 211 of *Coalition War Campaign™*) and a rogue CS Kill Hound who love to terrorize people. The Kill Hound is also used to "encourage" people who owe Big Sam money to pay up.

47. The Cyber-House. The cleanest and most reputable bionics and conversion shop in town. Prices are a little bit higher than usual, but well worth the safety and service. Does repairs and maintenance as well as partial and full conversion. Well known to **Headhunters**.

48. **Maybell's** Boarding House. A pleasant, old-fashioned boarding house run by a motherly human woman (Maybell, Principled; 6th level) and her equally kindly friend, a Noli (**Saratonga, Scrupulous**, 7th level). Both are widows with grown children who have moved away or died in the war, so there is no "man of the house," however, they are loved by the many mercenaries and adventurers who come to know them. Even characters of evil alignment take a liking to these generous and kind women and watch out for their well being. If anything untoward should happen to one or both, or to the establishment, the perpetrator(s) will be hunted down and brought to justice — depending on who gets the **perp**, that justice might come at the end of a rope.

A comfy room and breakfast costs only 65 credits a night, but many patrons leave the ladies and their helpers sizeable tips as well as do favors around the house such as making repairs, painting, and similar.

49. The Blue Flame. The most reputable magic shop in town. Stocks a large selection of common TW melee weapons, revolvers, pistols, rifles, rods and devices, as well as Wing Boards and various magical components. The occasional other magic item (potions, charms, talismans, wands, rods, etc.) also find their way to the shop, which is always looking for items to purchase and sell. TW items are standard price, rare and exotic items are typically double.

There are three owners: Old Gabe, a positively ancient looking man everybody in town is convinced is a 20th level Ley Line Walker, although he has denied it for 40 years (he is really

a 15th level Scholar of Scrupulous alignment; the only magic he wields is from a half dozen magic items he has kept for himself). **Mad AI**, a 60 something, 12th level **Techno-Wizard** (Anarchist alignment) and **Mr. Dunn** a **D'norr Devilman** sorcerer suspected of being a dragon (he is a 9th level Thunder Lizard, 293 years old, and Anarchist alignment). All are reasonable and fair, but a little irritable. They are helped by several young acolytes and a couple of trusted oldtimers like themselves (vagabonds or retired farmers).

In addition to the magic these gents sell, they know a lot of people in and out of town, and are "connected" to numerous groups of **Techno-Wizards**. They have no love for the Federation of Magic and understand the Coalition's paranoia about magic, but still hate them for what they are doing to the Kingdom of Tolkeen. If Old Gabe and Mad AI were younger, they'd be out fighting the invaders - Mr. Dunn stays to keep his elderly friends safe and because he hates politics and tries to stay out of conflicts.

50. The Bionic Resale Shop: This place is only one step above a Body Chop-Shop. It **buys** used cybernetics and bionics for 20-50% of the standard market price, with internal organs, optics, sensors and bio-systems getting top dollar. They don't ask questions about cybernetic "salvage" - parts that have clearly been removed from a human body - which makes it a den for bandits and Cyber-Snatchers willing to butcher their victims for their valuable bionics. The shop will even consider accepting the entire corpse of a dead cyborg in reasonably good condition, provided the victim is not recognizable or has obvious affiliations to the Coalition States or forces known to be allied to Tolkeen. However, this is frowned upon by the community and dangerous to everybody concerned, so they prefer to accept artificial limbs and parts that have already been removed from the "unfortunate victim." They supposedly avoid buying and selling Coalition salvage to avoid CS retribution, but they will buy, sell and install just about anything from anywhere if they think they can get away with it. In fact, they use this as an excuse to always pay less (usually half of the already low rate) for CS bionic parts, and CS manufactured bionics are easy to identify.

The shop **sells** used (cleaned and repaired) cybernetic and bionic parts loose, as well as installed. In the latter case, they will actually have their Cyber-Docs install used parts (either purchased there or provided by the client) into a client and are capable of performing maintenance, repair work, upgrades, partial reconstruction and full conversion - all at 20-30% below normal costs! Has ties to the Black Market.

51. Park Place Hotel. Another nice establishment to spend the night; 120 credits a night.

52. Park Garage. A medium-sized mechanics' shop that fixes both conventional and **Techno-Wizard** vehicles. Fair prices and good work, but always overbooked, so it will take 1D6 days before they can even get around to looking at the vehicle.

53. The Palace Casino. Every game of cards, dice and chance are found in this gaudy, all-night establishment. A theater for live acts, dancing girls, singers and amateur-night is found on the main floor along with several bars, shops and eateries. The Palace is half owned by Marc **Bartaine**, but is managed by co-owner Flip **Lomin**, a Quick-Flex Alien and 12th level professional gambler. Visitors and adventurers flock here,

eager to turn their latest paycheck or loot into a bigger payday. Of course, most lose their shirts. This is also where one can find the best professional gamblers, hucksters and cultured crooks.

54. Golden Nugget Hotel. A posh but garish establishment where one can stay for 240 credits a night. It also offers a private bank, jewelry store, liquor store, swimming pool, sauna and massages.

55. Parking Lot. This lot is always packed with vehicles, but is also a place targeted by car thieves and muggers.

56. Church.

57. Stables and Storage. A place to leave one's vehicle, giant robot, power armor or riding animal under lock and key, and good care. Includes a veterinary clinic, repair shop, auto-wash (for cars and bots), and detailing shop for getting airbrush designs.

58. The Tri-Mark. A pyramid shaped building with rooms and floors for rent. Although there are some legitimate businesses located here, it is primarily used as a recruitment office by various groups looking for gunmen and labor. Several mercenary outfits, lawmen, towns, businesses and even the Tolkeen military have recruitment offices here. Tours of duty are typically 1-4 years, but sometimes special one-shot missions and short-term (1-12 month) deals can be cut, although they tend to be the most dangerous (but best paying too).

59. The Black Hole: A cheesy little place with a surprisingly good selection of alcohol at low prices and attractive barmaids and female entertainment. This is a favorite watering hole for thieves, smugglers and other criminals. The owner, Nick Black, who is also the head bartender, is a member of the Black Market and an 8th level Smuggler (D'norr Devilman, Miscreant alignment). His wife, **Seelna**, is a 7th level assassin (D'norr, Diabolic) who is an independent but the Black Market is one of her clients. Anyone looking to make a connection with the Black Market can do it here. Patrons can also sell stolen goods to them (they fence them via the Market). Typical alignments (across the board): 30% Diabolic, 30% Miscreant, 15% Aberrant, 15% Anarchist, and 10% others.

60. Corner Pawn Shop. Pays the pawner 10-30% of the item's street value and holds it for 30 days before placing it out for sale. To redeem a pawned weapon one must return with the claim ticket and the amount paid out to get it back. The shop also buys and sells used weapons, paying 20-40% of their true value and selling them at only a 50% mark-up (about 30-50% below market). Unlike some other shops, they have no hesitation about selling Coalition weapons and gear, and half the shop is Coalition items stripped from the defeated and dead as war trophies and sold. There is something disturbing about the Corner Pawn Shop above and beyond its sleazy atmosphere.

Note: Remember, these are just some of the most notable places in town, the G.M. should feel free to add his own. After all, businesses come and go at places like this, and there are a lot of little dives that have not been covered.





Salvation

A town in the Mizereen Barony

Population Breakdown: Before the war, approximately 5200 residents. Since the war, the population has dwindled to 1700 residents.

- 53% Human
- 45% D-Bees
- 2% Other (dragons, the truly alien, supernatural beings, etc.)

Transient Population: Welcomed but seldom more than 2D4x100 at any given time.

Transient Population Breakdown by Occupation:

- 20% Members of the Tolkeen Army looking for some R&R.
- 25% Men at Arms: Professional Fighters (Mercs, Juicers, Headhunters, Gunfighters, Gunslingers, Cyber-Knights, etc.) hired by or allied to Tolkeen.
- 10% Men at Arms: Criminals (Thieves, Bandits, Smugglers, etc.).
- 15% Adventurers (like the player characters), perhaps unallied or working as freebooters or just passing through.
- 25% Practitioners of Magic (various; usually under sixth level).
- 5% Other (Scholars, Operators, Psychics, Dragon R.C.C.S, etc.).

Transient Population Breakdown by Race:

- 40% Human
- 58% D-Bee (various)
- 2% Other

Salvation is unique in that it attracts and welcomes both practitioners of magic and men of arms. It has a small arena, gun shop, mechanics' garage, gambling hall and numerous saloons to appeal to the more rough and tumble types, as well as a park designed for meditation, art gallery, small library, house of healing, and guild houses for the magic disciplines of *Ley Line Walker Wizardry*, *Dimension Magic* (i.e. those specializing in Ley Line Magic), *Summoning/Shifting* and *Techno-Wizardry*. The two oldest and most prominent institutions of magic in town are the **Foundation for Shifting & Demonology** and the **Institute of Mysticism** catering to psychics and mystics.

Salvation was founded nearly a hundred years ago by several tiny bands of practitioners of magic. They had rejected the Federation of Magic because they hated the constant political intrigue, backstabbing and petty rivalries. They sought to establish a community where the different magic disciplines could coexist in harmony and support each other. And so Salvation was born in a remote corner of Mizereen. The community has a cozy, small town feel to it, and is quite wealthy due to the influence of its magic wielding inhabitants. The town has always welcomed visiting sorcerers, scholars and creatures of magic, but with the

advent of war, they have opened their doors to soldiers and adventurers as well. Sadly, Salvation has seen over two thirds of its population depleted. From the very onset of the war, practitioners of magic were in high demand, and the sorcerers of Salvation ran off to do their patriotic duty in the defense of their kingdom. Long before the Sorcerers' Revenge, most of Salvation's patriots had perished in the line of duty. As great as their mystic skills and courage may have been, these men and women of magic were not warriors and their inexperience cost them dearly. A few hundred still survive but remain active in the military and are counted among the defenders in The Barrens or the City of Tolkeen.

Those on the home-front feel overwhelmed, beaten down and cheated. The sense of loss is overwhelming. In some cases, entire families were wiped out. Hurting and embittered by the war, the people of Salvation continue to struggle on, but see their dream slipping away, and even their lovely community has become a half ghost and half broken-down resort town for the military. The sad truth is, with the magic wielding earners of the town, prosperity is also gone, and the people need the money brought in by adventurers, mercenaries and soldiers who enjoy their facilities. Only about 15% of the remaining population are practitioners of magic, the rest are children and widows. Of the 255 sorcerers, a third are sick and elderly (although powerful, averaging between 9-13th level) and another third are young first and second level beginners in their craft. That leaves 85 mages in their prime, levels 6-10, to carry the weight of their community's survival. A weight made all the heavier by disillusionment and hate for the very kingdom they once loved, for the vast majority blame King Creed and the Council at Tolkeen for their losses. Worse, they look to the future and see only death and destruction. Few can believe that Tolkeen will survive another Coalition invasion the size of the last one, and they see it coming. Those who don't share this fatalistic view, have either joined the Tolkeen Army or given up caring entirely. The sorcerers and psychics who remain at Salvation are not without their own resources, and every divination, spell of oracle, and demonic agent sent to the south to see for themselves have made the same report: The Coalition Army builds rapidly. They will come again. And this time, it seems, there will be no stopping them.

Perhaps it was because nearly half the sorcerers remaining in Salvation are Shifters or masters of other dark magic that they hatched the most unlikely of survival scenarios. A scheme accepted by the majority of the townsfolk perhaps out of some dark need to strike back at the nation that ruined them. A deal with the devil. A devil wearing Dead Boy armor.

The mages have unanimously *sold out* Tolkeen to the Coalition States. They have made a secret pact with the CS in which they have agreed to spy upon fellow sorcerers, patriots, soldiers and adventurers. The picturesque resort setting of their town attracts a wide range of people. Folks who feel safe among friends and fellow patriots, so they talk freely and say things that perhaps they should not. Things that pass from the lips of a rum-soaked officer on leave to the ears of a bartender, to the those of a Coalition liaison.

Although a big part of Salvation's efforts is gathering and relaying information to the enemy, it gets worse. They also identify key figures in the Tolkeen war campaign. Military

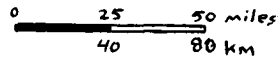
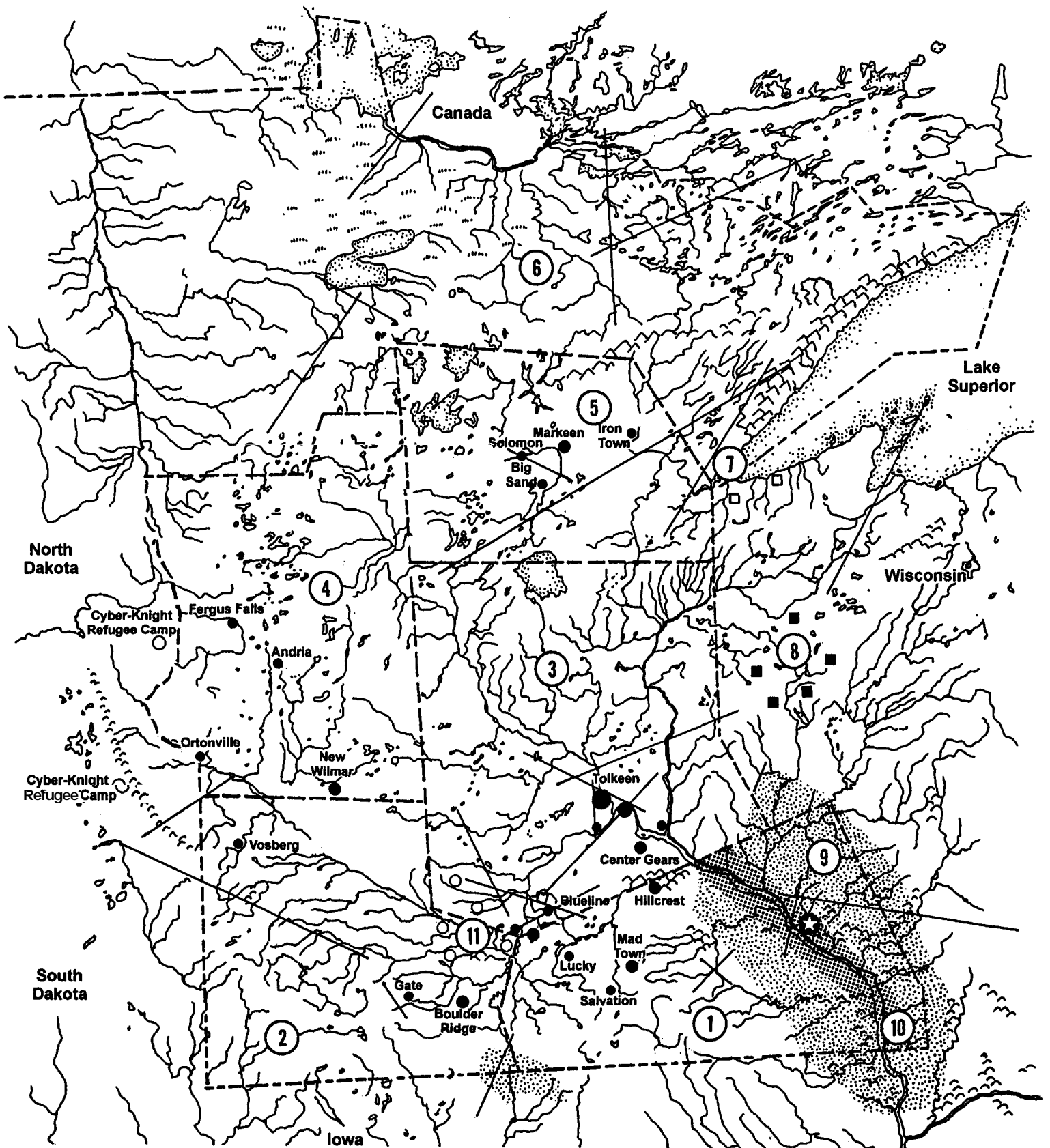
personnel, allies, and heroes that are marked for death. As incredible as it may sound, the mages of Salvation often go so far as to capture freedom fighters, military leaders and heroes themselves, and turn them over to the CS. Sometimes they even bushwhack groups of heroes themselves, saving the Coalition the trouble of finding them. Their treachery knows no boundary and any, including fellow practitioners of magic, dragons and old friends are fair game.

On the surface, this may seem like a desperate ploy to save their own skins. The Coalition Army has made a point to steer clear of Salvation, and the sorcerers are paid handsomely for their services, but these mages are nobody's fool. They know the Coalition will never keep its promise to spare them. The CS sees them as vermin and will destroy them as soon as victory appears to be within their grasp. No, this isn't about money or survival, it is about revenge. Revenge against a King and country who has sold them all down the river. Mercy killings of fools blinded by dreams of freedom, independence or glory. It is about the anguish and fury of shattered dreams and souls lost to hate and despair.

In the end, however, the people of Salvation expect to have the last laugh, for now that they have won the Coalition's trust with a year and a half of flawless intelligence and countless acts of ambush and murder that has removed many "obstacles" from the Coalition's path, they plan on betraying the devil in black. Phase one is already accomplished, they have convinced the CS that their intelligence is wrong about Rivereen. That it only "appears" weak and open to invasion, because it is a trap that will make the Sorcerers' Revenge look like a picnic. That the only path to Tolkeen is through The Barrens and straight into the great city. Moreover, they have given the Coalition Army a magical device that they claim can negate Tolkeen's defenses, but that is only a half truth. The device will open a dimensional portal that will whisk 50,000 troops into the heart of the city where they will be cut off from the rest of their forces and be destroyed. But not before setting the capitol of the nation ablaze and sending thousands of Tolkeenites with them to the grave. And while Tolkeen burns, the people of Salvation shall pack up and leave through Rivereen, scattering to start new lives elsewhere. Some, ironically, seeing the Federation of Magic as not so bad after all.

Note: All dealings with the sorcerers of Salvation are "unofficial." There are no formal records of any kind and only a tiny handful of Coalition officers in a rogue cell within the CS Army are privy to the verbal "arrangement." They can justify their association with men of magic because, a) they are using them to destroy a greater evil, and b) they plan on destroying them when their usefulness comes to an end (by surprise). Furthermore, they have made promises they can not keep, namely the protection of Salvation. Once the second big push is underway, the rogue cell will have no influence on the invading hordes and a town such as Salvation will be one of the first to go as the Army presses north to encircle Tolkeen. As far as history will be concerned, none of this double dealing ever happened, and those who claim otherwise are liars trying to besmirch the reputation and honor of the great Coalition States.

Adventure Note: Game Masters, Salvation can be a hotbed of intrigue and adventure, use it as such.



- 1. Mizereen Barony
- 2. Rivereen Barony
- 3. Tolkeen Barony
- 4. Wildwoods Barony
- 5. Markeen Barony
- 6. Xiticix Territory
- 7. Duluth Hive
- 8. CS Death Camps (from top to bottom: Glory, Grate, Purity, Prosek & Victory)
- 9. The Barrens
- 10. Elemental Alley
- 11. Tolkeen P.O.W. Camps (from top to bottom: Epsilon, Gamma, Beta, Delta & Alpha)

Specter

Population Breakdown: 27, but may appear to be many times that number.

- One Shifter, named **Tarlong**, 7th level, Diabolic.
- Five Necromancers averaging 6th to 8th level, all Miscreant, following a mysterious madman calling himself Black Oberon.
- Black Oberon is the sixth Necromancer and the leader of this grim band. He is a 12th level Russian Necromancer, Diabolic, and hungry for revenge.
- 9 human grunts/assistants, averaging first and second level; evil or anarchist alignments.
- 11 D-Bee grunts/assistants, averaging first and second level; evil or anarchist alignments.

Note: This does not include the legion of animated dead (by the hundreds) at their command.

Nestled in the heart of The Barrens, not far from the ruins of the **Great Skelebot Graveyard** where the Mizereen cities of *Cochrane*, *Adamsville* and *Martin* once stood, is a new shanty-town its founders call Specter. It supposedly gets its name from the fact that it rises on land soaked by the blood of thousands, but there is a more sinister reason behind the name. Specter is a trap for returning Coalition patrols operating in The Barrens.

Inevitably a shanty-town attracts visitors. Most ordinary adventurers find Specter to be little more than a ghost-town of mostly empty buildings and inhospitable residents. **Tolkeen** troops have been warned to stay away from the place, while unsuspecting adventurers are met on the edge of town by one or more of its inhabitants. People who make it clear that visitors are not welcomed. Those who respond in a threatening manner or sneak into town are likely to suffer the same fate as Coalition troops. If the “greeter” suspects a group is really Coalition soldiers in disguise or CS spies, or are obvious CS troops, they are invited to come and enjoy all the town has to offer. Fact is, the town is designed to attract CS attention and lure scouting parties, seek and destroy squads, SAMAS fly-by patrols and even larger units to come to investigate it. The inhabitants have gotten very good at feigning friendship or terror, whichever it takes to get CS soldiers to follow them. Their favorites are actually the arrogant squads and platoons that stomp into town with murder in their hearts. That’s the whole idea, you see, for Specter is a *death trap*. A spider’s web with the resident practitioners of magic the bloodthirsty spiders, the townsfolk their helpers, and the Coalition soldiers the unsuspecting flies.

Fools who rush in from land or air will find a town that seems to be largely deserted. Only a dozen or two people can be observed running into buildings or bunkers for cover. Suspecting a trap, most Coalition soldiers are much too smart to follow after them (anticipating a trap). Instead, most spread out, staying outside and selecting mounds of rubble or pieces of blasted vehicles or buildings for cover to hide behind. Placed out in the open and in no way suitable for an ambush or crossfire. Preferring to err on the side of caution, many start blasting apart the buildings, blowing all inside to kingdom come

or causing the structures to collapse. Which is exactly what the architects of this town want, for it is from the ground cover and the very earth the soldiers are kneeling on that the animated dead rise up to grab their prey. Before the soldiers know what has hit them they are swarmed by zombies, skeletons and animated corpses. Dead men, 80% of which are fallen CS troops (only half in M.D.C. armor), grabbing and pinning their arms, legs and weapons so that they can not escape or shoot. Even if the soldiers can fire, they are only vaporizing corpses that they themselves will soon replace. Once captured and held, the soldiers are easily executed - Black Oberon and his men have no



interest in prisoners or booty, only revenge — and their bodies added to the growing army of the dead at Specter.

This ploy has lured over one hundred Coalition Soldiers, twenty snoops and a half dozen suspected spies to their graves just in the time since the Sorcerers' Revenge. Should the Coalition Army return en masse, Black Oberon and his men plan on disguising themselves as CS soldiers, along with enough animated dead clad (appropriately enough) in Dead Boy armor to form a company or two of troops and, with any luck, manage to infiltrate a battalion of real soldiers. Their best option is to pretend they are advanced troops already engaging the enemy (perhaps popping off a couple dozen animated dead to prove the point). Once joined by the new troops, they plan to disperse among them and attack, supported by more skeletons and rotting carcasses rising up from under the ground. Should the Necromancers' scheme work, they will dispatch the battalion and assume its place and wait for new ambush opportunities. Should the plot fail, the Necromancers will try to slip away in the confusion. When the war is over, Black Oberon and some of his comrades plan to explore opportunities in Calgary. Failing that, they may head for the Chi-Town 'Burbs or Devil's Gate (St. Louis Arch) to cause the Coalition trouble there. Black Oberon is a bandit from the Magic Zone who has fallen out of favor with the Federation of Magic.

Lucky

Lucky is a small town of 265 people. It's more of a farm community and trading post than a full-blown town. It got its name when the founding family struck gold while digging a well. For the next five years it was a boom town that swelled to eight thousand, but when the gold dried up, so did the town. Still, the people who stayed did alright for themselves and built a nice little community. Back in 43 P.A., a monster tornado ripped across the Mizereen Barony, wiping out two towns and killing thousands before a powerful Warlock was able to divert it. True to its name, the twister skipped over Lucky without mussing a hair on a single person. In 63 P.A. a prospector searching for a new vein of gold struck a different kind of pay dirt when he uncovered an ancient ruin full of pre-Rifts books and artifacts. The town of New Wilmar bought half of it, and the people of Lucky made a fortune, enough to build the Trading Post and live out their lives in comfort anywhere in the world, although most stayed right where they were. Even in the thick of the war, Lucky has not been stung by a single laser blast. The closest a Coalition convoy came to them was within twenty miles (32 km) when a battalion of Iron Juggernauts and Daemonix swooped down and turned them away. The day raiders were threatening the Trading Post, a band of Cyber-Knights happened along to dispatch the brigands before anybody got hurt. The worst thing that has happened in the last 20 years was the natural death of old Mrs. Sanders (132 years old), Sissy's miscarriage and the McTaggarts' losing six of their horses and two of their cows in a storm.

Some locals in Mizereen believe Lucky is a magical place, perhaps blessed by a god, or protected by some ancient woodland spirit, but there is no evidence of any such thing. The people of Lucky can not explain their good fortune and just hope that their luck doesn't run out at any time soon.

Adventure Note: The people of Lucky are simple country folk, of predominantly good alignments and kind and generous natures. They welcome adventurers and there is a small boarding house near the Trading Post. The Lucky Trading Post is a combination general store and trappers' lodge where one can buy and sell animal furs, livestock, herbs and basic wilderness, hunting, trapping, and fishing supplies. It is also where the trappers and visiting mercenaries hang out and where one can hear the latest gossip and adventures of those passing through. Native Americans and Psi-Stalkers like the people and place very much and keep an eye on it. Lucky is a good place to rest for a night or two, stock up on supplies, and maybe get some leads for adventure through gossip and stories from other visitors.

On the strange side, maybe this town is "lucky" for some reason. Maybe it is blessed or rests on a magical power point (although it is several miles from the nearest ley lines). A fact that *may* somehow help the player characters at some point. Perhaps the group is hiding or on the run from a Coalition patrol, bounty hunters or bandits. They lay low at Lucky and somehow they elude their pursuers, at least as long as they stay in town. Of course, Lucky is not an invisible shield, so this will only work once or twice. On the other hand, perhaps during a rest stop at Lucky, the player group discovers an important lead, clue or bit of information that is helpful to them, or alerts them to a conspiracy or diabolical plot, or puts them onto the trail of the CS squad, spies, raiders or saboteurs they are looking for — ideally bad guys who plan to hit Lucky, of course, and the heroes' intervention saves the town yet **again!**



Blueline

A city in the Barony of Tolkeen

Population Breakdown: Approximately 54,200 not including a strong military presence.

- 42% Human
- 56% D-Bees
- 2% Other (dragons, the truly alien, supernatural beings, etc.)

Blueline is located in the Barony of Tolkeen but is cradled in the wedge between Mizereen and Rivereen. Located between two intersecting ley lines, with a third nearby, it was inevitable that Blueline has built a strong magic community. Not just any run of the mill magic community, but a **Techno-Wizard** engineering complex, manufacturer and think-tank. They are responsible for such innovations as the *Iron Juggernauts* and *Turbo-Wing Boards*, and are specialists in the design and manufacture **Techno-Wizard** weapons and war machines. This makes the city and the neighboring TW Industrial Belt towns, communities of tremendous strategic importance to the Kingdom of Tolkeen and the war effort. Consequently, it is one of the most heavily fortified and well defended areas after Tolkeen and Freehold. The trio of ley lines enables Shifters and other sorcerers of Tolkeen to use the ley lines for quick transport of troops to and from Tolkeen, as well as other offensive and defensive actions. Rapid magical transportation of its fighting forces provides Tolkeen's military with quick strike capabilities, and both they and local defenders enjoy enhanced **firepower**, the use of TW weapons and vehicles, fast troop deployment, and instant withdrawal and repositioning of troops and war machines via ley line Rifting and travel. Likewise, the ley lines provide quick and easy evacuations of civilians should that become necessary.

Virtually every type of **Techno-Wizard** weapon, war machine, vehicle and defense is up and running at Blueline, including several hundred Iron Juggernauts (96 to 144 of each type) and several new innovations currently under development for the Kingdom's defense. Speaking of defense, in addition to TW weapons and vehicles, Blueline has at its disposal, Stone Fortifications, Elementals, summoned monsters, dragons, Shifters, Ley Line Walkers, Mystics, Shifters and others at its disposal as residents, militia and part of the standing army.

Techno-Wizard Industrial Belt

Note: Security and military presence is high at Blueline and most of the communities of the TW Industrial Belt. Consequently, no adventurers, freebooters, or visitors are allowed to visit them. Other than workers brought in to work extra shifts (no P.O.W.s), there is no transient population nor outside visitors.

1. Blueline is the centerpiece in a network of **Techno-Wizard** industrialized communities near and along the triple ley lines. Most were came into existence because of Blueline and serve as parts and component suppliers, machine shops, specialty manufacturers and support systems for Blueline. Basically a cluster of industrial towns supporting the big city not unlike pre-Rifts Detroit and other classic manufacturing centers. Blueline pretty much makes it all, but relies on "outsourcing" for additional ma-

terials, components and increased production. Note: Blueline and its TW Industrial Belt partners design 60% of Tolkeen's military hardware and manufacture 50% of all TW weapons and war machines in the kingdom. The City of Tolkeen produces another 25%, Center Gears a city on the outskirts of Tolkeen 5%, and the remaining manufacturing is scattered among various other communities. Historically, Blueline has counted the Black Market, **Bandito** Arms, and the Colorado Baronies among its clients, but with the war it has focused entirely on providing weapons and vehicles for the war effort. Unfortunately, none of the TW manufacturers can keep up with demand and they are 9-12 months behind on production schedules.

2. Motor City is a city of 22,000 involved in general manufacturing and specializes in building and retooling engines, motors, cooling systems and machine parts.

3. Cobalt is a city of 17,000 that specializes in **metalsmithing** and armor. Its has been pivotal in making the casings for the Iron Juggernauts.

4. Powerline is a town of 12,500 that specializes in TW power supplies, magic energy containment systems, electronics, **summoning** and Elemental magic.

5. Airdale is a town of 11,000 that manufactures TW Floaters and aircraft, as well as related parts.

6. **Riverton** is a town of 9,000 specializing in TW firearms and munitions.

7. **Fairfield** is a town of 4,900 that specializes exclusively in making wheels, **tires**, treads and landing gear for TW vehicles.

8. Cyan is a town of 4,000 that specializes exclusively in making TW melee weapons.

9. Gaylord is a town of 3,200 that specializes exclusively in making Wing Boards and one and two-man Floaters of every variety.

10. The Bridge is not a community but an experimental **Techno-Wizard** construct of massive proportions. From the air it looks like a long, featureless bunker. From the ground, especially looking into it, it looks like a long concrete tunnel wide enough to accommodate large vehicles **and/or** creatures. Inside are lights and conduit running along the ceiling. At various places bits of strange looking machines jut out from the walls or down from the ceiling. The lighting is dim and the two mile (3.2 km) long tube is interesting but seems to have no purpose other than, perhaps, to serve as a giant hangar or garage. The walls of The Bridge are 15 feet (4.6 m) thick, made of M.D.C. concrete and stone, and reinforced with metal girders and magic. It was conceived in peacetime and its construction begun before the war. However, it was only completed a few months ago (there were a number of bugs that had to be worked out) and has been used only a few dozen times, but with total success.

The Bridge is an ingenious **Techno-Wizard** device that when activated, channels the energy from one ley line to another, effectively connecting them or "bridging" them together. An artificial means by which two ley lines are joined together with The Bridge as the nexus point! Until now, such a feat was considered to be impossible and this one took generations to design and over a decade to build.

What it can do: The Bridge enables Shifters, Ley Line Walkers and others capable of manipulating and traveling along ley lines to connect with the triangle of lines that surrounds

Tolkeen and Freehold. This means they can travel, without break, from any of the three ley lines near **Blueline** to all of those connected to the Tolkeen triangle. In this case, creating a ley line highway that can be navigated by **Techno-Wizard** vehicles and Line Walkers that could not normally access the other lines because of the two mile (3.2 km) break between the two networks of magic energy.



The Bridge enables mages to travel, float, fly, and Rift from anywhere on two (once separate) line clusters. Thus a Ley Line Walker can go from the small triple line cluster of Blueline to anywhere connected to the massive Tolkeen network, effectively linking the two communities with a magic energy highway. Only better than any normal "roads" the ley lines provide magical flight (as well as healing and communications) and *instant* transportation via Rifting from point A to point B.

When The Bridge is turned on, the ley line energy shoots through it and radiates up and out like a natural energy line. This means TW vehicles can fly through and over the tunnel as they would a natural ley line..

Practitioners of Magic with the knowledge to do so can draw upon the P.P.E. energy at The Bridge just as they could at a natural ley line. This means all Ley Line Walker special abilities can be performed at The Bridge as well as the ability to draw upon energy to cast spells and Rift.

What it can't do: Where The Bridge connects the two lines is NOT a ley line nexus and it does not have the extra P.P.E. energy or capabilities of a natural nexus point (i.e. a dimensional

Rift can not be opened at this man-made **junction**). In fact it drains all connecting lines and limits some of their capabilities.

System Flaws, Drawbacks & Problems: When The Bridge is up and running, it makes a rather loud thrumming noise that people using the transport mechanism find annoying, making it difficult to talk, concentrate and cast spells. The thrumming noise is loudest inside the tunnel, but can be heard for up to one mile (1.6 km) outside.

When turned on, The Bridge has a negative effect on certain types of Ley Line Magic as follows:

1. Requires a five minute long warm-up period before the lines are connected and The Bridge is functional. Also requires a five minute shut-down sequence in which energy is slowly dialed down and allowed to flow back to its respective ley lines. If turned off too quickly there are dangerous consequences.

Turning The Bridge off suddenly, without the normal five minute shut-down procedure, for any reason, has a 01-60% chance of causing a Ley Line Storm! The storm will cover the entire length of The Bridge and hang there for 3D4 minutes before it begins to roll down one of the two main ley lines connected to The Bridge. Roll percentile dice: 01-50% means it goes down the Blueline circuit, 51-00% means it travels down the Tolkeen line. The Ley Line Storm will last for only another 3D4 minutes after it starts to move.

2. The spell, *Ley Line Shutdown*, does not work. If the spell is tried at any of the connecting ley lines, energy bolts doing 1D6 M.D. ripple across the length of The Bridge, inside and out, for 2D6 minutes. Anybody traveling inside or above the construct will be struck by 1D6 bolts every melee round (15 seconds)! Turning The Bridge off to stop the mayhem will have dire consequences; see Number One, above.

3. The spell, *Ley Line Storm Defense*, can not be used anywhere along any of the connecting lines.

4. The spell, *Summon Ley Line Storm*, does not work anywhere along any of the connecting lines!

5. The spell, *Rift Triangular Defense System*, can be raised at Tolkeen and Freehold while The Bridge is up, but not at Blueline. However, as long as The Bridge is running, all *Rift Triangular Defense Systems* raised along the Tolkeen Triangle are reduced by half (50 M.D.C. instead of 100 M.D.C. per 10 foot diameter).

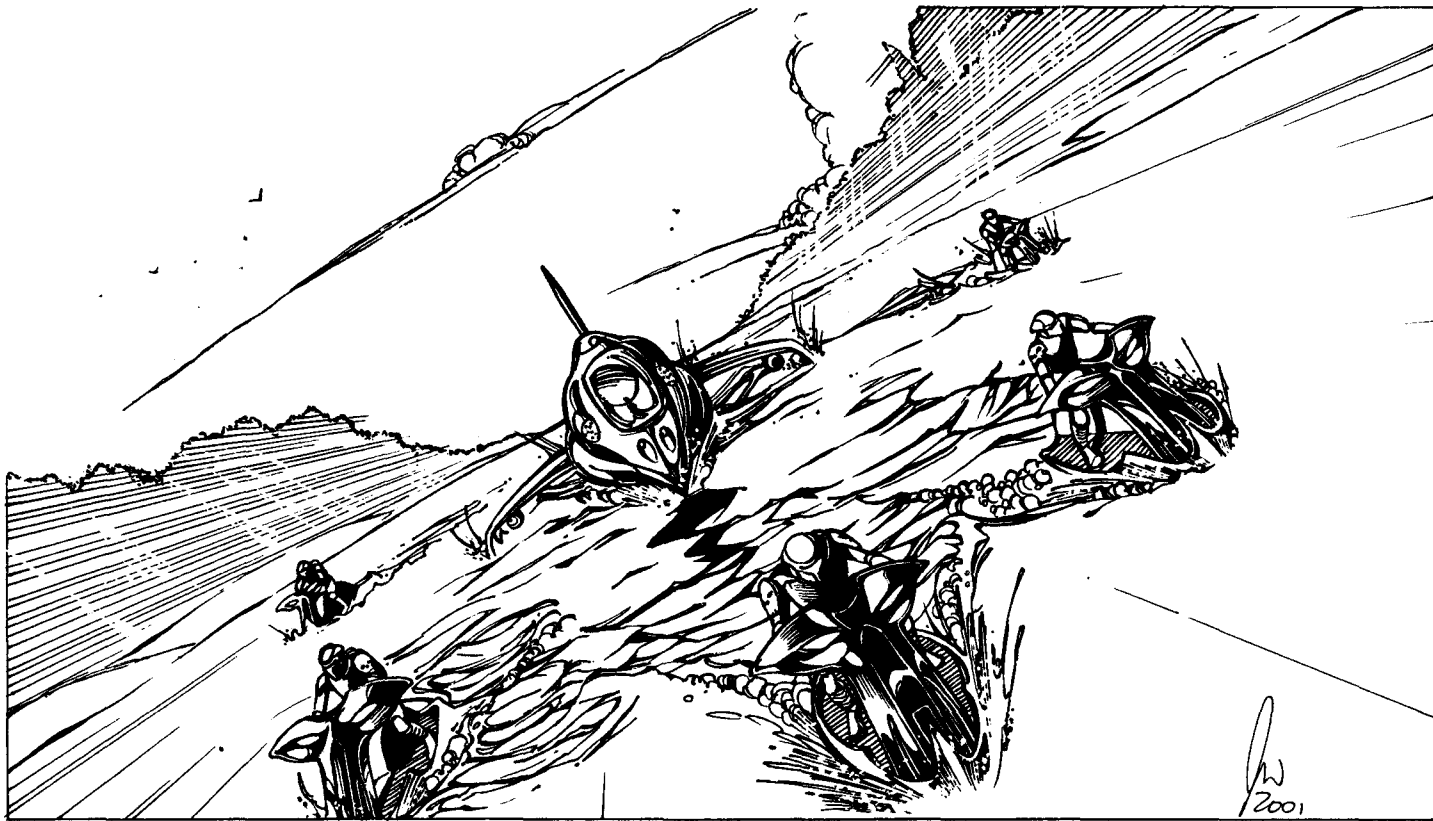
6. Just a reminder, The Bridge is not a true nexus, so no dimensional portals, **summonings** or other magic requiring a "nexus" can be performed at it.

Note: The Bridge has 25,000 M.D.C. It would have to lose 15,000 M.D.C. to be knocked out of commission, requiring 3D6 weeks of repairs on the part of Blueline to get it back up and running, but another six months to a year to get it back to full M.D.C. Targeting specific gizmos inside the tunnel will have the same effect and only requires 6000 M.D.C. worth of damage.

The opening is 30 feet (9.1 m) tall by 60 feet (18.3 m) wide. Walls and ceiling are 15 feet (4.6 m) thick with 200 M.D.C. per 10 foot (3 m) diameter. The ley line energy extends about 3000 feet (914 m) up and to either side, about half the normal distance for a ley line.

Coalition Intelligence believes The Bridge is a simple (albeit large) defensive bunker suspected of having some kind of magi-

cal defense or feature inside. One guess is a magical machine shop or garage to make quick repairs.



The Barony of Rivereen

The Barony of Rivereen (along with Mizereen) borders the Coalition State of Iowa. It is serene, beautiful country, with lush forests, fields of flowers, gentle meadows, and farms interwoven among an array of sparkling rivers, streams and lakes. It has always been a lightly populated region dotted with thousands of tiny homesteads, hunting and fishing lodges, farms and ranches. Hunting, fishing, and trapping are this barony's life and trade, with farming and raising livestock a close second. The largest towns in Rivereen seldom exceed more than a couple thousand, and most number only into the hundreds.

In the earlier days of the war, the CS made a few serious pushes into Rivereen. However, a show of force using **Elementals**, Warlocks, Iron Juggernauts and other inhuman fighting forces convinced the Coalition military that Rivereen was as well defended as the front line along the Mississippi. Faced with what seemed to be an equally difficult path as The Barrens, the Coalition Army chose to make their push through Mizereen, reasoning that it was the most direct route to Tolkeen. Certainly, Mizereen offered many more obvious military targets to hit than Rivereen (i.e. communities, industrial towns, centers of learning forts and strongholds).

The baronies of Mizereen, Tolkeen and **Markeen** have seen the heaviest combat, but the CS invasion force has kept constant pressure on Rivereen as well. Scores of farms, ranches and towns have been destroyed or occupied by the enemy, and there are great swaths of forest and farmland that have been pulver-

ized, but nothing like The Barrens. For the most part, the Tolkeen forces in Rivereen have managed to hold the CS to the southern half of the barony, below the great cluster of rivers. Much of Rivereen's success has been the clever deployment of superhuman troops and elemental forces. Wherever Coalition troops are heaviest, that's where the majority of the Barony's supernatural defenders go. This has literally created a thin "line" of defense that seems to be much larger, longer and more powerful than it really is, for beyond that line of powerhouse defenders is no army to speak of, nor fortifications, just forest and farms. This clever ploy has prevented the Coalition Army from truly testing the strength of the Rivereen forces — which, from the outside looking in, seems almost entirely composed of hordes of demons, Warlocks, Elementals, aquatic monsters and magical war machines — and has enabled Tolkeen to pull 50% of the Rivereen defenders to *Elemental Alley*, in Mizereen, where they are most needed.

The defection of part of its fighting forces in recent weeks has caused the Warlords of Tolkeen to pulled out all but 15% of Rivereen's elemental, demonic and magic troops to shore up the defenses at The Barrens and around the cities of Tolkeen and Freehold. To compensate, they have turned the primary defense of Rivereen over to freebooters and bushwhackers, as well as unleashing aquatic and forest demons into the region - beasts who will kill anybody who threatens them or what the monsters perceive as "their territory." This does not please the 55% of

Rivereen inhabitants who have refused to evacuate to **Tolkeen**. ("Why should we? The CS is defeated. We won the war! It's over. These paranoid precautions are ridiculous. We should be rebuilding and planning for our **futures**.") Thus, many of the tiny, scattered communities are painfully vulnerable to attack, and already Coalition guerilla forces are creeping into Rivereen.

