

The Bestiary

Monsters are everywhere in Have-Not. Some are simply animals ... upgraded with high-energy mutations or cybernetic machine guns. Some are robots gone feral—acting like hungry wolves. Some are people who have decided to turn on their own kind. Some are ... some are scary and vicious and hungry for fear as well as mere meat. Those are *monsters*. Here's a sample that covers all that ground. Happy hunting ... *of course we mean you.*



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Urban Monsters: Things in the BoneYard

The last truly urban environment left, the BoneYard is a seething Darwinist, capital-driven, nightmare hell. On the street, the gangs might kill you. In the high-rises the lawyers are even worse. Down in the sewers or in the condemned ruins within the city there are things no one wants to deal with. Some of the attendees at the consortium's board meetings are even stranger.

Some of the things listed here are just "mutants" (but they are successful strains of mutation that breed true—there's more than one). Some are "people" (you don't fight them—but you might run into them). A few are machines. All are 'monstrous' in one way or another—and in the BoneYard, they'll fit right in.

Binary Siren

Name: Binary Siren				AI Construct (Robot)	
PHY	STR 09	BLD 11	STC 15	DP 75	Armor none
REF	COR 15	REA 15	AGI 15	TBH -5	
INT	RES 15	MEM 15	WIL 12	To Hit 14	
Move	11y/s spring			STC Loss	
Grapple	12/10 (Tai Chi fighting technique)			-1:5pts	
Binary Sirens are advanced humanoid robots—Adonises or Venuses created by the few Artificial Intelligences that exist in the Bone Yard. AI's are considered dangerous, unpredictable, and very valuable (but the risk-to-benefit ratio is so high many corporations <i>don't</i> use them). Their agents (often in the form of a Siren) attend meetings, travel with executives, and do other things that require the "presence" of the AI. Sirens have soft synthetic skin that feels almost perfect—and looks completely perfect. By law they must be marked with a corporate logo facial and optical tattoo (their eyes glow with the corporate logo in their pupils).					
Sirens are often skilled HTH combatants and weapon users. They are often brought to negotiations as observers—but almost never as the primary negotiator (this is because usually their owners don't trust them enough to be making the deals). For their part, despite vast resources, AI's usually play them as smart but not towering intellects ... waiting for the moment when someone (either owner or adversary) truly underestimates them.					
Charm: The constructs (the real term is 'avatars') are called Sirens because they can make you fall in love with them ... and then use you. Sometimes that's done as a negotiating tactic. Sometimes the executives who deal with them get caught in the AI's web. They have Charm Psychology at 18-.					
Siren's Song: Sometimes they get a psychological warfare unit installed. This is illegal—but corporations are sometimes manipulated into doing it. At this point, the Siren can actually stimulate the target's brain with subtle microwave emissions. It's a Resisted Attack against WIL. To do this the Siren must be within 10 yards (it will not work through glass, force fields, or power armor. Any degree of Telepathy will detect it.) It may be used once per encounter (it's always on—but it is subtle and takes time.					
Result		Effect			
Minor		Target feels a warm sense of familiarity and trust. Make WIL rolls at -1 to avoid making minor or easy to make mistakes.			
Standard		Target feels enchanted with the siren. The target will want him/her to like them and will take a moderate action to help ensure that (permitting negotiations to continue when others want to stop them, for example).			
Major		Target is in love with the siren. S/he will attempt to meet the siren after—and will covertly begin working for the siren in a major fashion.			
Critical		Target is smitten. Essentially changes sides.			
Catastrophic		Target is hooked (addicted) and will suffer serious traumatic psychological withdrawal if the siren leaves. This will be evident in 1 day.			

Clowns

Of all the horrors to come from the Age of War, perhaps none is stranger than the Clown Virus. The Clown Virus is a computer worm that infects the Order Fulfillment systems that relay desires to the Distribution Point. The order fulfillment systems are not *Have* technology: they're Bone Yard computer systems that collect all of the requests to the Distro point and prioritizes them and relays them according to the rules of the Hierarchy.