With its many lakes and rivers (hence the Barony's name), Elementals and Warlocks, as well as marine Iron Juggernauts and aquatic beings, represent the bulk of this region's defenses. Furthermore, the forests and rivers provide those who know them (as most people of Rivereen do), a good opportunity to hide and escape to the west and north should a serious invasion ever come. Most of the southern towns, farms and communities along the Iowa border have been destroyed or abandoned for years, so they are of little concern. The south is also where the CS presence is strongest and most of the fighting in the past has taken place.

The following are some of the most notable places, defenders and villains. The hamlet of Vosberg (page 122) and Camp **Fa** tale (page 127) originally appeared in *Coalition Wars™ One*.

Vosberg Update

Resident Population: 121 (started out at 149); 56% human, 41% **D-Bee** and 3% other. Does not include seven **Cyber-Knights** or twenty of their assistants currently living in town.

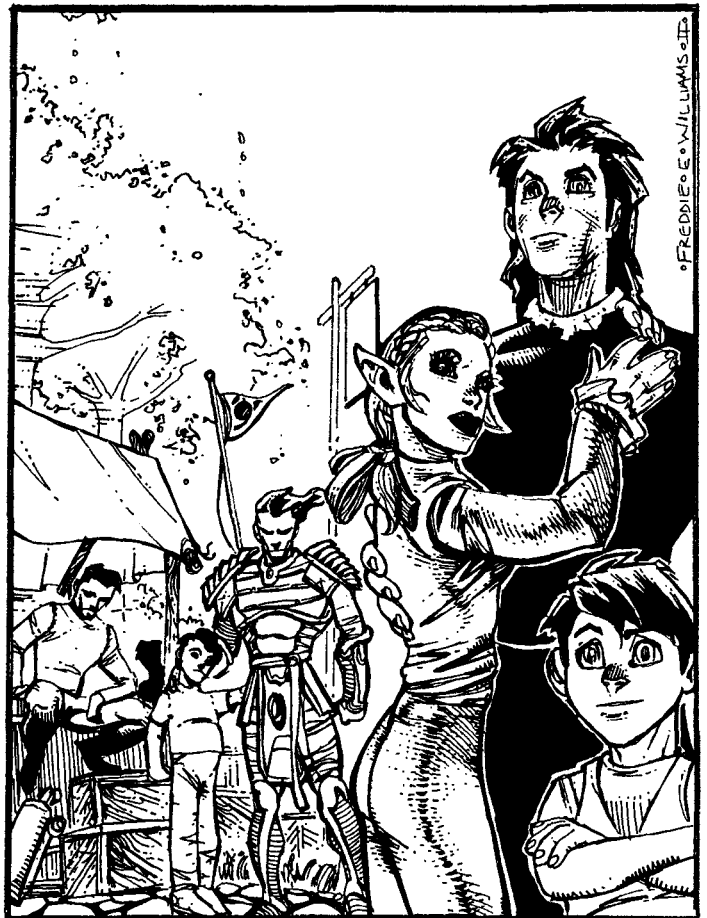
Transient Population of Little Vosberg Tent City: 6D6x10; varies daily; plus the 50 people who maintain the camp.

The tiny town of Vosberg in the northwestern corner of the Barony should settle its vampire problem with help from outsiders such as the player characters (if this hasn't happened yet, the problem may be worse unless the heroes do something and soon). Its new problem in the last year of the war is *refugees*. As one of the last stops out of the Kingdom of Tolkeen and into the New West, hundreds of refugees stop at Vosberg. Destitute, frightened and desperate, they beg the people of the hamlet to give them whatever food and resources they might be able to spare. The kind-hearted **Vosbergians** were glad to help the first couple hundred people who asked, but they were soon overwhelmed as scores of new faces appeared every day! Crops in the fields were being plundered by the equivalent of hungry, humanoid locusts, and crime exploded. At one point or another, nearly all the people of Vosberg have been mugged, accosted and/or their homes or businesses robbed. One farm was completely overrun and laid to ruin, and at least two dozen homeless bandits have been shot, and dozens more injured by people defending their families and property. Without the intervention of Lord Coake's **Cyber-Knights**, the town would have perished. Fortunately, a **Cyber-Knight** by the name of Lady Carmen the Wise came to the rescue in the nick of time (Principled, 11th level, age 43, attributes of note: I.Q. 15, M.A. 23, P.S. 26, P.P. 21, P.B. 13).

Lady Wise, as the people of Vosberg call her, has become the town's unofficial protector who, together with a half dozen other knights (average level is third), fends off looters, bandits

and monsters - the CS has yet to bring the fighting to Vosberg. She has also organized the town to help her assist the refugees. Several of the farms have expanded and are worked by refugee volunteers to produce much more food than the little hamlet would ever need for itself. She has also arranged to bring in more livestock and feed necessary to support them. On the northern outskirts, Lady Wise has established a tent city where refugees can be directed to get food, water, medical treatment and a place to rest for a few days before another **Cyber-Knight** leads them to a more permanent camp farther west. This tent city has been dubbed "Little Vosberg," which, ironically, has more people on a regular basis than the original town itself. Of course 95% are only passing through and don't stay for more than two or three days.

Lady Wise is the chief architect of this operation and oversees everything, but one of her main duties, assisted by the other six knights, is patrolling the hamlet and surrounding area to keep it safe and to direct refugees to the tent city. She has become a respected and loved figure, supported by most of the original residents of Vosberg. She has warned them that the **Cyber-Knights** believe Tolkeen will eventually fall to the Coalition Army and that the people of Vosberg must be prepared to evacuate to the west, south or north when the time comes. In gratitude for all their help, she has offered them a place in one of the new communities the **Cyber-Knights** are helping to build in the west, but most people of Vosberg don't believe it will ever come to that. The little community has never seen any military combat, and can't believe that Tolkeen will fall. For one, they are so naive and trusting, that they can not fathom why the CS or anybody would want to hurt or kill them. After all, they are good, god-fearing people who don't bother anybody. The



endless cavalcade of refugees and the stories they tell are starting to change some people's minds, but Lady Wise fears many of her trusting friends at Vosberg will not wise up until Coalition shock troopers are burning down their farms.

(Continuity Note: If the player characters haven't dealt with the vampire problem, the *Cyber-Knights* should have. The operative word being "should." With all of their other responsibilities, the presence of one or more vampires may have missed their attention. The influx of nameless refugees into the region would give *Carlotta*, and any additional vampires she may have deliberately or accidentally created, plenty of prey to feed upon without bothering the town. When the mysterious killings and disappearance of townspeople stop, the locals will assume the problem is over and the vampires are gone, which may not be the case.)



Camp Fatale Update

Notorious bushwhackers operating exclusively in the Rivereen Barony were *Camp Fatale*, a band of Mind Melters and psychics masquerading as refugees to lure and ambush Coalition invaders. One of their favorite tricks was to mentally possess or otherwise control several members of a Coalition squad to attack their own teammates. This added to the confusion of the overall situation while the rest of the bushwhackers used their powers and hidden weapons to kill the rest of the soldiers. *Camp Fatale* operated in secrecy for two years before some Coalition officer finally figured out who they were and what they were doing. Most members of the original *Fatale* group were

killed by CS soldiers, but the few survivors built a new team and continued their work. *Camp Fatale* has seen three different incarnations before falling to the CS. The current group has gone missing in action. Unconfirmed reports suggest they were discovered by the CS and gunned down. All are believed to be dead.

Boulder Ridge

Boulder Ridge is a fortified site that played an important role in the early defense of Rivereen. Today only a handful of defenders remain, a skeleton crew of volunteers who have sworn to stay and fight to the bitter end. For this reason, some locals have started calling this place "Suicide Ridge." This is a Warlock stronghold similar to those found in *The Barrens*. For one mile (1.6 km) around its center is a forest of jagged stone. Several Towers of Stone rise up among the pointed stalagmites and Earth Bunkers also placed here and there under the jagged surface, but all are empty. At the center is a butte that serves as the stronghold's command post. Instead of sheer walls, massive boulders are stacked all round it, creating an incline and giving it something of a triangular, volcano appearance. Atop the butte are the last of the stronghold's defenders, four Warlocks, a Dragon King, and the small contingent of troops who stand with them. On either side of the butte is a thirty foot (9 m) tall and 16 foot (4.9 m) thick wall of stone composed of boulders dug from the earth by mighty Elementals. It serves as a defensive wall, running two miles (3.2 km) to the west and five miles (8 km) to the east. Again, empty bunkers are scattered along its face and a pair of Towers stand at either end.

The handful of patriots who man the fort have become known as *The Five*. Each has his or her reason for hating the Coalition. Each has vowed to stand their ground at Boulder Ridge to the death, taking as many enemy invaders to the grave with them as possible. This is Rivereen's Alamo.

Elderroc of the Earth

Elderroc is the leader of the group and elder. He is a tall, black man with a muscular build and white hair, beard and mustache that suggest power and experience. It is he who refused to leave Boulder Ridge, insisting that somebody had to hold the ground and make a show, or the CS would eventually overrun the barony. Many a deadly skirmish had been fought at Boulder Ridge, so the CS would not take her lightly. The fact that she seems to be mostly deserted would lead them to believe it is a trap.

Elderroc commands two Major Earth Elementals, a Plant Elemental (looks like a monstrous animated tree), two Mud Mounds and eight (yes, eight) Stone Golems. He plans to cast rocks, sand storms, rivers of lava, and earthquakes at the invaders as they advance and send the Major and Minor Elementals out to rip them to pieces using their own magic and raw strength. When the enemy is at the base of butte, he will cause a tremor or mudslide that will bring the stacked boulders cascading down upon them, killing hundreds, if not thousands, and trapping hundreds more. After that, his fate is in the hands of Mother Earth. He will fight until his last breath and is not afraid

to die; it is the nature of life. In fact, he feels honored that he is able to pick the way and place of his death. Those who stand with him, pretty much feel the same.

Race: Human

Alignment: Aberrant

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 17, M.A. 19, P.S. 18, P.P. 10, P.E. 14, P.B. 12, Spd. 18

Hit Points: 52, S.D.C.: 30

Height: Six feet, six inches (2 m). Weight: 180 pounds (81 kg).

Age: 59

P.P.E.: 229

Experience Level: 15th level Earth Warlock.

Disposition: Analytical, resourceful and pragmatic even under pressure. He is a stoic figure, able to endure great hardship and stress. He has come to terms with what is probably his suicidal last stand and is truly at peace with himself.

Skills of Note: Speak Elemental (98%), Speak American (98%), Speak Dragonese (98%), Speak Gobblely (98%), Literate in American (80%), Lore: Demons & Monsters (98%), Lore: Faerie Folk (98%), Land Navigation (98%), Wilderness Survival (98%), Pilot Hover Craft (98%), Running, Body Building, Swimming (98%), Climbing (83%/73%), Prowl (68%), First Aid (98%), Holistic Medicine (93%), Identify Plants & Fruits (98%), Tracking (98%), Wilderness Survival (98%), Radio: Basic (98%), W.P. Sword, W.P. Energy Pistol, and W.P. Energy Rifle.

Special Abilities: Sense Elementals within 120 feet (36.6 m), sense chosen element (98%), see invisible elemental (98%), summon Lesser Elemental (78%; +10% at ley lines, +20% at nexus), summon Greater Elemental (41%; +10% at ley lines, +20% at nexus), recognize minerals (98%), sense danger within the earth (63%), and unerring sense of direction (98%).

Psionics: None.

Spell Knowledge: All Earth Elemental magic! Descriptions start on page 68 of *Rifts® Conversion Book One*.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Attacks Per Melee: 7 hand to hand, or two by spell magic.

Bonuses: +1 on initiative, +2 to strike, +4 to parry and dodge, +4 to damage, +4 to pull punch, +4 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +1 to disarm, +2 to save vs Horror Factor, +1 to save vs magic, +2 to save vs psionic attack, +1 to save vs psionic attack and +1 to save vs possession.

Weapons: Tends to rely on his magical abilities, but has a few favorite weapons.

Vibro-Knife: 1D6 M.D.

TW **Firestaff: 2D6+2 M.D.** as a blunt weapon and can cast a number of Fire Elemental spells equal to 5th level potency: Ignite Fire (5), Fuel Flame (5), Fireblast (8), Fire Ball (10), Fire Blossom (20), Ballistic Fire (25), Ten Foot Wheel of Fire (40 P.P.E. and does 4D8 M.D.), and Extinguish Fire (8). The user of the staff must pump in P.P.E. to activate the magic. See page 53 of *Coalition Wars™ One* for complete description.

Magic Talismans (2): With 50 P.P.E. each; 100 P.P.E. total. Typically used to power the Firestaff without burning up his own P.P.E.

CP-50 **Dragonfire** Pulse Laser Rifle and Grenade Launcher: Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D. per single laser blast

or 6D6 M.D. per three shot pulse, or 2D6 M.D. (12 ft/3.6m blast radius) from grenades. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee round. Range: Laser: 2,000 feet (610 m), Grenade Launcher: 1200 feet (365 m). Payload: 21 blasts from a standard E-Clip (that's seven pulse blasts) and 12 grenades.

C-30 Laser Pulse Pistol: Mega-Damage: 2D4 per single shot, 4D6 per three shot pulse. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 600 feet (183 m). Payload: 30 shots per long E-Clip.

Commands Eight Stone Golems: Horror Factor: 16, M.D.C.: 35, Attributes: I.Q. 6, Supernatural P.S. 25, P.P. 18, Speed 8, Attacks per Melee Round: Four, Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D.; 4D6 from power punch or kick. See *Rifts® Conversion Book One* for details.

Other Equipment: NG-S2 survival pack, backpack and satchel, canteen, binoculars, tinted goggles and air filter/gas mask, flashlight, language translator, laser distancer, survival knife (1D6 S.D.C.), three TW storm flares, first aid kit, flint and charcoal, jade cross necklace, eight inch (20.3 cm) wooden cross, six stakes, mallet, pouch of seeds, and elemental symbol.

Blue Stone of the Water

Blue Stone was given his name because he is as hard as stone, cool under fire, and as fluid as water. He is a rather plain individual with blue-grey hair. He loathes the Coalition for all the pain and suffering they have brought to his family, as well as nonhumans and practitioners of magic in general. He longs to make them suffer in kind. He knows this is neither noble or enlightened, but he can not help how he feels. He knows he will die here, but that's okay, because he will be united with the many family, friends and comrades who have already perished. He wishes his sister would save herself and leave, but at the same time he finds comfort that she is at his side.

Race: Human

Alignment: Aberrant (he started out Scrupulous).

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.E. 18, M.A. 9, P.S. 15, P.P. 18, P.E. 13, P.B. 8, Spd. 26

Hit Points: 49; S.D.C.: 30

Height: Six feet (1.83 m). Weight: 180 pounds (81.7 kg).

Age: 44

P.P.E.: 194, I.S.P.: None.

Experience Level: 9th level Water Warlock.

Disposition: Sadly Blue Stone's once noble and lively spirit has turned bitter and cold. He no longer sees the good or beauty in the world (other than in his sister and teammates), only the evil, sorrow and ugliness. In some ways, he welcomes the peace he hopes he'll find in death.

Skills of Note: Speak Elemental (98%), Speak American (98%), Speak Dragonese (98%), Speak Gobblely (98%), Literate in American (80%), Lore: Demons & Monsters (90%), Lore: Faerie Folk (95%), Land Navigation (82%), Wilderness Survival (85%), Boat Building (98%), Carpentry (98%), Pilot Hover Craft (95%), Pilot Hovercycle (90%), Pilot: Sail Boats (98%), Running, Body Building, Swimming (95%), Climbing (85%/75%), Running, First Aid (90%), Radio: Basic (85%), W.P. Energy Pistol and W.P. Energy Rifle.



Special Abilities: Sense Elementals within 120 feet (36.6 m), sense chosen element (75%), see invisible Elemental (85%), summon Lesser Elemental (50%; +10% at ley lines, +20% at nexus), summon Greater Elemental (25%; +10% at ley lines, +20% at nexus). Instinctively swim (70%); can hold breath for **five** minutes. Sense location and direction of body of water (85%); sense water contamination (80%).

Psionics: None.

Spell Knowledge: Cloud of Steam (10), Create Fog (5), Purple Mist (5), Foul Water (6), Command Fish (10), Create Water (10), Breathe Under Water (6), Ride the Waves (7), Walk the Waves (10), Circle of Rain (20), Freeze Water (8), Resist Cold (6) Frost Blade (15), Sheet of Ice (15), Hail (20), Shards of Ice (15), Swim Like the Dolphin (15), Wall of Ice (20), Earth to Mud (20), Snow Storm (40), Ten Foot Ball of Ice (30), Whirlpool (40), Hurricane (50), Part Waters (50), Encase in Ice (40), Rain Dance (60), Summon Storm (60), Drought (70), Little Ice Monster (40), Whirlpool (40), Tidal Wave (80), and Creature of the Waves (70).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic

Attacks Per Melee: Six hand to hand or two by spell.

Combat Bonuses: +1 on initiative, +4 to strike, +5 to parry and dodge, +2 to damage, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, +2 to pull punch, +1 to disarm, +2 to save vs Horror Factor, +1 to save vs magic, +2 save vs psionic attack, and +1 to save vs possession.

Weapons:

TX-5 Pump Pistol: Mega-Damage: 4D6. Rate of Fire:

Standard. Range: 800 feet (244 m). Payload: 5 rounds loaded manually, one at a time. A speed loader will load all five rounds in four seconds (one melee action); has 144 extra rounds.

Wilk's 447 Laser Rifle: Mega-Damage: 3D6. Rate of Fire: Standard. Range: 2,000 feet (610 m). Payload: 20 shots per standard Clip; has 30 extra E-Clips. Bonus: +1 to strike.

TW "Goblin Bomb" Hand Grenades: Six Lightning (2D6+2 M.D. to a 3 foot/0.9 m radius), six Orbs of Cold (3D6 M.D. plus cold penalties), and four Fire Bombs (4D6 M.D. to a 6 foot/1.8m blast radius).

Armor: TW modified Bushman Body Armor: 140 M.D.C. and impervious to fire. Mobility: Good; -10% prowl and movement penalty.

Other Equipment: NG-S2 survival pack, backpack and satchel, two canteens, wine skin, binoculars, tinted goggles and air filter/gas mask, flashlight, first aid kit, flint and charcoal, wooden cross, five small clear diamonds, elemental symbol and some personal items. Also has a sail boat, **hovercycle** and TW Turbo Wing Board.

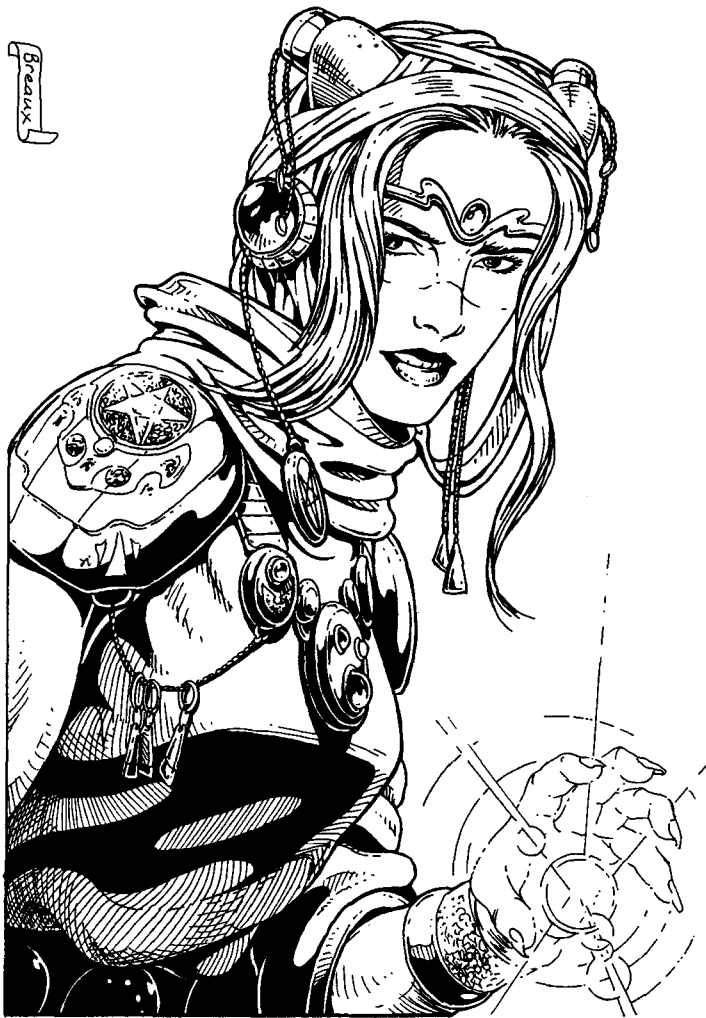
Note: Commands one Major and two minor Water Elementals.

Pure Spring of the Water

Pure Spring is Blue Stone's kid sister. She has followed in her brother's footsteps and is also a Water Warlock. Against his wishes she followed him to Tolkeen to fight the Coalition. The family heralds from eastern Canada and is more familiar with Lazlo than Tolkeen, but when they heard about the Coalition States declaring war and invading a brother magic community they felt it was their duty to join in its defense. In fact, the entire clan of **five** boys and three girls and a couple of in-laws all made the trek. Somehow, they thought it would be the noble and right thing to do. Something important. Something historic.

At first, Pure Spring and her siblings were shocked that Lazlo, New Lazlo and more magic communities did not rally together to help Tolkeen, but they came to understand why, soon enough. A third of **Tolkeen's** forces were idealistic and as green as one could be (Pure Spring included). A third were hard-bitten veterans boiling with venom and hate toward the Coalition. The final third were horrific monsters. Pure Spring had no problem with D-Bees, but she was not prepared to fight alongside putrid demons and other malevolent forces that delighted in murder and carnage. These soulless abominations were themselves creatures of bile, hate and wickedness unleashed by the Tolkeenites to vent their full demonic fury upon mortal men. Many at Tolkeen justified the use of the demonic as "the true equalizer," but even the Coalition did not deserve the fate so many have suffered at the hands of these malignant beings. Her own sisters would fall prey to such "allies" and Tolkeen would turn a blind eye, saying they could not identify those responsible while endorsing the monsters' ruthless tactics. This was not the noble cause she had imagined. This was something dark and ugly, that's why Lazlo stayed out of the conflict.

Pure Spring was getting ready to leave when vengeance drew her into the war. After holding off a Coalition invasion force long enough to evacuate a town of **civilians** in Rivereen, near the Iowa border, her team was ambushed by a company of CS soldiers. Nearly exhausted of magic energy and afraid for the 20



townspeople under their charge, they surrendered and the soldiers accepted. However, once out in the open and surrounded, the Coalition Troops (a division under the direct command of General Drogue) began to open fire on the civilians. One of Pure Spring's brothers ran toward the commanding officer screaming for mercy, only to be jumped by four Kill Hounds and torn to pieces before her eyes. She might have died that day too, if one of her other brothers had not sacrificed his own life to punch a hole through the CS troops, giving Pure Spring and five others the chance they needed to escape. Perhaps needless to say, this incident one month after coming to Tolkeen made the war personal. Very personal.

To Pure Spring's surprise, her obsession with revenge has left her. She can't even really say when it happened. Just one day, after three or four years of fighting, it was gone. Neither she, Blue Stone or Elderroc participated in the Sorcerers' Revenge, volunteering to "hold down the fort." Now, in the dog days of the war, she feels numb and very, very tired. She stays at Boulder Ridge out of loyalty for her brother. Truth be told, she no longer cares if Tolkeen stands or falls. She has confided to her brother that she thinks Tolkeen probably deserves to fall. Not that the Coalition is any better, but Tolkeen was personal. It represented something she once believed in. Something she thought was good and noble and ... and to see it become fouler than *Chi-Town* in a matter of a few years - months really - it has crushed Pure Spring's ideals and her spirit along with them. She has reconciled that this is where she is likely to die. A martyr to a fool's dream. Her sole surviving brother and Elderroc

try to convince her to leave. That she is too young to throw her life away, but she'll not let herself hear a word. Ironically, if Blue Stone left, she would follow, but he won't go, and so she stays.

Race: Human

Alignment: Unprincipled (she started out Scrupulous and could become so again if given the chance).

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.E. 17, M.A. 19, P.S. 14, **P.P.** 17, P.E. 12, P.B. 22, Spd. 15

Hit Points: 34; **S.D.C.:** 30

Weight: 150 pounds (67.5 kg). **Height:** Five feet, ten inches (1.75 m).

Age: 28

P.P.E.: 129, **I.S.P.:** 45.

Experience Level: 6th level Water Warlock (almost 7th).

Disposition: The spark of life still burns deep inside her, and if given the chance, she could grow and flourish into a wise and gentle leader, teacher and hero. She sometimes thinks the greatest tragedy of it all is throwing her life away in one final, futile gesture of loyalty and idealism. She tells herself that this last stand will be a hero's death, but for some reason, nothing about it seems heroic — just sad and pointless. **Note:** There is a 60/40 chance that Pure Spring will come to her senses at the last minute and want to live. If this happens, both Elderroc and Blue Stone will genuinely encourage her to leave immediately, but neither will go with her. If she does leave, she will travel northwest where she will join forces with the Cyber-Knights to help the thousands of refugees. This will renew her spirit and give her hope for the future. After a year or two, she is likely to join the Cyber-Knights in a campaign against the *Demon Kingdom of Calgary*; after her experiences in Tolkeen, she despises demons and has a clear understanding of the harm they are capable of inflicting on the world. Eventually, she will head back to Lazlo where she will finally find some measure of peace and, perhaps, be elected to the Council of Learning.

Skills of Note: Speak Elemental (98%), Speak American (98%), Speak Dragonese (85%), Speak Gobblely (85%), Literate in American (80%), Lore: Demons & Monsters (60%), Lore: Faerie Folk (55%), Sing (70%), Dance (65%), Cook (70%), Land Navigation (82%), Wilderness Survival (65%), Fishing (75%), Pilot Sail Boats (90%), Pilot Motor Boats (85%), Pilot Hover Craft (80%), Horsemanship: Basic (60/40%), Running, Swimming (85%), Climbing (65%/55%), Running, First Aid (80%), Radio: Basic (70%), W.P. Energy Pistol and W.P. Energy Rifle.

Special Abilities: Sense Elementals within 120 feet (36.6 m), sense chosen element (50%), see invisible Elemental (75%), summon Lesser Elemental (30%; +10% at ley lines, +20% at nexus), summon Greater Elemental (15%; +10% at ley lines, +20% at nexus). Instinctively swim (85%); can hold breath for five minutes. Sense location and direction of body of water (72%); sense water contamination (55%).

Psionics: Minor psychic: Empathy and Mind Block; 45 I.S.P.

Spell Knowledge: Dowsing (2), Cloud of Steam (10), Create Fog (5), Purple Mist (5), Foul Water (6), Water Seal (8), Command Fish (10), Create Water (10), Calm Waters (15), Circle of Rain (20), Breathe Under Water (6), Ride the Waves (7), Walk the Waves (10), Freeze Water (8), Resist Cold (6), Orb of Cold (6), Sheet of Ice (15), Hail (20), Shards

of Ice (15), Swim Like the Dolphin (15), Wall of Ice (20), Earth to Mud (20), Snow Storm (40), Ten Foot Ball of Ice (30), Whirlpool (40), Hurricane (50), Encase in Ice (40), Rain Dance (60), Summon Storm (60), Little Ice Monsters (40), Heal Burns (25), and Water Wisps (30).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic

Attacks Per Melee: Five hand to hand or two by spell.

Combat Bonuses: +1 on initiative, +4 to strike, +5 to parry and dodge, +2 to damage, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, +2 to pull punch, +1 to disarm, +2 to save vs Horror Factor, +2 to save vs magic, +2 save vs psionic attack, and +1 to save vs possession.

Weapons:

Wilk's 227 Plus Pistol: Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D. per single blast, or 4D6 M.D. per double blast. Rate of Fire: Standard. Range: 900 feet (274 m). Payload: 24 single shots per standard E-Clip; a double pulse counts as two. Bonus: +2 to strike.

Wilk's 447 Laser Rifle: Mega-Damage: 3D6. Rate of Fire: Standard. Range: 2,000 feet (610 m). Payload: 20 shots per standard Clip; has 30 extra E-Clips. Bonus: +1 to strike.

TW "Goblin Bomb" Hand Grenades: Three Lightning (2D6+2 M.D. to a 3 foot/0.9 m radius), three Orbs of Cold (3D6 M.D. plus cold penalties), and four Fire Bombs (4D6 M.D. to a 6 foot/1.8 m blast radius).

Armor: TW modified Light Body Armor (not environmental): 130 M.D.C., impervious to cold and cast Chameleon. Mobility: Good; -5% prowl and movement penalty.

Other Equipment: NG-S2 survival pack, backpack and satchel, two canteens, wine skin, binoculars, tinted goggles and air filter/gas mask, flashlight, first aid kit, flint and charcoal, wooden cross, five small clear diamonds, elemental symbol, portable CD player-recorder, numerous music CDs, and some personal items. Also has a sail boat, bionic horse, and TW Turbo Wing Board.

Note: Commands one minor Water Elemental and will summon others via magic spells to help her fight.

Kravenmaw the Vengeful

Kravenmaw is consumed with revenge on the Coalition. It's what the Fire Dragon lives for, and he waits anxiously for the Coalition Army to return so that he and his allies can strike them down! A true Dragon King, Kravenmaw has been driven insane by losing two of his Shadow Dragon essences during the Sorcerers' Revenge. It has reduced him to a shadow of his former power and made the ancient dragon feel ashamed and weak. Those responsible (he blames the CS) must pay for their sins against him. Kravenmaw was 17th level, but the slaying of two of his shadow essences during the Sorcerers' Revenge has left him weakened and blinded by revenge.

Race: Ancient Fire Dragon and Dragon King.

Alignment: Diabolic. Lives to destroy the Coalition.

Attributes: I.Q. 24, M.E. 15 (was 19), M.A. 20, P.S. 32 (supernatural), P.P. 21, P.E. 18, P.B. 20, Spd. 22 **running**, 88 (60 mph/96 km) flying.

M.D.C.: 3,600 (was 6,000).

Height: 30 feet (9 m), **Weight:** 23 tons.

Age: 8,370

P.P.E.: 439 (was over 700!); I.S.P.: 120 (was more).

Experience Level: Equivalent to a 9th level Fire Warlock — was 17th level!

Disposition: Revenge by inflicting pain and death against the Coalition is all this dragon can think about. Nothing else matters, including winning the war or his allies. The dragon has given himself to utter madness and is little more than a scheming killing machine. Kravenmaw is so rattled by the loss of two Shadow essences that he actually suffers from the insanity, fear of success, which has caused him to forget more spells and skills than he should have.

Skills of Note: Has forgotten several, but can still Speak Elemental (98%), Speak American (98%), Speak Dragonese (98%), Speak Gobblely (98%), Literate in Dragonese (has forgotten American), Basic Math (85%; has forgotten advanced math), Lore: Demons & Monsters (90%), Land Navigation (78%), Wilderness Survival (85%), Pilot Hover Craft (95%), Prowl (70%), Climbing (80%/70%), Prowl (65%), First Aid (85%), Holistic Medicine (70%), Tracking (70%), Wilderness Survival (85%), W.P. Sword and W.P. Energy Rifle. Most others are forgotten.

Special Abilities: Sense Elementals within 120 feet (36.6 m), sense chosen element (70%), see invisible Elemental (80%), Summon Lesser Elemental (45%), summon Greater Elemental (23%). Impervious to normal fires and resistant (half damage) to magical and Mega-Damage fires. (The dragon's personal items are also protected, but vehicles and power armor are not.) Sense presence, direction and distance of fire (80%), sense engine heat or personal fever (75%). Dragon R.C.C. abilities include: Winged flight, nightvision 100 feet (30.5 m), see the invisible, turn invisible at will, bio-regenerate 1D6x10 M.D.C. per minute (or 3D6 M.D.C. per melee round), **teleport** self 88%, and metamorphosis at will for 36 hours at a time. Kravenmaw has forsaken disguising its true dragon form except, perhaps, to ambush Coalition troops.

Create Shadow Dragons: Since two have already died, Kravenmaw can only create two splintered essences at a time. His lust for revenge and irrational, murderous behavior is likely to cause the demise of the two remaining Shadow Dragons in short order.

Psionics: 120 I.S.P. and ALL Sensitive and Physical Psionic Powers.

Spell Knowledge: All Warlock and Wizard fire spells levels 1-6, plus Fire Whip (30), Ten Foot Wheel of Fire (40), Melt Metal (50), River of Lava (50), Burst Into Flame (70), Drought (80), Plasma Bolt (60) and Extinguish Fire (8). Once knew them all, but the rest are forgotten.

Attacks Per Melee: 7 hand to hand or two by spells.

Combat Bonuses: +3 on initiative, +7 to strike, +9 to parry and dodge, +3 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, +3 to pull punch, +3 to disarm, +6 to save vs Horror Factor, +3 on all saving throws (needs only a 10 or higher to save vs psionic attack).

Mega-Damage:

Full Strength Punch (he never pulls them anymore): 4D6 M.D.

Power Punch or Kick: 1D4x10

Tail Slash: 5D6 M.D.

Bite: 4D6 M.D.

Fire Breath: 4D6 M.D. up to 200 feet (61 m); six feet (1.8 m) wide.

Weapons: None, and refuses to have to rely on magic talismans or other sources of P.P.E. other than ley lines.

Armor: None.

Other Equipment: Only basic items. Refuses to use anything man-made; believes it is a sign of weakness.



Fireheart of the Eternal Flame

The Devilman known as Fireheart has suffered all of his life for looking different. When the Coalition threatened the Kingdom of Tolkeen for that same reason, something inside him snapped. Fireheart is driven by anger and an obsession to stop the Coalition and punish any being who would hate another because of his appearance or ideology. He ignores the fact that many fighting for Tolkeen are just as prejudiced about the Coalition States and humans in general. To his way of thinking, that's different. They were victims, twisted by the Coalition's hatred and persecution, and now they simply lash out at their tormentors. If they have become monsters, or turn to demonic monsters as allies, the Coalition has driven them to it, or so Fireheart reasons. He and Kravenmaw were active participants in the Sorcerers' Revenge and have no regrets - they got what they deserved. Fireheart welcomes the chance to humiliate and kill the enemy whenever he gets the chance, and is saddened to see Blue Stone, Pure Spring and, especially, the great Elderroc become soft and disillusioned with the "great war."

Fireheart can not believe the Coalition will return to get their heads handed to them again. He, like so many others, is confident the war is over. Personally, he hopes it is not, because he has enjoyed the battle and looks forward to further bloody retri-

bution. The CS needs to be humbled, and he is glad to participate in the lesson.

Race: D'norr Devilman

Alignment: Miscreant, and suffers from an obsession to punish the CS, as well as delusions and a growing sense of megalomania.

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.E. 15, **M.A. 7, P.S. 18, P.P. 10, P.E. 14, P.B. 10, Spd. 14**

Hit Points: 50; S.D.C.: 35

Height: Six feet (1.83 m), **Weight:** 200 pounds (90 kg).

Age: 37

P.P.E.: 205

Experience Level: 9th level Fire Warlock.

Disposition: Fireheart is a seething pit of anger and hatred consumed with revenge. He will gladly stand against the Coalition at Boulder Ridge and fight to his last breath. However, he doesn't really believe the CS is coming or that they could ever defeat the five of them. This unrealistic perspective helps to illustrate his delusional state of mind. In many respects, he sees himself as a divine (or at least "chosen") instrument of revenge for the millions who have suffered and died because of the Coalition States for generations. He is quite insane.

Skills of Note: Speak Elemental (98%), Speak American (98%), Speak Dragonese (98%), Speak Gobblely (98%), Literate in American (80%), Lore: Demons & Monsters (90%), Lore: Faerie Folk (90%), Land Navigation (78%), Wilderness Survival (85%), Pilot Hover Craft (95%), Running, Body Building, Swimming (90%), Climbing (80%/70%), Prowl (65%), First Aid (85%), Holistic Medicine (70%), Tracking (70%), Wilderness Survival (85%), Radio: Basic (75%), Radio: Scramblers (65%), Cryptography (40%), W.P. Sword, W.P. Automatic Pistol, W.P. Semi- and Automatic Rifles, W.P. Bolt-action Rifle and W.P. Energy Rifle.

Special Abilities: Sense Elementals within 120 feet (36.6 m), sense chosen element (70%), see invisible Elemental (80%), summon Lesser Elemental (45%), summon Greater Elemental (23%). Impervious to normal fires and resistant (half damage) to magical and Mega-Damage fires. (The warlock's personal items are also protected, but vehicles and power armor are not.) Sense presence, direction and distance of fire (80%), sense engine heat or personal fever (75%).

Spell Knowledge: Globe of Daylight (2), Impervious to Fire (5), Blinding Flash (1), Stench of Hades (4), Cloud of Smoke (2), Cloud of Ash (5), Cloud of Steam (10), Darkness (8), Spontaneous Combustion (5), Fuel Flame (10), Flame Lick (7), Circle of Flame (10), Fire Ball (10), Mini-Fireballs (20), Wall of Flame (15), Flame Friend (20), Screaming Wall of Flame (30), Blue Flame (30), Dancing Fires (35), Eternal Flame (75), Flame of Life (40), Fire Whip (30), Ten Foot Wheel of Fire (40), Melt Metal (50), River of Lava (50), Burst Into Flame (70), Drought (80), Plasma Bolt (60) and Extinguish Fire (8).

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Basic.

Attacks Per Melee: 6 hand to hand or two by spells.

Combat Bonuses: +1 on initiative, +1 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +2 to damage, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, +1 to disarm, +2 to save vs Horror Factor, +1 to save vs magic, +2 to save vs psionic attack, and +1 to save vs possession.

Weapons:

Vibro-Knife: 1D6 M.D.

TW Flaming Sword: 4D6 M.D.; requires 7 P.P.E. to activate.

Magic Talisman (2): With 50 P.P.E. each; 100 P.P.E. total. Typically used to power the TW Lightning Rifle and Flaming Sword rather than burning up his own P.P.E.; got the idea from Elderroc.

Wilk's 227 Pulse Pistol: Mega-Damage: 2D6 per single blast, or 4D6 M.D. per double blast. Rate of Fire: Standard. Range: 900 feet (274 m). Payload: 24 single shots per standard E-Clip; a double pulse counts as two. **Bonus:** +2 to strike.

TW Old Lightning Rifle: Mega-Damage: 5D6. Rate of Fire: Each shot counts as one **attack/action**. Range: 1,200 feet (366 m). Payload: Six shots; requires an additional 15 P.P.E. to reload one blast.

TW "Goblin Bomb" Hand Grenades: Two Lightning (2D6+2 M.D. to a 3 foot/0.9 m radius), three Orbs of Cold (3D6 M.D. plus cold penalties), and ten Fire Bombs (4D6 M.D. to a 6 foot/1.8 m blast radius).

Armor: TW modified Light Body Armor (not environmental): 130 M.D.C., impervious to cold and Fly as the Eagle! Mobility: Good; -5% prowl and movement penalty.

Other Equipment: NG-S2 survival pack, backpack and satchel, canteen, binoculars, tinted goggles and air filter/gas mask, flashlight, first aid kit, flint and charcoal, wooden cross, six wooden stakes, two fiery red sapphires, and elemental symbol.

Boulder Ridge Support Crew

The Five's only support comes from six Larmac grunts (all first level, and aberrant alignments) and a dozen peasants, mostly farmers and a couple of Trapper/Woodsmen (the latter are 3rd level, the rest are all first and have only the most basic of combat skills; two attacks per melee round, no bonuses to speak of, only a commitment to save their homes and to help The Five willing to give up their lives to defend them).

Actually, there might be someone who could be considered a sixth member of the mages committed to make their last stand. A third level Earth Warlock and disciple of Elderroc. With his master's permission, young Christopher Van Meter, dubbed Noblestone, has gone in search of heroes and patriots to come join his elemental brethren at the stronghold. Noblestone is convinced he can find others to help them (the player characters perhaps), and that with more troops they can hold the position and rebuff the enemy. Elderroc has encouraged his idealistic student to go, because he knows that even if the lad can find some warriors, it will take an army to hold Boulder Ridge. Thus, he hopes the boy will return after it is too late and in so doing escape the coming conflagration, and, with any luck, survive the war. **Noblestone Quick Stats:** Earth Warlock, human male, age: 19, level: third (just reached it), alignment: Scrupulous.

The Gate

Village Population: 220 (started out at near 500); 48% human, 50% D-Bee and 2% other. Typical alignments: 25% Scrupulous, 25% Unprincipled, 20% Anarchist, 30% evil. Typical Level of Experience: Third.

Fort Population: 50 (was once 300); typical alignment: 10% Principled, 40% Scrupulous, 25% Unprincipled, 15% Anarchist, 5% Aberrant and 5% Miscreant evil.

A small fort known as The Gate is located near Boulder Ridge, roughly 20 miles (32 km) to the west. It is located at the foot of a nexus created by two **small**, intersecting ley lines (one is a mile long, the other half a mile/1.6 and 0.8 km). This place combines modern M.D.C. fortification with the Spikes and Towers of Stone of the Warlocks. A small village of refugees and volunteers grew around it who served as support personnel.

At one time a cadre of Shifters, dragons and practitioners of magic manned this fort. Although only a few hundred, their combined magical powers gave them the **firepower** and strength of an entire armored division. Many skirmishes with the CS have taken place here, but The Gate has never come close to falling. In fact, many believe that The Gate and Boulder Ridge are the primary reasons the Coalition Army has never been able to push into the Barony of **Tolkeen**. In addition to their own formidable mystic powers, they would use Ley Line Magic and open dimensional portals to Rift in reinforcements, demons,

Elementals and other forces to appear out of nowhere to besiege the enemy. However, with the drain on manpower, a volunteer force of 50 practitioners of magic and 200 or so support personnel are all that's left to man her. This is still a pretty formidable batch of defenders, but the odds of them fending off a major Coalition offensive are slim and none. Unlike the folks at Boulder Ridge, these patriots are not suicidal, so when things get too "hot" they plan to evacuate through a Rift.

Troop Breakdowns at The Gate

- 10 Ley Line Walkers: eight 4th level, one is 6th and one is 9th.
- 8 Warlocks: Water; six 3rd level, two 7th level.
- 7 Warlocks: Earth; four 2nd level, two 5th level, one 6th.
- 4 Warlocks: Fire; two first level, one 4th, and one 8th.

- 6 Warlocks: Air; four 3rd level, one 5th and one 6th.
- 6 Mystics: three 3rd level, two 4th level and one 5th level.
- 2 Conjurers: Both are 5th level.
- 1 Dragon Hatchling: Great Horned Dragon, 6th level Ley Line Walker.
- 1 Adult Dragon: Ice Dragon, 10th level Line Walker specializing in Ley Line Magic. This dragon, Karynnac, is also the fort's commander (Scrupulous alignment).
- 1 Techno-Wizard: 7th level.
- 14 Shifters: six 2nd level, four 4th level, two 6th level, one 7th level and one 10th.
- 1 Battle Magus: One High Magus Controller (Aberrant evil) in a Kilairgh Automaton! (See page 110 of *Rifts® Federation of Magic™* for details on this massive war machine).

Tolkeen's Prisoner of War Camps

In any war, even one as vicious and vengeful as the one at Tolkeen, prisoners are taken. Rather than bring the enemy into one's cities and strongholds, the vast majority of prisoners are placed in hastily built "internment camps." Such camps are usually built away from population centers or places of strategic importance; typically at some remote area several miles away from any place of significance. The severity of conditions at such camps can vary dramatically depending on the resources available to build the camp, the officers running it, and the level of resistance offered by the prisoners. In most cases, military personnel believe it is their "sworn duty" to escape, and failing that, to harass and confound the enemy to the best of their ability (yes, even as prisoners of war). It is also the nature of most humans and other sentient beings to covet freedom and seek to escape from captivity. So it is that the prisoners and their keepers are instantly at odds; the P.O.W. camp designed to contain them, the prison staff assigned to prevent escapes and maintain the facility, and the prisoners intent on "beating the system" and getting free.

Since escape and staying free are remote possibilities (escapees are immediately subject to a manhunt), most P.O.W.s try to avoid armed conflicts when making an escape attempt. The main reason is to avoid a reciprocal response, i.e. "kill and be killed." It's simple, if a prisoner of war escapes an internment camp he will be hunted down. Odds are, he will be caught and returned to the same camp he fled from. There, he must face those he hurt and their friends, all of whom will be seeking retribution. Consequently, most prisoners try to avoid killing or inflicting serious damage, so if they are recaptured, their punishment *should be* comparatively light. While this is generally true, repeat offenders (three or more escapes and/or other troublesome incidents) may be subjected to harsher punishment and lasting harassment. This is also true for prisoners who earn the ire of a particular prison guard or officer. These individuals are regularly singled out for spiteful acts of cruelty and made examples of to discourage others from following in their footsteps. Such acts of **vindictiveness** may include a prisoner getting shorted on his food allotment, being given difficult camp assignments, harassment, and being accused and punished for trouble

that he had nothing to do with. In short, life is made that much more difficult for at least a couple months, until somebody else becomes the guards' new whipping boy(s).

If the prisoner hurts people while making an escape, the retribution *will* be much worse, and his imprisonment turned into living hell. Bad enough that the character escaped and caused the guards embarrassment (and probably earning them demerits and/or additional punishment for their failure), all the worse if



the **prisoner(s)** injures or kills somebody, or destroys property or engages in sabotage, etc. Those who make good an escape are hunted down like mad dogs and considered armed and dangerous — the lucky ones are killed on the spot when they are found. The unlucky ones are subjected to a beating and excruciating torture before being executed, or subjected to painful experimentation ending in being crippled or killed, or subjected to interrogation, torture and a lengthy stay in solitary confinement, before being released back into the general population where they are at the mercy of angry guards. That prisoner or group of prisoners will remain on the camp guards' hate-list and suffer additional indignities, harassment and trouble for months to follow.

Unlike General Drogue's **unsanctioned** death camps, **Tolkeen's** P.O.W. camps offer the bare essentials. They may be cold, unfriendly living environments, often ill-equipped and where punishment can be extreme and life harsh, but they are NOT death camps where the prisoners are earmarked for extermination. They are stark prisons designed to hold captured enemy soldiers. The release of P.O.W.s is usually negotiated at the end of the war, and **frequently** involves the swapping of prisoners - you return 10,000 of our men and **we'll** give you 10,000 of yours.

Generally speaking, the **Tolkeen** facilities are reasonably decent places, for prison camps. A big reason for this is Sir Drake the Punisher, the **Cyber-Knight Justiciar** who volunteered to take charge of prison operations, from their design and construction to the overall rules of conduct for the guards and the ethical treatment of the prisoners. As a warrior himself, he respects all soldiers and has tried to avoid a system that breeds petty vengeance and cruel injustice. To him, these are indeed "internment" camps meant to contain and confine their occupants, not deal out punishment. As a result, most of the camps in Rivereen are surprisingly humane places. While the treatment of those who try to escape can be rather harsh, the food is good and plentiful, the housing clean and organized, and the overall treatment of Prisoners of War is stern but reasonable.

A Typical Tolkeen P.O.W. Camp

Design Note: The fundamental structure, layout and magical **countermeasures** presented in this section can serve as a basic template for any Prisoner of War (P.O.W.) camp run by practitioners of magic. The main differences from camp to camp are most likely to be the levels of humanity, cruelty and justice rather than physical design. For example, P.O.W. camps under the control of the *Federation of Magic* are as brutal, inhumane and murderous as the death camps of Coalition General Drogue, while those in the kingdom of Tolkeen are decent for what they are. The amount of magic used in security, defenses, punishment and interrogation in the Magic Zone is also much more inventive and plentiful than those utilized at **Tolkeen**, but still serve the same basic purposes, there's just more of it (Tolkeen's resources are limited).

There are five known P.O.W. Camps within the kingdom, Camps Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta and Epsilon, plus the prison at the City of Tolkeen in the main tower. Only suspected spies and the most important and notorious prisoners are usually taken to The Tower at Tolkeen for interrogation. Of **those**, only about a third are imprisoned there for any length of time; usually

for further interrogation, torture, mind games, or awaiting public execution. The rest are eventually sent to one of the P.O.W. camps to wait out the war.

Each camp is fundamentally the same, although camp personnel, the number of mages on staff and other available magic resources do vary to some degree.

S.D.C. Construction. The majority of the buildings at a P.O.W. camp are simple, basic structures made of ordinary S.D.C. materials, such as wood. Mega-Damage materials are deemed too valuable a resource to "waste" on prisoners. This works out fine, because all prisoners have been stripped of their belongings and possess no M.D. weaponry or armor.

If the camp falls under enemy attack, the S.D.C. nature of the structures works to Tolkeen's benefit, because the attackers must exercise care and accuracy or risk accidentally killing dozens, perhaps hundreds, of imprisoned comrades with their gunfire. Moreover, if an all-out enemy attack comes, it means a major push in the area that the prison camp guards and officers could never rebuff anyway, so they will lock up the prisoners and flee. Note: P.O.W. camp defenders can easily handle a raid from small squads, surgical strikes and up to a company or two of soldiers. Furthermore, Tolkeen military support is only minutes away, so a squad of air Iron Juggernauts, dragons and other fliers, or ley line-hopping troops or demons are likely to arrive in short order to engage any attackers.

If prisoners are killed by Mega-Damage attacks, it is no loss to the Tolkeen prison keepers and probably the result of the prisoners' own army. No Tolkeen forces will attack a prison camp and there are not enough items of value for bandits to take the risk of a raid either. Best of all, S.D.C. materials are plentiful and cheap, making repairs, modifications, and additions easy to do. Damage caused by the prisoners themselves leads to being assigned to the work detail that will make the repairs, **and/or** solitary confinement, a beating or other punishment.

Prison Barracks. Prisoners are assigned to barrack-style housing where Dead Boy soldiers, Dog Boys, and non-commissioned officers (Corporals and Sergeants) get a top or bottom berth of a bunk bed along with a footlocker as their living space. Approximately 800 men to a barracks. Small windows are spaced roughly every 10 feet (3 m).

The officers' quarters may be part of a larger barracks, but more often is a small multi-occupant house, known as the "officers' hut," separate from the rest of the men. Most officers' huts hold 24 officers and are located in a small cluster across from the main barracks. A pair of *commissioned officers* (ranks of lieutenant and higher), share a small bedroom-sized room with a bunk bed, small wall-shelf, table, two chairs, two footlockers, two small closets and a full-sized, shuttered window. An officers' "hut" will have two private bathrooms with running water and shower. Officer housing is explicitly reserved for officers only, and any low ranking soldier found using it by prison guards is beaten and taken in for **interrogation**. This is enforced to create dissension and division between the rank and file and their **leaders**, as well as to reduce collusion; nobody other than the officers assigned to their hut can enter that facility. On the other **hand**, anyone can come and go from the barracks during the daytime and early evening, and officers and enlisted men can gather in the courtyards. However, in open areas they are watched by the guards and one or more guards may walk over

nearby and stand around in order to eavesdrop or question the group ("What are you talking about?") or break them up. ("Enough, enough, spread out.") A barracks may be emptied of its occupants and closed off for inspection without warning or cause, and may also be closed to its occupants during mass gatherings, to conduct a head-count, and for any other reason the Camp Officers may desire.

All windows in the prison camp open, close and lock from the *outside*, so guards can close off the prisoners' view whenever desired; they are always shuttered at night.

General Population. Human Coalition soldiers, *Dog Boys* and allied *CSPsi-Stalkers* are housed together in the same facility, and share the same barracks. This is done for both economy of resources and because the Tolkeenites know that some Coalition soldiers dislike sharing space with mutants or being treated as their equal. While this *is* annoying to *some*, the majority of Coalition soldiers have grown to respect and appreciate Dog Boys and Psi-Stalkers. Allowing psychics to bunk with ordinary humans ultimately works to the benefit of the overall group too, because the POWs (other than the rare human psychic) then have individuals who can sense magic and the supernatural often used by their captors to spy upon, contain and control them.

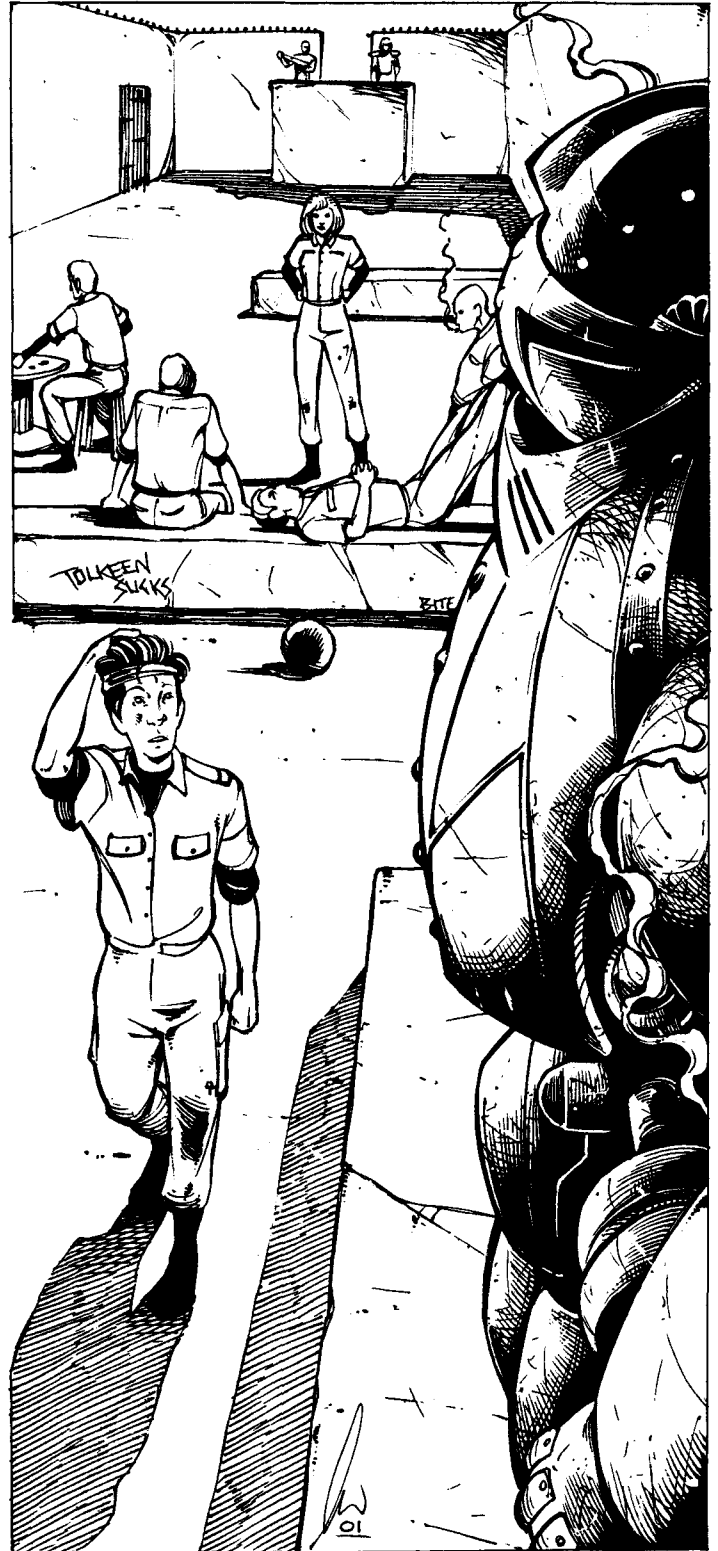
Juicers, *Crazies* and *Special Forces* are also kept in the general population, where they can be easily watched (the first two stick out like apples in an orange crate), and the large number of ordinary human prisoners are likely to keep these aggressive soldiers in check. Indeed, the threat of *group punishment* for the deeds of one man causes the Juicers and Crazies to restrain themselves, and the rest of the P.O.W.s to quickly put the lid on any trouble brewing. To give Juicers and Crazies something to do, and prevent them from going off the deep end sitting idle, they are often assigned to secret prisoner operations among the P.O.W.s.. This includes digging escape tunnels, spying on the camp guards, maintaining security (from their keepers), maintaining peace (among the prisoners), scrounging (finding and hiding tools, weapons and supplies) and minor acts of sabotage against the enemy (namely their keepers). These restless soldiers are also quick to volunteer for work details outside the camp, preferring to work rather than do nothing. Work details also offer opportunities for escape or retribution without endangering their fellow prisoners or evoking group retribution. "Group" retribution seldom applies to work details and field operations.

Cyborgs are either stripped of all of their bionics and placed into the general prison population (effectively cripples without their cybernetics), or their bionics are greatly hobbled and the cyborg soldiers are housed in one of the few M.D.C. bunkers near a cluster of guard towers and away from the rest of the prisoners of war. Note: There are comparatively very few Cyborgs in the CS army and fewer than 1000 at most P.O.W. camps, and this includes **Headhunters**, Bounty Hunters and adventurers believed to be working with, or who have sympathies for, the CS.

The Prison Culture. Generally speaking, each prisoner sees his fellow captives as kindred spirits, brothers under the yoke of oppression. Thus, the level of camaraderie and cooperation is incredibly strong. One for all and all for one. Brothers in arms, helping and looking out for one another whenever possible. Being military personnel to begin with, they look to the officers to give them direction (and assignments), which automatically creates a clearly defined hierarchy and order to the camp. It is inev-

itable that factions and subgroups develop, but all see themselves as soldiers in the Coalition Army. The following are a few subgroups and personality types worth mentioning.

The Escape Team: A collection of the most capable soldiers and specialists with a diverse range of abilities from spies and Special Forces to scientists and engineers. These people, organized by a cadre of officers, develop strategies for escape and tactics for making life more bearable within the camp. Any prisoner who wants to try a solo or small group escape must discuss it with the Escape Team and get its approval. To try an escape without first clearing it with the Escape Team is tantamount to



defying a direct order. Besides, there is no reason not to. If the plan is foolish or seriously flawed, the Team will see it and warn the would-be escapees, offering ways to fix the problem or suggesting a different, better way to try. Escapes must be coordinated and order maintained or they'll all be tripping over themselves and bringing trouble to the entire camp. This internal organization also usually coordinates communications, security and other activities among the P.O.W.s.

Typical Soldier: For the majority of P.O.W.s, there is little they can do but kill time. Most are loyal and want to escape, but they follow protocol and obey the wishes of their superiors. Of course they pass along to their officers any information they think is useful, important or suspicious, but they are otherwise left to their own devices. This means they scatter into factions who share similar ideals and activities such as the group that exercises daily and engages in sports, the group of bookworms, the guys who like to play cards or shoot dice all the time, the ones who like to garden and so on. Note: There is nothing wrong with not trying to escape, keeping one's nose clean or being polite to guards. That's just doing time.

The Rebel & Tough: This may be a good guy, but he or she is (usually young and) full of spit and vinegar. This is the eternal optimist who is gregarious and helpful to his fellow P.O.W.s and openly resentful of his captors. Thus, these individuals are likely to play pranks on their jailers, mouth off, defy and jerk them around out of spite or just for fun. Unfortunately, this can lead to open defiance, fights with guards and other acts of disobedience. Thus, most (not all) rebels and toughs are branded as troublemakers to keep an eye on. Likewise, anybody who associates with this impudent character is likely to be branded a troublemaker too.

The Passive Mouse: This prisoner is quiet as a mouse and avoids conflict, brawls, rebellion and even the slightest appearance of impropriety. Unfortunately, they take it to the point that they try to avoid any involvement with helping their fellow prisoners and do not participate in any escapes or acts of derision. They may be considered wusses and cowards by the fellow prisoners and may be victimized unfairly by rebels, toughs and bullies. Most "mice" aren't cowards, and definitely not traitors like the snitch, but they are usually frightened and timid, shell-shocked or mentally unstable.

Bullies: There is always someone who thinks the world owes him something, or just because he's stronger or smarter than he has the right to push around or abuse those who aren't. Every group has a few bullies, and P.O.W. camps are no exception. Bullies often tend to find one another and gravitate to form small bands. Likewise, a bully may become the leader of thugs who don't have the courage to do things on their own, but are emboldened by their outspoken and brazen leader. Such bands use intimidation and strong-arm techniques to make their life a little better at someone else's expense. Other bullies just like pushing people around or to be on top, which means pushing others under their heel. The Internal P.O.W. Police try to keep these arrogant hot shots and punks in check the best they can, but bullies can be found among their group too. Surprisingly, many bullies talk tough about the guards behind their backs, but avoid direct confrontations with them.

Internal Military Police: This is a group of soldiers organized by either the Escape Team or another group of officers coordi-

nating with the Escape Team to inconspicuously keep the peace among their troops. These are the men and women who break up brawls and arguments before the camp guards get involved, stop fools from working outside the Escape Team or doing things that will bring trouble for the entire camp (or get guards snooping around and jeopardize ongoing escape operations), settle disputes, and look into crimes (theft, extortion, murder, etc.) among the P.O.W.s, as well as breaking up forming gangs and sniffing out snitches. Juicers, Crazies, Psi-Stalkers and Military Specialists are often part of the IMP.

Snitches: These are traitorous or frightened little weasels who sell out their own men for special privileges from their captors or to save their own scrawny necks. They are the most hated people in camp and snubbed by all other prisoners. There is nothing worse than being branded a snitch, because one's fellow prisoners treat that person with disdain and revulsion. Snitches also have a nasty habit of having fatal accidents and dying in their sleep, usually at the hands of the Internal Military Police, an officer or a "buddy" looking for some payback. The bond and sense of loyalty between most prisoners of war is so strong that a traitor is the worst kind of rat, and can not be tolerated.

The Guards. Tolkien prisoner of war camps are simple, straightforward internment camps where the keepers focus on containing the enemy prisoners with as little trouble as possible. Although prisoners often feel paranoid, the guards and camp administrators are very seldom involved in secret plots or elaborate schemes to infiltrate, spy upon or undermine the prisoner; it's just not worth their time and energy. The majority of guards try to maintain some level of civility and compassion toward their charges. These men and women try to uphold order without being cruel, savage or vindictive, and may even come to respect some of the soldiers in their custody. However, there are bullies and tin-plated tyrants who like to lord over others, inflict suffering and engage in petty power plays against prisoners who are at their mercy. Some do so because they are vengeful and hate the CS, and petty vendettas and acts of cruelty against imprisoned soldiers are their only opportunity to strike back. Others are literally monsters who would like nothing more than to kill and devour the prisoners, but only after an ordeal of torture and sadistic fun.

P.O.W. Crime & Punishment. The most obedient and compliant prisoners tend to get a little better treatment and rarely fall under suspicion for trouble. Those who are openly defiant, haughty, boisterous, charismatic leaders or troublemakers, regularly try to escape, or cause grief for their captors are punished and afterward, watched more closely, treated poorly, and regularly singled out, beaten and harassed.

Those who make a failed *attempt* to escape but make a point not to involve others and don't hurt anybody are pushed around, questioned and tossed into solitary confinement for 10-30 days.

Those who attempt to escape by causing damage, engage in sabotage or who attack and hurt (or threaten) a prison guard or officer are severely punished. Typically beaten and sent to spend 30 to 90 days in solitary confinement (roll 2D4x10+12 days, for a random determination of sentence).

Those who successfully escape, but are recaptured later and returned, can expect to face interrogation and 60 to 120 days in solitary.



Those who kill any Tolkeen personnel are likely to be executed in front of the other prisoners. The only exceptions are prisoners who the camp's Commanding Officer wants to keep alive for some reason; i.e. needs to extract information from him, hopes he will lead him to someone else in the camp, or to confuse the other prisoners ("Why is **McConnell** alive? You think he's turned snitch?"), and sometimes, out of respect or as a favor. It happens.

Other punishments for causing trouble include the following:

Loss of Food Privileges: No food rations typically for a day, but sometimes for 2D4 days depending on the crime.

Loss of Entertainment Privileges: Barred from the recreation hall and/or from participating in other authorized events within the compound, such as sports, theater, gardening, etc. Failure to comply will result in a week in solitary if caught.

Confinement to Barracks: For the day or the week. Failure to comply will result in a week in solitary if caught.

Solitary Confinement: Spending one or more days in "the cooler" (a euphemism for the jail house and solitary confinement). The more grievous the crime the longer the time spent. Long sentences are 30-120 days with the worst offenses and repeat offenders getting long time, 60-120 days.

Hard Labor in Camp: This may also translate into repugnant labor, such as cleaning latrines, killing cockroaches, scrubbing pots and pans, burying the dead, and so on. Otherwise, it in-

volves building, painting, digging ditches, hauling supplies, and similar heavy or time consuming work. The work can be useful for the camp or busywork designed to punish the individual, such as, "Haul this pile of rocks or heavy boxes from here to over there. When you're done, haul those same rocks or boxes right back where you found them." **A note about work details:** Work details *outside* the camp are not hard labor "punishment" and is generally regarded as a welcomed change of pace and opportunity. However, in some cases, work duty can be so dangerous or **backbreaking** that it is as bad as hard labor. Work duty is usually done on a voluntary basis, but specific prisoners may be "assigned" to work details either as a reward (if easy or fun) or as punishment (if dangerous or difficult). Typical assignments involve construction (bridges, fortifications, new P.O.W. camp, etc.), farming, picking crops, slopping hogs, tending to cattle, mining, digging graves, and other work where manpower is an essential ingredient and skill is minimal.

Public Humiliation & Chastisement: The prisoners are summoned to gather in the main courtyard to witness the public embarrassment of one of their own. This usually involves an explanation of what the individual did, how stupid or foolish it was, followed by several humiliating jokes and some action of punishment. This public **belittlement** can be humorous, disgusting or painful, such as getting cold water or human excrement poured over one's head, being made to lick the officer's boots, being tarred and **feathered**, being levitated and held in the air (perhaps upside down, especially if the individual is afraid of heights), being made to dance or do some other goofy and embarrassing thing, and so on. Refusing to comply will result in getting hit or kicked, zapped with energy (enough to hurt, not kill) or being magically induced to do it.

Exposure: The subject is chained to a post out in the open and left out in the elements (the sun, rain, snow, etc.) without protection or food. Typically, this punishment lasts for 8 to 24 hours, but sometimes longer. However, leaving a suffering prisoner out in the open for all to see for more than a day, creates unrest, so any serious torture and punishments are done *away* from the rest of the prisoners.

Beating: A beating may be public or behind closed doors and may include interrogation or simply a severe pummeling. Victims are typically beaten until all S.D.C. points are gone and 25-50% of the Hit Points. If the beating gets out of hand, the prisoner may be beaten to within an inch of his life, losing all S.D.C. and 90-95% of his Hit Points. If disliked by the guards or the offense is heinous, medical treatment at the camp hospital is **refused**, although the fellow prisoners are allowed to do what they can for the character. Approximately 3% die from "standard beatings," half die from beatings that get out of hand.

Torture: Intimidation and torture are prevalent. Torture may be applied to extract information or simply to punish. The degree of torture usually depends on the crime and the compassion of the Camp Commander. Torture and interrogation are always done behind closed doors and in a soundproof room in the administration office outside the camp itself, to avoid agitating the other P.O.W.s. About a third of those taken away for interrogation or torture are never seen again. About a third of those die, and the rest are sent elsewhere.

Public Execution: This is reserved for the most heinous crimes, such as hurting or killing a guard, or sabotage that does

significant damage, but it *may* also be used as a punishment (and deterrent to other P.O.W.s) on escapees captured and brought back to camp. However, this is very uncommon and even P.O.W.s who have attempted escapes eight, ten or more times are typically roughed up, interrogated **and/or** put into solitary rather than shot and killed. After their time is served they are released back into the general population.

Group Punishment: Any of the above may be placed on a specific group, barracks or the entire prison population. Group punishment is usually presented with fair warning, for example: "If there is another incident embarrassing guard Nelson you will be confined to quarters and your food rations cut by half for a week (or month or **whatever**)," or "If there is another guard attacked, every man involved will be shot dead, and two of you will be picked at random and executed alongside him." (That's a good time to be afraid if one is on the guard's hate list.) Group punishment is usually designed to keep prisoners under control and make them self-police themselves for fear of mass retaliation.

Harassment: Abuse and intimidation from the guards is not an official punishment and is generally discouraged as inhumane and inappropriate, but it is constant, prevalent and inescapable. Although this can involve brutal crimes of rape, beatings, torture, and extortion, such extreme measures are rare and limited to a tiny handful of the most despicable and vile guards. In fact, many other guards will report such atrocities, and the guard responsible will be immediately **transferred**, usually for duty in a Monster Squad where their penchant for **ruthlessness** and cruelty will be better served.

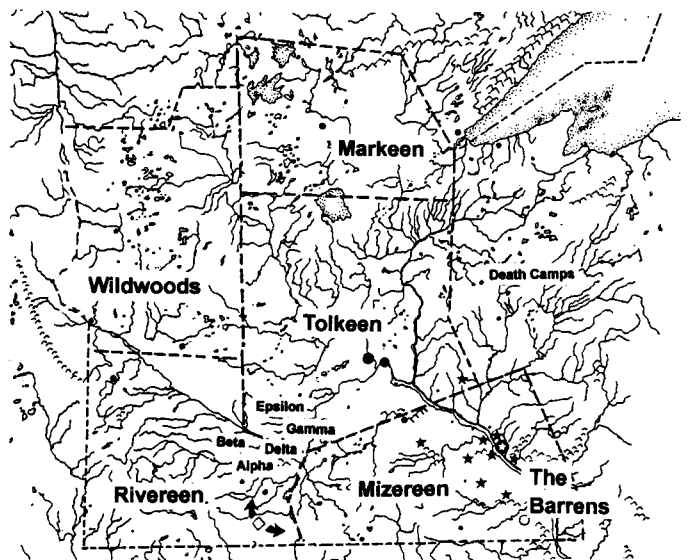
Harassment more commonly takes the form of bullying and petty acts of vindictiveness. For example, a guard may push, shove and even hit a prisoner, especially if the prisoner was ignoring him or smarting off. Likewise, a guard may deliberately break, ruin, sully or hide a personal possession, as well as bump, push, slap, trip, make fun of, belittle or spit upon a P.O.W. out of spite or meanness. Other types of harassment may involve yelling, swearing, threats and verbal berating, accusing a prisoner the guard does not like as a suspect for some wrongdoing, picking that individual for the hardest or foulest work duty, stealing or ruining his food, taking away privileges, constant questioning, and similar acts of meanness.

Crimes committed by P.O.W.s, against other P.O.W.s are usually ignored. Unless it disrupts the camp, the guards and administrators don't really care what's going on. Thus, brawlers are likely to be pulled apart and given a few whacks and a warning, but little else. If trouble between the same factions persists, the guards will beat the snot out of all parties and lock at least one of the main brawlers in the camp jail for 2D6 days to cool off. If one of the brawlers is found slain the next morning, the P.O.W.s are gathered in the Main Courtyard, given a lecture about how this kind of behavior will not be **tolerated**, and warned that when the one(s) responsible is uncovered, he shall be dealt with appropriately (probably **executed**, but not publicly). Beyond that, however, the guards do little to nothing to **find** the perpetrator. If murders and trouble continue, then the camp Commander will take action to find and eliminate those responsible.

Likewise, the guards and administrators accept "prison camp justice," and do nothing about it, especially if a respected

P.O.W. officer vouches for the individual or cause of the incident. This means, if Private Johnson arrives for morning mess with a black eye and bruises all over his face, one of the guards might ask what happened, but will accept the lamest explanation; "Oh, I had a bad dream and I fell out of my bunk." or "I walked into a door," or "Nothing, I'm just feeling a little under the weather is all." Should a suspicious guard push the issue or demand the truth, an officer is likely to step forward to confirm the explanation. "I saw Private Johnson walk into the door Corporal, so **if that's all then**." And the guard will let it drop. This can be carried to extremes. For example, an officer might stand coolly before the Camp Commander and a gaggle of guards and state that a dead snitch with ligature marks around his throat or knife sticking out of his ribs, died of natural causes. "Sad, poor Johnson died in his sleep. Weak heart you know. Now, if you'd like, I can put together a burial team to dig his grave." If necessary, a hundred witnesses will step forward to confirm the (impossible or unlikely) event. The camp administrators back off and let it go because they have learned to leave well enough alone. To do more will cause rioting **and/or** unrest.

As for camp justice, most soldiers present their problem and evidence to one or more officers to get permission to take action against one of their own. Depending on the accusation and the accused, an officer may elect to arbitrate a peaceful solution and recompense, suggest alternative punishment, request a formal inquiry and perhaps an actual hearing, and is likely to suggest the measures to be taken to achieve justice. Any death sentence must be approved by at least four **officers**, **and** the Escape Team must be clued in. Most punishments involve making restitution, being ostracized from one's fellow soldiers, getting roughed up or being victimized by cruel pranks and threats of court-martial when they get back into the real world. But beatings and execution are sometimes deemed necessary, the elimination of a snitch or spy being two of such cases.



Locations

There are **five** known P.O.W. Camps within the kingdom, **Camps Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta and Epsilon** - but the G.M. may place a couple additional camps in Wildwoods, northern **Rivereen** or western **Tolkeen** if he would like.

Camps **Alpha, Beta and Gamma** are located in the northeastern part *of Rivereen*.

Camps Delta and Epsilon are located in the southwestern corner of the *Tolkeen Barony*.

All are roughly the same size and configuration. Each can accommodate approximately 8,000-16,000 prisoners.

Layout & Code Key for a typical Tolkeen P.O.W. Camp

Administration Wing

A) Supply Bunker; 600 M.D.C.; doors 100 M.D.C.

B) The Administration Compound is located inside a protective M.D.C. walled enclosure (80 M.D.C. per 10 square feet/0.9 sq. m). The main building houses the Administrative Offices, conference rooms, cafeteria, communications room and interrogation area. The interrogation area has several small rooms where prisoners are taken, questioned, beaten and tortured, several small holding cells and a medical lab for elaborate torture that requires surgical procedure. The typical cell has 200 M.D.C., doors inside the facility 30 M.D.C., and the overall M.D.C. of the structure is 1000 M.D.C. Has its own independent generator and mini-power plant.

C) The Camp Commander's house, with a small garden and courtyard; has 600 M.D.C.

D) All buildings marked "D" are prison personnel quarters for both the camp guards and administrators. Each building has 600 M.D.C.

E) Staff recreation building complete with exercise equipment, small gym, basketball court, ping-pong room, video arcade, lounge and storage area. The building has 600 M.D.C.

F) Motor Pool for the repair and maintenance of conventional and TW vehicles and machines. Several vehicles are also stored here.

G) Open area, which may be used for a variety of purposes including parking vehicles, a place for Iron Juggernauts, and additional storage.

Prison Compound

Wire Fencing: The compound is encircled by a double wall of wire mesh.

The outer wall is 16 feet (4.9 m) tall with another three feet (0.9 m) of razor-edged concertina wire crowning the top. The razor-wire does 3D6 S.D.C. damage per melee action trying to cut through or maneuver over it; both efforts take 1D4+1 melee actions (only Juicers and Crazies are able to vault or somersault over it, taking only 1D6 damage from a nick or two). The outer fence is heavier than the inner one and has 60 S.D.C. per 12 square feet (1.1 sq. m). Cutting an opening just large enough for one man to squeeze through requires cutters that can inflict at least six S.D.C. points of damage and four melee actions; four quick cuts. Brute strength can not break or tear this wire, it must be snipped with something that can cut through steel fiber.

The inner wall is 12 feet (3.6 m) tall with another three feet (0.9 m) of razor-edged concertina wire crowning the top. The razor-wire does 3D6 S.D.C. damage per melee action trying to cut through or maneuver over it; both efforts take 1D4+1 melee actions (only Juicers and Crazies are able to vault or somersault over it, taking only 1D6 damage from a nick or two). The inner

wire fence has 30 S.D.C. per 12 square feet (1.1 sq. m). Cutting an opening just large enough for one man to squeeze through requires cutters that can inflict at least four S.D.C. points of damage and three melee actions; three quick cuts. Brute strength can not break or tear this wire, it must be snipped with something that can cut through steel fiber.

The inner fence is made of light wire and meant to slow down anyone trying to escape as well as clearly mark the prison no-man's zone. Anybody caught climbing the fence or between the two fences is trying to escape and will be dealt with accordingly. Exactly what amount of force is used depends on the circumstance and the guards' discretion. For example, if one to four prisoners are trying to scale the fence, the guard towers will sound an alarm and issue a warning over the loudspeaker to cease and desist immediately, climb down and lay on the ground or else! Guards on the ground, magic wielding custodians or an Iron Juggernaut are likely to seize the individual(s), rough him up and drag him off to the cooler for 10-30 days of isolation. If that individual continues to make a break for it, is moving fast, and appears to be about to escape, or giving the other guards a difficult time, he will be *gunned down* by one of the guard towers. Likewise, if there is a mass escape attempt, more than a dozen, the guards in the towers will open fire with **machine-guns**, and if necessary, rail guns or magic." Blocked and clustered together at the inner wall, prisoners are like ducks in a barrel and can be mowed down by the hundreds in a matter of one melee round. The Tower Guards also have tear gas grenades that can be fired into the compound to quell rioting or break up rowdy gatherings. Note: The space between the inner and outer fence is 15-20 feet (4.6 to 6.1 m).

Guard Towers: The Guard Towers are indicated on the diagram with a "T." They are typically a narrow, small, simple variety of the Tower of Stone described in the section on The Barrens. Each stands 20 to 25 feet (6.1 to 7.6 m) tall, has 150 to 190 M.D.C. and is manned by 3-4 guards. If there is trouble brewing, the number of tower guards may be increased to 6-8, each armed with a laser & grenade launcher rifle as well as the tower weapon systems. Note that the tower is large enough to easily hold a dozen guards.

Guard Tower Weapons & Features:

1. S.D.C. Machine-gun pointed toward inside the prison compound. Can rotate 360 degrees to fire inside the camp, along the fences or outside the camp. It is intended to contain the prisoners rather than fend off an outside attack. S.D.C. rounds are used to minimize damage and accidental injury to those not participating in a breakout.

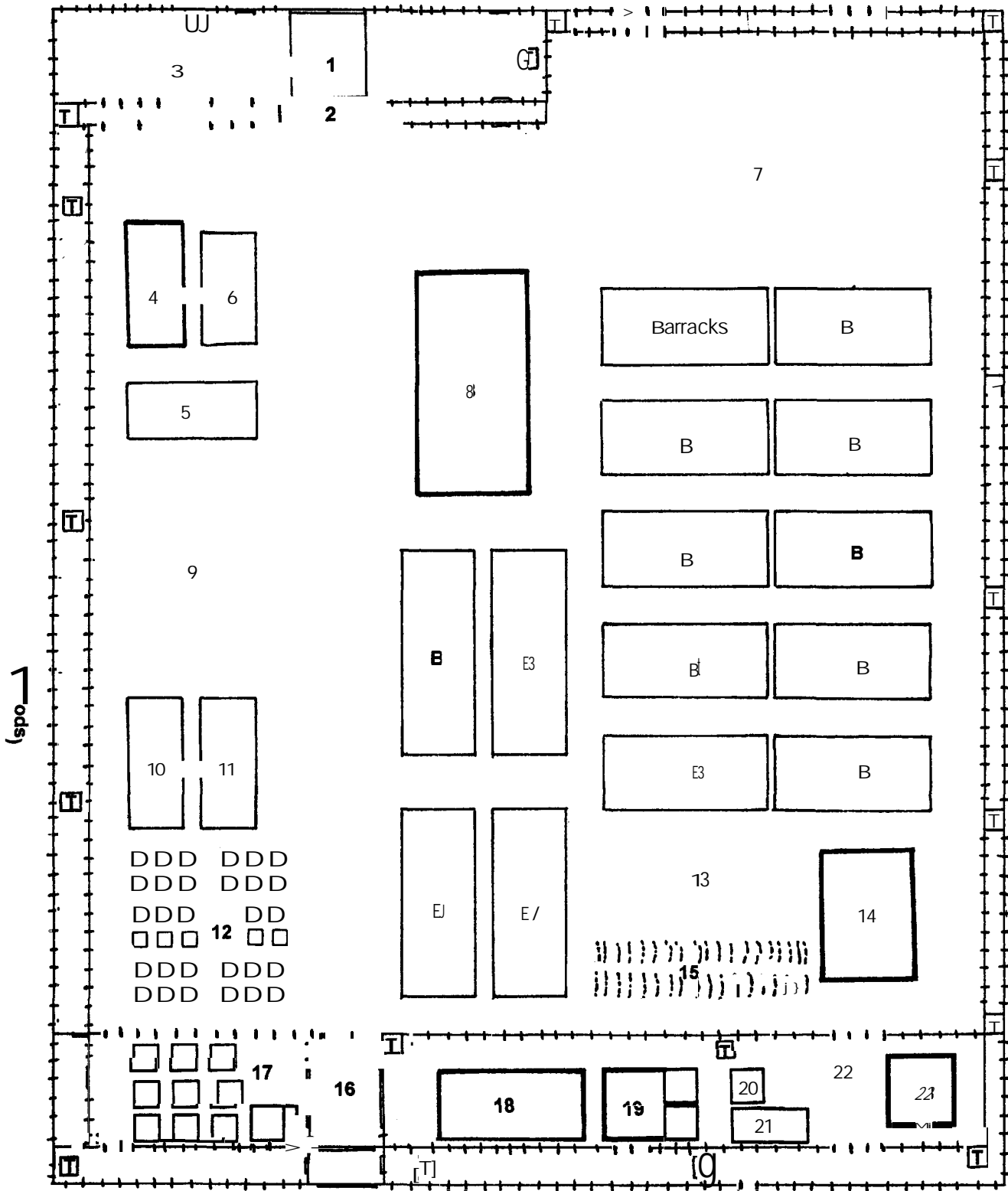
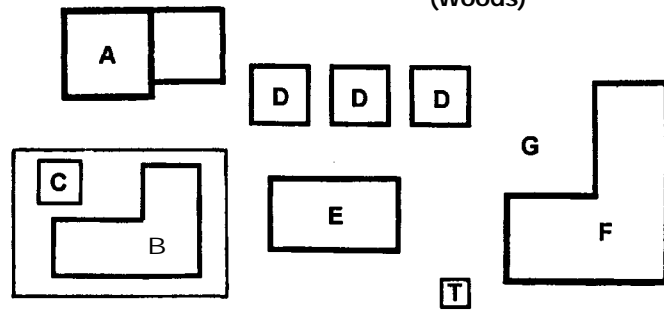
2. M.D.C. Rail Gun turret. Can be moved to any position necessary and rotates 360 degrees, with a 90 degree arc of fire. This weapon is intended for use against M.D. opponents and highly dangerous opponents, including cyborgs, Juicers, Crazies, power armor and robots as well as a defense from third party, outside raiders. During a mass escape or riot involving hundreds or thousands of P.O.W.s, both the machine-gun and the rail gun will be turned on the crowd.

3. Rifle Grenade Launcher & Laser Rifle (combo) is given to each guard assigned to the tower. Laser blasts do 3D6 M.D. while the grenades are exclusively tear gas. Each tear gas grenade creates a toxic cloud, 25 feet (7.6 m) in diameter, that burns the eyes, nose and throat, making breathing and seeing

Typical P.O.W. Camp

(Open Field)

(Woods)



T = Guard Tower

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difficult. Victims are blinded and gag: -3 on initiative, -10 to strike, parry and dodge, and lose one melee **action/attack**. Duration of the gas cloud is approximately five minutes, but each individual affected suffers the penalties noted above while in the cloud and for 1D6+1 minutes after exiting it. Victims of tear gas are extremely vulnerable to guards in environmental body armor and gas masks, and easily subdued.

4. Water Cannons (limited). Only the five towers at the main gate and those in the back of the compound by the back gate, hospital and jail (area 16-23) are equipped with water cannons for subduing rioters. A water blast does 1D4 S.D.C. points of damage (feels like getting punched or kicked), and knocks its victim to the ground and sliding backwards 2D6 feet (0.6 to 3.6 m). The soaked ground will also become muddy and slippery, impairing movement and making it easier to knock people down. Only characters with a P.S. of 22 or higher, or supernatural P.S. can stand against the blast of a water cannon without getting bowled over, however, they still take damage and can not advance against the blast.

5. Siren: One sound for a prison break, another for danger from a third party outside the compound. Guards are supposed to sound the escape alarm even if one prisoner is trying to get through or over the fence. Prisoners know they are to give guards a clear path to seize the escapee and are not supposed to get closer to the fence than 30 feet (9 m) whenever the siren sounds. Those who do will be pushed, beaten or gassed into backing away.