These systems are similar, and in some cases identical, to the systems that were used during the Age of Wonder; they allow those who needs goods to receive them without chaos ensuing. A typical system will receive, process, and transmit tens of thousands of orders a day. It will also detect when those orders are received from the Distro point and inform the requestor of the *pallet's* (for small orders) or *shipping container's* (for larger orders) location in the vast, communal warehouse districts that surround the Distro Point. This district, because it is maintained, policed, and paid for by a variety of interests (the banks, insurance concerns, the Hierarchy, and so-forth) is called the *Budget Overlap Zone*.

The Clown Virus infects these systems and subverts them in a subtle and ingenious way—infected systems will relay the orders as indicated but add to them an order for *clowns*. These clowns are humanoid homicidal creatures. They appear to be inorganic (more like robots than living creatures) and are surprisingly intelligent and versatile. Their nature is very poorly understood, but it is clear that they are psychotic, sadistic, and incredibly dangerous. They arrive hidden in the pallets and shipping containers, folded around the goods requested, nestled in the packing foam, waiting for the lights to go out so they can unfold themselves and begin their stalking.

Infection of a system is usually only detected after a senseless and horrific string of murders in the BOZ and surrounding areas. The Clowns will kill until stopped, but they seem to be patient; they hide and wait and choose their victims carefully. Sometimes they will hide on the underside of automated trucks or stow away inside other containers so that they can be relocated to less-well policed parts of the city.

In the past 100 years, there have been three major clown outbreaks and several minor incidents that were stopped before the clowns could claim too many lives. It is thought that there are still some lurking and waiting, very patient and very deadly.

To deal with the threat, a special, independent cadre of BOZ investigators and police has been created called *Runners*. They are a sort of elite swat team that protects the BOZ from all manner of threats (theft, terrorism, industrial espionage, etc.) but the public finds their anti-clown duties the most compelling and mysterious. These BOZ Runners, as they are called, stand ready to track and kill this malignant, terrifying, and seemingly supernatural blight upon the Bone Yard.

Clown Stats

-- **See JAGS Monsters**

Escort Level 2

Name: Escort Level 2				Cyborg	
PHY	STR 40	BLD 75	STC 14	DP 140	Armor 55
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 10	TBH +1R/+0H	
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 14 L3	
Move	7y/s			Minor	
Grapple	54/45			-1:10pts	

Escort Level 2s (EL2s, as they are called) are cybernetic bodyguards. The full-cyber chassis is a highly customized body built to order my Joshua Machine Enterprises LTD (JME is one of the primary up-stream cybernetics suppliers for the Bone Yard and manufactures a good deal of less expensive body work).

Becoming an EL2 requires a complete re-work of the subject's body; virtually every biological component is replaced with a battle-ready cybernetic system. This is usually done at the behest of an employer so EL2s are 1) usually chosen for their absolute loyalty and 2) EL2s are often built with an over-ride mechanism in case their loyalty turns out to not be as absolute as expected.

Physically, EL2s look like huge, hulking, humanoid machines: they look intentionally formidable: their bodies are the color of rust, their "musculature" is a network of pistons and pipes surrounded by heavy plates. They are extremely *ugly* and terrifying *by design*. Everything about an EL2 says, "I mean business."

Enhanced Reaction Speed: EL2s have an *initiative* of 15

Full biological support: EL2s do not need oxygen, food, or water. They do sleep, and they require recharges of chemical nutrients and their internal power supply once every 15 days

Sensory Array: EL2s get +2 to all perception rolls. They see in the dark and have a variety of infrared and motion detecting equipment.

Sonar Scan: EL2s can scan a target with sonar that is capable of "looking" through clothes at concealed objects (they can often detect concealed weapons)

Chemical Sniffer: EL2s are constantly monitoring the quality of the environment. They can detect a variety of poisons, toxins, biological agents, radiation (which is not a chemical) and the common components of explosives.

Weapons Loadout: EL2s can carry absurdly heavy weapons, built in, and often do.

Loner

Name: Loner				Cybernetic Psychopath		
PHY 11	STR 21	BLD 19	CON 13	DP 66	Armor 14/47 [+2 Levels]	
REF 12	COR 12	REA 15	AGI 13	TBH -1R/-3H	Initiative 17-	
INT 10	RES 11	MEM 10	WIL 10	To Hit 14-		
Move	9y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	18/15			22	66	132

Okay, so there's no such thing as a "stock" Loner—it's more of a trend—but here're some stats for one. See, in the hyper-kinetic fast-forward world of the BoneYard people sometimes *snag*—and when they do they go and get cybered up and start haunting the back alleys and lower-quadrant streets and *preying* on people. So look out for them (and be careful: sometimes that derelict *you* decide to pick on turns out to be a former executive with 10K credits of cyberware weaponry).

What sets these guys off isn't all that clear—some will stalk victims in serial killer fashion. Others have some kind of turf. A few don't start trouble but open up with built-in indiscriminate automatic grenade throwers when someone tries to rustle them. It's hard to tell—but they're bad news. So watch out.

Cybernetics: A Loner starts out pretty normal but is a Level 2 character (see the Levels section with 12 Archetype points in cybernetics(120pts)—and 2 in leveling up—making them an illegal PC under the standard rules).

CyberMod	Cost	Notes
Mk2 EndoSkeleton	24	+4/16, +2, +12 DP
Mk1 Reinforced Physiology	20	+16 DP
Mk2 Interlaced Muscles	16	+8s +2 +4DP
Mk1 Polymer	12	+4/8, +4 DP +4 BLD
Mk1 HardWired Reflexes	20	+3 REA, +2 Initiative
Executioner Claw	8	
Flame Thrower Tail	8	
	104	

Executioner Claw	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Energy Weapon	40 IMP	S	-1	-1/5y	48
The Executioner Claw looks like a cyber-fist. When deployed it opens into four parts revealing a glowing green energized barrel that fires green lightning.					

Flame Thrower Tail	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Energy Weapon	24 IMP	4x [12]	-0	4y	72
Hidden under the Loner's trench coat is an articulated flame thrower. It's only effective at 4 yards range but within that range it's deadly. It can be useful against multiple opponents.					

Geno-Vampires

Name: Geno-Vampires				Genetic Modification		
PHY	STR +1	BLD -2	CON var	DP var	Armor None	
REF	COR varies	REA var	AGI var	TBH var		
INT	RES varies	MEM var	WIL var	To Hit var		
Move	Normal			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	Normal			var	var	24

Of all the modifications available for someone with suicidal tendencies who doesn't quite want to check out *yet* but wants to look good along the way, there's *vampirism*. Vampires become vampires by ingesting a virus that causes a severe fever which, over the course of a few days, reprograms their bio system. After that, they're carriers, and it is *possible* to catch vampirism from another vampire—but it's very rare. The treatments give the user a huge dose of the virus *and* a cocktail of immune system suppressants.

The stats given above are for a regular person made a vampire. The vampire's physical characteristics are unchanged what is changed follows

Reduced lifespan. Vampires cease to age visibly, but they tend to have their lifespans shortened by a factor of 6 (so that one year as a vampire is the same as 6 years of natural aging). When they "die of old age," they die of massive system failure (many systems failing at once)

Beautiful Skin. Vampires have very faire, flawless skin and hair. They heal superficial wounds at six times the normal rate and do not scar. L1 Exotic

Beautiful Eyes. Vampires have exotic, oddly colored eyes (their eyes may be *mostly* of the normal color with unusual highlights). L1 Exotic (L2 when combined with Beautiful Skin). They can see in almost total darkness (reduce darkness modifiers by -5).

Enhanced metabolism: Vampires metabolisms are greatly increased. They quickly burn off any excess body fat and build a thin layer of highly defined muscle. This may give them +1 STR, but it makes them look quite sculpted. (L1 Exotic, L3 when combined with beautiful eyes and skin)

Light Sensitivity. Vampires are extremely vulnerable to sunlight. They fatigue quickly when exposed to intense ultraviolet light (they can't even be out on a cloudy day). Note that this not supernatural: artificial sunlight will hurt them as badly as the real thing.

Reduced sleep cycle. Vampires need very little sleep. They tend to spend daylight hours indoors, and come out at night to avoid the sun, but in exchange for much of their life span, they get back a good deal of time that ordinary humans spend sleeping. Vampires sleep about 2 to 5 hours a night—and many nights, not at all.