6. Loudspeakers. Each tower has a loudspeaker from which addresses can be made throughout the compound, and warnings can be issued by the guards.

7. Searchlight. Each tower is equipped with two, large searchlights, one pointing in toward the compound and one pointing out, beyond the fence. Both are automated to sweep a predetermined area in a set pattern, but when needed, the lights can be manipulated manually to focus on a specific area or follow a moving target. The searchlights are mounted on top of the guard towers and the light portion has 3 M.D.C.

8. Tower entrance. The entrance to the tower is located inside the fenced in restricted area and through a heavy 90 M.D.C. metal hatch. Likewise, fliers can fly up to the opened observation-gunners' deck.

Prison Barracks are all rectangular buildings indicated with a "B." All are S.D.C. structures.

1. The Main Gate. The outer gate is a pair of automated double doors that are 30 feet (9 m) wide and have 80 M.D.C. The inner gates are part of the overall main gate complex. A pair of small, man-sized doors are located between the main gate and the two flanking guard towers. These are used by guards to enter the gate yard and to bring small numbers of prisoners in and out without having to open the main gates.

2. The Inner Gates are a double-failsafe measure to prevent prisoners from rushing the gates and making an easy escape. The gates have 40 M.D.C.; all are made of metal and wire.

Guard Towers at the Main Gates: A pair of Guard Towers (with water cannons) are located at the double, inner gates. Another two are positioned off to the side of the outer main gate. A fifth Tower is located kitty-corner so that together, the towers can cover every inch of the fence and the yard inside (see #3).

3. Gate Yard. This is the 60 foot (18.3 m) wide area between the outer gate and inner gate. It is used by guards as a recreation area and a no-man's zone for prisoners.

4. M.D.C. Cyborg Housing. This is the Mega-Damage barracks where cyborg prisoners are kept. The building has 700 M.D.C.; doors have 100 M.D.C. and small windows 25 M.D.C.

5. M.D.C. Housing. Another barracks where cyborgs and other powerful prisoners such as rowdy Juicers, Crazies and adventurers may be housed. Sometimes female prisoners are segregated and this barracks can be used for their housing. The building has 600 M.D.C.

6. Showers. Can accommodate 8000 prisoners at a time. Availability may be restricted to specific days and shower privileges may be revoked as group punishment. An S.D.C. structure.

7. Main Courtyard. This is where prisoners assemble for public addresses, body counts, and gatherings to observe public reprimands, punishments and executions. Otherwise it is available for exercising, sports and informal gatherings.

8. Kitchen and Mess Hall. This is where the prisoners come to eat twice a day, breakfast and dinner. Seats 2000 men at a time, so prisoners eat in shifts. Can also be used as a gathering place to meet, talk, and play parlor games (especially in the winter months). An S.D.C. structure.

9. The Yard. An open area of packed dirt for exercise, walking around, sports and gatherings.

10. Showers. An S.D.C. structure.

11. Showers. An S.D.C. structure.

12. Officers' Housing. A cluster of small duplex style houses. 24 officers to a house. All are S.D.C. buildings.

13. Open Inner Courtyard. An open area of packed dirt available for exercises, sports, and gatherings.

14. **P.O.W.** Recreation Building. Includes a basic gymnasium with basketball court, a large exercise room, pool room, ping-pong room and lounge area. An S.D.C. structure.

15. The Garden. An area of fertile ground where prisoners can grow flowers or vegetables.

The Facility

A wing of the P.O.W. camp where special facilities and services are kept.

16. Back Gate: A smaller version of the main gate. The outer door has 80 M.D.C., the inner one 40. Opens to The Facility.

17. Camp Supply Depot. Mostly food.

18. Hospital. Has 300 beds and full, basic medical facilities plus cafeteria. Most of the treatment needed at prison are tending to cuts, bruises, broken bones, the cold and flu. An S.D.C. structure.

19. Power Plant and Water Purification for the Camp. 600 M.D.C.

20. Guard Lounge. An S.D.C. structure.

21. Mortuary & Crematorium. This is where the dead are brought for storage and examination. Includes a forensic laboratory for autopsies, refrigerated storage facility, meeting rooms, offices, lounge and crematorium. Camp staff are examined, given a determination for cause of death and shipped back home

to their loved ones. Deceased P.O.W.s are given similar treatment but the bodies are cremated. Light Mega-Damage structure, 100 M.D.C.

22. Courtyard. A pretty, green park-like area with green grass, bushes, flowers and park benches. Used by the guards and hospital personnel.

23. Jail! Also known as "the Cooler." New arrivals are usually first placed here before being put into the general population. The rules of the camp and punishment are presented, and the new arrivals are sized up. Potential troublemakers are cut out of the main group for further "orientation," which may include interrogation, punishment (by imprisonment, beatings **and/or** torture) or solitary confinement to "settle them in" and "give them a proper attitude." Which and how much orientation they must endure depends on how the prisoners conduct themselves and how angry they make their captors. Likewise, those who are suspected of being spies, officers or other important enemy personnel are separated, locked up and earmarked for interrogation at the administration office. Again, just how brutal the interrogation may or may not be depends on what the prisoner knows and how cooperative or defiant he may be. Not all interrogations are painful or involve torture. When the captors are confident they have gotten all they can from a prisoner, he or she is placed into the general prison population, although they are watched more closely and may be targeted as leaders of prison insurrections or so scared into submission that they serve their captors as informers (more commonly known as "snitches").

Work Grounds. As mentioned earlier, prisoners are sometimes used to perform menial tasks such as digging ditches, repairing bridges and roads, loading and unloading cargo, cleaning, farming, etc. This is especially true as the war winds to an end and able-bodied personnel are hard to find, making forced labor using prisoners an appealing alternative. Such work details are typically done "chain gang" style, meaning the prisoners are shackled to 2-10 other prisoners. Likewise, when a prisoner is allowed to work alone, say in the field picking crops or in a garage as a mechanic or assistant, his legs will still be shackled to hamper his movement and hopefully deter escape. While most work details are labor intensive, characters with special skills such as **accounting/math**, computers, medicine and other areas can find themselves assigned to cushy white collar work in an office. Known troublemakers and escape artists are seldom allowed on work details unless it is extremely punishing or deadly and the work is seen as a good way to break or kill the individual. Note: Work grounds are typically located within 50 miles (80 km) of the P.O.W. Camp, often closer, sometimes farther (wherever they are needed). Prisoners may volunteer for work details for a change of pace, to sniff out what is happening in the "real world," or to look for an opportunity to steal food, candy, booze, weapons, and other goods, or to attempt an escape.

Prison Staff & Guard Composition

Total Staff: Roughly 700-1000 personnel per camp.

Prison Staff & Guards:

15-25% Human

70-80% D-Bees

5% Other: Monsters, demons and the supernatural, including

an elite magic squad skilled in interrogation and torture (typically a 6-10 man group; 3rd to 5th level, with a 6th to 8th level officer/team leader).

Notable Divisions:

Interrogators: Psychics, Witchlings, Black Faeries and Special Forces.

Tech Security & Defenses: The Guards. Typically 1st to 3rd level grunts with no special training, just an orientation class, and thrown into the job.

Magic Security & Defenses:

One 5th to 9th level Warlock who can summon at least Minor **Elementals** via magic spells.

One or two 2nd or 3rd level Warlocks or Ley Line Walkers.

Two to four low level Ley Line Walkers **and/or**psychics; 2nd to 4th level.

1D4+1 Iron Juggernauts or Daemonix, mainly for attacks from raiders and other third party outsiders.

Demon Guards and Chase Teams: 35-50 of the P.O.W. camp guards are supernatural **beings**, or inhuman monsters. At least half are lesser demons and the rest a combination of monsters like **Brodkil**, Gargoyles, **Gurgoyles**, Witchlings, Black Faeries, Devil Unicorns, and others.

Demon guards are typically used as guards on the ground (no tower duty) to make patrols and keep the prisoners in line by their very presence.

Chase Teams track down and return (or kill) escaped prisoners.

Motor Pool: Low- to mid-level Operators and technicians.

Administration: Officers and their teams given the task to organize and maintain the facility with minimal problems. These are the head honchos who run the camp and command the guards.

Camp Commander: Typically a 6th to 9th level practitioner of magic with management skills, but can be an 8th level or higher military officer or warrior (any experienced man at arms).

Note: Readers are probably wondering why there is so little high-tech and so few people of magic or even military experience. The reasons are very practical. One, the camp really does not need a lot of gadgets, electronics, magic, weapons, vehicles, heavy hitters or experienced troops to maintain it efficiently. Two, the prisoners have few resources at their disposal and their captors hold all the weapons and power. Three, just a half dozen low level mages, several dozen D-Bees with unusual powers or great strength (and no love for the CS) and even a handful of demons and monsters heavily outmatch and **outgun** the prison population. This being the case, there is no reason to use experienced soldiers, sorcerers, and powerful supernatural beings to babysit human prisoners, especially when the experienced troops are needed at the front-line. It is as simple as that.

Don't Forget Magic

In addition to the obvious use of demons, elementals and monsters, a prison that has practitioners of magic among its staff has a number of advantages over its non-magical counterparts. Different types of magic can be used for different purposes, here are just some examples.

Capture & Containment: Befuddle, Magic Net, Carpet of Adhesion, Sleep, Levitation, Speed of the Snail, Domination, Calling, Trance, Mute, Negate Mechanics, Negate Magic (not applicable with CS prisoners), Energy Disruption, Implosion **Neutralizer**, Forcebonds, Animate and Control Dead, Circle of Flame, Wall of Wind and all types of magic walls and barriers, as well as all types of illusion magic.

Crowd Dispersal: Apparition, Hallucination, and other illusions, Blinding Flash, Fear, Horror, Wisps of Confusion, Befuddle, Disharmonize, Wind Rush, Sonic Blast, **Shockwave**, Ice, Wave of Frost, Crushing Fist, Trance, Animate and Control Dead, and numerous Elemental magicks.

Interrogation: Tongues, Words of Truth, Agony, Blind, Life Drain, Paralysis, Calling, Domination, Levitation, Telekinesis, Charismatic Aura, Mask of Deceit, Metamorphosis, Horrific Illusion, Apparition, Aura of Power, Aura of Doom, Fear, Horror, Mental Blast, Orb of Cold, Sickness, any magic curses, World Bizarre, and other **illusionary** magic.

Medical **Treatment/Healing**: Heal Wounds, Negate Poison, Cure Minor Disorders, Fortify Against Disease, Cleanse, Sleep, Life Blast, Super Healing, Restore Limb, Exorcism, Cure Insanity, Restoration and Restore Life.

Monitoring/Observation/Spying: Eyes of the Wolf, Invisibility, Chameleon, Shadow Meld, Globe of Silence, Float in Air, Fly as the Eagle, Cloak of Darkness, and numerous Elemental magicks.

Punishment & Torture: Agony, Blind, Compulsion, Life Drain, Levitate, Mute, Paralysis, Sickness, magic curses, and a variety of Elemental magicks, among others.

Tracking: Eyes of the Wolf, Astral Projection, Locate, Oracle, Sense Magic, Sense Evil, See the Invisible, Detect Concealment, Fly as the Eagle, Superhuman Speed, **Teleport**: Superior, as well as the use of Elementals, Elemental magic, and summoned demons.

Note: And this is just taking into consideration the relatively common wizard spells described in the Rifts® **RPG** and Federation of Magic™. There are rare and more powerful high level spells to consider, although the low level practitioners of magic usually assigned to a P.O.W. camp are not likely to know them. Not to mention **Techno-Wizard** devices, other types of magic (Elemental, Necromancy, Conjuring, Russian, **Splogorth**, etc.), psionics and the use of summoned Elementals, demons, spirits, animals, and elemental forces (wind storms, sand storms, earthquakes, etc.).

Camp Gamma

This camp has an unusual number of CS Juicers, Crazies and cyborgs, all of which are routinely put to work at hard labor - something these prisoners prefer to being trapped inside camp with nothing to do. It is a situation that seems to work well for all parties involved; better for the prisoners than their keepers realize. Unknown to the officers who run the prison camp, these resourceful warriors (with the help of Dog Boys and other psychics) routinely *escape* for hours at a time! They have established several small caches of weapons, armor and equipment (captured from the enemy and D-Bee bandits) to supply themselves when off on these little excursions. While secretly outside the camp, they usually engage in acts of reconnaissance and sab-

otage; mostly small things to harass the enemy and help their CS comrades operating in the area. This may include helping or rescuing Coalition Squads, providing CS squads with warnings or information, planting information and false leads to confuse the **Tolkeenites**, radioing strategic information to CS troops (telling them about enemy troop movement, supply trains, and other valuable data), engaging in robbery, hit and run raids, frustrating the enemy, and attacking **Tolkeen** troops and the neighboring **towns**. In the latter case, the "prisoners" may secretly destroy the very bridge, building, or fortification they just built as prisoners, and will help rebuild (over and over again) the structure over the next week.

While most of these antics make only a small impact on the overall war effort, they are wreaking havoc on the local enemy civilian and military forces in lower Tolkeen, northern Rivereen and northwestern **Markeen**. The authorities and military are completely stymied. The P.O.W. camp officers and Tolkeen military have no inkling that their troubles come from the inmates at the camp, and blame it on a dozen groups of "well organized guerillas" who must be secretly operating in the area with the support of the Coalition Army. As unbelievable as this may seem, this activity has been going on for six months. As long as the camp rebels continue to be very careful and selective in their targets, this can go on till the end of the war! In fact, those involved in these escapades have accumulated enough weapons and gear to arm a quarter of their fellow prisoners and launch a successful prison break of the entire facility! However, too many men would die in the process, many more would be hunted down and killed, and it would blow the perfect cover for their current operations at undermining the enemy. The Coalition prisoners secretly responsible take great solace in doing their part to confuse the enemy, and without jeopardizing their fellow prisoners. They especially love the idea they have are doing it all right under their **captors'** noses. Note: These guys are so careful that less than 10% of their fellow prisoners have any knowledge about their extracurricular activities.

Adventure ideas. If the player characters are Coalition soldiers or supporters, they could be part of this secret group and engage in any number of missions to beguile, confound and hurt Tolkeen operations in the region. Or they might make contact with one of the Juicer/Commando groups from Camp Gamma, and work together in launching a series of daring raids against the enemy.

If the player characters are *Tolkeen supporters* or *ordinary adventurers*, they might be victimized by these CS operatives. Another possibility is that they have been hired by Tolkeen to "hunt down the Coalition guerillas responsible for all the trouble." This could lead them on any number of wild goose chases and cat and mouse games before the player characters give up, get called away or uncover the truth. Finding clues, but no hard evidence, that the "CS raiders" are coming from the prison camp could cause all kinds of fun and trouble. The player characters will NOT be allowed to do an investigation at Camp Gamma, and any internal investigations conducted on the part of the arrogant and inept officers in charge will uncover nothing out of the ordinary. The player group's claims will be dismissed as outrageous **and/or** pathetic. Worse, the player characters are likely to be discredited as idiots, crazy rogues trying to find a ridiculous scapegoat rather than the "real culprits," and may even fall under suspicion of being Coalition spies. In the least, accusations

that any Tolkeen soldiers or even prisoners from the camp might be responsible will definitely earn the group the hatred of Camp Gamma's officers and the local authorities (who will lose **their** jobs and be severely reprimanded for their incompetence if this were ever proven to be true). This in turn, might cause those in positions of power to mislead, undermine, hurt, discredit or try to destroy the player characters to protect their own reputations and positions, or out of a misguided sense of revenge.

Even if the heroes manage to prove **their** claims (which should be extremely difficult with everyone working against them), the affair is likely to be downplayed and covered up. The player group may be somehow implicated in the scandal, or framed for any incompetence or collusion. Certainly they will be disliked for uncovering the scandal — no thank you for their effort. Moreover, the local authorities and "new" Camp Gamma commander will be so quick to cover up the situation, that they are not likely to get all the prisoners responsible (only identify 1D6x10%), which means the survivors will continue their work. Virtually all the P.O.W.s will hate the player group because their investigation ultimately leads to the execution of friends (e.g. many of those who were identified getting out of camp to cause trouble). So if other prisoners continue the work of **their** fallen comrades, the player group may be targeted for revenge. Not necessarily marked for death, the P.O.W.s might choose to frame or make them look inept, or like traitors, etc.

A few possible twists. The group uncovers a Black Market operation supported by select officers at Camp Gamma. One or more Camp Gamma officers *have* been bought off **and/or** blackmailed by Black Marketeers to help them in their illegal operations. This is an interesting discovery, but does it have anything to do with the raids on Tolkeen forces? Could the Black Market be responsible? If not, will Tolkeen officials really care about the corruption? If those involved in this scheme learn that the group has uncovered their activities, they (and their Black Market buddies) may want the group silenced before they blow the whistle. An attack by corrupt camp officers or Black Market thugs or hit men may lead the player group to believe they have, indeed, found those responsible.

Their diligence pays off, and while they never make any connections to Camp Gamma, the player characters track down and capture or destroy two or more squads of CS guerillas or spies **and/or** bandits in the area. They believe they have solved the problem, get **their** reward and move on. Meanwhile, having caught word of the player group's mission, the real culprits back at the P.O.W. camp have been laying low for a while. Shortly after the group leaves, they start up again - suggesting a new or replacement group has come into the area.

Even the player characters can not believe their eyes when a trail leads to Camp Gamma. Even if they actually see two or more "operatives" enter the P.O.W. camp, they will assume they are mistaken.

Remember, the group is conducting an investigation in a dangerous war zone where they may get led into all types of trouble and find any number of false leads. The possibilities for different adventures and misdirections are many.



Freebooters

The following are a couple of notorious gangs operating in the Baronies of **Rivereen** and **Mizereen** (occasionally Tolkeen, or dipping south into the Coalition State of Iowa). These gangs are constantly on the move and are merciless blackguards. Some are bloodthirsty patriots, others are bandits and killers who have gotten "freebooter status" to kill with impunity and enjoy at least some limited protection from Tolkeen under the auspices of officially battling the enemy. Most were outlaws before the war, most are evil.

The White Knights

Despite their name, this legendary band is no gathering of heroes. The White Knights are a mixed group of villains, disillusioned heroes and lunatics led by a fallen **Cyber-Knight** known as "Lady White." They prey upon the Coalition Army in a relentless campaign of carnage, wiping out entire platoons in one fell swoop. Ruthless in the extreme, they usually kill all who oppose them. **Given** *freebooter* status by the Tolkeen government, the White Knights are free to do as they please, as long as it harasses the enemy and protects the realm. If the rumors are true, in the two year period the White Knights have been operating in the *Baronies of Rivereen* and *Mizereen*, they have slain over one thousand Coalition troops and cost the CS millions of credits in lost weapons, vehicles and equipment! In response to this, the CS has placed a bounty of five million credits on the head of the **gang's** leader, Lady White, 500,000 credits on each of her six top henchmen, and 25,000 on all others "known" to ride with or support the gang. The group's impressive number of "kills" does not include the several hundred brigands and monsters that have also met their fate at the hands of the White Knights. The Coalition is the group's number one target, but Lady White can not tolerate "vultures and jackals" who prey on the weak and innocent. Slavers, depraved or callous **Cyber-Knights**, and supernatural monsters are on the top of her hate-list, in that order, after the Coalition Army.

What makes these numbers all the more impressive is the fact that the White Knights never engage in outright ambush. They may use the elements of surprise and intimidation, as well as speed, teamwork and cunning, but they always make their presence known *before* attacking, and never strike down an unarmed foe. Countless stories tell how the White Knights seemingly appear out of nowhere to face an enemy, announce their intention to destroy them ("prepare to die"), and then give their opponents a moment to gather their wits and draw their weapons before the band cuts them down. Lady White is even known to send ultimatums ("leave by sundown or by tomorrow morning the streets will run red in your platoon's blood") or warnings ("by midnight, you and your men shall die"), giving those marked a chance to flee or prepare for battle. The former are hunted down and killed unless they leave the kingdom entirely, and those who stand and fight, inevitably perish, or so it has been thus far.

Reputation & Combat Note: Every effort to hunt them down, from CS Commandos and psychics to hired mercenaries and bounty hunters, has failed, usually with the hunting party never being heard from again. On the battlefield, Coalition troops whisper that the White Knights are not human and can

not be stopped. That Lady White and her top six champions are true demons of retribution who appear out of thin air, mow down troops like pigs at a slaughterhouse and vanish like ghosts. Nobody knows who will be their next target or when they might strike, for none can know the whims of spirits. It is said that the White Knights are empowered by the thousands of souls whose blood soaks the earth of **Tolkeen**, which enables them to face enemy troops ten times their own numbers and win. When they fight, they never stop until the White Lady's clothes turn red with the blood of her enemies, and every last soldier is slain!

The reputation of the White Knights is so widespread and well known that most green CS recruits (as well as a large number of seasoned soldiers) tremble at the mention of the name. This frightful reputation (deserved or not) has gotten so out of hand, that Lady White has a Horror Factor of 15, and each of her six lieutenants a Horror Factor of 12! Their rep and the fear it breeds enables a band of 7-14 White Knights to face power armor, cyborg and Juicer squads of equal or slightly greater numbers, to entire platoons of ordinary soldiers. CS grunts and bandits outnumbering the freebooters two, three and even four or five to one have been known to panic and flee when facing these famous warriors. Typically 1D6x10% of the fighting force will break ranks and run for their lives. Ironically, this is what helps the White Knights win, because their opposition has just divided itself into more manageable, small groups. The troops' reaction to the Horror Factor (momentarily frozen) and the abiding fear that **prevails**, makes them shoot with less accuracy, hesitate and make mistakes. Moreover, as those around them fall, they are more likely to cut and run as combat continues (G.M.'s discretion or another H.F. roll).

After the main opposition has been dispatched (i.e. the 10-20 troops who stood their ground), those who have fled, typically splintered into squads of 6-10 men, are easily ridden down and slain in combat. Of course, none of these details make it into the stories. All that people hear is how, say, 10 White Knights wiped out a platoon of 40 Coalition troops. The fact that the death toll can be confirmed makes it all the more real, and boggles the mind with the (seeming) impossibility of it all - which only serves to enhance the legend.

A paradox. Appointed *freebooter* status by the leaders of Tolkeen, and given their reputation, the White Knights pretty much have free rein to do as they please. Other freebooters have used their position to harass, extort and trouble the very people they pretend to protect, but not the White Knights. They treat the civilian population with respect, never deliberately causing trouble or hurting them; quite the contrary, they genuinely watch out for them. For example, the group is known to have rescued victims of kidnaping, chased away monsters, fought bandits and raiders and have even taken stands against vile Monster Squads and demons employed by Tolkeen (killing over a dozen Daemonix). The White Knights are especially resolute when innocent women and children are victimized. Their contrary behavior doesn't stop with protecting the innocent either, they are also known to have spared the lives of worthy adversaries, including Coalition soldiers and **Cyber-Knights!** Likewise, while few realize this, there is a 50/50 chance that an enemy who drops his weapons, refuses to defend himself and sincerely pleads for mercy, will be spared! *Lady White*, *Silent Wind*, *Tank* and *Ice Man* are most likely to give mercy, although they will frequently turn their backs to tempt their quarry to attack from

behind, and when they do, strike the brigand down without further consideration of mercy (he has lost that boon by his act of treachery). Those who slink away are free to go, but if their paths should cross again, mercy will not be given a second time. This strange compassion and nobility has made the group feared by the enemy, but deified by the majority of the Tolkeen citizenry. They are so respected (if not loved) that most folks freely offer the group supplies, food, places to hide and information without them having to ask or pay.

The future. Although passionate about their vendetta against the CS, this team of vigilantes has no intention of dying for Tolkeen. When Lady White decides that the end is near, they will ride off into the sunset like other mercenaries to find employment elsewhere. At least, that's the plan.

Lady White

Lady White is neither a ghost nor a demon. She is a fallen **Cyber-Knight** whose disillusionment has caused her to become a ruthless freebooter. She came to Tolkeen to fight for justice, defend the weak and protect the innocent. Two years into the war, she found it impossible to tell the good guys from bad, herself among them. As far as she was concerned, the level of treachery, viciousness and savagery exhibited by both factions colored everything in the same shade of red. Oh, there were the occasional exceptions, but for the most part she found both sides were willing to do whatever it took to destroy, humiliate and defeat the other. Mercy and compassion were virtually non-existent, and any sense of morality was lost on the battlefield. The brutality and inhumanity turned Lady White's soul to stone, making her as hard and cold as marble. After a while, she didn't care who won or lost, lived or died. Having had her fill of lies and private vendettas disguised as noble causes, Lady White quit the Tolkeen Army and gathered a band of like-minded hard cases to fight at her side. She easily won the team "freebooter" status from the leaders of Tolkeen who were glad to have her on their side in any capacity. This gave her the freedom to wage her own private war against the Coalition Army, Cyber-Knights and anybody else who she decided needed killing. This private war was motivated by anger as much as anything else. The Coalition catches the brunt of her ire because she blames them for her pain — the poor choices she has made, the feeling of abandonment by her fellow knights (her greatest source of anger), the schism that has divided and diminishes the noble Fellowship of Cyber-Knights (her greatest source of shame), and for the sacrifice of the innocent whose blood is spilt at the altars of hubris and vengeance (the inhumanity that stains her hands and those of most everyone who has participated in this the war; her greatest sorrow).

The Lady chose to call her team the **White Knights** as an ironic joke, and has gone on to earn a reputation as one of the most savage, ruthless and deadly band of warriors in the kingdom. The White Knights are famous for taking on opponents that outnumber them and whining, and notorious for making their battles to the death; seldom sparing a single soul, especially when up against the Coalition and Cyber-Knights. The gang might be considered bushwhackers except they do not ambush their targets, preferring straightforward challenges, duels and face to face combat. Lady White has only contempt for

Cyber-Knights turned villains (i.e. prey upon the weak and innocent), and the sanctimonious who dare to judge those who have broken from the Fellowship (as she has). At least six Cyber-Knights have died by her Psi-Sword and Lady White does not hesitate in belittling or battling those knights she deems "honorless swine" or "self-righteous cretins." Still, there are Cyber-Knights she grudgingly respects and would never do anything to hurt, Lord Coake, Sir Tarloquin and Sir Rigeld among them.

As hardened, bitter and barbarous as Lady White has become, she is not without personal honor or ethics. Like many fallen Cyber-Knights, she lives by her own twisted version of The Code. This means there are some lines she or her gang will not cross, and if they do, they answer to her. The following is Lady White's ground rules for her team, and her rewrite of the Cyber-Knight's Code of Chivalry.

1. Lady White is the law. Accept it or get out. Don't like what she has to say, get out. Show her respect or get out. Cross her and die.

The raven-haired **Cyber-Knight** demands to be addressed as "Lady White," or "Milady," to do otherwise is to get the snot kicked out of you. Do it a second time, you are expelled from the gang. Threaten, challenge or besmirch her name or that of her closest comrades (Silent Wind, Tank, Ice, Giz, Enerton and Malcolm) and you will pay for it with your life. Like a tight-knit, albeit dysfunctional family, it is one thing for them to tease or take liberties with one another, it is something entirely different for someone else to do the same.

2. Military targets only. The Coalition Army is Enemy Number One, but bandits, pirates, raiders, spies, monsters and adventurers threatening Tolkeen civilians, working for the other side, or endangering the war effort are all "fair game." Attack, threaten, rob or harm any other target, particularly a woman or child, and there will be hell (and perhaps one's life) to pay.

3. To Live. Enjoy it while you can. Live for yourself, and to hell with anybody who gets in your way, just don't get in the way of Lady White.

4. Fair Play. Never attack an unarmed foe. Never attack to kill from behind. Let your opponent see the face of death before you strike him down, it is much more satisfying that way. And try not to kill anybody who doesn't need killing.

5. Nobility. Self-control is a virtue. If you can't trust yourself, always trust and obey a direct order from Lady White, Silent Wind or Tank. If you **can't** do that, get out or die. Respect women whether you like it or not. Administer what you believe is justice and mercy when it suits you, and when Lady White tells you, because among this gang, Lady White decides what is just and merciful.

Law is an illusion. The Cyber-Knights, lawmen and so-called heroes who try to make the illusion real are fools and dreamers.

6. Valor. Be bold, be brave, but try not to be stupid. Stupid gets one killed, and may take one's teammates down with him. Getting oneself into stupid trouble means getting hung out to dry alone. Nobody is going to risk their necks to rescue a reckless fool.

Fight to win. Defend yourself and your teammates, no one else will. Anger and other hot emotions will get one killed. Cool down, wait and plan. That's why they say, "revenge is a dish

best served cold." Turn to your teammates in times of confusion and hot emotion, and trust their wisdom.

7. **Loyalty.** To Lady White and one's fellow gang members, betrayal means death. Count on it! Abandon a teammate for any reason other than to get help or effect a rescue, and you'd better keep running. Note: Lady White's most trusted six, even the crazy and evil ones, are **unshakably** loyal to her, but not necessarily to each other. If she were slain, half the group would turn to Silent Wind, the rest would go off on their own, particularly the younger, less disciplined and foolhardy secondary members of the band.

Once known as "Lady White the Merciful."

Real name: Lisa Chesley (only Silent Wind knows it).

Race: Human

Alignment: Aberrant with leanings toward good and a strong sense of right and wrong. She started out Scrupulous. With time and a (unlikely) change of heart, she could work to become Unprincipled.

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 19, M.A. 23, P.S. 24, P.P. 22, P.E. 19, P.B. 13, Spd. 21

Height: Five feet, ten inches (1.75 m). Weight: 160 lbs (72 kg), all muscle.

Age: 28

Hit Points: 44; S.D.C.: 76.

Experience Level: 9th level Cyber-Knight.

P.P.E.: 28; I.S.P.: 49.

Disposition: A tower of strength and resolve, she is a powerful, bold and demanding leader, respected and trusted by those who follow her. Her main six followers trust her without hesitation and know that she would never abandon them or recklessly lead them into battle. Lady White usually leads the charge and her teammates follow without question. It is obvious that deep down, she is a noble and caring being, but haunted and tormented by more than disillusionment. Part of it is the classic fallen knight syndrome, causing her to feel betrayed and abandoned by her, once revered, fellow Cyber-Knights, yet at the same time feeling ashamed and guilty of betrayal herself for leaving the Fellowship for the likes of Tolkeen's leadership. Whatever else there may be, she has never shared it with anyone, not even Silent Wind. Until she can come to terms with whatever it is (which may never happen), she vents her anger, shame and sorrow by lashing out at the world, the CS in particular, with a terrible vengeance.

Dream Vision: She has recently had a dream in which her gang and a village of innocent people were all dying around her while she was fighting another female Cyber-Knight. An adversary who is her equal in every way, and when her helmet is knocked off, turns out to be **herself**! She doesn't know (or refuses to accept) what the dream means, but it frightens her.

Mega-Damage via Cyber-Armor: A.R. 16

M.D.C. by Location:

Shoulders (2) — 13 each

Back Shoulder Blades (2) — 20 each

Forearms (2) — 15 each

Thighs/Upper Legs (2) — 20 each

Chest Plate (main body) — 71

Skills of Note: Literacy: American and Spanish (98%); Speaks American, Mexican (Spanish), Dragonese/Elf, and Gobblely

(all at 98%); Lore: Demons & Monsters, Law, Anthropology, Paramedic, Recognize Weapon Quality, Track Humanoids, Land Navigation, Wilderness Survival, Camouflage, Find Contraband, Interrogation, Detect Ambush, Disguise, Escape Artist, Intelligence, Body Building, Boxing, Wrestling, Gymnastics, Swimming, Prowl, Dance, Play Musical Instrument (Guitar), Horsemanship: **Cyber-Knight**, Pilot: Motorcycle, Pilot: Hover Vehicle, and Radio: Basic, all at 90%! Computer Operation, Art and Writing at 65%. W.P. Sword, W.P. Knife, W.P. Blunt, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle and W.P. Energy Heavy all at 9th level proficiency.

Special Abilities: All standard Cyber-Knight Abilities, including creating two Psi-Swords (4D6 M.D. each); see *Coalition Wars™ Four*.

Psionics: Summon Psi-weapons at no I.S.P. cost, **Psi-Shield** (15; half the normal cost), Mind Block (4), Meditation (0), Alter Aura (2), Object Read (6), See the Invisible (4) and Sixth Sense (2). Considered a Major Psychic with 49 I.S.P.

Magic Knowledge: Lore; respects and understands magic and creatures of magic.

Combat Training: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts and Cyber-Knight Zen Combat; includes ability to Cloud sensors, computers and weapon systems!

Attacks Per Melee: 7

Combat Bonuses (includes Zen Combat, attribute and other bonuses): +3 to initiative, +10 to initiative against modern guns and tech (including vehicles and power armor), +13 initiative against Skelebots and other artificial intelligence, +8 to strike (+13 against tech opponents, vehicles and robots), +9 to parry (+13 to parry tech opponents and robots), and +9 to dodge (+10 to dodge tech), +4 to automatic dodge, +17 to damage, +3 to disarm, +4 to pull punch, +4 to roll with punch/fall/impact, +8% vs coma/death, +2 to save vs magic and psionic attacks, +2 to save vs poison, and +3 vs Horror Factor. Plus an extra +1 on all saving throws from the **katana**.

Other Combat Info: Karate Kick (2D4+2), Snap Kick (1D6+2), **Tripping/Leg** Hook, Backward Sweep, Critical Strike or **Knockout/Stun** on 18-20, and **crush/squeeze**.

Weapons of Note: Prefers to use her Psi-Swords and typically creates a matched set of violet energy blades, but she is also fond of using her Rune Katana. Other weapons and items listed are necessities of war that she is personally comfortable using.

C-30 Laser Pulse Pistol: Mega-Damage: 2D4 per single shot, 4D6 per (three shot) pulse. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 600 feet (183 m). Payload: 20 shots per standard E-Clip.

Wilk's 457 Laser Pulse Rifle: Mega-Damage: 3D6+2 per single shot, 1D6x10 per (three shot) pulse. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 2000 feet (610 m). Payload: 30 single shots or 10 pulse blasts per long E-Clip, 20 and 5 from a standard E-Clip.

Pair of ornate Silver Short Swords: Each does 2D4 H.P./S.D.C. damage. They are used for combating supernatural beings vulnerable to silver.

True Samurai Rune Sword (magic): This ancient, silver, Japanese Katana was preserved for decades in a pre-Rifts museum in Chicago, and later salvaged by scavengers. Lady White pried it out of the cold dead hands of a 7th level Juicer several years ago. How it came into his possession

is anyone's guess. This is Lady White's favorite weapon, slung on her back, over her left shoulder. She is never without it, because, somehow, the sword brings her some measure of comfort and hope. She has come to realize that the sword is magical, inhabited by a guiding spirit, and is probably a demon slayer sword of considerable age, but knows nothing else about the pre-Rifts Japanese culture or myths. Lady White will never willingly part with the weapon, and if stolen, hunting it down will become her life's mission.

Katana Weapon Stats: The sword is named **Yuko**, has an I.Q. of 10 and is Unprincipled alignment. This personality can be felt and it shares the same sort of bond with Lady White as it would a true Samurai. It was acquired before the noble knight turned evil, but it **can't** bear to sever their union. Today, it tries to stir her emotions and ignite the spark of goodness buried deep inside her, as well as serve as her conscience and temper her murderous wrath. Age: 900 years. M.D.C.: 1700 and regenerates damage at a rate of 20 M.D.C. per hour (the sword is nearly indestructible). Mega-Damage: Inflicts 1D6x10 S.D.C. to mortal foes, 1D6x10 M.D. to creatures of magic, demons and the supernatural! Bonus: Its owner (currently Lady White) is +1 on ALL saving throws. Value: The weapon is priceless, with true Samurai, swordsmen and collectors willing to pay upwards of 100 million credits (fortunately, most folks in North America do not realize its value or Lady White may be hunted and slain for it).

Splogorth Enslaver (magic): Can cast the following spells three times per 24 hours: Trance, Compulsion, Domination, Fear and Mask of Deceit, plus has 170 I.S.P. and gives its user the powers of Empathy, Telepathy, Sense Evil, Sense Magic, See the Invisible, Sixth Sense, Bio-Manipulation, **Empathic** Transmission, Hypnotic Suggestion, Mentally Possess Others, Mind Bolt, Mind Bond, Mind Block Auto-Defense, Psi-Sword and Psi-Shield (the latter already possessed by the Cyber-Knight). It is a little something taken from a Splogorth Slaver (see page 130 of Rifts® Atlantis for complete details).

Splogorth Talisman of Armor (Magic): Can create Armor of **Ithan** around its wearer three times per 24 hours, M.D.C.: 100, Duration of Spell: 10 minutes. Taken from one of the Splogorth Slaver's Blind Warrior Women.

Techno-Wizard Composite Body Armor (Magical Plate): A suit of black, gold and white armor, with a white cape, gloves and boots. Effectively full environmental armor when the helmet is in place; A.R. 19 without the helmet. Special Properties: 180 M.D.C.; magically lightweight (no mobility penalties), impervious to fire (including M.D. plasma), leaves no footprints, and can perform Chameleon.

Extra Ammo: 12 standard E-Clips and 12 long E-Clips.

Other Equipment: Standard Cyber-Knight gear, saddlebags and riding equipment, vampire fighting gear (including four TW storm flares and other TW anti-vampire items), silver dagger (1D6 S.D.C.), a small gold cross worn around her neck, eight inch (20.3 cm) wooden cross, six wooden stakes, mallet, NG-S2 survival pack, backpack and satchel, pocket tool kit and lock picks, utility belt, canteen, binoculars, tinted goggles, flashlight, language translator, laser distancer, cigarette lighter, flint and charcoal, and some personal items. Rides a Robot Horse with 220 M.D.C. and a speed of 60 mph (96 km).



Cybernetics: Cyber-Armor, clock-calendar implant and gyro-compass.

Money: Lady White and her crew have gathered and hidden several caches of Coalition Military and other weapons and E-Clips throughout Rivereen and Mizereen. She and her band possess every infantry weapon available to the Coalition Army, including a few small vehicles and a couple suits of Terror Trooper, Mauler and SAMAS power armor! Most booty collected from fallen adversaries is sold. Half the money is divided equally between the members of the gang, a third goes to Lady White (she has 500,000 in universal

credits and another 200,000 in gems and other tradeable valuables), and the rest of the money goes to innocent townspeople and refugees, usually from an "anonymous friend."

Note: The gang has a dozen small weapon caches at strategic locations scattered throughout the Baronies of Rivereen and Mizereen. The largest, main cache is in Rivereen, about 20 miles (32 km) east of Boulder Ridge.

Silent Wind

This tall, chiseled, Native American is a *Spirit Warrior*; the group's second in command and Lady White's closest confidant and advisor. She trusts Silent Wind with her life, and respects his abilities as both a warrior and a strategist who can see the big picture. They have never been romantically involved, their affection is that of caring friends who would do anything for each other.

Race: Human; Native American (traditional).

Alignment: Aberrant. Like Lady White, he was of good (Principled) alignment, but has become so driven to destroy evil and protect the innocent that he has become evil himself! Silent Wind is lost, but retains the potential to turn himself around and become good again; as high as Principled, but it will take a lot of hard work and time.

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 12, M.A. 11, P.S. 28 (supernatural), P.P. 17, P.E. 21 (supernatural), P.B. 10, Spd. 23 normally, but 50 mph (80 km) with the speed fetish.

M.D.C.: 114; recovers 15 M.D.C. points per 24 hours and can regrow internal organs within 1D6 days, eyes and lost limbs in 3D4 days!

Height: Six feet, 10 inches (2 m). **Weight:** 230 pounds (103.5 kg).

Age: 27

P.P.E.: 124

Disposition: Silent Wind is a deeply caring and compassionate individual. If anything, he cares too much, for the injustice, cruelty and inhumanity of the war at Tolkeen has driven him to extremes. When it comes to his enemies, they are primarily the Coalition Army, evil supernatural beings (including those that serve Tolkeen) and those who command the forces of darkness (i.e. Shifters, Witches, and Necromancers). For the moment, he focuses his vengeance on the CS, but whenever a supernatural being or dark mage threatens him, the White Knights or innocent people, he destroys them! This has caused the team to fight Daemonix, Iron Juggernauts, Warlocks, Elementals and demons on numerous occasions. (Actually, Lady White, Enerton and Malcolm share a similar revulsion for these beings, so it doesn't take much for them to join their friend in combat.) Silent Wind's acts of retribution and violence are driven by the overwhelming sorrow, frustration and anger surrounding the events of the Tolkeen-Coalition War, yet he can be surprisingly merciful (the most merciful of the lot), even to Coalition soldiers. He is also incredibly gentle and kind to women, children, the elderly and crippled.

Experience Level: 7th level Spirit Warrior.

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Expert, Boxing, General Athletics, Running, Swimming 80%, Climbing 70/60%, Prowl 67%, Hunting, Intelligence 66%, Detect Ambush 70%, Cam-

oufrage 60%, Tracking (**humanoids**) 55%, Holistic Medicine 60%, Wilderness Survival 80%, Land Navigation 70%, Identify Plants & Fruits 60%, Trap and Skin Animals 70%, Cook 80%, Horsemanship: General 64/44%, W.P. Archery & Targeting, W.P. Knife, W.P. Axe/Tomahawk, W.P. Blunt and W.P. Sword, and speaks Native American and **English/American** at 98%, **Demongolian** and Spanish at 90% and Basic Math 90%.

Powers of the Three Realms (Earth, Air & Plant): **Earth**: Recognize minerals by sight (81%), sense and identify seismic disturbances within the earth (78%), sense danger within the earth (78%), and a nearly unerring ability to dowse for water and sense of direction (98%).

Air: Wingless Flight (70 mph/112 km) at will and at no P.P.E. cost, turn invisible for up to seven hours at a time (otherwise identical to the Invisibility: Superior spell; costs 20 P.P.E. to activate), and Danger Sense (same as psionic *Sixth Sense*; costs 6 P.P.E. to activate and lasts for one minute; triggers automatically whenever a serious and immediate threat is present). Sense direction and changes in the wind and approaching storms (81%), sense impurities in the air (71%).

Plant: Toxin Touch: At will the character can secrete a toxin that will seep into the skin of his victim to inflict any of the same effects as the psionic power of *Bio-Manipulation* (uses up P.P.E. instead of I.S.P.). Victims must roll a 17 or higher to save (those in environmental body armor are impervious, M.D.C. beings are +2 to save, and supernatural beings are +4 to save).