Digestive Weakness: Vampires cannot ingest normal proteins. Their diet consists of only – no. Sorry—not blood (although they can drink blood, they don't find it particularly nourishing). Vampires only eat high protein liquids.

Vampire Culture

Vampire culture offers people with no future a way to enjoy the time they have. If you're not going to live long, anyway, you might as well spend it partying all night long. Many vampires live in continual, communal floating parties that cycle through the night. They're fun and frenetic (if you're in to their kind of thing). Money's a problem. Girl vampires can find ways to use their newly-enhanced bodies to make money (if you're in to their kind of thing). Boy vampires usually turn to a life of light crime. Many of them *know* people or things.

Vampires are, in a way, horribly tragic. Mostly children—often teenagers—choose vampirism, either finding a vampire party to join or going to one of the small pharam-kiosks and buying a dose rod for 3c (not even all *that* expensive). They rarely live another decade.

Justice Machines

The world is falling apart. Even with the last working Distribution Point, the civilization that is the BoneYard is a violent chaotic one that has all the cultural etiquette of knife fight. The Hierarchy is committed to winning—and that means keeping things under control. This intent has led to the Dictum of Civilization:

"When one enters into a contract it will be enforced (if possible)—and when one commits a crime, it will be punished."

The results of this are Court TV and the Justice Machines. When you enter into a contract—an official one (with a retinal scan, a DNA print, and a bio-metric "fingerprint"—all of which can be done by a simple briefcase sized device) you are "part of the machine"—part of the social order necessary for a working state. If you are said to be in breach of contract the Machines will come for you. And they will take you to the court house.

Here is the story.

Hamm isn't a stupid man—desperate, yes. On hard times certainly. But not *stupid*. When the town of Winter's Edge out in the Middle Ring collapsed he and his family boarded a refugee transport that took them to the 'Yard. They're supposed to get relocated (but none of the other towns want refugees) and their stipend just ran out. The family is living in the violent, confusing warrens ... and Hamm needs to do *something* to make ends meet. He's taken a job at the Dry Docks, loading and unloading trucks and hover-craft.

Then one day, coming home on the tram (and he's still scared—because the city is a scary place and *everyone* is armed and he still can't make heads or tails of the signs and navigational marquees—if he misses his stop he's lost). One day he's coming back and this guy next to him makes him an offer: he becomes a HardCopy Delivery Agent for 2c per week. All he has to do is pick up the package each morning before working hours start and take it to the building just down the street. It's simple. The money gets deposited automatically. Hamm, the guy in the slick suit tells him, "You seem a trustworthy sort—I can tell. And we need coverage on this route. The networks aren't stable enough for the traffic. Can I trust you?"

"Yes," says Hamm. Even 2c a week (which is a good deal in the Middle Ring) will help here. So the man opens the briefcase and takes the scan ... and signs him up. The first day after, right before work, Hamm is there, ready to get the package—and he does. And he delivers it—and he's looking forward for that extra dough to get ahead on the rental costs for their area of corridor where the family sleeps in converted shelving units. But on the second day, there's a problem: someone's wrecked the Orange Line's track and it's 45 minutes late. Hamm delivers the package late ... *after* working hours. No one says anything. The girl behind the scratched bullet proof glass takes it sullenly and files it without a word. He's sure he's okay. Until the evening that is.

The Justice Machines with whirring rotary machine guns come drifting down the halls like specters. People in the warrens get the hell *out* of their way—until they stop ... right next to Hamm.

"Submit to tether, citizen." Says the hollow voice—and Hamm, terrified (and rightfully so) does. And he's taken—out and down, and to a transport ... and to the hall of justice.

Lawyer On Retainer

VIP's don't get carted away by Justice Machines. For 100c/month (first 3 months up front) you get an electronic barrister who will review all documents. The people running *Contract Jobs* (the scam described in the story) never file their contracts with the lawyer—so even if signed, it's not enforceable.

Of course the slickly dressed man in the briefcase couldn't convince a guy with 100c a month to deliver hard-copy for 2c a week anyway (and the delivery is just a front really: the value is when, inevitably, the mark screws up during the first week). But related scams do get run further up the food chain—and having a lawyer on call never hurts.

This message is brought to you by Alfred Artilects and Spawned Processes. Do not choose AI Representation on the basis of an advertisement alone.

Zoner

Name: Zoner				Street Thug (Gang Member)		
PHY 12	STR 12	BLD 12	CON 12	DP 27	Armor 15/30 Cover 6	
REF 12	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 12	TBH -2R/-1H	(ballistic Battle Plate)	
INT 09	RES 09	MEM 09	WIL 09	To Hit 14-		
Move	9y/s			Minor		
Grapple	6/4			9	27	54

Zoners are the guys who pick a stretch of street or industrial park or the floor of your warren and claim it. Sometimes there's another group that claims that area too and they fight it out—more commonly the Zoners just wind up paying off the bigger gangs and act as “tax collectors” for them. They're vicious, brutal, and often diseased or degenerately mutated. The Zoner Enforcer (below) is the heavy firepower of the group—he (or she) might not be the “leader” but the Zoners exist to back up their enforcer. These are built as L1 characters (+8 Xp). They have 1 Archetype point spent for +5 DP.

Mars-Cor .40 Rotary SMG			Cost	Dam	ROF	Ctrl	Range	Clip
Bullets	LVL 1	Y	60/100c	11	6x/8x/16x [20]/[32]/[64]	-1	-1/13y	2000

The Mars-Cor .40-cal Rotary Barrel SMG is a small hand-held gattling gun. It has three settings from high rate of fire to very high to uncontrollable. It makes a killer *whirrrrh* sound when it starts up and it means business. “Firing it up” is a 5 REA medium action. Switching the ROF selector is a 5 REA Medium action. Comes with a laser sight to give an additional +1 to any aiming action. The box of 2000 rounds can be carried with a shoulder strap or a backpack: it weighs 30lbs.



Zoner Enforcer

Name: Zoner				Battle Mutant		
PHY 13	STR 28	BLD 68	CON 13	DP 86	Armor 17/28 Coverage 5	
REF 12	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 12	TBH -2R/-1H	6/23 Coverage Full	
INT 09	RES 09	MEM 09	WIL 09	To Hit 14-	(2 Levels increase)	
Move	8y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	38/32			29	84	168

This example of a Zoner Enforcer is a Level 2 Combat mutant (2 Experience based Ap spent on armor). He looks like a massive, obese man with three mouths and dark “cockroach” armor plates sprouting from his scabby skin. He's nasty to look at and even nastier to fight with. His fingers end in filthy taloned claws. He has spent 10 AP in Mutant for a total of 32

Ability	Cost	Notes
Large	24	1000 lbs!
Heavy Armored Shell	6	5/12 Coverage 5
Talons	2	48 PEN claw attack (20 with Massive Physique)
Many Mouths to Feed	0	Three mouths sprouting from it's face
Ooze	-4	Oozes stinking slime
Hideous (growths)	-2	Has wicked facial cancers
Massive Physique	12	+2 size classes of damage 48 PEN
	38	

Backhoepottomus

Name: Backhoepottomus				Natural Cyborg		
PHY 14	STR 130	BLD 720	CON 14	DP 750	Armor 22/44	
REF 09	COR 09	REA 11	AGI 09	TBH+4R/+3H		
INT 07	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 10		
Move	6y/s walk, 9y/s sprint			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple				250	750	1500

The backhoepottomus could never be mistaken for a natural creature. They are cybernetic organisms—about half organism and half artifact. There is considerable speculation about their original purpose. Excavation, possibly. Construction, maybe. It is unclear.

The Backhoepottomus is a huge, fat beast weighing several tons or more. It appears stocky and sluggish, but they can move surprisingly fast when they need to. The backhoepottomus's "face" is a tractor-blade or ram-plate. From the base of its spine comes a powered shovel.

Backhoepottomi usually travel in small herds of five to sixteen. They are somewhat aggressive under the best conditions, but once they define a territory as "theirs" they will intimidate and attack anything in it including most vehicles.

Backhoepottomi dig and landscape their areas, excavating ruins, building tunnels and pits, and otherwise obliterating whatever was there. There seems to be some method to their activities: they either find or somehow know of buried and underground installations.