Extended life: Stops aging at thirty and unless slain, will live for 3D6x10+1000 years! Solar powered: Does not need food or water, feeds on sunlight. Without sunlight, -1 on all saving throws and combat moves, -5% on skills, healing stops and he loses one M.D.C. point per day. Super-Regeneration, see M.D.C. above.

Attacks per Melee: Five (includes combat and skill bonuses).

Bonuses (including attribute, skill bonuses & magical fetishes): +1 on initiative, +2 to strike, +7 to parry and dodge, +4 to pull punch, +6 to roll with impact, +13 to S.D.C. damage, +3 to save vs magic and disease, +6 to save vs magic potions, +9 to save vs drugs, impervious to poison and all types of dragon breath and gaze attacks. Paired Weapons, critical strike on 18-20, automatic knockout on a natural 20. W.P. Bonuses are NOT included, see below.

Mega-Damage: Supernatural P.S. means punches and kicks inflict M.D.

Restrained Punch: 5D6+13 S.D.C.

Full Strength Punch: 3D6 M.D.

Power Punch: 6D6 M.D.

Kick: 4D6 M.D.

Crush/Squeeze: 1D4 M.D. or 3D6+13 S.D.C. when using restraint.

Body Flip/Throw: 1D6 M.D. or 1D6+13 S.D.C. when using restraint.

Magic Powers: See Powers of the Three Realms and Fetish Weapons.

Psionics: None other than those from the Three Realms.

Weapons of Note: Nothing modern.

Minor Fetish: Speed. Gives Silent Wind his great running speed (50 mph/80 km for a maximum duration of two

hours at a time), plus he fatigues at one third the normal rate when running.

Minor Fetish: Heritage & Self. Helps remind him of his heritage and nags at him to stop his dark revenge and return to goodness, which seems inevitable someday. Note: If Silent Wind turns a new leaf, it will encourage Lady White to do likewise, and vice versa.

Major Fetish: Supernatural Damage (2). When this fetish item is tied to an S.D.C. weapon, it turns it into a Mega-Damage weapon! Silent Wind usually has one tied to his bow, so that his arrows do 2D6 M.D. and another to his Tomahawk to do 2D6 M.D.

Legendary Fetish: Serpent. All snakes see him as a kindred spirit, so they freely give him their venom and never attack. Dragons also regard the character as a brother and treat him with respect and courtesy. Bonuses: +6 to save vs drugs and magic potions, impervious to poison and all types of dragon breath and gaze attacks (all included in the bonus section).

Magic Dagger: Damage: 1D6 M.D., Range: 40 feet (12.2 m). W.P. Bonuses: +1 to strike when thrown, +3 to strike and parry in hand to hand combat.

Bow & Arrows: **Hand-crafted** long-bow, Damage: 2D6 S.D.C. normally or 2D6 M.D. when the Supernatural Damage fetish is attached to it. Range: 760 feet (232 m), Rate of Fire: 6 per melee round, Bonuses: +4 to strike and +1 to parry with a bow. Payload: Quiver contains 1D6+24 arrows at any given time. Silent Wind usually has another dozen or two in his pack and there are 64 at each of the White Knights' hidden weapon caches. He can also make new ones.

Tomahawk (2): Conventional, silver plated Tomahawks. Damage: 2D6 S.D.C. Range: 60 feet (18.3 m) thrown. W.P. Bonuses: +3 to strike and +4 to parry in hand to hand combat, +3 to strike when thrown.

War Club (1): Damage: 2D6 S.D.C. Range: 30 feet (9 m) thrown.

Equipment: Clothes, utility belt with six pouches, two small sacks, backpack, saddlebag, bedroll, two water skins, game traps and snares, war-paint, 30 feet (9 m) of cord for roping and climbing, survival knife (1D6 S.D.C.), conventional tomahawk (small axe, 1D6 S.D.C.), wooden cross, medicine bag (holistic medicine, herbs and other doctoring items), and some personal items. Rides a palomino named Lightning (Spd. 55/37 mph/60 km, Hit Points: 30, S.D.C.: 20, but wears fetish armor made of animal hide and bone which provides 125 M.D.C. Lightning has 25 P.P.E.).

Bionics: None.

Booty: 3D6x1,000 in Universal Credits and 1D4x1,000 in tradeable items, but no tech. Spirit Warriors have little use for money or possessions, so Silent Wind gives most of his earnings and his cut of booty (guns and such) away to refugees and other people in need.

Tank

The **Grackle** Tooth in the party has been named "Tank" because he is a walking arsenal of heavy weapons. Grenades, mini-missiles, plasma rifles and other heavy weapons are his areas of expertise. When asked about his penchant for weapons of mass destruction, he smiles and says something like, "I just like things that explode," **and/or** "I like to make sure my opponent is

down and out, why take chances?" Tank is a trustworthy, affable fellow, who unlike the many tortured souls among the White Knights, takes life as it comes. Although he is often troubled by the brutality and **ruthlessness** exhibited by many of his teammates, Tank believes they are fighting for a good cause (i.e. to stop the CS invasion and protect innocent civilians). Their free-booter status from the government of **Tolkeen** gives him a clear conscience in looting fallen CS troops and making money from selling such items. However, like his two noble companions, he too gives generously to those in need.

Race: **Grackle Tooth**

Alignment: Unprincipled, with leanings toward Aberrant evil.

Attributes: I.Q. 11, M.E. 14, M.A. 20, P.S. 29 (supernatural), P.P. 18, P.E. 17, P.B. 8, Spd. 16

M.D.C.: 104

Height: Nine feet (2.7 m). **Weight:** 640 pounds (288 kg).

Age: 22

P.P.E.: 9

Experience Level: 5th level Military Specialist trained in heavy weapons and explosives.

Disposition: Calm and steady under fire, quick thinking and resourceful. He is dedicated to fighting for Tolkeen even if it has sunken to new levels of depravity and brutality, however, he will not fight to the death, and even with his eternal optimism, Tank is beginning to get disillusioned about the war, himself. He fears Tolkeen will lose if the CS makes another all-out invasion effort, but hopes things won't come to that. In his **mind**, if the White Knights and other Tolkeen defenders can make a strong showing now, against the returning Coalition reconnaissance teams and guerilla squads, he believes the Coalition States may give up.

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Expert, Boxing, General Athletics, Swimming 60%, Climbing 60/50%, Intelligence 60%, Detect Ambush 60%, Camouflage 55%, Prowl 55%, Find Contraband 57%, Basic Electronics 65%, Basic Mechanics 65%, Field Armorer 80%, Computer Operation 70%, Radio: Basic 70%, Pilot Hovercraft 90%, Pilot Hovercycles (includes Rocket Bikes) 76%, Weapon Systems 70%, Demolitions 93%, Demolitions Disposal 93%, Underwater Demolitions 93%, W.P. Knife, W.P. Automatic Rifle, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle, W.P. Heavy Energy Weapons, W.P. Heavy. Speaks American and Spanish at 98% and can read American at 65%, and Basic Math 80%.

Note: Does not know how to pilot power armor.

Natural Abilities: M.D.C. recovers at a rate of 2D6 per 12 hours; sharp vision; prehensile tail (12 feet/3.6m) adds one additional melee attack. Bonuses incorporated below.

Attacks **per Melee:** Six (includes combat and skill bonuses) plus one from tail, for seven total.

Bonuses (including attribute, natural abilities, R.C.C. and skill bonuses): +2 on initiative, +5 to strike, +8 to parry, +6 to dodge, +5 to pull punch, +4 to roll with **impact**, +14 to S.D.C. damage, +2 to save vs poison and drugs, +6 to save vs disease, impervious to carcinogens and heat (dislikes the cold), and +5 to save vs Horror Factor.

Mega-Damage: Supernatural P.S. means punches and kicks inflict M.D.

Restrained Punch or Tail Slash: 5D6+143 S.D.C.

Full Strength Punch or Tail Slash: 3D6 M.D.

Power Punch: 6D6 M.D.

Kick: 4D6 M.D.

Crush/Squeeze: 1D4 M.D. or 3D6+14 S.D.C. when using restraint.

Body Flip/Throw: 1D6 M.D. or 1D6+14 S.D.C. when using restraint.

Magic Powers: None.

Psionics: None.

Weapons of Note: Loves Coalition issued weapons!

C-30 Laser Pulse Pistol: Mega-Damage: 2D4 per single shot, 4D6 per three shot pulse. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 600 feet (183 m). Payload: 30 shots per long E-Clip.

CS Vibro-Sword (2): A matching pair of Vibro-Swords with silver plated spikes in the pommel for use against the supernatural (1D6 S.D.C.). Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D.

CS Vibro-Knife (1): 1D6 M.D.

CP-50 "Dragonfire" Assault Pulse Laser Rifle & Grenade Launcher: Tank's favorite weapon. Mega-Damage: Laser: 2D6 per single shot or 6D6 M.D. per pulse (three shots); Micro-fusion Grenades: 6D6 M.D. to a six foot (1.8 m) blast radius. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee round. Range: Laser is 2000 feet (610 m), the grenade launcher is 1200 feet (365 m). Payload: 21 single blasts or seven pulse blasts per standard E-Clip. 12 grenades loaded in the weapon.

C-29 "Hellfire" Heavy Plasma Cannon: Tank's second favorite weapon for taking down power armor and monsters. Mega-Damage: 1D6x10 per single blast. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee round. Range: 1,400 feet (426.7 m). Payload: 16 from a backpack energy canister or 8 from a smaller E-canister clipped to the gun.

CTT-M20 Missile Rifle: Mega-Damage: Varies by missile type. Standard issue is armor piercing (1D4x10 M.D.) or plasma (1D6x10 M.D.). The targeting laser does 2D6 M.D. per shot. Rate of Fire: One at a time, or in volleys of two or four. Range: Mini-missiles depend on type; usually about one mile (1.6 km). The targeting laser has a range of 2,000 feet (610 m). Payload: 20 mini-missiles; 10 per launch tube. The targeting laser takes a standard E-Clip (20 shots) or long E-Clip (30 shots).

Fusion Blocks: Three each. Mega-Damage: 1D4x10 (light), 2D6x10 (medium), 4D6x10 (heavy). Blast Radius: Each has a contained blast radius of 10 feet (3 m). Range: The blocks are made for placement, not throwing or shooting. However, one can try throwing the explosive, typical range is 1D6x10 feet (3 to 18 m); fusion blocks are not aerodynamic.

Hand Grenades: Plasma (6): Mega-Damage: 5D6 M.D. Blast Radius: 12 feet (3.6 m); Fragmentation (6): 2D6 M.D. Blast Radius: 20 feet (6 m); and five smoke grenades. Throwing Range (all): 40 yards/meters.

Extra Ammo: 20 standard E-Clips, six E-canisters, two backpack E-canisters, one extra energy backpack, 24 extra mini-missiles, and 56 micro-fusion grenades (12 on bandolier and 48 in a satchel). He also has a personal reserve of these items in the same number at each of the group's weapon caches. The main cache has 288 micro-fusion grenades and 96 mini-missiles and extra E-Clips.

Body Armor: Homespun, partial M.D.C. armor, currently with 60 M.D.C.

Other Equipment: Six signal flares, binoculars, robot medical kit, pocket computer, utility belt, air filter & gas mask, short-range radio (5 mile/8 km range), canteen, food rations bag, backpack, 60 feet (18.3 m) of lightweight climbing cord and grappling hook, fire starter kit, **garrote** wire, pocket knife (1D4 S.D.C.), pocket computer, laser **distancer**, silver cross, **compass/inertial** mapper, flashlight and a CS Scout Rocket Bike.

Bionics: None.

Booty: 1D6x10,000 in Universal Credits and 3D6x1,000 in gems and other small, valuable items for trade.

Ice Man

Ice Man (his friends just call him "Ice") is a D'norr **Devilman**, Ley Line Walker. He has earned his name because he is cool and calculating under fire and his favorite weapons are a magic *Frostblade* in one hand and a *Magic Shield* in the other. He also casts a number of water, ice and air spells. In fact, other than knives and his crossbow, the Frostblade and shield are the only hand-held weapons he is willing to use, and one can argue that they aren't even real, but the temporary stuff of magic. As for long-range combat, Ice Man relies entirely on spell magic and the help of his allies.

The mage has a phobia about guns and technology, and avoids them as bad luck, even **Techno-Wizard** items. The reason is that a fortune-teller warned that he would die from a weapon or mechanical device rigged to explode. Ordinarily he might dismiss such a prophecy, but three out of four predictions from the woman all came true! His is the last of the four! Now convinced of the **woman's** abilities to divine the future, Ice went back to try to get details — he was pretty drunk at the time and thought she was just a charlatan performing for drinks. Consequently, he didn't pay close attention to what she said, and now he desperately wants more information. Returning to the village, Ice found it leveled by the Coalition Army and the people gone. Try as he might to find her, the prophet has vanished as if she had never existed. Even the few villagers he has managed to track know nothing about her, saying she was a drifter and a healer who had only been with them a few weeks before the CS attack. They assume she was killed in the CS raid or ran for her life. If she still lives, she could be anywhere.

Ice Man's fear of guns and technology is so great that he will not even touch them when gathering loot or use one to defend himself. Likewise, he avoids getting inside vehicles and prefers to walk or ride his bat-winged mount, a **Dragonodactyl**. As a result, he is on a quest to find alternative types of magic such as potions, rings and talismans to augment his power. Lately, he has taken to wearing a hood and scarf to completely cover his identity (one can't tell he's even a D'norr). His teammates try to comfort him but he clings to his paranoia about technology. All in all, he manages very well, and except for his psychotic aversion to technology, he seems fairly normal.

Race: D'norr Devilman

Alignment: Anarchist (he started out Scrupulous).

Insanity: Phobia, modern weapons/guns and technology of any kind, from disk players, portable computers, and language translators to old-style revolvers and **Vibro-Blades**. He avoids them like the plague; won't even touch them. Likewise, he tends to

lash out with magic or violence when he is threatened with guns or technology, striking with excessive force. He's not thrilled that his teammates are so tech-oriented, but he trusts them (even Malcolm, the Crazy), and does not mind that they use advanced weapons and technology. He also suffers from a borderline obsession with finding the woman who foretold his demise, looking for her wherever he **goes..**

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.E. 17, M.A.15, P.S. 15, P.P. 11, P.E. 10, P.B. 8, Spd. 9

Hit Points: 49; **S.D.C.:** 26.

Height: Six feet (1.83 m). Weight: 170 pounds (78.2 kg).

Age: 32

P.P.E.: 217, **I.S.P.:** None.

Experience Level: 8th level Ley Line Walker.

Disposition: Ice is generally cool under fire, sly, cunning and observant. An experienced sorcerer adept in the mystic arts, he is also decent in hand to hand combat, more so than most mages. The Crazy plays on Ice Man's fear and subjects him to an endless parade of jokes and pranks involving technology. However, both respect and (grudgingly) like each other. He no longer cares about saving Tolkeen, although he cares deeply about innocent civilians and refugees. He stays with the White Knights because he likes them (well, most of them), and because it's a good gig. Through them, he has advanced his mystical skills and knowledge, and amassed a fortune, what more could one want? He is very compassionate and emotional about injustice and suffering, and is merciful toward fellow D-Bees, Indians, wilderness folk, and practitioners of magic.

Skills of Note: Speak American (98%), Speak Dragonese (98%), Speak Gobblely (98%), Speak Spanish (70%), Literate in American (80%), Anthropology 65%, Art 80%, Math: Basic: 90%, Math: Advanced 90%, Lore: Demons & Monsters (85%), Lore: Faerie Folk (90%), Land Navigation (68%), Wilderness Survival (80%), Pilot Hover Craft (90%; useless to him now), Horsemanship: Exotic (Dragonodactyl), Running, Body Building, Swimming (90%), Climbing (85%/75%), First Aid (85%), Radio: Basic (80% useless to him), Hand to Hand: Expert. W.P. Sword (including the Frostblade) and W.P. Energy Rifle (useless to him now).

Special Abilities: Sense **Elementals** within 120 feet (36.6 m), sense chosen element (75%), see invisible Elemental (85%), summon Lesser Elemental (50%; +10% at ley lines, +20% at nexus), summon Greater Elemental (25%; +10% at ley lines, +20% at nexus). Instinctively swim (70%); can hold breath for five minutes. Sense location and direction of body of water (85%); sense water contamination (80%).

Psionics: None.

Spell Knowledge: Armor of **Ithan** (10), Frostblade (15), Magic Shield (6), Ice (15), Orb of Cold (6), Reflection (7), Cleanse (6), Cloud of Smoke (2), Water to Wine (40), Swim as the Fish (6), Float in Air (5), Breathe without Air (5), Electric Arc, Call Lightning (15), Levitation (5), Wind Rush (20), Wall of Wind (40), Energy Disruption (12), Paralysis: Lesser (5), Blind (6), Mute (50), Speed of the Snail (50), Magic Net (7), Manipulate Objects (2+), Throwing Stones (5), Time Slip (20), Repel Animals (7), Shadow Meld (10), Escape (8), Mask of Deceit (15), Heal Wounds (10), Tongues (12), Magic Pigeon (20), Negate Magic (30), Mystic Portal (60), **Armorbane** (100), Summon Fog (140), Summon Rain (200),

and Summon Storm (300). Victims need to roll a 14 or higher to save against Ice Man's magic. Note: Spells not found in the Rifts® RPG are found in the *Federation of Magic™* world book.

Attacks Per Melee: Six hand to hand or two by spell.

Combat Bonuses: +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, +2 to pull punch, +1 to disarm, +5 to save vs Horror Factor, +3 to save vs magic, +2 to save vs psionic attack, +1 to save vs mind control, +1 to save vs illusions, and +4 to save vs possession; -1 to save vs insanity. Head butt does 2D4+2 S.D.C. damage, and can use paired weapons.

Weapons: Minimal! Relies almost entirely on his formidable magic powers.

Crossbow (Traditional): Damage: 2D4 S.D.C., Range: 600 feet (183 m), Payload: Fires one bolt at a time; has a quiver with 24 bolts, six tipped in silver.

Black Jack: 1D6 S.D.C.

Daggers: One steel: 1D6 S.D.C., one wood: 1D4 against most foes, double damage against vampires, one silver: 1D4 against most foes, double damage against creatures vulnerable to silver.

Other Equipment: Clothes, hooded cloak, scarf, backpack, satchel, saddlebags, utility belt, bed roll, two small sacks, two canteens, tinted goggles and air filter, flint and charcoal, wooden cross, five wooden stakes, a mallet, three vials of holy water, and some personal items. Rides a **Dragonacytl** named **Northwind**; 210 M.D.C., runs at a speed of 30 mph (48 km) and flies at 67 mph (107 km). Front leg kick does 1D4 M.D., kick with rear legs 2D4 M.D., bite 2D4 S.D.C.; see page 116 of the Rifts® Conversion Book One for complete info.

Bionics: None! Are you crazy!?!

Booty: Ice has 100,000 Universal Credits on him along with 2D6x10,000 credits worth of gems and other valuables suitable for trade at all times. He has another 800,000 credits socked away in a bank at **Kingsdale**, 300,000 at one of the Colorado Baronies and 250,000 credits at **Lazlo**.

Enerton the Destroyer

Enerton is a foul-mouthed, black-hearted, vindictive cuss who insists on the ridiculous name (pronounced "en-er-ton"). In fact, he prefers to be addressed by the full name of "Enerton the Destroyer." Much to his chagrin, Malcolm the Crazy, Tank and Giz insist on calling him "Ernie," something that drives him up the wall. When Enerton has had his fill of their shenanigans or is in a particularly foul mood, he will ignore everybody unless he is addressed by his proper and entire name, "Enerton the Destroyer"—sometimes even during life and death combat situations, and especially when they need his help. The arrogant sadist is a master assassin who enjoys his work.

The Yeno is a **cold-hearted**, professional killer, interrogator and torturer who does not know the meaning of the word "mercy." If anyone is spared in combat, it is only because Enerton didn't notice them or Lady White, Tank or Silent Wind interceded on **his/her/their** behalf. These three are the only ones Enerton respects and obeys. He disregards the others as rude and foolish children or lowlifes barely worth his company, and it is an effort for him to tolerate their annoying presence. He abso-

lutely despises Malcolm and hates Ice (who he considers to be crazy) and Giz.

Race: Yeno.

Alignment: Diabolic, although he is steadfast in his loyalty to Lady White.

Insanities: Megalomaniac, sociopath (he is all important, and he doesn't care about law or what's right and wrong). Very cantankerous and flies into murderous rages against strangers who annoy him; sometimes against people he knows as well. He and Malcolm are always going at it.

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.E. 7, M.A. 8, P.S. 14, P.P. 22, P.E. 10, P.B. 3, Spd. 21

M.D.C.: 102; wears Mega-Damage body armor for additional protection or as a disguise.

Height: Five feet, 11 inches (1.79 m). **Weight:** 160 lbs (72 kg).

Age: 30

P.P.E.: 6

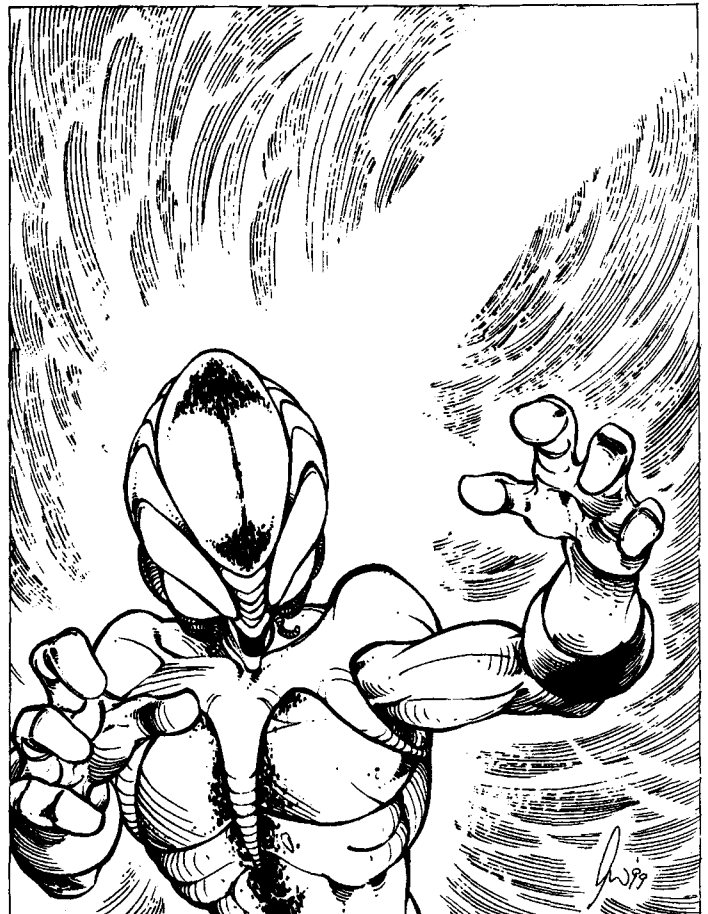
Experience Level: 7th level Assassin.

Special Abilities: Resistant to all energy attacks (half damage), sharp vision and can see in all spectrums of light.

Energy Blasts: Any of the following as desired: 4D6 S.D.C., 2D4x10 S.D.C., or Mega-Damage: 1D6, 2D6, 3D6 or 4D6 M.D. blasts. Counts as one attack regardless of the energy bolt's power and is +3 to strike using them. Range: 1210 feet (369 m).

Energy Force Field: 100 M.D.C., placed around self only at the speed of thought; can be maintained indefinitely, but glows and may blow one's cover or hiding place.

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Assassin, Boxing, Wrestling, Swimming 70%, General Athletics, Running, Climbing 60/50%, Intelligence 64%, Interrogation 70%, Imitate Voices



70%, Tracking (humanoids) 70%, Sniper, Hunting, Computer Operation 70%, Radio: Basic 85%, Radio: Scramblers 75%, Surveillance Systems 70%, Pilot Hovercraft 90%, Pilot Hovercycle **84%**, Detect Ambush 60%, Camouflage 60%, Disguise 55%, Escape Artist 60%. Prowl 75%, Find Contraband 60%, W.P. Knife, W.P. Blunt, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle and W.P. Heavy Energy Weapons. Speaks American at 98% and Euro and Gobblely at 90%, read American at 65% and Basic Math 80%.

Attacks per Melee: Six hand to hand or eight using energy blasts only (includes combat and skill bonuses); will increase to 7 and 9 respectively when **Enerton** becomes eighth level (he's only 1000 experience points away).

Bonuses (including attribute and skill bonuses): +2 on initiative, +2 to strike, +5 with energy bolts, +2 to any aimed shot including natural energy bolts, +6 to parry and dodge, +4 to S.D.C. damage, +3 to pull punch, +5 to roll with impact, +4 to save vs Horror Factor (special); entangle, and knock-out/stun on natural 17-20.

Mega-Damage: By energy blasts or weapons only; physical combat does S.D.C.

Magic Powers: None.

Psionics: None.

Favorite Weapons of Note: Most are Coalition issue.

Vibro-Knives (2): 1D6 M.D.

Neural Mace (1): Stuns its victims for 2D4 melee rounds unless the victim rolls 16 or higher to save. See *Rifts® RPG* or *Coalition War Campaign™* for complete details.

C-30 Laser Pulse Pistol: Mega-Damage: 2D4 per single shot, 4D6 per three shot pulse. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 600 feet (183 m). Payload: 30 shots per long E-Clip.

Wilk's Sniper Laser Pistol (2): Mega-Damage: 2D6 per single shot. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 1000 feet (305 m). Payload: 12 shots per standard E-Clip, 24 per long E-Clip.

Wilk's-Remi 104 Derringer: Mega-Damage: 2D4 per single shot. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 300 feet (91.5 m). Payload: 4 shots.

CP-50 Dragonfire Pulse Laser Rifle and Grenade Launcher: Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D. per single laser blast or 6D6 M.D. per three shot pulse, or 2D6 M.D. (12 ft/3.6m blast radius) from grenades. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee round. Range: Laser: 2,000 feet (610 m), Grenade Launcher: 1200 feet (365 m). Payload: 21 blasts from a standard E-Clip (that's seven pulse blasts) and 12 grenades.

Wilk's 567 "Long Gun" Laser Sniper Rifle: Mega-Damage: 1D6 per single shot, 2D6 per double pulse, 3D6 per triple pulse, 4D6 M.D. per quadruple pulse or 5D6 M.D. maximum. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 2200 feet (670.5 m). Payload (2 E-Clips): 50 single to triple blast shots per pair of standard E-Clips; reduce accordingly for the 4-5 pulse shots.

Hand Grenades: Plasma (2): Mega-Damage: 5D6 M.D. Blast Radius: 12 feet (3.6 m); Fragmentation (6): 2D6 M.D. Blast Radius: 20 feet (6 m). High Explosive (6): 4D6 M.D. to a 6 foot (1.8 m) radius, and three smoke grenades. Throwing Range (all): 40 yards/meters.

Splugorth Slaver's Staff of Eylor: Mega-Damage as a blunt weapon: 3D6, M.D.C. of the Staff itself: 150, P.P.E. Payload: 100 and regenerates 20 P.P.E. points per hour; instantly at a ley line nexus. Magic Spells: Each of the following can be cast twice per 24 hours provided the necessary P.P.E. is available; 8th level in potency: Extinguish Fire (4), Repel Animals (7), Fear (5), Chameleon (6), Befuddle (3), Call Lightning (15), Energy Disruption (12), Dispel Magic Barriers (20), Negate Magic (30), Tongues (12) and Oracle (30). Note: The staff is a rune weapon of Splugorth design. It is Diabolic evil, has an I.Q. of 10, communicates telepathically with its current owner, Enerton, and their bond can only be broken in death (i.e. Enerton dies), otherwise even if discarded, stolen or lost, the weapon will magically return to its owner within 24 hours! The staff frequently offers suggestions in combat and speaks against acts of mercy and compromise, as well as incites dissension, brawls and trouble between Enerton and his teammates. It was taken from a Splugorth Slaver (see page 122 of *Rifts® Atlantis* for a complete description of the staff). Ice Man was afraid to take it (actually a smart move) so Enerton claimed it.

Extra Ammo: 10 standard E-Clips, 6 long E-Clips, and one E-canister.

Body Armor: Composite Armor made in part from Dead Boy armor: Head/Helmet — 70 M.D.C., Arms — 50 M.D.C. each, Legs — 70 M.D.C. each, Main Body — 90 M.D.C. May wear other armor for protection or disguise.

Other Equipment: Laser scalpel, signal flares, binoculars, robot medical kit, pocket computer, utility belt, air filter & gas mask, short-range radio (5 mile/8 km range), canteen, food rations, backpack, 60 feet (18.3 m) of lightweight climbing cord and grappling hook, fire starter kit, garrote wire, pocket knife (1D4 S.D.C.), two survival knives (1D6 S.D.C.), pocket computer, laser **distancer**, silver cross, compass/inertial mapper, flashlight and a CS Scout Rocket Bike (130 M.D.C. left, and goes up to 440 mph/704 km; see *Coalition War Campaign™* for details).

Bionics: None.

Booty: 1D6x10,000 in Universal Credits and 2D6x1,000 in gems or other small, valuable items for trade. Has another 500,000 credits socked away somewhere.

Giz the Fixer

The Aardan Tek is a **jack-of-all-trades**, rogue scientist with an interest in everything. Giz, as he calls himself, is the White Knights' mechanic, fixer, scholar and mad scientist as well as traps builder and **disarmer** all rolled into one. A typical egg-head, he sometimes loses sight of the big picture and combat strategies because he tends to focus too much on details and gets caught up in the fun science of it all. He can handle himself alright in a fight, but is no warrior. The strengths of Giz lay in finding clues, figuring out their meaning, making astute observations, gathering and presenting information, hypothesizing, and fixing things.

Race: Aardan Tek.

Alignment: Anarchist; reasonably loyal to Lady White, dislikes Malcolm and the Twins, hates Enerton.

Insanities: Obsessed with gathering knowledge, he came to Tolkien to learn more about magic, **Techno-Wizardry** and supernatural beings. He was also attracted to by the "once in a lifetime" chance to see a war of this nature and magnitude. He tends to be dispassionate and removed from people, like someone watching and taking notes rather than directly participating in life, which means he has trouble relating, trusting and warming up to others. This also means Giz sees the cold, scientific logic, brilliance and beauty of machines, even weapons of mass destruction, without concern or thought about the terrible impact it will have on people. Giz is a bit **absentminded** and keeps to himself. He isn't quite a sociopath, but well on his way. Science and knowledge are his loves, all else comes second.

Attributes: I.Q. 15, M.E. 18, **M.A. 9, P.S. 10, P.P. 20, P.E. 10, P.B. 2, Spd. 17**

M.D.C.: 102; wears Mega-Damage body armor for additional protection or as a disguise.

Height: Six feet, six inches (1.85 m). **Weight:** 200 lbs (90 kg).

Age: 32

P.P.E.: 16

Experience Level: 8th level Rogue Scientist.

Special Abilities: Sharp vision, 200 degrees of peripheral vision, short prehensile trunk for a nose, and can leap six feet (1.8 m) high and 8 feet (2.4 m) across; increase by 50% with a running start.

Hyper-Sense of Smell: Recognize and identify common and strong scents already known to the character at 91%, range: 800 feet (244 m). Identify specific odors picked out from a group of smells, 62%, range: 200 feet (61 m). Track by smell: 62% (roll once for every 1000 ft/305m).

Vulnerability: Poor swimmer (-10% to swim) and dislikes water.

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Basic, Climbing 65/55%, Computer Operation 95%, Computer Programing 85%, Radio: Basic 90%, Radio: Scramblers 80%, Surveillance Systems 75%, Read Sensory Systems 85%, Basic Electronics 85%, Mechanical Engineer 70%, Field Armor 80%, Nuclear & Chemical Warfare 75%, **Trap/Mine Detection 65%**, Trap Construction 65%, Pilot Hovercraft 90%, Land Navigation 68%, W.P. Knife and W.P. Energy Rifle. Speaks American at 98% and Spanish, Euro and **Techno-Can** at 90%; can read American at 98%, Lore: Demons & Monsters 70%, Lore: Magic **65%**, Paramedic 80%, Biology 85%, Chemistry 90%, Chemistry: Analytical 85%, and Basic & Advanced Math 90%.

Attacks per Melee: Five hand to hand attacks.

Bonuses (including attribute and skill bonuses): +3 on initiative, +5 to strike, +7 to parry and dodge, +2 to S.D.C. damage, +2 to pull punch, +3 to roll with impact, +2 to save vs Psionic attack, +2 to save vs Horror Factor; entangle, and **knock-out/stun** on natural 17-20.

Mega-Damage: By weapons only; physical combat does S.D.C. damage.

Magic Powers: None.

Psionics: Minor psychic with 42 I.S.P. and the powers of Object Read and Speed Reading.

Favorite Weapons of Note: Basic items, nothing fancy.

Vibro-Knife (1): 1D6 M.D.

Stun Gun (2): Energy bolt short-circuits the nervous system, dazing the victim and making him -10 to strike, parry,

dodge, and reduces Speed by 75% for 2D4 melee rounds. Range: 100 feet (30.5 m), Save: 14 or higher (if successful, only -1 to strike, parry and dodge for 1D4 melees). Payload: 10 shots per standard E-Clip.

C-30 Laser Pulse Pistol: Mega-Damage: 2D4 per single shot, 4D6 per three shot pulse. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 600 feet (183 m). Payload: 30 shots per long E-Clip.

C-10 Light Laser Assault Rifle: Mega-Damage: 2D6, Rate of Fire: Standard, Range: 2000 feet (610 m). Payload: 20 shots per standard E-Clip, 30 from a long E-Clip.

Extra Ammo: 8 standard E-Clips, 4 long E-Clips and one E-canister.

Body Armor:

1. Composite Armor made in part from Dead Boy armor: **Head/Helmet** — 75 M.D.C., **Arms** — 50 M.D.C. each, **Legs** — 70 M.D.C. each, **Main Body** — 100 M.D.C. This suit is worn into known combat situations.

2. Light Modified Armor: **Main Body** — 42 M.D.C.

Other Equipment: Laser scalpel, portable tool kit, portable scan **dihilator**, portable laboratory, multi-optics helmet, robot medical kit, first aid kit, pocket computer, laser distancer, language translator, hand-held computer, large portable computer, pocket digital recorder & player (sound and pictures), three pairs of M.D.C. handcuffs (15 M.D.C.), lock picks, automatic lock pick-release gun, utility belt, air filter & gas mask, short-range radio (5 mile/8 km range), canteen, food rations, backpack, 60 feet (18.3 m) of lightweight climbing cord and grappling hook, fire starter kit, **garrote** wire, pocket knife (1D4 S.D.C.), two survival knives (1D6 S.D.C.), pocket computer, laser distancer, silver cross, **compass/inertial** mapper, flashlight and a CS Scout Rocket Bike (130 M.D.C. left, and goes up to 440 **mph/704 km**; see *Coalition War Campaign™* for details).

Bionics: None.

Booty: 1D6x10,000 in Universal Credits and 2D6x1,000 in gems or other small, valuable items for trade. Has another 500,000 credits socked away somewhere.

Malcolm

Malcolm — just Malcolm (he has no last name that he remembers or which anybody knows) — is a rambunctious, free-wheeling Crazy. He is always acting the clown and even makes wisecracks, puns and jokes during combat and after a kill. He also likes to make up ridiculous and silly songs to sing about his enemies, opponents, important events and teammates, as well as play practical jokes, instigate brawls, tattle on his teammates (which instigates brawls) and similar **smartalecky** things. His antics get quite irritating and even the most patient soul can be driven to scream and throw things at him. He only gets reasonably serious during life and death struggles and when one of his teammates is in trouble, but even then he is likely to crack wise. Malcolm's smart-mouth, puns and **zainess** make him seem fearless in the face of death, and unnerve his opponents something terrible. Moreover, he is constantly running, bouncing, cartwheeling, and vaulting around, which makes him as difficult a target to hit as he is annoying (attackers are -2 to strike even on an aimed shot).

Although Malcolm is definitely "off his rocker" (i.e. crazy), he is a deadly warrior, especially in close combat, and fiercely loyal to his teammates, every last one of them, even **Enerton** who hates the Crazy, and the Twins, who Malcolm dislikes.

Race: Human.

Alignment: Anarchist (truly).

Insanities: Actionjunkie: craves it, needs it, and is always looking for more. Hyperactive, can not stay still for more than 10 minutes at a time and only needs about 4 hours of sleep a night (often goes 2-4 days without any sleep at all).

Obsessed with humor which manifests itself in his wisecracks, puns, jokes, pranks and clowning around.

Obsession: Hates the Coalition (for no special reason, other than, "They're black, ugly, mean and depressing. **Yuck!**").

Phobia: **Dragonflies** (including Iron Dragonfly Juggernauts); finds them disturbing and scary.

Also suffers from intense frustration when he feels helpless.

Attributes: I.Q. 11, M.E. 8, M.A. 15, P.S. 28, P.P. 25, P.E. 19, P.B. 9, Spd. 32 (22 mph/35 km).

Hit Points: 60, **S.D.C.:** 219; can actually take two M.D. points of damage and live to tell the tale!

M.D.C.: Must wear Mega-Damage body armor to protect his human body.

Height: Six feet, two inches (1.9 m) tall. **Weight:** 230 pounds (103.5 kg); all muscle.

Age: 23

P.P.E.: 21

Experience Level: 7th level Crazy.

Disposition: Annoying but silly and fun-loving. He is also very loyal toward all of his teammates and would never betray or hurt any of them. Should a teammate get captured by the enemy, Malcolm is the first to volunteer to "break them out." In many ways, he is nothing more than a goofy, fun-loving kid who wants to be liked, in the very powerful body of an augmented human.

Special Abilities: Leap 15 feet (4.6 m) high and 20 feet (6.1 m) across; increase by 50% running at full tilt. Superb sense of balance and timing, perfect hawk-like vision, enhanced sense of smell (instantly recognizes odors at 65%, recognize poison at 25%, and track by smell 20%), and keen sense of touch.

Enhanced Healing: Twice as fast as a normal human, impervious to physical pain (no penalties until the character has lost all S.D.C. and Hit Points are down to 10). The Crazy can also go into a Bio-Regenerative trance to close wounds in under 10 minutes and restore 2D6 H.P. and 3D6 S.D.C. via bio-feedback; requires at least 15 minutes of concentration. Six hours of being in a meditative trance will not only close wounds and stop any internal bleeding, but restores all S.D.C. and a total of 7D6 Hit Points.

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Martial Arts, Boxing, General Athletics, Acrobatics, Swimming 95%, Running, Climbing 90/80%, Computer Operation 80%, Radio: Basic 95%, Radio: Scramblers 85%, Surveillance Systems 70%, Pilot Hovercraft 90%, Escape Artist 80%, Prowl 75%, Find Contraband 50%, Interrogation 60%, Streetwise 54%, Pick Pockets 70%, Palming 65%, Concealment 54%, **Cardsharp** 58%, Sing 75%, Dance 70%, Cook 65%, W.P. Sword, W.P. Blunt, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle and W.P. Heavy Energy Weapons. Speaks American at 98%, and Basic Math 80%.

Attacks per Melee: Seven (includes O.C.C. and skill bonuses).

Bonuses (including attribute and skill bonuses): +2 on initiative, +7 to strike, +11 to parry and dodge, +13 to S.D.C. damage, +5 to pull punch, +11 to roll with impact, +2 to save vs psionic attack, +4 to save vs mind control, +2 to save vs magic, +6 to save vs poison, drugs, disease, +18% to save vs coma/death, and +4 to save vs Horror Factor (special); paired weapons, jump kick, karate kick, and critical strike on a natural 18-20.

Mega-Damage: By weapons only; physical combat does S.D.C.

Magic Powers: None.

Psionics: Minor Psychic with 51 I.S.P., and the powers of Impervious to Cold, Impervious to Fire, and Night vision.

Notable Weapons: Prefers not to use Coalition issue weapons (he hates them, after all) and loves **Wilk's** products (see *Rifts@ New West™* for complete descriptions of most items listed here).

TW Flaming Swords (2): A matched pair, Mega-Damage: 4D6 each.

TX-5 Triax Pump Pistol (2): Mega-Damage: 4D6 M.D. per single shot, 4D6 per three shot pulse. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 800 feet (244 m). **Payload:** Five rounds (has an extra 288 rounds in his backpack and four hidden in his pants, don't ask).

Wilk's-Remi 104 Derringer (2): Mega-Damage: 2D4 per single shot. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 300 feet (91.5 m). **Payload:** 4 shots. **Note:** Keeps one hidden up his sleeve and the other in his boot; easily palmed and concealed.

Wilk's-Remi 137 "Kingdom Come" Laser Pistol: Mega-Damage: 3D6 per single shot, 6D6 per double blast. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 500 feet (152 m). **Payload:** 16 single shots or 8 double blasts per long E-Clip, 8 and 4 from a standard E-Clip.

Wilk's 547 Laser Pulse Rifle: Mega-Damage: 3D6+2 per single shot, 1D6x10 per (three shot) pulse. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 2000 feet (610 m). **Payload:** 30 single shots or 10 pulse blasts per long E-Clip, 20 and 5 from a standard E-Clip.

Wilk's 457 Double Dealer Laser Rifle & Grenade Launcher: Mega-Damage: 3D6 per single shot, or 3D6 M.D. (12 ft/3.6 m blast radius) from grenades. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee round. Range: Laser: 2,000 feet (610 m), Grenade Launcher: 500 feet (152 m). **Payload:** 20 laser blasts from a standard E-Clip (40 from a long E-clip; 80 from two long clips, a unique feature of this weapon is the double clip housing and Malcolm uses both) and 8 grenades.

Extra Ammo: 16 long E-Clips and 10 standard, 288 rounds for the Pump Pistol, 68 extra rifle grenades.

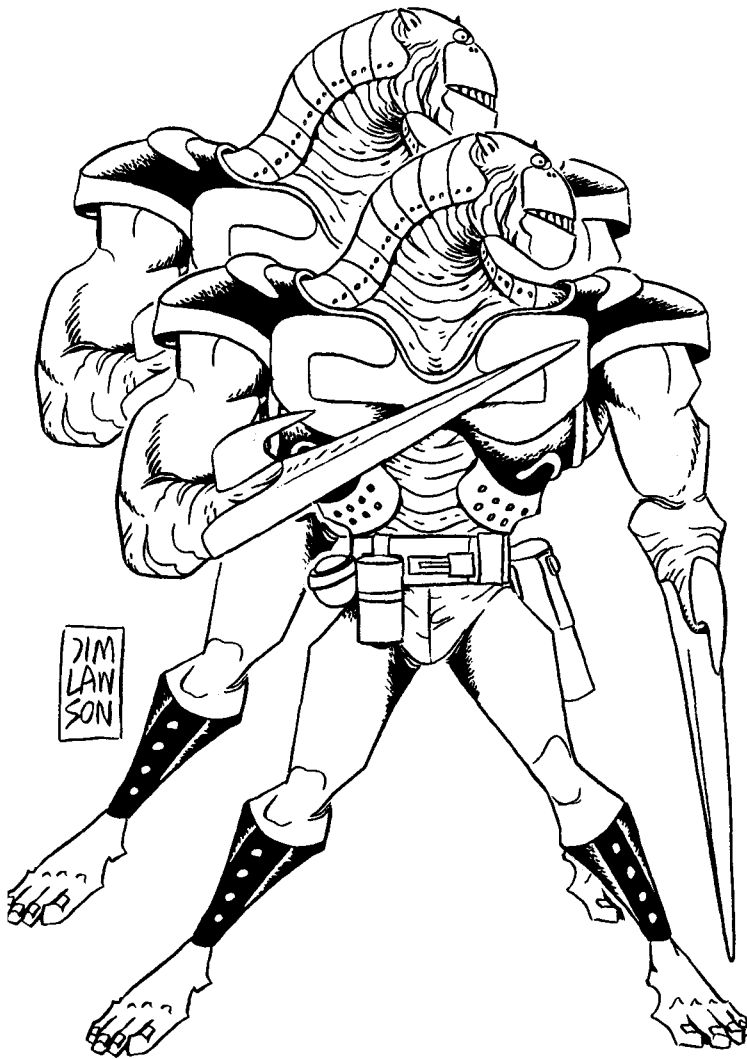
Body Armor: His favorite is a light suit of armor with 45 M.D.C. and excellent mobility, worn with a *Splugorth Talisman of Armor (Magic)*: Creates Armor of Ithan around its wearer three times per 24 hours, M.D.C.: 100, Duration of Spell: 10 minutes. Taken from one of the Splugorth Slaver's Blind Warrior Women when the gang defeated a Slaver. He also has a suit of Dead Boy armor.

Standard "Dead Boy" Armor: Head/Helmet — 70 M.D.C., Arms — 60 M.D.C. each, Legs — 80 M.D.C. each, Main Body — 100 M.D.C.

Other Equipment: Clothes, binoculars, utility belt, **backpack**, satchel, saddlebag, two small sacks and one large, four handcuffs (15 M.D.C.), air filter & gas mask, short-range radio (5 mile/8 km range), canteen, food rations, 60 feet (18.3 m) of lightweight climbing cord and grappling hook, two cigarette lighters, survival knife (1D6 S.D.C.), wooden cross, compass/inertial mapper, flashlight and some personal items. He rides a robot horse named "Horse-Feathers" (220 M.D.C. and runs 80 mph/128 km), but does not have a formal horsemanship skill; only his **incredible**, Crazy balance and agility keep him in the saddle.

Bionics: Don't need any when you have M.O.M.

Booty: 3D6x1,000 in Universal Credits and 4D6x1,000 in other trade goods. Whenever Malcolm gets more money than this, he spends it like a maniac on his friends, good times, women and booze or gives it away to those who strike his fancy or seem to need it more than he.



The Twins, Hack & Slash

Two lesser members of the group (not shown in the illustration) are a pair of twin **brothers**, *Tirrvol Sword Fists*. Both are superb swordsmen with nasty dispositions. Both think they are much better than they really are and like to stomp around like they are important and dangerous. Tank and **Enerton** take great pleasure in putting them in their place, while Malcolm is constantly playing practical jokes on them and causing them to

brawl. For the most part, Lady White, Giz and Ice Man ignore the louts, but they don't take any guff from them either. Silent Wind has repeatedly tried to teach them to meditate and learn some humility, but his wisdom falls on deaf ears. The elder members of the gang unanimously agree that it is only a matter of time before "The Twins" get themselves killed in a duel or shooting off their mouths to the wrong person (Enerton may be that person), or taking stupid chances.

The brothers are haughty and arrogant, but respect Lady White, Tank and Silent Wind, yet not enough to learn from them (after all, what do they have to learn from **anybody?**), but they will follow their orders and have never threatened them. Disliked by half the members of the gang, the brothers wisely watch each other's back and usually fight together. Actually, they do most everything together.

Note: The Twins have identical stats.

Race: Tirrvol Sword Fist

Alignment: Miscreant, and might even betray Lady White if it was worth their while. They'd betray Malcolm and Enerton in a heartbeat.

Insanities: Megalomaniac, borderline sociopaths.

Attributes: I.Q. 12, M.E. 10, M.A. 14, P.S. 30 (supernatural), P.P. 21, P.E. 19, P.B. 3, Spd. 10

M.D.C.: 87; wears Mega-Damage body armor for additional protection or as a disguise.

Height: 10 feet (3 m). Weight: 400 lbs (180 kg).

Age: 20; Horror Factor: 12

P.P.E.: 12

Experience Level: 4th level Soldier/Grunt.

Dispositions: Arrogant, boastful, haughty and condescending, and those are their good points. Both are overconfident and frequently underestimate the opposition. Malcolm has saved their hides on three separate occasions (as has Lady White), something the Crazy never lets them forget.

Special Abilities: Natural Mega-Damage beings, heal twice as fast as humans, and regenerate limbs within 3D4 weeks. Leg joints are double-jointed and the toes and feet are prehensile, allowing them to use their feet like hands (with a -10% skill penalty).

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Assassin, Boxing, General Athletics, Running, Climbing 55/45%, Hunting, Computer Operation 55%, Radio: Basic 70%, Read Sensory Equipment 55%, Weapon Systems 65%, Recognize Weapon Quality 55%, Camouflage 50%, Interrogation 50%, Pilot Hovercraft 90%, Pilot Hovercycle 74%, Camouflage 60%, Prowl 75%, Find Contraband 53%, W.P. Sword, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle. Speaks native tongue, American and Spanish at 98% and Gobblely at 80%, read American at 60% and Basic Math 70%.

Attacks per Melee: Six hand to hand.

Bonuses (including attribute and skill bonuses): +2 on initiative, +5 to strike (+7 with sword), +4 to parry and dodge, +19 to S.D.C. damage, +5 to pull punch, +6 to roll with impact, +2 to save vs poison and magic, +3 to save vs Horror Factor, paired weapons.

Mega-Damage: Supernatural P.S. means punches and kicks inflict M.D.

Restrained Punch: 5D6+19 S.D.C.

Full Strength Punch: 3D6 M.D.

Power Punch: 6D6 M.D.

Sword Strike (with their natural appendage): 5D6 M.D.; 1D6x10 for power sword strike.

Kick: 4D6 M.D.

Body Flip/Throw: 1D6 M.D. or 1D6+14 S.D.C. when using restraint.

Magic Powers: None.

Psionics: Major Psychic with the powers of See the Invisible, Sense Evil, Sixth Sense and Telepathy. 32 I.S.P.

Favorite Weapons of Note: Coalition issue.

C-30 Laser Pulse Pistol: Mega-Damage: 2D4 per single shot, 4D6 per three shot pulse. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 600 feet (183 m). Payload: 30 shots per long E-Clip.

CP-50 Dragonfire Pulse Laser Rifle and Grenade Launcher: Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D. per single laser blast or 6D6 M.D. per three shot pulse, or 2D6 M.D. (12 ft/3.6 m blast radius) from grenades. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee round. Range: Laser: 2,000 feet (610 m), Grenade Launcher: 1200 feet (365 m). Payload: 21 blasts from a standard E-Clip (that's seven pulse blasts) and 12 grenades.

Modified (Painted Red & Black) CA-6C Heavy "Dead Boy" Armor: Head/Helmet — 100 M.D.C., Arms — 100 M.D.C. each, Legs — 120 M.D.C. each, Main Body — 200 M.D.C.

Other Equipment: Clothes, cloak, four signal flares, two smoke grenades, binoculars, robot medical kit, utility belt, air filter & gas mask, short-range radio (5 mile/8 km range), canteen, food rations bag, backpack, two pairs of handcuffs (10 M.D.C.), cigarette lighter, survival knife (1D6 S.D.C.), pocket disk player, language translator, silver cross, compass/inertial mapper, flashlight and a CS Scout Rocket Bike.

Breakdown of the rest of the gang

Note: The average level is third and age is 17-23, equipped with standard Coalition Military weapons and gear.

- 2 Ley Line Walkers: One Aardan Tek, one Human, both second level with a minimum of skills and spell knowledge. Both are Miscreant alignments.
- 3 **Psi-Stalkers** riding Fury Beetles, all 3rd level and Anarchist alignments.
- 3 Human Wilderness Scouts, all are 2nd level of Anarchist alignment. One has a bionic arm with a laser weapon and retractable claw.
- 3 **Larmac** armed with laser rifles and smoke grenades ride a beat-up hover-truck. All are 3rd level bandits and Diabolic alignments (see *Coalition Wars™ 3* for this D-Bee race); ride together in a modified CS hover platform.
- 2 Quick Flex Alien Gunslingers, one is 3rd level, the other 4th, and both are Aberrant evil; riding hovercycles.



Hounds of Hell

The Hounds of Hell is a group with a vendetta against the Coalition States and engages in a never-ending campaign to seek and destroy its forces. The leader of this group is a mysterious Mind Melter who has Mind Wiped and reprogrammed scores of the Coalition's own mutant canines, scrambling their memories, loyalties and desires to get them to bite the hand that created them. He is joined by a Shifter who commands a number of Loup Garou (a particular breed of werewolves), a Demon Bear and pack of wild dogs and wolves. Pooling their resources, they hunt down Coalition patrols, scouts and spies. No prisoners taken.

For the last year, the Hounds of Hell's main area of operation has been the Baronies of Rivereen and Mizereen, with half their time spent in The Barrens.



Wolf Lord

Wolf Lord is a madman who delights in attacking, tormenting and slaughtering the Coalition with their own weapons, which to his thinking, includes the Coalition's mutant canines. To this end, Wolf Lord has twisted the minds of Dog Boys and Kill Hounds to turn on their masters and ravage Coalition troops. The mutant canines are particularly good at tracking and slaying small squads in the field. Their natural abilities and the

fact that the mutants know the enemy intimately, enable them to hunt their prey with ease. Moreover, the Dog Boys can approach unsuspecting troops without causing alarm or suspicion — treachery that has laid low many a Coalition soldier. The Coalition High Command has been complicit in the success of this group, for they have not warned the commanders of their field troops that these fiends are operating in the region. High Command is afraid that such information would cause soldiers to distrust their all-important Dog Boy allies and add to the fear and panic over **Tolkeen's** mystical powers. Instead, the High Command has dispatched a half dozen secret Seek and Destroy teams to find and "neutralize" the problem. So far **five** of the teams have gone Missing In Action and are presumed dead, and the sixth hasn't reported in in over a month and is about to be added to the MIA list.

Wolf Lord was once Wallace Cromwell, a leader in the Mizereen Barony, an influential member of the Court of Tolkeen, and mayor of Chimera, a city of 54,000, until it was obliterated by the Coalition Invasion force in the early days of the war. He was away at Tolkeen when the CS attack came. Only 36% of the population escaped alive. He tortures himself for the loss, choosing to believe that if he had been present, he could have saved at least half of his people. Afterward, he became a Tolkeen Warlord commanding front-line troops in Mizereen, and was one of the chief architects behind the plot for the *Sorcerers' Revenge*. However, ten months before the blitzkrieg, something happened, and Warlord Cromwell disappeared. A short time later, reports began to trickle in about a wild man in The Barrens commanding a group of mutant Dog Boys and Kill Hounds slaughtering Coalition troops. The reports identified this independent operative as Warlord Cromwell, although he now called himself "Wolf Lord." The two attempts to reach out and contact him ended in disaster (24 men died and 30 were injured). It is clear to all that this once great mind has been lost to madness, and so the leaders of Tolkeen have decided to leave him alone in his strange crusade against the enemy.

At any given time, Wolf Lord's band of mutants range from 8-24 Kill Hounds and 2-6 Dog Boys (they are much more difficult to turn and keep under control). Currently, his mutant troops are at low ebb and he will soon seek new "recruits." His partner is a Shifter calling himself "The Seeker." He provides mystical power and adds the strength of supernatural canines to the team.

Race: Human

Alignment: Miscreant (started out Aberrant).

Insanity: Wolf Lord is definitely deranged, obsessed with destroying the Coalition and extracting revenge. He thinks about nothing else. When he's not actually out hunting his black armored prey, he's planning new strategies to ambush and torture them. He delights in all-out combat where he can unleash his Hounds of Hell and lash out with his own incredible psionic powers. Wolf Lord says during such conflicts he is washed in the intoxicating emotions of "his children," the Kill Hounds, as they tear apart their opponents. War, revenge and murder is all he now lives for. It is the very essence of his being.

As crazy as Wolf Lord is, he is not suicidal, and will not, himself, fight to the death. In fact, he is incredibly resourceful, cunning, treacherous and quick thinking, making it seemingly impossible to second guess or capture the madman. Whether

Tolkeen wins or loses, when the war ends, Wolf Lord plans on being alive, to go into hiding for a short time, and then launch a new campaign of terror, this time within the borders of the Coalition States, ultimately ending up at the Chi-Town 'Burbs.

Attributes: I.Q. 17, M.E. 22, M.A.15, P.S. 12, P.P. 11, P.E. 12, P.B. 7, Spd. 9

Hit Points: 69; **S.D.C.:** 25

Height: Six feet (1.83 m). **Weight:** 270 pounds (121.5 kg); **heavysset.**

Age: 65, but looks to be in his fifties and is in good health.

P.P.E.: 5

I.S.P.: 273

Experience Level: 13th level Mind Melter.

Disposition: This sinister figure is cold, brutal, calculating and cunning in the extreme. Supremely confident, he carries himself with the demeanor of a demigod and has the power to back it up. He never shows the enemy mercy unless there is some point to be made, i.e. witness to his power, a pawn to deliver a warning, a victim left alive to suffer (broken mentally **and/or** physically), and so forth.

Wolf Lord likes The Seeker and welcomes the **Shifter's** help in his crusade. The two met when the Shifter appeared in the middle of a battle and sent his were-beasts to join in the slaughter of **Coalition** Troops. They have worked together ever since. Wolf Lord doesn't care where the man comes from or what his goals may be, and accepts him as he is. One must wonder if Wolf Lord, the powerful Mind Melter that he is, has caught telepathic and **empathic** glimpses into The Seeker's mind. If he has, whatever he's seen, it has not alarmed him, or perhaps Wolf Lord is too insane to care. Whatever the case, the two genuinely like each other and work well as a team. When they part company, they will do so as friends.

Skills of Note: Speaks American, Dragonese, Spanish and Gobblely at 98%, Literate in American (98%), Math: Basic (98%), Lore: Demons & Monsters (98%), Law (98%), Land Navigation (98%), Wilderness Survival (83%), Streetwise (80%), Prowl (93%), Pilot Hover Craft (98%), Horsemanship: General (98%), Radio: Basic (98%), Hand to Hand: Expert, W.P. Sword and W.P. Energy Rifle.

Psionics: Master Psychic with 273 I.S.P.! Possesses **ALL** Healing, Sensitive and Physical psionic powers! Plus the following Super-Psionic abilities: Astral Golem, Bio-Manipulation, Bio-Regeneration, **Electrokinesis**, **Hydrokinesis**, Empathic Transmission, Mind Block Auto-Defense, Group Mind Block, Group Trance, Hypnotic Suggestion, Mentally Possess Others, Mind Bond, Mind Wipe, Psychic Body Field, Psychic Omni-Sight, Psi-Sword, Telekinesis, **Telekinetic** Force Field, and Telemechanics.

Magic: None, other than one TW weapon, a souvenir of some sort.

Attacks Per Melee: Six hand to hand or six via psionic attack.

Combat Bonuses: +2 to strike, +5 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, +2 to pull punch, +1 to disarm, +3 to damage +3 to save vs magic, +6 to save vs psionic attack, +7 to save vs mind control, +1 to save vs illusions, +4 to save vs possession, +5 to save vs Horror Factor.

Weapons: Minimal! Relies almost entirely on his amazing psionic powers.

Wilk's-Remi 104 Derringer (1): Mega-Damage: 2D4 per single shot. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 300 feet (91.5 m). Payload: 4 shots.

Wilk's 567 "Long Gun" Laser Sniper Rifle (1): Mega-Damage: 1D6 per single shot, 2D6 per double pulse, 3D6 per triple pulse, 4D6 M.D. per quadruple pulse or 5D6 maximum. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 2200 feet (670.5 m). Payload (2 E-Clips): 50 single to triple blast shots per pair of standard E-Clips; 25 for the 4-5 pulse blasts.

TW Scepter of Command: Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D. as a blunt weapon. Magic Powers: Command 2D6 Ghouls, Animate & Control Dead (same as spell, but with a duration of one hour), Domination (same as spell), Repel Animals (same as spell). Note: See page 53 of Coalition Wars™ One for complete description. Wolf Lord does not have enough P.P.E. to actually use this item, so he gets The Seeker or one of the Kill Hounds or Dog Boys to expend their P.P.E. to activate its powers for him.

Other Equipment: Clothes, hooded cloak, backpack, satchel, saddlebags, utility belt, bed roll, two small sacks, tent, canteen, tinted goggles and air filter, cigarette lighter, short-range radio (5 mile/8 km range), small silver cross, and some personal items; travels very light. Rides a robot horse (Arabian, no cosmetics, 240 M.D.C., runs 120 mph/192 km, and can leap 20 feet/6 m high and 50 ft/15.2 m long). He also has captured a CS Scout rocket cycle and two CS Command Cars which he has hidden away.

Bionics: None.

Booty: 500,000 Universal Credits on him, six million credits in a bank at Tolkeen and one million credits in a bank at Lazlo.

The Seeker

This strange, tattooed mage is a man of mystery. Nobody knows where he comes from or why he has chosen to fight on the side of Tolkeen. Some rumors suggest he is from the Federation of Magic, but the Federation claims to have no knowledge of him. Others speculate he might be a runaway slave from Atlantis, or willing associate to the Splugorth, or a dark summoner, from the Calgary Rift. Whatever the truth is, The Seeker (and what exactly he seeks) remains a mystery. Unlike Wolf Lord, he is willing to meet with outsiders without tearing them to pieces or leaving their minds blank, but while he listens politely, The Seeker seldom has much to say. He answers questions about his origins, motives and goals with a dismissive comment and malevolent smile - a smile that smacks of cruelty and danger. A smile that he wears frequently, exuding a frightening level of confidence and wickedness at which one can only shudder.

What hate he might have against the Coalition States is also unknown. Like most things about him, The Seeker prefers not to talk about it, saying only, "I fight for freedom and the pursuit of magic."

In his war against the Coalition he has called forth and enslaved three Loup Garou and a Demon Bear to do his murderous bidding (actually there were five when he started, but the group's vendetta against the CS has caused him to lose a pair). He seems to have a fondness or affinity for canines and fre-

quently summons and commands a pack of 4D6+12 wild dogs and/or wolves. An Elkhound serves as his familiar and is his constant companion. The hound gives him additional endurance and is often dispatched to lead the summoned dog pack as well as sent out on reconnaissance missions. The Elkhound is completely loyal to its master and will defend him to the death. In combat situations, The Seeker frequently protects the animal by casting Armor of Ithan upon it, and imbuing it with Superhuman Strength.

Race: Human

Alignment: Aberrant.



Insanity: Sadistic tenancies; likes to intimidate and lord over others (but then, many Shifters do). May be obsessive/compulsive when it comes to secrecy.

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 15, M.A. 20, P.S. 17, P.P. 10, **P.E.** 11, P.B. 10, Spd. 12

Hit Points: 49; S.D.C.: 32

Height: Six feet, five inches (1.9 m). **Weight:** 195 pounds (88 kg).

Age: 32

P.P.E.: 122, **I.S.P.:** None.

Disposition: The Seeker radiates confidence, malevolence and depravity. His face seems to be constantly painted with a menacing smirk; a smile that grows more pronounced when he witnesses suffering and carnage, or he is engaged in threatening, torturing, or killing.

Experience Level: 8th level Shifter (3113 points away from 9th level).

Skills of Note: Speak American (98%), Speak Dragonese (98%), Speak Gobblely (98%), Speak Spanish (70%), Literate in American (85%), Astronomy (80%), Math: Basic (95%), Lore: Demons & Monsters (95%), Lore: Faerie Folk (90%), Land Navigation (74%), Wilderness Survival (75%), Pilot Hover Craft (90%), Horsemanship: Exotic (65/55%), Body Building, Radio: Basic (80%), Hand to Hand: Basic and W.P. Energy Rifle.

Special Abilities: Expert on ley lines, opening and closing dimensional portals, and commanding and enslaving supernatural beings. Dimensional Rift Home without fail (150 P.P.E.), Sense Rifts within 50 mile (80 km) radius; instantly knows when one opens or closes and roughly where it is.

Familiar: The Shifter can see, hear, smell, taste and feel everything his familiar does, making the animal a perfect scout, spy and guardian. The beast is completely loyal to its master and it has an extra 1D6 Hit Points and is +1 to save vs mind control and +1 to save vs poison.

In this case, the familiar is a big **Elkhound** with 44 Hit Points, 30 S.D.C., +3 on initiative, +5 to strike, +4 to dodge, +3 to disarm (trained), spd. 55 (37 mph/60 km), and can leap six feet (1.8 m) high and 10 feet (3 m) across, swim 75%, track by smell 75%, sense and track the supernatural 65%, land navigation 70%, and prowl 50%. Four attacks per melee round. Damage: Bite does 3D6+3 S.D.C., claws 2D4 S.D.C., leap attack (or deliberately running underfoot to trip) knocks human-sized victims off their feet, causing the character to lose initiative and one melee **attack/action**, and gives the dog an automatic bite attack without the victim having a chance to parry or dodge.

Psionics: None.

Spell Knowledge: All Ley Line Magic Spells; see *Coalition Wars™ One* for descriptions of these spells!

He also knows the following conventional wizard spells: Sense Evil (2), Sense Magic (4), Eyes of **Thoth** (8), Tongues (12), Second Sight (20), Locate (30), Turn Dead (6), Animate and Control Dead (20), Calling (8), Trance (10), Domination (10), Compulsion (20), Constrain Being (20), Banishment (65), Transferal (50), Summon & Control Canines (50), Summon and Control Animals (125), Summon and Control Shadow Beasts (140), Summon and Control Entity (250), Summon Lesser Being (425), Protection Circle: Simple (45), Protection Circle: Superior (300), Talisman (500), Create

Mummy (160), Armor of Ithan (10), Superhuman Strength (10), Cleanse (6), Swim as the Fish (6), Breathe without Air (5), Cloud of Smoke (2), Fire Ball (10), Call Lightning (15), Wind Rush (20), Wall of Wind (40), Energy Disruption (12), Paralysis: Lesser (5), Blind (6), Mute (50), Speed of the Snail (50), Magic Net (7), Repel Animals (7), Mask of Deceit (15), Negate Magic (30), Shadow Meld (10), Escape (8), Time Slip (20), Mystic Portal (60). Opponents need to roll a 14 or higher to save against The Seeker's magic. **Note:** Spells not found in the Rifts® RPG are found in the *Federation of Magic™* world book.

Attacks Per Melee: Six hand to hand or two by spell.

Combat Bonuses: +2 to strike, +3 to parry and dodge, +2 to roll with **punch/fall/impact**, +2 to pull punch, +1 to disarm, +2 to save vs magic, +1 to save vs mind control, +1 to save vs poison and +7 to save vs Horror Factor.

Weapons: Minimal! Relies almost entirely on his formidable magic powers.

C-30 Laser Pulse Pistol: Mega-Damage: 2D4 per single shot, 4D6 per three shot pulse. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 600 feet (183 m). Payload: 30 shots per long E-Clip.

CP-40 Pulse Laser Rifle: Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D. per single laser blast or 6D6 M.D. per three shot pulse (counts as one melee action). Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee round. Range: 2,000 feet (610 m). Payload: 21 blasts from a standard E-Clip (that's seven pulse blasts) 30 (or 10 pulse shots) from a long E-Clip and 60 single shots from an E-Canister.

Magical Necklace of Protection (Splugorth?): It is unknown where The Seeker acquired this item (he won't say) and its powers are reminiscent of Splugorth magic, again pointing to a possible connection to that island of magic and monsters. Note that the gem that contains the enchantment glows when its magic is activated. More than one can be activated at the same time.

1. Protective Body Field: M.D.C.: 120, Duration: Four hours or until the M.D.C. is depleted. Payload: Can be activated six times per 24 hours. Note: Each time it is activated, one of the gems in his necklace glows slightly. When it is spent or the duration ends, a different gem will glow when that power is activated. Likewise, a different gem glows when the other abilities are used.

2. Fly: Speed: 60 mph (96 km) maximum with a 10,000 feet (3048 m) ceiling. Duration: 4 hours per activation. Payload: Two flight gems; each can be activated once per 24 hours for a total of eight hours of flight.

3. Swim like a Fish: Speed: 60 mph (96 km/52.1 knots) underwater, half that on the surface. Maximum Depth is 1000 feet (305 m). Duration: 4 hours per activation. Payload: Two swim gems; each can be activated once per 24 hours for a total of eight hours of swimming. Note: This magic also gives the character the ability to breathe underwater for the duration of the spell.

4. Impervious to Poison & Drugs: Duration: Two hours. Bonus: +2 to save vs disease and magic potions. Payload: One gem.

Splugorth Demon Claw Blade: Mega-Damage: 6D6 M.D. to most opponents, double damage (1D6x10+6) to supernatural creatures of a "good" alignment. Bonuses: +1 to

strike and parry. See *Rifts® World Book 21: Splynn Dimensional Market (Atlantis Two)* for complete details and other rare, **Splogorth** magic items.

Splogorth Magic Restraints: The Seeker has the following shackles and restraints: Living Shackles (two; 100 M.D.C. each), Strength **Neutralizers** (one; 100 M.D.C. and can not be broken by the use of brute strength alone), and Mouth Wrap (two, prevents speaking). See *Rifts® World Book 21: Splynn Dimensional Market™ (Atlantis Two)* for complete details.

Extra Ammo: 16 standard **E-Clips**, 10 long **E-Clips** and six Canisters (the load typically carried for him by one of his inhuman servants).

Body Armor: See Necklace of Protection.

Other Equipment: Clothes, cloak, a large sack, backpack, satchel, saddlebags, binoculars, robot medical kit, short-range radio (5 mile/8 km range), canteen, food rations, two pairs of handcuffs (15 M.D.C.), cigarette lighter, survival knife (1D6 S.D.C.), pocket disk player, language translator, silver cross, **compass/inertial** mapper, flashlight and personal items. He loves magic items and plans on building a collection. Wherever it is he calls home, one can bet there is already a cluster of magic items. He typically rides the back of the Demon Bear or a Phantom Mount to get around.

Bionics: None.

Booty: Does not seem to have much interest in money, but has 75,000 Universal Credits and 50,000 in gems nonetheless. Neither The Seeker or Wolf Lord loot the bodies of their CS victims.

Canine Minions

Kill Hounds (9) Quick Stats: (See page 43 of *Rifts® Lone Star* for complete details.) Alignments: All are effectively Miscreant evil, and it didn't take much to turn them against their CS masters. Personality Problems: Extreme aggression, savage, easily provoked, and like to kill. Disobedient and unless the mission involves hunting and killing, they are lazy. Ignore pain and often fight to the death (this group started with 20 Kill Hounds). Notable Attributes (on average & with training): I.Q. 9, M.E. 15, P.S. 30, P.P. 17, P.E. 20, Spd. 32. Average Level of Experience: Third. Attacks per Melee: Five. Typical Bonuses (attributes included): +5 on initiative, +6 to strike, +8 to parry and dodge, +17 to damage, +2 to pull punch, +2 to roll with impact, +1 to save vs psionic attack, +2 to save vs possession, +7 to save vs disease and +10 to save vs Horror Factor. Natural Abilities: Superior speed, sense of hearing and smell. Recognize common and familiar scents 40% (100 ft/30.5 m range), track by scent alone 20%. Leap 15 feet (4.6 m) high and 30 feet (9 m) across, can carry weight 100 x their P.S. Psionics: Considered Master Psychic with 60 I.S.P.; Sense Psychic & Magic Energy 60%, Recognize Psychic Scent 16%, Sense Supernatural Beings 70% (400 ft/122 m range), Sense Evil, Sense Magic, Sixth Sense, Empathy and one sensitive ability of choice. Skills: Kill Hound Training, includes Track **Humanoids** (55%), Pilot Hovercycle (65%), W.P. Sword, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle. Weapons: Bite does 3D6 +6 S.D.C.; **Vibro-Knife** (1D6 M.D.), **Vibro-claws** (2D6 M.D.), C-20 Laser Pistol (2D6 M.D.), C-14 Fire Breather rifle (laser 3D6 M.D. and 2D6 M.D. rifle grenades). Body Armor: Homespun non-environmental armor with 66 M.D.C. for the main body.

Typical Dog Boys (2) Quick Stats: (See *Rifts® Lone Star* for complete details.) Alignments: All are effectively Anarchist with leanings toward Unprincipled. They are the only ones not comfortable working against the CS or with supernatural beings. They are also most likely to show Coalition soldiers mercy and, possibly, turn against the Hounds of Hell or run away. They are presently under the Mind Melter's influence, but their programming and good nature is hard to subvert. Notable Attributes (on average & with training): I.Q. 10, M.E. 10, P.S. 20, P.P. 14, P.E. 18, Spd. 32. Average Level of Experience: Fourth, Attacks per Melee: Five. Typical Bonuses: +2 on initiative, +3 to strike, +4 to parry and dodge, +7 to damage, +2 to pull punch, +2 to roll with impact, +1 to save vs psionic attack, +2 to save vs possession, +2 to save vs poison and disease. Natural Abilities: Superior **speed**, sense of hearing and smell. Recognize common and familiar scents 82% (100 ft/30.5 m range), track by scent alone 40%. Psionics: Considered Master Psychic with 79 I.S.P.; Sense Psychic & Magic Energy 60%, Recognize Psychic Scent 26%, Sense Supernatural Beings 70% (400 ft/122 m range), Sense Evil, Sense Magic, Sixth Sense, Empathy and one sensitive ability of choice. Skills: Basic Grunt training. Weapons: Bite does 2D6 S.D.C.; **Vibro-Knife** (1D6 M.D.), **Vibro-Claws** (2D6 M.D.) or a **Vibro-Sword** (2D6 M.D.), C-20 Laser Pistol (2D6 M.D.), C-14 Fire Breather rifle (laser 3D6 M.D. and 2D6 M.D. rifle grenades). Body Armor: Dog Boy Riot Armor with 50 M.D.C. for the main body.

Typical Loup Garou (3; werewolf) Quick Stats: (See *Rifts® Canada* for complete details.)

Alignments: All are Miscreant evil.

Notable Attributes: I.Q. 10, P.S. 22 (supernatural as wolf or **Man-Wolf**), P.P. 18, P.E. 24, Spd. 20 as human, 52 as wolf.

Average Level of Experience: 4th

Horror Factor: 12

Attacks per Melee: Four as human or six as a wolf.

Mega-Damage (Supernatural P.S. as wolf): Bite: 2D6 M.D., Power Bite: 4D6 M.D. and Claws 3D6. Typical Bonuses (including attributes and skill): +2 on initiative, +5 to strike, +6 to parry and dodge, +3 to pull punch, +2 to roll with impact, +6 to save vs magic, +7 to save vs Horror Factor. Special Abilities: **Shapechanger** with three forms, human, man-wolf, and full wolf (large). Can turn into any at any time of the day or night at will. Running speed as wolf 35 mph (56 km), leap 15 feet (4.6 m) high and 25 feet (7.6 m) across (increase by 50% with a running start), prowl 80%, swim 70%, track by smell 70% (+15% when following a blood scent), **nightvision** 300 feet (91.5 m), can speak in wolf-form, bio-regenerates 4D6 Hit Points per hour.

Natural Invulnerability (in human & wolf forms): Basically the same as a vampire: impervious to cold, heat, disease, poison, drugs, S.D.C. weapons, M.D. weapons and blasts, and even psionics and magic that do physical damage (i.e. fire balls, lightning, paralysis, etc.!) Magic and psionic powers that affect the mind or emotions have full effect.

Deadly Vulnerabilities: Silver, even S.D.C. weapons made of or coated in silver inflict *double damage* and garlic and **wolfbay** will hold the were-beast at bay (crosses and sunlight have no effect). To kill a Loup Garou, however, one must kill both his human and wolf forms (**man-wolf** or **wolf**)!

Skills of Note: Track **Humanoids** 60%, Track Animals 55%, Land Navigation 70%, Speaks American, Euro, French and Gobbledy at 98%, W.P. Blunt, and W.P. Energy Pistol or Rifle.

Weapons: Tooth and claw as man-wolf and werewolf, any in human form.

Body Armor: May wear body armor in human form (typically 50-100 M.D.C.).

P.P.E.: 80. Magic Spells: None.

Psionics: 30 I.S.P., and the powers of Sense Evil, Sense Magic, Sixth Sense, See the Invisible and Mind Block.

Typical Demon Bear (1) Quick Stats: (See *Rifts® Canada* for complete details.) Alignment: Diabolic evil; hates all mortal beings.

Notable Attributes: I.Q. 8, P.S. 46 (supernatural), P.P. 17, P.E. 19. Spd. 50; 13 feet (4 m) tall, 1000 lbs (450 kg).

Horror Factor: 14

Attacks per Melee: Five physical attacks or two by magic spell.

Mega-Damage (Supernatural P.S.): Bite: 4D6 M.D., Claws 1D4x10+10.

Typical Bonuses: +3 on initiative, +5 to strike, +2 to parry and dodge, +4 to dodge when underwater, +2 to pull punch, +2 to roll with impact, +2 to save vs magic, +10 to save vs Horror Factor.

Special Abilities: Understands all Indian languages but can not speak, nightvision 1000 feet (305 m), track by smell 65%, recognize an individual's specific scent 50%, can hold breath for 19 minutes, survive depths of 1000 feet (305 m), swim 98%, running speed 50 (35 mph/56 km), never tires, bio-regenerates 4D6 M.D.C. per melee round, regenerates lost limbs in 24 hours, modern M.D. weapons (including energy weapons, explosives and **Vibro-Blades**) do half damage, and the Demon Bear is impervious to cold, poison, disease and possession. Unless the head is severed and thrown into the sea, the Demon Bear will regenerate in 48 hours.

Skills of Note: Wilderness Survival, Land Navigation, Track Animals, Track Humanoids, and Swim all at 80%, Climb 60/40% and Prowl 50%.

Weapons: Tooth and claw.

Body Armor: Natural M.D.C. of 90+2D6.

P.P.E.: 80. Magic Spells: Turn Invisible (self, at will, indefinitely), See the Invisible, Sense Magic, Chameleon, Fingers of the Wind, Fear, and Repel Animals.

Vulnerability: -4 to save vs magic, magic weapons and psionic attacks (**Psi-Sword**, Bio-Manipulation, etc.) do full damage, rune and Millennium Tree weapons do double damage. S.D.C. stone weapons do the equivalent in M.D.C. damage!

Wild Dogs & Wolves: Not particularly effective in hurting M.D.C. armor clad opponents, but very effective at attacking soldiers at base camps where they remove their armor to relax and sleep. The hounds are also good for creating confusion, making a diversionary ruckus and scouting.

Quick Stats: Average Hit Points: 30 for dogs, 46 for wolves, S.D.C.: 25 for dogs, 35 for wolves. Attacks per melee round: Three for the typical dog, four for a wolf. Typical Bonuses: +2 on initiative, +3 to strike, +4 to dodge, spd. 48 (32 mph/51 km),

and can leap four feet (1.2 m) high and 6 feet (1.8 m) across, swim 75%, track by smell 75%, sense and track the supernatural 60%, land navigation 75%, and prowl 40% (60% for wolves). Damage: Bite does 2D6 S.D.C. (4D6 for wolves), claws 1D4 S.D.C. (2D4 for wolves), leap attack (or deliberately running underfoot to trip) knocks human-sized victims off their feet, causing the character to lose initiative and one melee **attack/action** and gives the canine an automatic bite attack without the victim having a chance to parry or dodge. That's a critical strike (double damage) for wolves. A successful dodge means the attack was sidestepped, a successful parry means the victim was able to block the attack with his arm, but still takes normal bite damage.



Jack's Hacks - Cyber-Snatchers

Jack's Hacks is a vile band of bushwhacking Cyber-Snatchers who prey primarily on Coalition Soldiers. They ambush small squads, raid camps and outposts (usually at night while most of the troops are sleeping), and pick over and dismember soldiers (on both sides) who have fallen on the field of battle for their cybernetic hardware (many not yet dead). Two thirds of their victims are Coalition troops, but the rest of their victims are innocent travelers, **Headhunters**, **Brodki**, cyborgs, mercenaries, adventurers, and other bandits living in, traveling through or fighting for **Tolkeen!** These jackals don't stop at cybernetics, and will steal anything of value they find, from weapons, body armor, and small vehicles to rings, jewelry, clothing,

and other valuables pulled off the dead. They may also steal things that have little or no value, but which strike their fancy.

Jack's Hacks usually jump their victims, chop out their cybernetics (often while they are still alive and conscious), grab any backpacks, bags or obvious valuables, and leave them for dead! The despicable villains sell and trade their stolen wares throughout the Kingdom as well as to the Black Market and other criminal groups. Several Black Market establishments and cyber-shops at **Mad Town** (the Cyber-Cave among them), buy these goods no questions asked. The Coalition Military wants to see these murdering scum brought to justice and have placed a bounty of 200,000 credits on the leader, Big Jack, and 100,000 for each of the gang's four other main leaders (noted below).

Most lawmen and **Cyber-Knights** at Tolkeen would like to see the butchers put to an end as well, but King Creed has forbidden it, giving these monsters special "freebooter" status against the CS. Consequently, the King and his henchmen turn a blind eye to the evil Jack's Hacks are doing to their own people. In fact, **Sir Rigeld Baltacle** (see page 81 of *Coalition Wars Four* for details on this knight) and a group of his followers tracked down and captured in the entire gang (a third of whom perished in the fight, before they surrendered). However, two days after the knight left the City of **BlueLine** where he had deposited them, the gang was pardoned and let free to "continue their good work." This turn of events is one of many things that is making Sir Rigeld disgusted with the war at, and leadership of, Tolkeen. It also earned him the lasting hatred of the **Cyber-Snatching** gang, the two Jacks in particular. The villains hope they will cross swords with Sir Rigeld again and live to carve out his **cyber-armor** before having the pleasure of killing him. The gang leaders will jump at a chance to hurt or discredit Sir Rigeld or his followers, a vendetta that will last long after the war, should they survive.

Note: The gang's main "hunting" area are the Baronies of eastern Rivereen, Tolkeen, and Mizereen, including The Barrens as well as down into northern Missouri and over into western Wisconsin. They are a daring and cruel lot who avoid truly dangerous confrontations, preferring to strike groups they outnumber or catch asleep, injured or unprepared. As **bushwhackers**, they generally kill their victims and have no regard for life other than their own. They spend money as fast as they make it, so they are constantly on the prowl.

The presence of **Simvan** in the group means there are a number of tribes (not all) that will give the group sanctuary, to the point that they will fight to the death against any outsider who physically tries to seize them by force. Simvan do not acknowledge or accept the laws of other people.

Big Jack, Leader

The Leader and elder of the gang is a menacing **Brodkil** with a bionic arm and a sadistic love of maiming and killing. There is nothing redeemable about Big Jack, for he is a monster in every sense of the word.

Race: Brodkil; see *Coalition Wars™ One* for a complete description.

Alignment: Diabolic.

Attributes: I.Q. 13, M.E. 19, M.A. 11, P.S. 33 (supernatural), P.P. 19, P.E. 14, P.B. 8, Spd. 132 (90 mph/144 km; bionic legs).

M.D.C. (Main Body): 190

Weight: 443 pounds (199 kg), **Height:** Nine feet (2.7 m).

Age: 287

P.P.E.: 60

Experience Level: Effectively 7th level.

Natural Abilities: M.D.C. body, impervious to normal fire and cold, natural prowl ability at 40%, turn invisible at will, and bio-regenerates 2D6 M.D.C. per hour.

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Expert, Boxing, Wrestling, Climbing 70/60%, Tracking (**humanoids**) 55%, Intelligence 58%, Land Navigation 60%, Skin and Prepare Animal Hides 60%, Track Animals 50%, Radio Basic 75%, Pilot Hovercraft 80%, Pilot Jet Pack 66%, W.P. Knife, W.P. Sword, W.P. Blunt, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle and W.P. Heavy Weapons. Speaks Gobblely, American and Dragonese at 80% (**Demongogian** is his natural tongue, at 98%); a complete illiterate.

Attacks per Melee: Seven (includes combat and skill bonuses).

Bonuses (including attribute and skill bonuses): +3 on initiative, +7 to strike, +9 to parry and dodge, +6 to pull punch, +4 to roll with impact, +4 to save vs psionics, +4 to save vs magic, and +3 to save vs Horror Factor.

Mega-Damage:

Restrained Punch: 4D6+15 (P.S.) S.D.C.

Full Strength Punch: 2D6 M.D.; 4D6 on a power punch.

Bionic Leg Kick: 2D4 M.D.

Bionic Leg, Leap Kick: 2D6+4 M.D.

Tear: 2D6 M.D.

Crush/Squeeze: 1D6 M.D.

Bite: 1D4 M.D.

Body Flip/Throw: 6D6+10 S.D.C.

Magic Powers: None.

Psionics: None.

Weapons: Mostly Coalition issue weapons!

TW Flaming Sword (1): A favorite weapon in melee combat and **cyber-snatching**. Mega-Damage: 4D6 M.D.

CS Vibro-Sword (1): A favorite weapon. Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D.

CS Vibro-Knife (4): Four small (for a Brodkil) knives are concealed on his body; each does 1D6 M.D.

CTT-P40 Particle Beam Cannon: Big Jack's favorite rifle. Mega-Damage: 1D6x10 per single blast. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee round. Range: 2,000 feet (610 m). Payload: 40 blasts.

CTT-M20 Missile Rifle: Mega-Damage: Varies by missile type. Standard issue is armor piercing (1D4x10 M.D.) or plasma (1D6x10 M.D.). The targeting laser does 2D6 M.D. per shot. Rate of Fire: One at a time, or in volleys of two or four. Range: Mini-missiles depend on type; usually about one mile (1.6 km). The targeting laser has a range of 2,000 feet (610 m). Payload: 20 mini-missiles; 10 per launch tube. The targeting laser takes a standard **E-Clip** (20 shots) or long **E-Clip** (30 shots).

C-20 Laser Pistol: Mega-Damage: 2D6. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 800 feet (244 m). Payload: 30 shots per long E-Clip.

Plasma Hand Grenades (8): Mega-Damage: 5D6 M.D. Blast Radius: 12 feet (3.6 m). Throwing Range: 40 yards/meters.

Extra Ammo: 10 E-Clips, six E-canisters, 20 extra mini-missiles at the moment and always looking for more.

Body Armor: Homespun, partial, M.D.C. armor, currently with 81 M.D.C.

Bionics: Multi-optic eyes with targeting sight, built-in language translator (throat), a bionic left hand with a clock calendar and retractable razor claws (1D6 M.D. due to size), and a pair of bionic legs and reinforced spine (Spd. 66/45 mph/72 km). One leg has a concealed laser rod (3D6 M.D.; 2200 foot/670 m range) and the other, two secret compartments. Can leap 15 feet (4.6 m) high or lengthwise from a standing position or twice that distance with a running start.

Other Equipment: Six signal flares, binoculars, utility belt, air filter & gas mask, short-range radio (5 mile/8 km range), canteen, food rations bag, 30 feet (9.1 m) of climbing cord, fire starter kit, flashlight and backpack.

Booty: 5D6x1,000 in Universal Credits and 6D6x1,000 in gems, weapons, magic or other small, valuable items for trade.

Little Jack

Little Jack is a human with the soul of a demon. He and Big Jack are best friends and hang out together all the time. If one is captured or killed the other will be quick to help or avenge him. Little Jack is second in command and just as mean as his big buddy, only sneakier. He loves to infiltrate or scout out potential victims using his Cyber-disguise and skillfullies.

Race: Human; deserter from the Coalition army! Held the rank of Sergeant.

Alignment: Diabolic.

Attributes: I.Q. 14, M.E. 12, M.A. 21, P.S. 17 left arm (22 for the bionic right arm), P.P. 17 left arm (20 for the right bionic arm, +1 to strike and parry), P.E. 11, P.B. 11, Spd. 22.

M.D.C. (Right armor): 40; must wear Mega-Damage body armor to protect his frail human body.

Weight: 143 pounds (64 kg), **Height:** Five feet, three inches (1.6 m).

Age: 22

P.P.E.: 5

Experience Level: 5th level Military Specialist trained for spying and theft.

Skills of Note: Hand to Hand: Expert, Swimming, Running, Climbing 60/50%, Intelligence 10%, Computer Operation 70%, Computer Programming 60%, Computer Hacking 35%, Radio Basic 70%, Pilot Hovercraft 90%, Robot Combat Elite: Mauler, Weapons Systems 70%, Detect Ambush 60%, Camouflage 55%, Disguise 55%, Escape Artist 60%. Prowl 55%, Find Contraband 57%, Pick Pockets 55%, Field Armorer 75%, W.P. Knife, W.P. Energy Pistol, W.P. Energy Rifle and W.P. Heavy Weapons. Speaks American at 98% and can read American at 65% and Basic Math 80%.

Attacks per Melee: Five (includes combat and skill bonuses).

Bonuses (including attribute and skill bonuses): +1 on initiative, +4 to strike, +6 to parry and dodge, +2 to pull punch, +2 to roll with impact, and +2 to save vs Horror Factor (special).

Mega-Damage: By weapons or bionics only; physical combat does S.D.C.

Normal Punch: 1D6+2 S.D.C.

Restrained Punch from Bionic Arm: 1D4+3 S.D.C.

Full Strength Punch from Bionic Arm: 1D6+7 S.D.C.

Power Punch from Bionic Arm: 3D6+7 S.D.C.

Kick: 1D6 S.D.C.

Tear from Bionic Arm: 2D6+7 S.D.C.

Crush/Squeeze: 1D6+7 S.D.C.

Body Flip/Throw: 1D6 S.D.C.

Magic Powers: None.

Psionics: None.

Bionics: Right arm is bionic with finger jack, finger camera and finger gun (2D6 S.D.C.), wrist palm needle and chemicals (1D6 doses of each), gyro-compass, clock calendar, plus the following head and throat items, molecular analyzer, radio-receiver & head jack, Cyber-disguise type: AA-1 (the best), bionic lung, and built-in radio receiver and transmitter headjack.

Weapons: Coalition issue weapons!

CP-50 Dragonfire Pulse Laser Rifle and Grenade

Launcher: Mega-Damage: 2D6 M.D. per single laser blast or 6D6 M.D. per three shot pulse, or 2D6 M.D. (12 ft/3.6 m blast radius) from grenades. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee round. Range: Laser: 2,000 feet (610 m), Grenade Launcher: 1200 feet (365 m). Payload: 21 blasts from a standard E-Clip (that's seven pulse blasts) and 12 grenades.

COO Laser Pulse Pistol: Mega-Damage: 2D4 per single shot, 4D6 per three shot pulse. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 600 feet (183 m). Payload: 30 shots per long E-Clip.

Fusion Block (2): Mega-Damage: 1D4x10 (light), 2D6x10 (medium), 4D6x10 (heavy). Blast Radius: Each has a contained blast radius of 10 feet (3 m). Range: The blocks are made for placement, not throwing or shooting. However, one can try throwing the explosive, typical range is 1D6x10 feet (3 to 18 m); fusion blocks are not aerodynamic.

Hand Grenade: Plasma (3): Mega-Damage: 5D6 M.D. Blast Radius: 12 feet (3.6 m); Fragmentation (4): 2D6 M.D. Blast Radius: 20 feet (6 m); and two smoke grenades. Throwing Range (all): 40 yards/meters.

Extra Ammo: Six standard E-Clips, one E-canister, and 32 extra rifle grenades.

Body Armor:

Modified (Painted Red & Black) CA-4C Standard "Dead Boy" Armor: Armor: Head/Helmet — 70 M.D.C., Arms — 60 M.D.C. each, Legs — 80 M.D.C. each, Main Body — 100 M.D.C.

Other Equipment: Six signal flares, binoculars, robot medical kit, pocket computer, utility belt, air filter & gas mask, short-range radio (5 mile/8 km range), canteen, food rations bag, backpack, 60 feet (18.3 m) of lightweight climbing cord and grappling hook, fire starter kit, garrote wire, pocket knife (1D4 S.D.C.), pocket computer, laser distancer, silver cross, compass/inertial mapper, flashlight and a CS Scout Rocket Bike.

Booty: 5D6x1,000 in Universal Credits and 3D6x1,000 in gems or other small, valuable items for trade.

Tools

Tools is the group's mechanic and an important member of the gang, because he can make repairs and assess the value of items before they are sold or traded. His knowledge and expertise helps the gang get 10-20% more for their salvage, parts and loot than most other bandits and adventurers. Tools does not like some of the unnecessary brutality (the screaming bothers him), but on the other hand, appreciates the idea of an ambush and quick kill rather than engaging in a more fair **gunfight**. "Kill or be killed," is his motto and mercy is a risk, especially when it comes to the Coalition - he's in it mainly for the money and sense of power. He and Chop-Doc often work together on salvaged bionics and cybernetics.

Race: D'norr **Devilman**.

Alignment: Anarchist with strong leanings toward Miscreant; sees himself as a patriot and clever opportunist.

Attributes: I.Q.15, M.E. 11, M.A. 22, P.S. 13, P.P. 14, P.E. 9, P.B. 8, Spd. 10

Hit Points: 39; S.D.C.: 28.

Mega-Damage: Must wear M.D.C. body armor for protection.

Horror Factor: 12 to those not familiar with them.

Height: 6 feet (1.8 m) tall.

Weight: 180 lbs (81 kg); slender.

Age: 30

Level of Experience: 6th level Operator.

P.P.E.: 37

I.S.P.: None.

Natural Abilities: His high I.Q. and M.A. automatically makes him smart, able to see the big picture, and an affable, devilish charmer and con-artist.

Skills of Note: Electrical Engineer 75%, Mechanical Engineer 70%, Weapons Engineer 65%, Computer Operation 75%, Computer Repair 60%, Read Sensory Equipment 85%, Radio: Basic 85%, Pilot: Hovercycle 98%, Pilot: Hovercraft 90%, Horsemanship: Basic 60%, Art 70%, Anthropology 55%, Mathematics Basic 90%, Math: Advanced 80%, Hand to Hand Basic, W.P. Blunt, and W.P. Knife.

Attacks per Melee: As per O.C.C. and skills, rarely better than Hand to Hand: Basic.

R.C.C. Bonuses: +1 to save vs mind control, +1 to save vs illusions and +3 to save vs possession. Also see those acquired from specific O.C.C.s, skills and higher than average attributes.

R.C.C. Penalty: The D'norr are so sensitive, open and compassionate that they are -1 to save vs Horror Factor and Insanity.

Damage: Punch or kick is the same as a human, head butt with horns does 2D4 S.D.C. +P.S. damage bonuses, if any, or by weapon.

Magic Powers: None.

Bionics: Most Devilmen avoid even minor implants and Tools is no exception.

Weapons: Triax and Coalition weapons.

CS Vibro-Knife (2): One concealed in his boot, another in his tool kit; does 1D6 M.D.

TX-5 Triax Pump Pistol (2): Mega-Damage: 4D6 M.D. per single shot, 4D6 per three shot pulse. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 800 feet (244 m). Payload: Five rounds (has an extra 144 rounds in a satchel and five hidden in his tool kit). This is one of Tools' favorite

weapons, so he always wears one on his hip and hides the second, loaded, weapon in his knapsack.

TX-16 Triax Pump Rifle: Mega-Damage: 4D6 M.D. per single shot, 4D6 per three shot pulse, Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 1600 feet (224 m). **Payload:** Five rounds (has an extra 144 rounds in a satchel and five hidden in his tool kit). This is another one of Tool's favorite weapons.

Plasma Grenade (4): Mega-Damage: 5D6 M.D. Blast Radius: 12 feet (3.6 m). Throwing Range: 40 yards/meters.

Wilk's Laser Wand (1): Mega-Damage: One M.D. point or variable S.D.C.: 1D4, 1D6, 2D6, or 3D6 damage. Range: 10 feet/3 m maximum).

Wilk's portable Laser Torch: Mega-Damage: 1D6 to 4D6 M.D. Range: 10 feet (3 m maximum). Payload: 100 shots or two hours of continual use.

Extra Ammo: 244 extra rounds of ammo for his pump guns and eight extra E-Clips..

Body Armor:

Modified (Painted Red & Black) CA-4C Standard "Dead Boy" Armor: Armor: Head/Helmet — 70 M.D.C., Arms — 60 M.D.C. each, Legs — 80 M.D.C. each, Main Body — 100 M.D.C. It is not worn during surgery.

Other Equipment: Four signal flares, binoculars, robot medical kit, pocket computer, utility belt, air filter & gas mask, short range radio (5 mile/8 km) range, canteen, food rations bag, 30 feet (9.1 m) of climbing cord, fire starter kit, S.D.C. saw-wires (3), hunting/fishing kit, compass/inertial mapper, flashlight.

Vehicle: Coalition Scarab Officer's Hover Car with 197 M.D.C. left on it; 220 mph (352 km) is the maximum flying speed and the laser turret still works but the mini-missile launcher was destroyed (see page 166 of *Rifts® Coalition War Campaign* for complete stats).

Booty: 2D6x1,000 in Universal Credits and 6D6x1,000 in small, valuable items for trade.

Chop-Doc

Believe it or not, Chop-Doc is a self-taught, backwater butcher of a Cyber-Doc. Aardan Tek D-Bees have a natural aptitude for mechanics and Chop-Doc took a fancy to bionics and human anatomy. She is barely competent and is always tinkering around with bionic parts and practicing surgery. A sick, heartless fiend, she prefers to practice installing and removing bionics and **Cyber-implants** on "live" subjects, typically some unfortunate captive. She also likes to interrogate and torture people for information, fun and practice. Chop-Doc is a BIG part of the gang's meal ticket, so she is protected during combat.

Race: Aarden-Tek

Alignment: Diabolic evil and a sociopath with increasingly strong sadistic and homicidal tendencies.

Size: 7 feet (2.1 m) tall.

Weight: 230 pounds (103.5 kg).

Age: 23.

Attributes: I.Q. 18, M.E. 17, M.A. 7, P.S. 12, P.P. 20, P.E. 14, P.B. 3, Spd. 18

P.P.E.: 23

Hit Points: 38

S.D.C.: 19 needs magic or M.D.C. body armor for protection against M.D. weapons, just like humans.

Experience Level: Second level Cyber-Doc and torturer.

Natural Abilities: Sharp vision with 200 degrees of peripheral vision, good speed and dexterity, and can leap six feet (1.8 m) high and eight feet (2.4 m) across (increase by 50% with a running start).

Prehensile Nose & Keen Sense of Smell (special): All Aardan Tek have a stubby, prehensile, trunk-like proboscis (the mouth is located under the trunk like that of an elephant). This "nose" can be turned to face all directions, and detects odors on par with a canine. They can identify and follow the "scent image" of specific individuals from their sweat (every individual human's sweat — and most D-Bees — is unique to that individual, like a fingerprint). Their olfactory senses are so well developed that they can deduct from the evaporation of the sweat and various other ingredients of the smell which scents are freshest, what direction they are leading and even to guess which way the person may have gone when the trail breaks or runs cold. **Scent/tracking** abilities include:

Recognize common and strong scents: Recognize and accurately identify **general/common/known** smells, including gases, food, animals, and the path used by a group of humans, mutant animals, D-Bees or monsters, as well as other strong **and/or** distinctive odors.

Base Skill: 70% +3% per level of experience.

Range: 100 feet (30.5 m) per level of experience.

Identify specific odors: Including the scent of specific individuals (specific characters), poisons or drugs mixed into food or drink, unique and usual scents. The character must be familiar with the target subject **and/or** have a piece of clothing, hair, blood, etc. that the D-Bee can use as a reference.

Base Skill: 58% +2% per level of experience.

Range: 25 feet (7.6 m) per level of experience.

Track by smell alone! This means the character relies entirely on her sense of smell without needing a visible trail. This also means the D-Bee can sniff her way through total darkness if there is a scent she can follow, and the character suffers only **half** the normal penalties to strike, parry, and dodge when blinded or in total darkness.

Base Skill: 34% +4% per level of experience.

Skills of Note: Medical Doctor 69/59%, M.D. Cybernetics 54/74%, Pathology 59%, Biology 79%, Chemistry 49%, Computer Operation 59%, Computer Programming 49%, Art 49%, Pilot Hovercraft 64%, Pilot: Hovercycle 69% Horsemanship: Basic 49%, Math: Basic 61%, Math: Advanced 65%, Law 44%, Literacy: American, speaks American and **Techno-can** at 74%, Swimming 49%, Dancing 39%, Sewing 49%, Hand to Hand: Basic, W.P. Knife, W.P. Energy Pistol and W.P. Targeting (knife throwing).

Vulnerability: Poor swimmer and is afraid of water (phobia).

Psionics: Minor Psychic: 33 I.S.P. and the powers of Psychic Diagnosis and Healing Touch.

Magic: None.

Attacks per melee round: Three.

Bonuses (including attribute bonuses): +3 on initiative, +3 to strike, +7 to parry and dodge, +2 to pull punch, +3 to roll with punch, fall or impact, +1 to save vs psionic **attack**, and +2 to save vs Horror Factor.

Damage: As per P.S. or by weapon.

Weapons: Coalition issue weapons! Also see Equipment for scalpels and such.

CS Vibro-Knife (1): 1D6 M.D.

C-30 Laser Pulse Pistol: Mega-Damage: 2D4 per single shot, 4D6 per three shot pulse. Rate of Fire: Equal to hand to hand attacks per melee. Range: 600 feet (183 m). Payload: 30 shots per long E-Clip.

Type Two Fusion Block (1): Mega-Damage: 2D6x10 (medium). Blast Radius: 10 feet (3 m). Range: The blocks are made for placement, not throwing or shooting. However, one can try throwing the explosive, typical range is 1D6x10 feet (3 to 18 m); fusion blocks are not aerodynamic. Even Chop-Doc's teammates do not know she has picked up this little souvenir!

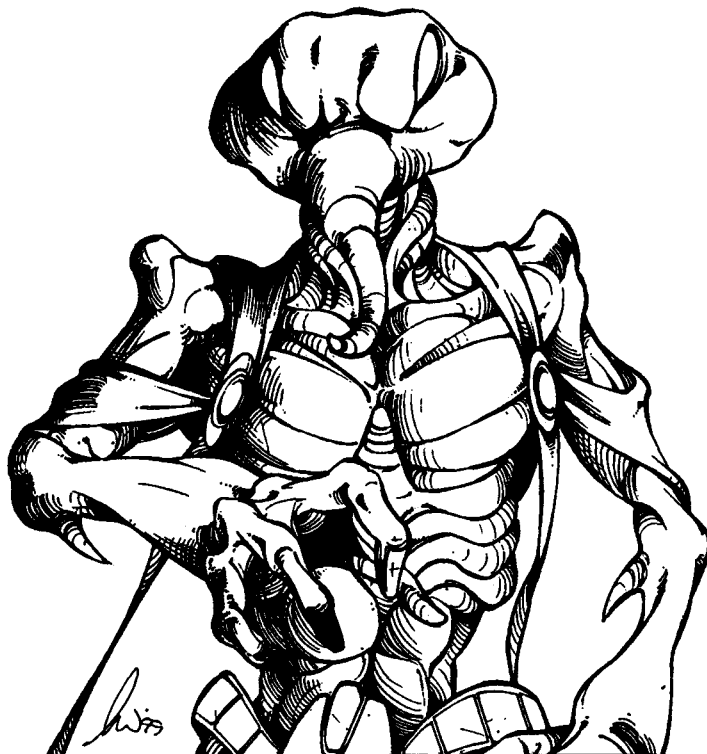
Extra Ammo: Six standard E-Clips.

Body Armor:

Modified (Painted Red & Black) CA-4C Standard "Dead Boy" Armor: Armor: Head/Helmet — 70 M.D.C., Arms — 60 M.D.C. each, Legs — 80 M.D.C. each, Main Body — 100 M.D.C.; not worn during surgery.

Equipment: Three Wilk's Laser Scalpels (1D6 S.D.C.), one Wilk's Laser Wand (one M.D. or variable S.D.C.: 1D4, 1D6, 2D6, or 3D6; 10 feet/3 m maximum range), silver plated scalpel (1D6 S.D.C.), Wilk's portable Laser Torch (1D6 to 4D6 M.D.; 10 feet/3 m maximum range), box of 100 surgical gloves, box of 100 throw-away surgical masks, fully stocked doctor's bag with both types of nano-bots, scalpels and other surgical tools, ice pick (1D6 S.D.C.), portable scan dilator, portable tool kit, tinted goggles, PDD pocket audio recorder, pocket laser **distancer**, flashlight, pocket mirror, cigarette lighter, portable language translator, knapsack, backpack, utility belt, gas mask or air filter and canteen.

Vehicle: Coalition Command Hover Car with 127 M.D.C left; 200 mph (322 km) is the maximum flying speed; no weapons



(see page 164 of *Rifts® Coalition War Campaign* for complete stats).

Bionics: None.

Booty: 1D6x10,000 in Universal Credits; doesn't keep tradeable items and tends to spend money freely.



Weaver

Weaver is a hulking Mastadonoid, Ley Line Walker of Miscreant alignment. When he started out four years ago, he was Unprincipled and considered himself to be a freedom fighter, but the brutality of war quickly turned him evil and self-serving. When the war is over, he's considering taking over some little refugee town, to become their king and start building his own kingdom. Then again, if the Coalition Army wins (something he does not believe possible) he might stay with the gang and head farther west or down into the Pecos Empire.

Alignment: Aberrant evil.

Size: 11 feet (3.3 m) tall.

Weight: 1000 pounds (450 kg).

Age: 17.

Attributes: I.Q. 10, M.E. 14, M.A. 6, P.S. 42, P.P. 17, P.E. 10, P.B.4, Spd. 14; supernatural physical attributes.

P.P.E.: 91

Mega-Damage: 145

Level of Experience: 4th level Ley Line Walker.

Natural Abilities: Sharp vision, incredible strength, good reflexes, +3 to save vs poison and toxins, +5 to save vs disease,

impervious to demonic possession (+4 to save vs all other types of mind control), impervious to natural cold (magic cold does half damage) thanks to their shaggy exteriors and a layer of blubber beneath their tough skin. Fast healers, physical M.D.C. is recovered at a rate of 3D6 per 12 hours. When underwater they can use their trunk-like mouth like a snorkel, and can tolerate depths of up to 400 feet (122 m) without special equipment.

Skills of Note: Basic Math 60%, Demon Lore 65%, Land Navigation 50%, Wilderness Survival 45%, First Aid 65%, Radio: Basic 55%, Pilot Hovercraft 70%, Climb 70/60%, Hand to Hand: Basic, W.P. Blunt and W.P. Energy Pistol. Speaks Gobbely, American and Dragonese at 80% (**Demongogian** is his natural tongue, at 98%); a complete illiterate.

Psionics: None.

Magic: The Mastadonoid have a natural aptitude for magic and have a high P.P.E. Weaver knows the following spells: Globe of Daylight (2), See the Invisible (4), Sense Evil (2), Sense Magic (4), Levitation (5), Turn Dead (5), Fear (5), Climb (3), Repel Animals (7), Blind (6), Calling (8), Fire Bolt (7), Fire Ball (10) Fool's Gold (10), Armor of **Ithan** (10), Cleanse (6), Cloak of Darkness (6), Orb of Cold (6), Electric Arc (8), Throwing Stones (5), Reflection (7), and Frostblade (15); the last several spells are found in *Federation of Magic™*; plus the usual Line Walker O.C.C. abilities.

Combat: Attacks per melee round: Five physical or two by spell magic.

Bonuses (including attribute & skill bonuses): +2 on initiative, +2 to strike, +1 to parry and dodge, +4 to pull punch, +2 to roll with punch, fall or impact, +1 to save vs magic, and +5 to save vs Horror Factor.

Damage: As per Supernatural P.S. or by weapon; they love big guns and **Vibro-Blades**. Bite does 1D4 M.D., goring with tusk does 2D6 M.D. and long, thick, ivory claws add 3D6 M.D. +Supernatural P.S. damage to claw strikes.

Standard Equipment: Basic wilderness gear, backpack, knapsack, satchel, tinted goggles, two water skins, notebook, marker, mechanical pencil, a couple of sacks, six wooden stakes and a mallet, wooden cross, and a bottle of moonshine.

Vehicle: A.T.V. Speedster Hovercycle (75 M.D.C., 220 mph/352 km; see page 226 of *Rifts® RPG* for complete stats).

Bionics: None.

Breakdown of the rest of the gang

Note: The average level is third and age is 17-25.

- 3 Simvan riding Fury Beetles or, when stealth and surprise are desired, **Ostrasaurus**. All are Miscreant and 4th level bandits.
- 3 **Vanguard Brawlers**, all are 2nd level bandits of Anarchist alignment. Two have **Cyber-implants** of a clock calendar and gyro-compass.
- 4 **Larmac** armed with laser rifles and smoke grenades ride a beat-up hover-truck. All are 3rd level bandits and Diabolic alignments (see *Coalition Wars™ 3* for this D-Bee race).

- **2 N'mbyr Gorilla men** who are 3rd level vagabond thieves of Miscreant alignment, with a taste for killing. Ride CS Warbird rocket cycles.
- **5 human bandits**, each 3rd level and Diabolic evil; riding hovercycles.

The Northern Baronies

Markeen Barony



Much of this Barony has been laid to waste thanks to the Coalition Army. The northern sector of the Kingdom might not have seen that much action, but circumstance would dictate otherwise. First, there were a handful of impressive cities and mining operations in this region, Markeen City and Iron Town being two of them. Then there was the insanity involving the legendary Key of Solomon.

The Coalition besieged the **Town of Solomon** and the surrounding communities in an unrelenting quest to acquire the mysterious **Key of Solomon** — a magical artifact said to be central in a plot to assassinate Emperor **Prosek** and topple Chi-Town (see *Coalition Wars™ One*). Solomon, supported by a third of the **Tolkeen Army**, held off the onslaught for a year and a half before finally falling and sending the Tolkeen warriors in a tactical retreat. The Coalition never did find the Key of Solomon (or the Orb), but feel their sacrifice in manpower was worth the price because the plot did not get off the ground (as far as they know), presumably thanks to their efforts. Sadly, Tolkeen defenders and civilians captured by the CS paid for it with their lives, with all captives from the *Markeen Campaign* sent to General Drogue's Death Camps in Wisconsin.

The fighting at and around Solomon spilled over to neighboring communities as the angry and frustrated Coalition Army unleashed its wrath. **Tolkeen's** leaders have greatly downplayed the losses of the northern campaign, and the victory of the *Sorcerers' Revenge* has helped many to forget them, but those who once called Markeen their home saw most of the Barony's cities, farms and communities laid to waste by the Coalition Army. Much of the barony is still a lush wilderness of forest, but wherever a town, city, farm or simple homestead once stood, is nothing but charred earth and the occasional debris field. An estimated 75% of the communities that once existed in Markeen are gone, leaving a dozen or so fortified compounds, most of them abandoned, the most significant structures still standing.

Markeen City was one of the Kingdom of **Tolkeen's** shining jewels and the first to fall. Long before the small town of Solomon fell under siege, Markeen City became one of the Coalition Army's first victories. Markeen, located where the pre-Rifts city of *Grand Rapids* once stood, was the capital of the barony and home to over 32,000 diverse people. To see it today, one would never know a city ever stood there. Only blasted earth marks its passing. Cromwell Keep, the many sawmills, paper factories, dairy farms and mining operations are all gone, as are the trees that once surrounded it. Instead, the city-land is devoid of life and looks as if the hand of God reached down from the heavens to burn it from the face of the Earth. One hundred

square miles (256 sq. km) gone. Many of the Barony's greatest figures perished in the conflagration. Counted among the so-called "lucky survivors" is Baron **Varn** Cromwell, but the man might as well have died the day his city was obliterated. Like the legendary phoenix, Baron Cromwell has risen from the ashes of defeat and destruction, only he is reborn as a demon of death and vengeance. He now serves **Tolkeen** as counsel to the king and Warlords, and bids King Creed to put him in charge of one of **Tolkeen's** newly forming demon legions.

Iron Town, 50 miles (80 km) northeast of **Markeen**, remains only as the shattered ruins of this industrialized mining town. It is surrounded by Skelebot graveyards and fields of rubble. The 9,000 survivors, from a population that started at nearly twenty thousand, have all perished in the Wisconsin Death Camps. Today, the place is the base camp for a few small bands of scavengers, bandits and Coalition Skelebots active among the ruins. The occasional *Xiticix* stops by to survey the damage and mark the town for possible *Xiticix* expansion.

Big Sands is located 40 miles (64 km) south of Markeen City. It wisely evacuated 60% of its population, sending them to the City of Tolkeen. The remaining 40% offered the CS no resistance, surrendered without a shot and claimed neutrality. They were simple farmers, after all, humans at that. However, in the eyes of the CS, they were humans who had abandoned their heritage when they swore allegiance to Tolkeen and cohabited with D-Bees. Half were arrested and forced to work the farms for the benefit of Coalition Troops. The other 3500 were sent to "work camps" in the east where they met a cruel end at one of Drogue's Death Camps.

Turned into a base camp and supply depot for the Coalition Army, the town was destroyed in the carnage that has come to be known as the *Sorcerers' Revenge*. The city section of Big Sands is nothing but rubble, but roughly one third of the farms have survived, mostly intact, but with their owners seeking sanctuary in Tolkeen or murdered in Wisconsin, they are currently deserted. Note: A couple farms have been adopted by small bands of 4D6 Faerie Folk, typically Brownies, Pixies or Faeries (any variety).

North Fork was a D-Bee frontier town that had known trouble and seen destruction several times in its dubious history. Its last incarnation fell easily to a Coalition armored battalion. Every man, woman and child was cut down. Those who managed to escape were tracked down by squads of Kill Hounds and slaughtered. A few buildings still stand and it is used as a temporary stop by bandits, adventurers and troops on both sides. Rumor has it that Coalition spies disguised as bandits and adventurers operate from this location.

Northern Markeen, in general, is a battle scarred land whose original inhabitants have either fled for their lives or been decimated. Only small bands of **refugees**, bandits, freebooters and Tolkeen patrols are found lurking in the woodlands or scavenging through the rums, and even they are few and far between. Also see *Xiticix Activity in Markeen*.

Southern Markeen has seen its share of **conflict** too, and is largely deserted. However, one can still find the occasional farm or community of two or three hundred working the land and praying for peace.

Xiticix activity in Markeen. Ever since General Jericho Holmes took half the Coalition Army on an insane charge into

the **Duluth Hivelands** (in what many consider a suicidal, fool's attempt to escape the Sorcerers' Revenge), the *Xiticix* have been in a frenzy. Thousands patrol the skies of their territory, causing neighboring rival hives to do likewise. This has led to numerous *Xiticix* skirmishes on the land and in the air, as well as kept tensions in the area high. With the *Xiticix* more aggressive and on edge than anyone can remember, the northern region of Markeen and northward have been abandoned even by most bandits, freebooters and military troops of both Tolkeen and the Coalition Armies. The war has been bloody enough without bringing the *Xiticix* down on themselves. Indeed, the slightest provocation or intrusion of their hive territory sends great swarms of the Warriors to take wing and besiege any intruders they find threatening - often fighting to the death.

The *Xiticix* are so agitated since General Holmes' Army vanished in their midst, that thousands seem to be airborne at all times of the day and night, with the main cloud slowly rolling off toward the northwest. More disturbing, *Xiticix* scouting parties and **hiveland** perimeter guards have pressed into parts of the northern lands of the Markeen Barony previously unclaimed by the *Xiticix*. Most believe the bug men are temporarily expanding their borders in response to the continuing combat close to their **hivelands** and what they must have seen as an invasion by General Holmes. When the fighting ends, the *Xiticix* are expected to calm down and retreat back to their old border lines. (Or will they?)

Wildwoods Barony

"The Wildwoods" have always been more of a wilderness adjunct to the Kingdom of Tolkeen than a thriving industrial or population center. It and **Rivereen** below it, are the last vestiges of true civilization before one enters the fabled New West. Beyond Wildwoods and Rivereen, the nearest fledgling western nation is the Colorado Baronies. After that, only tiny, fragile kingdoms, lawless frontier towns, homesteads, wandering tribes, monsters and wilderness, lots and lots of untamed wilderness.

New Wilmar

New **Wilmar** is the largest city in the Barony and the capital of the region leaders. An estimated 49,000 people live here; 60% D-Bees, 38% human, 2% other. New Wilmar, like most of the communities in the Barony, is mostly an agrarian commonwealth known for its crops (primarily potatoes, wheat, peas and corn), cattle, hogs, poultry, dairies and slaughterhouses. Thus, many are surprised to discover that it is also home to one of the finest Museums of Antiquities in North America.

Specializing in **pre-Rifts** history, the museum itself is a testament to a bygone era. It is located in a restored, six story building from before the Great Cataclysm, complete with three floors presenting recreations of what life must have been like in those times. The collection of artifacts is impressive to say the least, but its Department of Antiquities is even more impressive. Here one can find over 60,000 books, 20,000 disks and a variety of artworks from before the Coming of the Rifts, as well as **schol-**

arly works by the likes of Erin Tarn, Plato of Lazlo, Tolkeen's finest, and other historians, anthropologists and scholars. The museum movie theater next door has a library of over 600 pre-Rifts films and shows movies twice a week. This makes the city a popular retreat for visiting scholars, scientists and the curious. A small college-style campus is located a few blocks away, along with two hotels and a handful of boarding houses. Roughly 3D4x100 visitors come to see the museum on any given week, even during the war. Many are rogue scholars and historians, but just as many are adventurers and everyday people looking to the past for insight to the future, or a sense of historical identity, or just plain curious. The most interested stay for 5-10 days, but some stay for months at a time. The Coalition has marked the museum for *capture*, which is why it and the city haven't yet fallen under devastating attack. They look forward to the day that they can liberate this vestige of "human" history from the hands of monsters, and hope that its archives will add new insights and data to their already vast historical records.

New Wilmar Defense Force

New Wilmar remains a reasonably quiet, peaceful city that has so far escaped the violence of war. In fact, most of the Wildwoods has been spared the war, having seen only minor skirmishes along its northern and western borders. However, the city has prepared for conflict by erecting ugly Stone Fortifications and forming a strong militia of fighters and weavers of magic.

Breakdown of the Militia:

- 5600 combat Troops; average level of experience is 2nd and 3rd level, 65% D-Bees.
- 24 Ground Iron Juggernauts (four squads), that's all Tolkeen's Warlords could spare.
- 100 Techno-Wizards; average level of experience is 3rd to 6th.
- 20 Shifters; average level of experience is 4th and 5th.
- 80 Mystics; average level of experience is 3rd to 6th.
- 260 Ley Line Walkers of 1st to 3rd level experience.
- 110 Ley Line Walkers of 4th to 6th level experience.
- 50 Ley Line Walkers of 7th level or greater experience.
- 22 Earth Warlocks; average level of experience is 5th and 6th.
- 15 Air Warlocks; average level of experience is 4th and 5th.
- 12 Water Warlocks; average level of experience is 4th and 5th.
- 10 Fire Warlocks; average level of experience is 4th and 5th.
- 12 Other types of practitioners of magic; levels 3-7.
- 2 Dragon hatchlings, one 4th level, the other 8th.

Note: Baroness Carol Marshall has declined the use of any demons or monsters. Should the region fall under attack, the Warlords of Tolkeen have said they will provide whatever support they can, but they make no promises. Over the years, the



Tolkeen Army has provided all Baronies with military protection, but in the last days of the war, resources may be inadequate. Daemonix, Monster Squads, Iron Juggernauts and non-magical patrols are found in the Barony of Wildwoods, but are a tiny fraction of those found in Rivereen, Mizereen and Tolkeen.

Faeries

Wildwoods, with its many meadows, fields of flowers and wildlife undisturbed much by civilization, has made the north-western woodlands home to small clans and tribes of Faerie Folk. These strange little creatures of magic generally avoid human contact and have no formal civilization as we understand it. Some are nomadic bands while others establish a hidden Faerie mound to make their home. Mischievous pranksters, they can spell trouble for anyone who encounters them; see *Rifts® Conversion Book One* for details and descriptions.

Estimated Total Faerie Folk Population: 500

- A typical Faerie clan (of any variety) at Wildwoods will have 1D6+4 members.
- A typical Faerie tribe (of any variety) at Wildwoods will have 2D6+10 members.
- A typical Pixie, Bogie or Toadstool clan will have 1D6+2 members and are not usually found in larger numbers in this part of the country.
- Brownies, Pixies, **Spriggans**, Nymphs, Leprechauns, **Kinnie-Ger**, Bogies, Toadstools and Pucks are often encountered as lone individuals or pairs.

Note: Frost Pixies are relatively common to the region.

Trouble for Wildwoods

The main problem the people of Wildwoods are struggling with at this time, is crime, by both bandits and refugees. The years of war have left many homeless. While the majority of people have fled to the Cities of Tolkeen, Freehold and neighboring communities at the heart of the Kingdom, others have turned to Wildwoods and northern Rivereen as safe havens. The small cities of **Fergus Falls**, **Andria** (on the site of old Alexandria) and **Ortonville** (as well as Vosberg in Rivereen) are all taxed by the flow of refugees who look to them for handouts of food, water and basic supplies. Providing fresh water is not a problem, but providing food, clothes and blankets has become impossible. Many are willing to work for food, shelter and other goods, but there just isn't enough work or resources to go around. Tragically, desperate people are driven to steal what they need and crime has skyrocketed. Crimes that might have once been considered petty or a nuisance, like the theft of an apple pie, corn from the fields and **vagrancy**, are epidemic and mean food and precious resources are being stolen away from the people who created them, leaving them hungry and deprived of their own goods. Tempers flare on the part of the farmers and citizens who are being looted, their homes vandalized and property trespassed upon, leading to brawls and armed conflicts. **Andria** and **Ortonville** have made connections with the **Cyber-Knights** to the west to lend a hand, give the refugees direction and to help preserve the peace, but the knights are spread thin, and can only do so much. **Ortonville** is plagued by bands of crooked merchants, half of whom are connected with the

Black Market, who have set up shop just beyond the edge of town to fleece what little money and possessions the typical refugee has left. They sell basic goods and food at three to ten times the normal price and a few even offer "a new life" in other places in the world, usually as indentured servants or at hard labor. Perhaps because of its location, the problem is much less severe at **Fergus Falls** but they feel the trouble too.

Around all of these communities are camps and tent cities where refugees pause to rest and get what supplies they can before moving west. Entire families sleeping in the streets or camped on the side of the road are all too common sights. Likewise, one can find a camp of a lone individual, pair or clan (3D4) scattered throughout the southern half of Wildwoods; they are much fewer in the north.

Believing the war to be over (or nearly over), many are looking at Wildwoods (and northern Tolkeen) as the place to build a new home. The land is fertile, the countryside beautiful and few parcels are officially owned by anybody. Under normal circumstances, this might make Wildwoods a boomtown environment, instead it has made the Barony a wild frontier filled with claim jumpers, turf wars, rivalry and banditry.

These problems will get worse before they get better, and should the Coalition Army come, everybody is in danger.



Tolkeen Barony

The heart of this kingdom of magic is Tolkeen. A city of diverse people, technology and magic. A city that braces for a possible final siege by the Coalition Army. With any luck, the CS has had enough, and will return (if it returns at all) only to rattle its saber, make threats and back off. If they should test the Tolkeen defense force along the Mississippi they will be met with intense opposition and (should) retreat to avoid another Sorcerers' Revenge. At **least**, that is the plan. The CS can ill afford another crushing defeat like that. Everyone knows **it**, from kings to peasants. That is why so many assume the war *is*, indeed, over.

Tolkeen is far from defeated, and even with the mass attrition it has suffered since its great victory against the CS Invasion Force, it still commands the (arguably) third most powerful standing army on the continent after the Coalition States and Free Quebec (the alien **Xiticix** don't count). Moreover, Tolkeen still has a few surprises up its sleeve. Find out what in the 200+ page conclusion of *Coalition Wars™, Chapter Six: Final Siege*.

Wisconsin

Most of Wisconsin is a densely forested wilderness home to trappers, woodsmen, small bands of Indians and **Psi-Stalkers**. The occasional human or D-Bee homestead, small farm or trading post is all that breaks the horizon of trees - other than the carnage of war, that is.

The southwestern edge of Wisconsin is part of the blasted wasteland known as *The Barrens*, and numerous other locations along its western border to the north and east show the signs of recent CS occupation. Skelebot graveyards, smashed vehicles, abandoned outposts and equipment, patches of pulverized earth, and blast lines cut through the trees all serve as reminders of the Coalition's passage. Since the Sorcerers' Revenge, the Coalition Invasion Force has abandoned the region, but CS patrols, scouting parties and suspicious travelers have returned to the southwestern forests. Likewise, **Tolkeen's** Monster Squads and military patrols lurk among the trees, ever vigilant for the return of their hated enemy and attacking any CS patrols and suspected spies they encounter. Daemonix and other demons seem to account for 60-70% of these forces, and rumor has it that the Daemonix have earmarked Wisconsin as their new homeland after the war. This talk worries the all too mortal inhabitants of Wisconsin who have called this free range of woodlands their own for generations. Psi-Stalkers and Native Americans are so up in arms by their increasing presence and callousness toward all **humanoid** life forms that many Indian clans and **Psi-Stalker** tribes with no allegiance or loyalty to the CS, have begun to openly hunt these monsters. Until recently, people felt that if the Kingdom of Tolkeen wanted to invite demons into their homes, that was their business, but when these vile creatures begin to spill into other lands, they are open game.

In the north, along Lake Superior, the Xiticix of the Duluth Hive are more agitated and active than ever. Stirred into a frenzy by General Jericho Holmes' retreat into their domain, Xiticix lake patrols have increased ten-fold. Xiticix Scouts, Leapers and Warriors are provoked to attack by the slightest action of other **humanoids**. At least 19 people have been slain and dozens more injured by Xiticix raiders. The skies over Lake Superior are also filled with the insectoids and the waters ripe with activity from pirates and freebooters hoping to profit from the war at Tolkeen. In short, the war has made quiet Wisconsin a more busy and dangerous place, at least for the moment.

Incriminating Evidence

The unprecedented routing of the Coalition Army during the *Sorcerers' Revenge*, and turn of events involving General Jericho Holmes, has blackened *General Drogue's* reputation and made him the "goat" of the war. To the public, the stunning defeat has been painted as a "minor" setback and part of some "secret military plan" by the Coalition propaganda machine. Privately, most of the General's peers look to him with derision and contempt. He is a loser. The first "great" Coalition General to face a massive and humiliating defeat, at the hands of sorcerers and D-Bees, no less! The Coalition old guard see him as a cruel, loudmouth braggart who, even now, is more concerned with salvaging his reputation than the war. A tin-plated leader

and second-rate strategist and tactician better suited for politics than leading a war. Most of those who once supported him (either because they thought they could ride on his **coattails** or genuinely believed in him) have turned on this "loser." Some do so to distance themselves from any fallout by association, many others because they have seen the real man and don't like what they see.

Among the new guard, the younger, cutthroat officers who once admired and followed the General's hard-line and ruthless



tactics have taken pause and changed their own conduct. Some have abandoned the savage, brutal, "the ends justify the means" tactics of General Drogue to avoid a similar disgrace, or to dodge reprimands for conduct unbecoming a Coalition Officer. Some do so because they now realize it is wrong, and turn toward the example of men like General Holmes as their model. Only a fraction of the officers cut from the same tree as their fallen leader continue to defend and support their ideological leader. The rest scurry about like hungry wolves who, seeing weakness in their leader, turn on the General so they may advance in his place. As a result, a number of alarming reports and accusations about the General's conduct, cruelty, departure from established military procedure and gross incompetence are flooding into Coalition Military High Command. Many are lies to further the ends of unscrupulous officers, but many more are true.

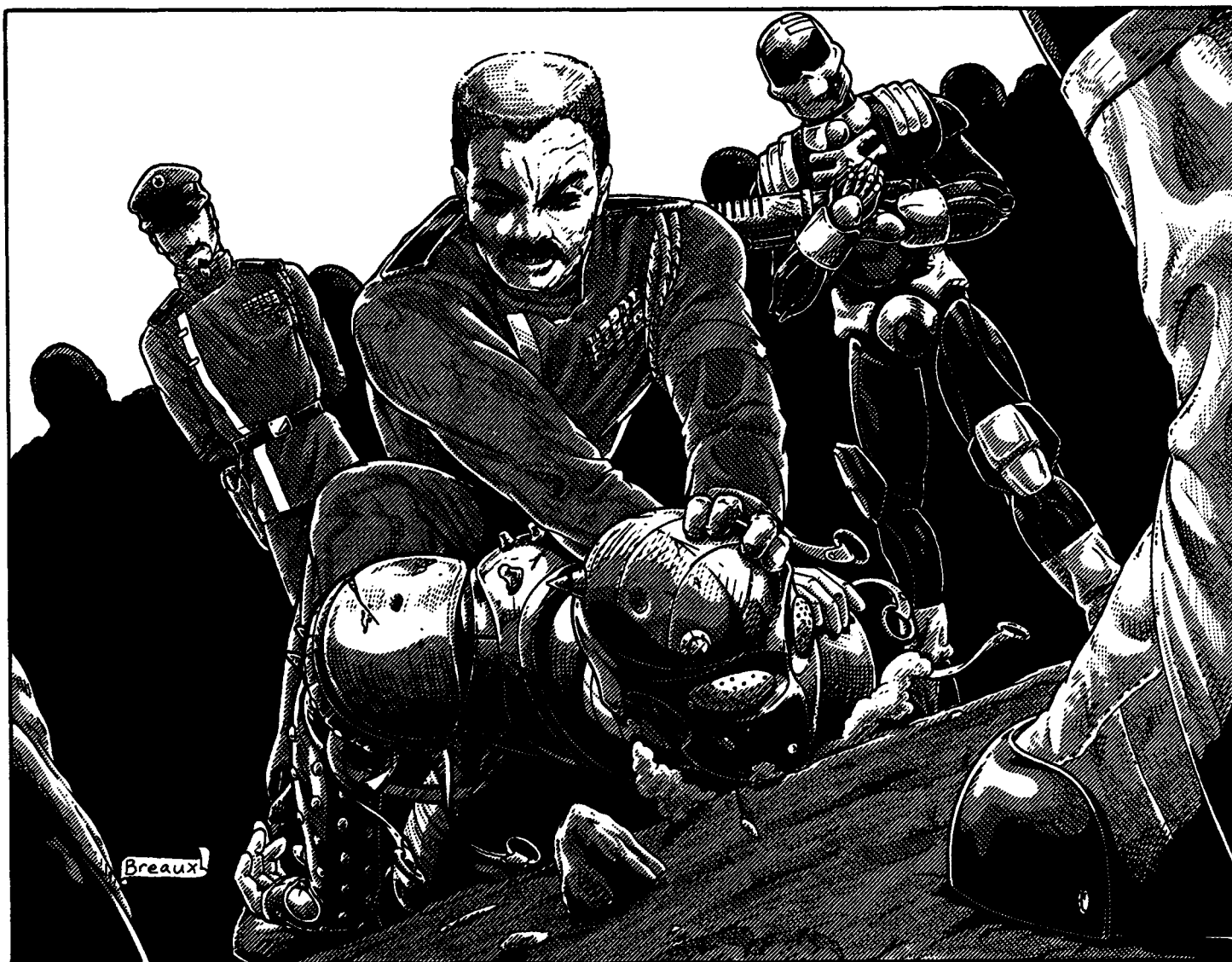
For the moment, General Drogue has managed to maintain leadership of the military forces sent against Tolkeen, however his grasp on leadership is tenuous, and a formal Board of Inquiry has been established to investigate the many charges against him. The man is an embarrassment and will take the fall for failure. The General knows that only a decisive victory against Tolkeen can salvage his career, but he is severely hamstrung. Under such close scrutiny, he can not take reckless

chances, suffer great losses, use **unsanctioned** shortcuts or engage in his trademark butchery of the enemy. He needs to do things by the book, and he was never good at playing by the rules. Cheating, intimidation and brute force are this man's strong points.

Note: More information and stats on General Micander Drogue are found on page 19 of Coalition Wars™ Two: Coalition Overkill™.

A Secret to Hide

As more troops roll into the region, along with what passes for the Coalition States' "free press" (under the direct supervision of the CS Information and Propaganda Department, headed by Joseph Prosek the Second), General Drogue has more than his share of problems, but a big one is the *Death Camps*. He has established a half dozen Death Camps where the enemy, primarily D-Bees and sorcerers, are experimented upon, tortured and slain by the thousands. While such foul places may sound like something the Coalition States would condone, the Death Camps were *never* sanctioned by the Coalition High Command or Emperor Prosek, neither of whom know anything about them. General Drogue assumed he would come out of the war a triumphant hero and that virtually anything he did, provided he was indeed "the" hero of the war, would be rubber-stamped "ap-



proved." The searing defeat of the Sorcerers' Revenge has changed all that, and the Death Camps are just one more black mark that needs to be covered up. The General believes he can **coverup** this "little indiscretion" by completely destroying the concentration camps. The soldiers who operated the camps will keep silent or face humiliation and **court-martial**, perhaps even loss of CS citizenship (a fate seen by most Coalition citizens as worse than death). And if there is no evidence left standing, no physical structures or prisoners, there are only unsubstantiated rumors. To that end, the General has issued the order to select officers he believes he can trust to "mist" the camps. "To mist" is a euphemism to completely *atomize something*. In this case, all evidence of the camps' existence, people included.

Death Camp Grace

Sergeant Canton stood at attention before **General Micander Droque** and wondered how he had gotten into this sorry situation. He and his men weren't even supposed to be here. They were supposed to be northwest, still pulling reconnaissance. It was only a quirk of fate that put him and his platoon at the disposal of the infamous General Droque.

"Sergeant Deon Canton. I know you from the slaughter of Fort Collingston. You led an impressive assault that day, young man. Something you should be proud of. No surrender for you. No, you cut down every last man, woman and child, then misted the entire, god damned place. Very impressive."

"I ... **um**, I'm not particularly proud of that, sir." Not anymore, thought Sgt. Canton, although there was a time when it seemed like the right thing to do. A good thing.

General Droque chuckled, "You don't have to be modest with me, son. You did good that day. That's why I've selected YOU to do a special job for me."

The General's reputation also preceded him. Sgt. Canton knew all about General "Grim Reaper" Droque. Even so, he was ill prepared for walking into one of the General's "little projects." A prisoner of war camp that seemed to have leapt off the screen of a **pre-Rifts** "movie" about an ancient conflict called *World War II* and its death camps, where millions of people called Jews were put to death for the crime of being Jewish. Substitute D-Bees and human sympathizers, and **that's** what one had here. Experiencing it *live* was worse than any photograph or film dramatization. It was horrible beyond words.

Suddenly, Sgt. Canton realized the General was waiting for him to say something, and he knew exactly what the General wanted to hear, so he fed it to him.

"Those D-Bees got what they deserved, sir!"

The General smiled coldly and paced around the Sergeant, nodding his head approvingly.

"Then I can trust a man such as you will understand what we have here."

"Sir, yes, sir."

"I'm sure you'll you also understand that there are those who do not share *our* perspective or ... **um** ... the value of a place such as this. It's a dirty, little secret acceptable during war, but it has no place in peacetime.

"Peace, sir?"

"Yes, I'm afraid this beautiful little war is coming to an early end. Tolkeen's forces are ill equipped for our new offensive and

I believe **their** days are numbered. You should **rejoice**, soldier. With what has just happened at Free Quebec, I predict you'll be home for Christmas this year."

"Sir, yes, sir! Welcomed news, sir!"

"Yes. Well, I must take my leave, Sergeant. All of those here must. And after we leave, you are to destroy this place. Mist it. Leave nothing but a smoking crater. No buildings. No fences. No people. Nothing. Understood?"

"Sir?"

"This must all be forgotten Sergeant, as if it were a dream. I'm giving you a direct order to wipe this ... *um, prisoner of war camp* from the face of the Earth. No people. No evidence. Every last man, woman and child. Every bit of brick and mortar. I want a smoking crater! I trust this is something the man who orchestrated the massacre of Fort Collingston understands completely."

"Yes, sir."

"Good. I will remember you, Sgt. Canton. And you will be rewarded for your service to me this day. That's a promise."

"Thank you, sir. No reward necessary, sir!"

"Very well then. Oh, and Sergeant?"

"Sir?"

"Try not to enjoy it too much."

Sergeant Canton watched from one of the towers as General Droque and the death camp troops slithered into their transport vehicles and departed.

"Hey, **Sarge.**" said Corporal **Krakowski**. "What are we supposed to do with these people?"

"Kill them."

"**Wha** ... what?"

"Kill **'em** and mist the place. Atomize them and everything here. Leave nothing but a smoking crater. That's what the General said."

"Oh."

The two stood silent for a minute that seemed more like an hour.

"How is it we manage to get the job of cleaning up somebody else's dung heap again, Sarge?"

"Lucky, I guess."

"Yeah. Real lucky. I, um, guess I'll get the men together."

"Yes, please do."

Sgt. Canton looked down from his perch in the tower to watch the milling crowd of prisoners below. The majority were D-Bees, but there were humans too. Many were nothing but skin and bones. All suffered from malnutrition and even the children bore the scars of beatings and torture. They were nothing more than walking skeletons. Skeletons too stubborn or stupid to die.

The sound of his platoon filing into the room behind him pulled his thoughts to the matter at hand. He removed his Dead Boy helmet and signaled the men to do likewise. Wiping the sweat from his brow, he looked into the faces around him and

knew by their expressions that they had already caught wind of their "duty."

"I take it you already know that General Drogue has ordered me to mist this place and every prisoner in it. When the shooting stops and the mist of vaporized flesh and concrete melts away, all he wants left is a smoking crater. That's what he said, a smoking crater."

The men muttered and nodded in the affirmative. A long minute of silence passed as the **Sarge** paced back and forth.

"Well ... we're *not* going to do it."

"Sarge?"

"There's been enough killing. I've seen enough. I've done enough — we all have. Enough to last me twenty wars. I'm not doing this. These people aren't enemy soldiers. They're too weak to pick up a stick or a stone to defend themselves. They've suffered enough. I want you to gather them up, nice like. Give them your canteens, food rations and whatever other food and water we can scrounge up in this hell hole, open the gates, and let them go."

"Gee Sarge," piped up Corp. **Krakowski**. "Have you seen these people? I mean, they're half dead already."

"Yeah, Sarge," interjected another grunt, "ya said it yerself. These people have suffered sumthin' terrible. Way I see it, **killin'** em ... uh ... it's a blessing. Like, uh, **puttin'** a sick animal down. That's all."

"Except they aren't animals, Private. They're people locked up and beaten like animals, but that doesn't make them animals."

"**Woah**, Sarge," cautioned the Corporal. "Hell no, they ain't animals, **but** ... they'll never survive out there on their own. Our troops will be moving in fast. They'll just cut them down like they **wuz nothin'**."

"Then at least they'll die free men, won't they?"

"Um, yes sir ..."

"Look. I wish we were a 100 klicks away from this **dump**, but we're not. In the absence of a CO, command falls to me, and I'm commanding ... no ... I'm *asking* you to show these people a little mercy, that's all. Any man who feels this is wrong can walk away right now and take no part in this. I'll take the heat for defying the direct order of the famous General, but the rest of you might feel the heat too. Even though I was the only one given the direct order, the General isn't going to look upon any of you with any kindness."

Sgt. Canton took a gulp of air and asked, "So, what do you say?"

The troops huddled for a minute and then Corporal Krakowski stepped forward.

"Sarge, I think I speak for all the men when I say that this is the **rightest** thing we've done the entire war. We're behind you one hundred and ten percent." And with that he snapped to attention and saluted. The others did likewise in unison.

Pride jumped so high into his throat that the Sarge couldn't speak. He only returned their salute. This was the "**rightest**" thing they had done the entire war. Maybe it would make up in the tiniest of ways for the overwhelming number of wrongs. Finally, he mustered enough of his voice to issue a hoarse command, "Let's get to it then."

Sgt. Canton snarled in frustration as he pushed his way through the milling crowd of refugees. Fear, blood, sweat and urine filled the **air** in a palpable cloud.

"What the hell is the problem here, Corporal? Why aren't these people moving?"

"Um, it seems they won't go."

"Won't go?!"

"Yeah, they're, **uh**, seems they're afraid we'll cut 'em down as they walk through the gate, and say they was **tryin'** to escape. I've tried everything. They just won't believe me. I'm sorry, Sarge. I don't know what else to do."

"**Damn.God Damn!**" shouted the Sergeant as he pounded the ground with his foot. A moment later he stormed forward, pushing to the front of the crowd, the Corporal trailing behind him.

At the front of the throng he bumped into a Noli Bushman. The D-Bee held one emaciated child in his arms, while another clutched at his leg. The Noli's wife clung to his shoulder with one hand, a frail baby nestled in her other.

"No tricks." Sgt. Canton bellowed to the crowd over the loudspeaker in his Dead Boy body armor. "No tricks. You're free to go. No one will shoot you. Please ..."

A murmur rose from the crowd but nobody moved.

"Look. Look!"

Sergeant Canton removed his helmet and dropped it to the ground. He tore the child out of the D-Bee's feeble grip and handed the father his gun. With his free hand he gently touched the Bushman's cheek, looked directly into his deep green eyes and said softly, "One of your people, a Noli like you, died to save my life not long ago. When I asked why, one of his buddies said to me, that it was because he did not see an enemy, but a man about to suffer a cruel and unjust death. I look into your faces and don't see the enemy. I see thousands of men and women born to be free. One of the Noli's other friends said, perhaps one day, if I was very lucky, I could repay the favor. Please, won't you let me do that now? Please, let me repay that courageous and forgiving Noli hero by letting you walk free. It ... it will give his sacrifice more meaning than anything I ... Here, we'll walk with you."

With that Sgt. Canton took the Noli Bushman's hand and together, family in tow, they slowly walked through the gate. The Sergeant's men followed his **lead**, removed their helmets, dropped them to the ground, **holstered** their weapons and began to carry children and helped those to weak too walk. They walked for nearly a half mile before the Sarge stopped and handed the child back to his father. "Peace." he said to the Noli.

Until then, not a word was exchanged between them. None were necessary.

Sgt. Canton and his men watched until the last of the prisoners disappeared into the Wisconsin forest.

"That was something, Sarge."

"Yeah. It was."

"Should we go back and mist the place, now?"

"No. Let it stand."

"You sure?"

"Yeah. I'm sure. I want it left standing. I want somebody to know that **Tolkeen** was not the only side in this war with monsters."



The Rescue at Camp Glory

Camps Prosek, Purity, and Victory were among the first of General Drogue's Operation Hardball and the first to be "misted" into oblivion. The prisoners of *Camp Grace* would be rescued by Sgt. Deon Canton and his platoon, the terrible edifice left standing as mute testament to the horrors that transpired there. In time, it will be found and the CS will be forever stained by its existence. There is a fifth, located near Lady Smith, Wisconsin. Its liberation may be part of an adventure.

Adventure Outline HLS Style

Hook: The last of General Drogue's abominations waits to be destroyed. *Camp Glory* is one of the newest camps and never reached its full capacity before being marked for destruction. Every last bit of brick and mortar is to be atomized as if it never existed. Its 3,500 D-Bee prisoners along with it. All gone in a half hour fury of gunfire and explosives.

Line: The player characters stumble upon the camp's existence and learn through eavesdropping, or from a snitch or a drunk camp guard, or perhaps an escaped prisoner, that the

camp and all the people contained within will be blasted to atoms in approximately *six hours!* Enough time to hatch a plan and perhaps round up a few more men, but that's all. This is an uninhabited wilderness and other than a few **Psi-Stalkers** or **Trapper-Woodsmen**, there shouldn't be anybody the heroes can call upon. If word is gotten to Tolkeen via some form of magic or ley line **teleportation**, the heroes will be shocked to learn Tolkeen will not spare any of its troops to save these suffering people. Again, the team may be able to pick up a couple of freelancers or adventurer volunteers, but that's all.

Word has it that this is the *last* of them; all other Death Camps have been erased from existence. When this one is gone, nobody will ever know what happened at these killing fields, and 3500 more innocent people will leave this mortal coil. (Note: Nobody knows that Camp Grace remains intact and its prisoners set free.)

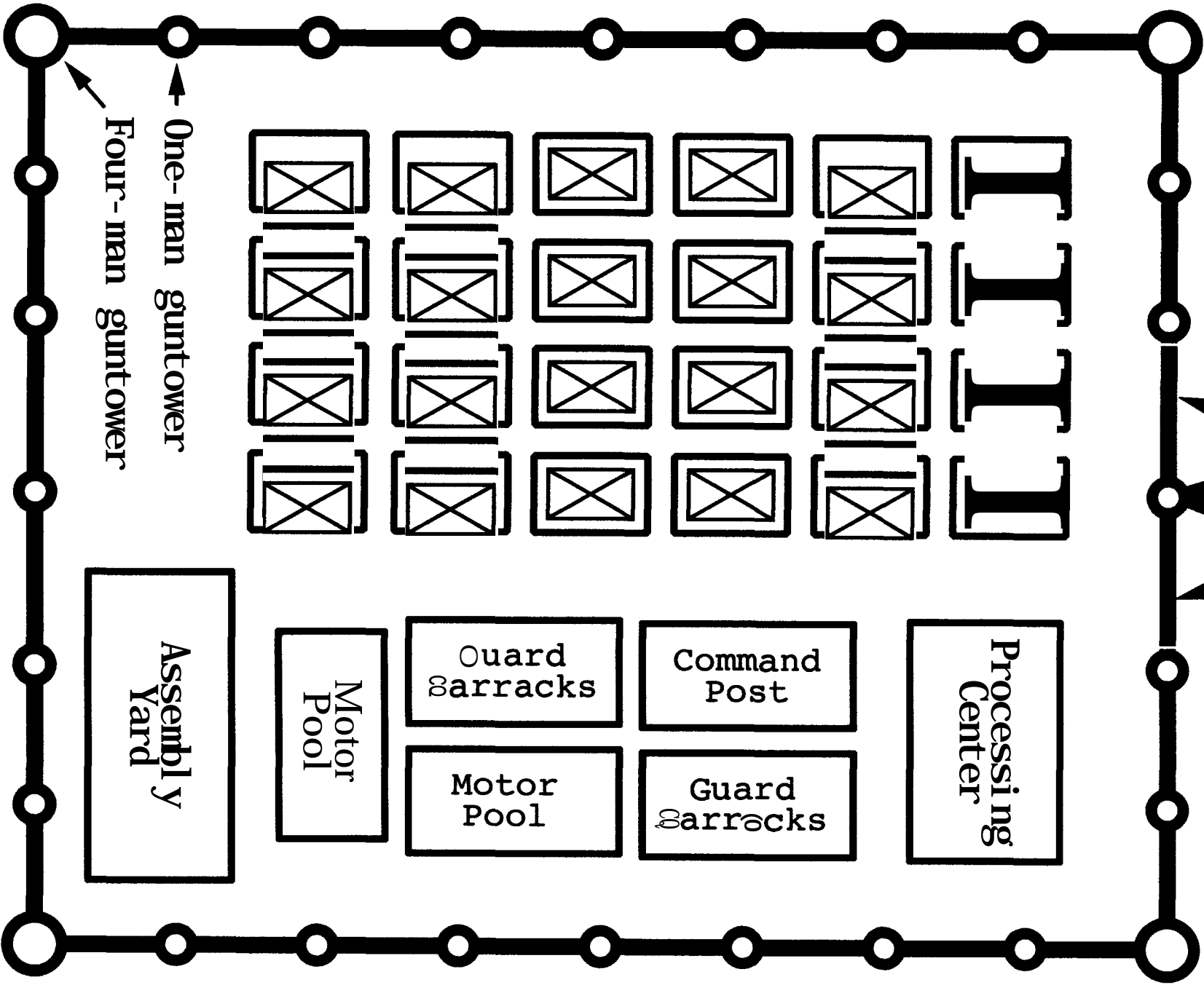
Sinker: What does the player group do? No characters of a good alignment will turn a blind eye to the slaughter and cover-up. Even characters of an Aberrant or Anarchist alignment will be hard put to ignore something like this, especially when they learn that the camp's destruction has been entrusted to a single platoon of fiercely loyal Coalition soldiers (the Dirty Thirty perhaps, but more likely some unknown group of grunts). That's a meager 30-40 troops, most of whom are caught up in the grim task at hand and not expecting any kind of intervention from a third party, especially not any magical intervention. Moreover, half the platoon is spread out doing various prep-work throughout the camp (or killing time); two men here, six men there. Consequently, if the player characters use stealth and cunning, they can pick off half the platoon before the other half realizes anything is amiss. They should even be able to capture and lock up or incapacitate most of these soldiers rather than kill them. This is important in order to keep the sound of gun play out of the picture and prevent alerting the rest of the platoon to their presence before they need to. A couple of grunts aren't going to put up a fight against 4-6 menacing looking meres or adventurers, not if they think their own lives are at stake, and certainly not for any D-Bee prisoners.

If all goes well, that could leave as few as 15 soldiers left to deal with in a **firefight**. Unfortunately, the remaining troops are grouped in three squads, all close to one another. Jump one, and the other two will hear and come running. Still, the odds are much better than when the heroes started, and these ordinary grunts (average 3rd and 4th level) are not expecting an attack, nor are they prepared for magic, which should give the player characters the element of surprise and a tactical advantage. In addition, if the prisoners get any opportunity to escape, they will take it, so blowing a few gaping holes into the camp's containment walls and keeping the troops too busy to gun down prisoners should give a couple thousand prisoners a chance to escape. Sadly, there may be some casualties in the final combat (1D4x100), but thousands will be saved.

Remember, too, as nice as it might be to leave at least some evidence of Camp Glory standing, the top priority (and real victory) is rescuing as many prisoners as possible. Since the Death Camps are a dark secret, the Coalition soldiers can not call for back-up and are not likely to give pursuit, especially if the player group has taken pains NOT to kill, but to incapacitate and distract them long enough for the prisoners to escape. The

Camp GLORY

Swinging wall
sections act as
facility gate.



grunts will "mist" the place after their assailants **flee**, but that should be the end of it.

More adventure stemming from the breakout: Although the CS grunts assigned to mist Camp Glory aren't prone to give chase, the refugees and the player group are likely to run into other Coalition squads, platoons and trouble. The exodus to **Tolkeen** (and uncertain sanctuary) is a good time to use the many random encounter tables presented earlier in this book. Some 3000+ refugees *are* going to attract attention, and with the Coalition on the move again, that means bumping into them. Also, being so close to the already agitated Duluth **Xiticix** hive, the movement of so many people may attract their attention as well, not to mention other monsters, slavers or bushwhackers. Player characters of a good alignment are probably going to feel obligated to help these poor people. Remember, they ran for their lives without weapons, **food**, or supplies of any kind. If anyone ever needed help it is these people. Explore the possibilities and have fun.

INMATE BARRACKS : Each fenced building houses 250 people uncomfortably. Minimal facilities, poor living conditions.

GUNTOWERS : From here, guards shoot escapees or snipe inmates just for fun.

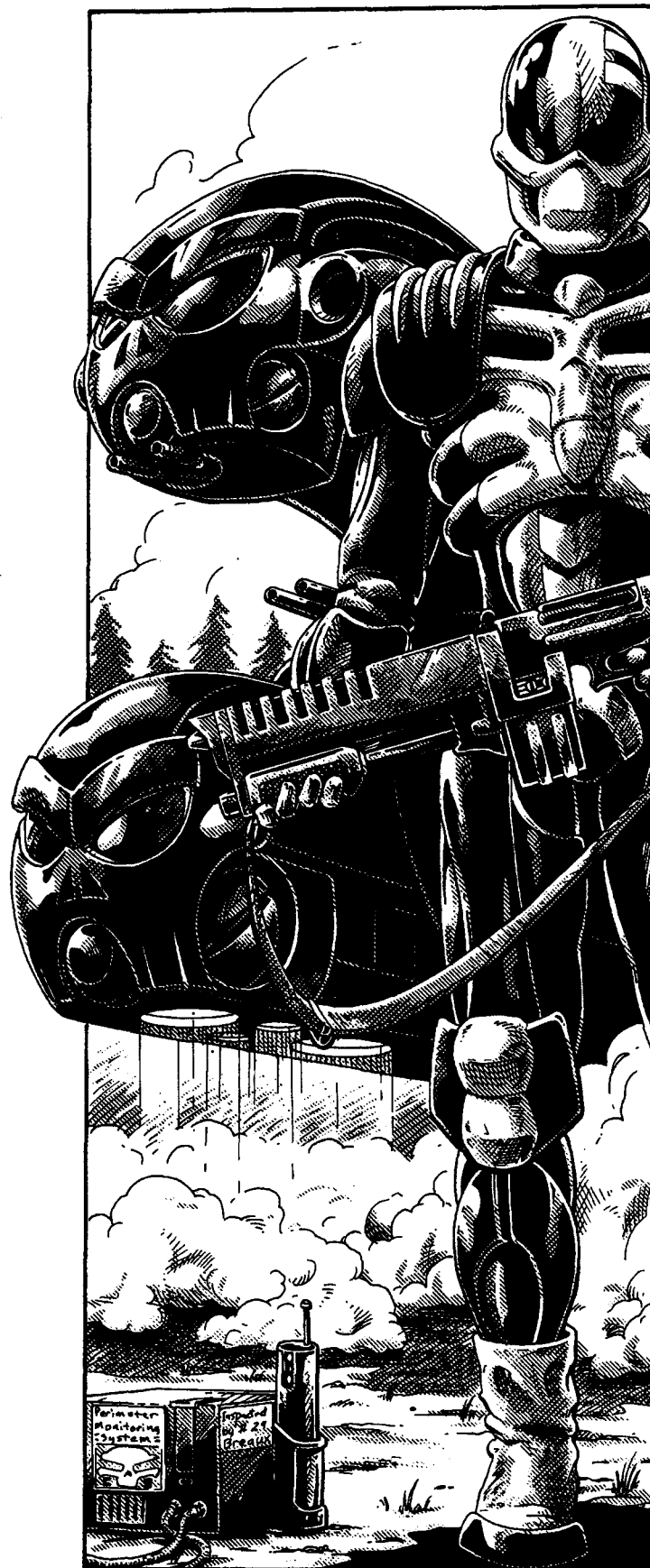
PROCESSING CENTER : where new inmates are given ID codes, punitive cybernetics, and are interrogated/tortured. One out of eleven inmates does not survive processing.

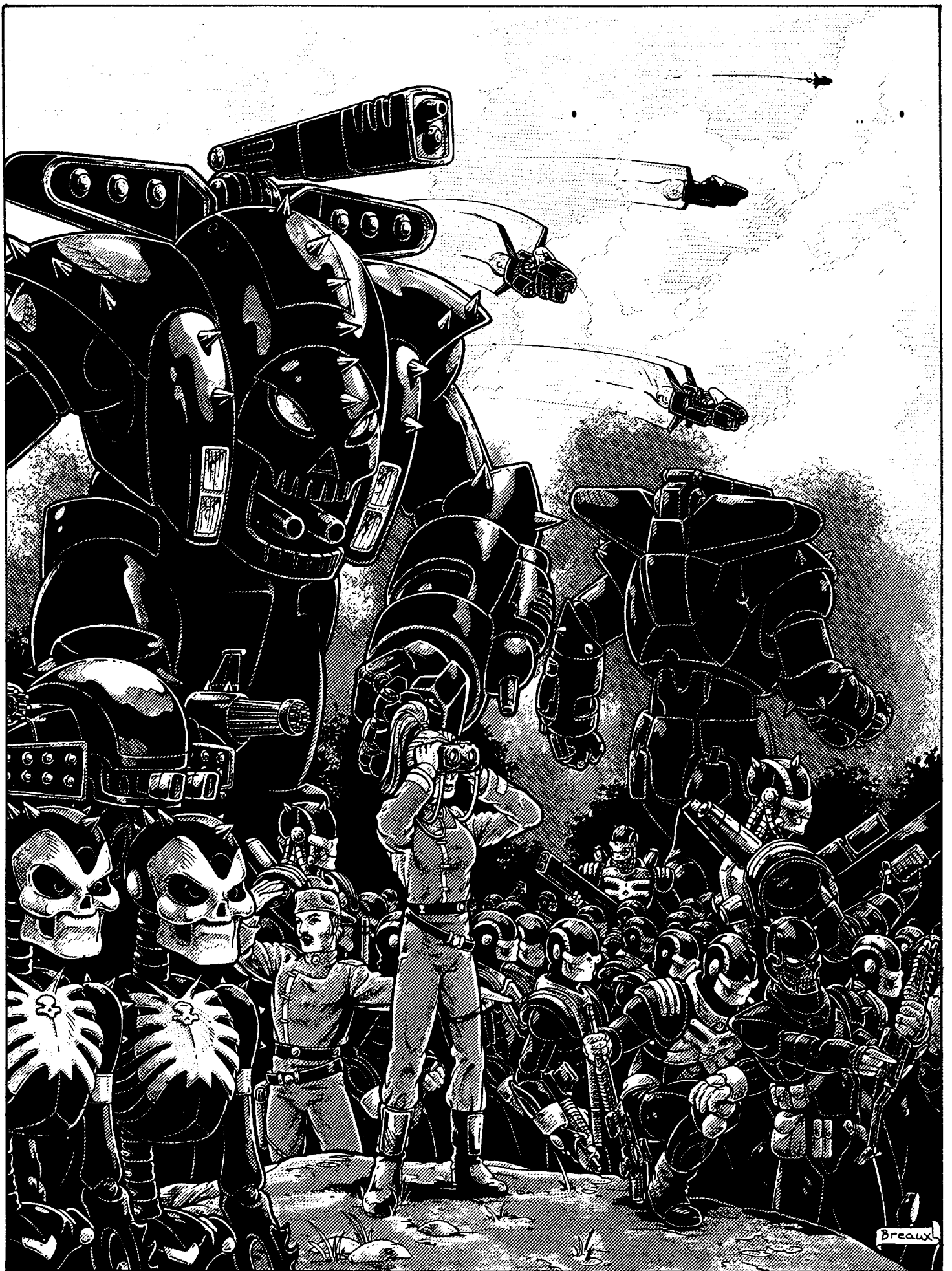
COMMAND POST : Administration facilities, communication center and officer's quarters.

GUARD BARRACKS : Each building houses a single infantry platoon.

MOTOR POOL : Home to the camp's fleet of power armor, sky cycles and armored fighting vehicles.

ASSEMBLY YARD : Inmates are gathered here for public addresses, to perform menial labor, or to be executed en masse. The empty ground to the yard's left is used for mass graves. When the ground fills up, camp staff will incinerate dead inmates, a job most Operation Hardball veterans will consider a great honor.





Epilogue

Operation North Wind

Reconnaissance Squad "Little Chick" from Blue Bird Company

Captain Anthony Morales Reporting

To: Commanding Officer, General Jericho Holmes

"Sir, Blue Bird has finished its sweep."

"Report."

"Sixteen enemy fortified locations marked and assessed. Eleven deserted or manned by small civilian militia forces. These militia operations have been neutralized by *Blue Bird*, *Raven*, *Blue Jay* and *Nightingale*. Five injuries and two lost SAMAS to Nightingale Company who met with the heaviest opposition. Minor damage sustained by all other Companies. No fatalities. Enemy casualties 21. Number of prisoners taken, 144. Wise Owl is conducting interrogations of prisoners now. No enemy escaped our net."

"Really? Are you absolutely certain?"

"Yes, Sir. Absolutely."

"Outstanding! Please, continue."

"Sir, only **five** enemy positions harbor any real troops. All are minor sites, offering low-level opposition expected to fall with minimal resistance and one hundred percent accountability. Air Armor Companies Kestrel, Shrike, Falcon, Eagle and Rook are in position to take the five occupied fortifications at your command. Opposition is expected to be light. All **five** targets are expected to fall to us quickly and without incident. Other than these five active military outposts, there is no visible sign of the Tolkeen Army or entrenched positions. Sir, as impossible as it may seem, the enemy appears to have abandoned the northern quadrant of the kingdom. If I could speak frankly, Sir?"

"Please do, Captain Morales."

"I speculate the enemy believes we are destroyed ... I can hardly believe we made it ourselves. I also believe they feel the Xiticix **hivelands** provide an effective barrier to any further incursions from the north, and have called the bulk of their forces to the south to hold off the Coalition attack they know will come."

"Yes, that would be a reasonable assessment, but to leave your entire rear open to attack. It's reckless ..."

"Or desperate, Sir. I think the blitzkrieg attack hurt them as much, maybe more, than it hurt us. As formidable as Tolkeen has proven to be, its resources are much more finite than ours. I think they had to pull their northern forces if they have any hope to withstand a renewed Coalition Army offensive. As further evidence, I point to these last three weeks. Our legion of 300,000+ men has been holed up in these hills without a single incident of military intervention. No **Tolkeenite** aggression, troop build-up or anything more than the most basic military patrols! We haven't even run into more than two Monster Squads, and the civil-

ian population is sparse and scattered. Our monitoring of Tolkeen and CS radio communications confirms that our boys are advancing from the south, and **Tolkeen's** forces are being pulled out of everywhere to establish defensive perimeters around the cities of Tolkeen and Freehold, and the nation's southern and eastern borders. I'm telling you with confidence, Sir, that we are in their backyard and they don't know it. More than that, we can march straight on in with little to no opposition until we are within twenty miles of the damned twin cities. I know it, Sir. I know it! It's ... it's like we're a wolf pack prowling into the backyard, but everybody is looking out the front door. They've forgotten about the chicken coop and nobody's at the back door. I say it's time to feast on chicken and rip through that back door."

"Country boy are you, Captain?"

"Um, uh ... **not** ... no Sir. It just seemed like a good analogy."

"I've heard better."

"Yes, Sir, I apologize."

"No apology necessary, Captain," grinned General Holmes as he rose from his chair. After wading through a sea of Xiticix that butchered a quarter of his troops, and expecting to face half the Tolkeen Army waiting for them when they came out the other end, he was ready for some good news. "Companies Nightingale, Raven and Blue Jay share your assessment. Although they did refrain from colorful analogies." Captain Morales smiled.

"You don't think it's a trap then, Captain?" asked General Holmes.

"No Sir, I really don't. If the **Tolkeenites** had something cooking we'd either have sniffed it out or they'd have sprung it by now." Captain Morales grinned mischievously and added, "I think that chicken coop is ours for the taking and that back door ain't even locked."

"You don't say," grinned General Holmes right back at him. "Then it's all a matter of timing."

"Timing, Sir?"

"Yes. We have to move at just the right moment. If we act too soon, the rest of our army won't be in position and we'll be facing the entire damn Tolkeen Army. They'll be scurrying to reposition themselves, but we'll be facing them alright. But if we time our move just right, we can strike in concert with the main invasion force. Those poor Tolkeen bastards won't know what hit them. They'll be caught in a classic pincer move and have to divide their forces. Spreading themselves too thin to be effective. It might take months for Tolkeen to fall, but once we have her in the squeeze, it's all over. Only a matter of time."

"Then we'll be breaking radio silence, General?"

"No. That's the tricky part, for this to **work**., we need to stay dead. Neither Tolkeen nor our own troops can know we survived. We need to wait it out here, without anybody being the wiser. The Xiticix activity will help cover our behind, we just have to make certain no stragglers wander upon us and get away to sound the alarm. To that end, we'll need to keep our perimeter tight. The troops can't get sloppy or lazy. I already have patrols scattered throughout the area 80 miles in front of us to pick off any Tolkeen patrols or damned bandits or adventurers. Hell, I even have some of our boys posing as farmers working the fields." Captain Morales smiled at that one.

The General began to pace back and forward as he continued to talk, as much thinking aloud as talking directly to Captain Morales.

"Then I need to accurately guess when our forces in the south will make their next big offensive. It won't matter if we jump the gun a little early or show up after the party has started, but we can't be too early or too late. When the time comes, we'll need to rapid deploy and rush to the northern border of Tolkeen before she knows who we are or where we're coming from. As we move down, we steamroller anybody in our way and not stop to make sure they're dead. Any patrols we miss or manage to survive can't do much harm. Tolkeen has to be our objective, nothing else matters."

The General stopped and looked at Captain Morales, "That's where you and Blue Bird Company come in, Captain. I need you to scout us a **beeline** to Tolkeen. The fastest, most direct route, what we'll be up against and how best to dispatch them. And without being discovered. I would hate to have my best unit blow our cover."

"Yes, Sir! And as invisible as ghosts!"

"Captain, just remember some of them Tolkeen boys can see ghosts."

Morales smiled, "Not us ghosts, Sir. Not us."

"Oh, one more thing."

"Sir?"

"On your way out, send in my adjutant. All of a sudden I have a craving for chicken."

"Yes, sir!"

Death from the north

General Jericho Holmes is a living legend for a reason, and his bold maneuver to escape the destruction of the Sorcerers' Revenge by plunging into the Xiticix **Hiveland**s is a great example. He quickly realized **Tolkeen's** logic for trying to push them north and decided to oblige them. He knew Tolkeen's forces would back off the moment they sensed he had seemingly panicked and rushed into the certain death that is the heart of the **Duluth** Hiveland. Only it wasn't panic, but a calculated gamble. General Holmes has kept current with all the reports Coalition Intelligence had gathered on the Xiticix. Based on those reports, the General had come to certain theories and had begun to plot some potential strategies and tactics against the insectoids before war was declared on Tolkeen. Circumstance made this the time to put some of his strategies to the test.

Tolkeen scouts followed to watch as clouds of angry Xiticix formed to meet the Coalition invaders. They lingered long enough to confirm that tens of thousands of Xiticix had engulfed the General's Armies and that there was no retreat. General Holmes and over 400,000 troops were doomed.

Up to this point, the General's Armies had suffered only minor losses to the Tolkeen warriors. He deliberately had his troops seemingly flee in disorganized panic for two reasons, one to make the overconfident **Tolkeenites** believe they had won (and therefore minimize the level of their aggression) and two, to keep gunfire around the Xiticix to a minimum. Intelligence had shown that the Xiticix were more agitated and provoked by gunfire, open aggression and flying invaders than anything else.

As the Xiticix began to swarm and the bulk of the Tolkeen army tailing him made a hasty retreat, General Holmes instructed his infantry troops to pile into armored vehicles and giant robots. His SAMAS were grounded and ordered inside transport vehicles and told to join the rest of his power armored troops in a very tight, shoulder to shoulder, back to back formation *on the ground*. Once the entire combat group was clustered close together, they turned northwest, traveling at a snail's pace of under 10 miles (16 km) an hour.

Then came the most unbelievable command of all: They were *not* to engage the enemy! The only action they were to take was strictly defensive and **nonlethal**! To jab, poke, and swat the Xiticix invaders away (particularly on the part of the power armor troops), use smoke as both an irritant to keep the Xiticix away and as cover, but nothing more unless he commanded otherwise. The General's gamble was that if his troops did not retaliate and continued to slowly move away from the Duluth Hive, and in fact, toward a rival hive, that the Duluth Xiticix would not consider them a serious threat, pull back and let them pass.

The Xiticix swarmed and men perished by the thousands. After 72 hours of watching his troops get slowly picked **apart**, General Holmes' resolve came to the breaking point. He feared his brilliant scheme was backfiring on him and he was about to order return fire, when 60% of the Xiticix attack force broke off and vanished. Tens of thousands continued to hover over the convoy, buzzing his troops and randomly attacking, but few of these attacks were lethal and as long as the soldiers did not stop for more than a few minutes at a time and travel speed stayed at or under 10 mph (16 km), the Xiticix scourge was over. It would take three weeks to completely lose the Xiticix from the Duluth Hive. When it was over, the General had lost 25% of his men and armor, but the survivors were in very good condition, heavily armed and well equipped. Once free of the Xiticix, morale soared to new heights as amazement of their feat began to sink in. Like Hannibal crossing the Alps on the backs of elephants, they had just accomplished the impossible and all were eager to deal out some payback to the Tolkeenites.

In the weeks that followed, the General regrouped his forces and dug in, prepared to meet the wrath of the Tolkeen Army. When it did not come, he began to send out teams to probe south. He had maintained radio silence throughout their entire slow crawl through the Hiveland as well as the weeks that followed to avoid alerting the enemy to their position. Only recently, has he come to accept the unbelievable. Both the Coalition and Tolkeen Armies believe they are dead. A reasonable assumption, all things considered, only **it's** not true. So here they are in Tolkeen's backyard. The path to the heart of the kingdom lays before them, completely open and unopposed. Advanced scouts contend they could get within twenty miles (32 km) of Tolkeen and Freehold before they would begin to meet serious opposition.

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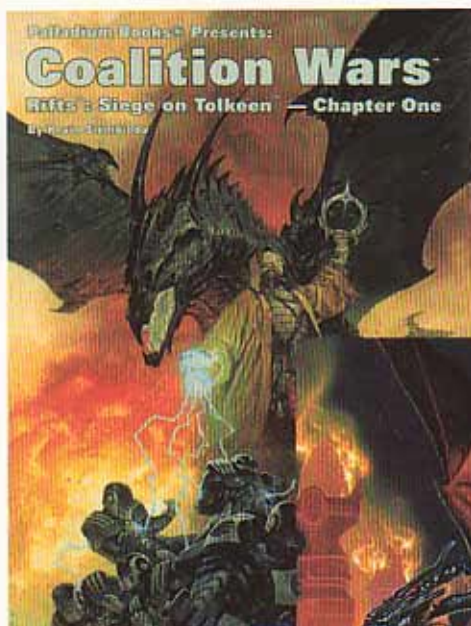
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