The lifecycle of the backhoepottomus is a mystery. Their "cybernetics" appear machined but under close inspection, they are found to be organically grown—the backhoepottomus's biology is capable of consuming, melting down, and redistributing metallic compounds into working cybernetic parts. A considerable part of their time is spent finding and consuming sources of metal (either natural or from "victims.")

Charge (Ram Plate): Backhoepottomi tend to charge their victims. Their heads are re-enforced metal shields. They can do a lot of damage. A ram will do 400 pts of damage if moving at a sprint and hitting with the blade (if the target is trapped against a wall or heavier than the animal it will do 1200pts). The animal will suffer ¼ of the damage dished out if it hits a wall capable of withstanding it (most walls won't—but a super-reinforced vault or armored vehicle would). The Tractor Blade does act as 100pts of armor, however.

Hoe (Tail Lash): The "back hoe" is usually used for digging, but in a pinch, it can be used to smite annoyances. A smack will do 40 Impact damage.

Crush: A trample attack will do 150pts of damage

Battle Turkeys

Name: Battle Turkeys				Mutant animal		
PHY 08	STR 09	BLD 08	CON 10	DP 8	Armor 8/16	
REF 10	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -2R/-1H		
INT 08	RES 08	MEM 08	WIL 12	To Hit 14		
Move	9y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	3/2			3	8	16

Battle turkeys are large, mean bird-like creatures. They look like fat turkeys, with metallic feathers and beaks. Unlike natural birds, they are solid and muscular. Battle turkeys are very aggressive; they are natural fighters. They can be trained and, after a fashion, domesticated. They are relentless carnivores and appear to enjoy attacking and feasting on their prey. Battle Turkeys are favorite "pets" of warlords and raiding parties. They do not, and cannot be trained to take prisoners. Once the turkeys are unleashed, they will attack until their enemies are vanquished or they are destroyed. They shed "feathers" which can be used to make light weight, effective plate armor.

Bite: 5 PEN, **Razor Sharp Feathers:** Grappling with, hitting, or being side-swiped by a battle-turkey does an immediate 2p PEN attack from cutting feathers.

Imkhullu

Name: Imkhullu				Monster		
PHY 13	STR 37	BLD 100	STC 14	DP 280	Armor 12	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +2/+2	Punch: 35 IMP	
INT 14	RES --	MEM --	WIL 14	To Hit 12	Scythe Blade: 48 PEN	
Move	23y/sec stride			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	56/47			-1/20		

The Imkhullu (literally, "evil wind") are strange and terrifying creatures. They look, from a distance, like walking dead trees. Vaguely humanoid, they tower 14'-20' tall. Their emaciated bodies appear sculpted from bleached wood. The Imkhullu have three arms with scythe-like blades that they use to "reap" their prey. Their narrow bodies are topped by horn-like heads; they cannot speak, but they cry out mournfully.

Very little is known about the Imkhullu. They come only in storms, attacking from total darkness. They often only slaughter, but sometimes steal people away. Their voices are distinctive and sad and can be heard over the wind.

Land Crabs

Name: Land Crabs				Mutant Animal		
PHY	STR 11	BLD 11	CON 11	DP 18	Armor 4/8	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +0		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	10y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	9/7			6	18	32

Like the scorpions, the land crabs have the appearance of a normal animal grown to giant size but the details of their lifecycle belie this. Land crabs are large (4 to 6 feet across), but lighter than their size would indicate. They usually live in rocky areas, hiding in shallow ditches or caves. They live in family groups of 6 – 20.

Land Crabs need mammals to reproduce. They have horrific spider-like characteristics; their bite paralyzes, they have spinnerets on their bellies to imprison their incapacitated prey, and they lay eggs.

Unlike scorpions the land crabs have a sinister animal intelligence. They can stalk their prey, raid human settlements, and lay ingenious ambushes for pursuers.

Paralyzing Bite: The bite of a land crab causes paralysis. Crabs must be in close combat and have their prey *grappled* before they can bite. The venom is PWR 13 and is strongly resisted by CON and BLD.

Gripping Pincers: The crab's pincers add 4 to their grapple and can do 4pts PEN damage, but they only rend victims they don't want to take for breeding purposes.

Spinnerets: Land crabs can only use their spinnerets on victims that are *pinned* or paralyzed (or otherwise unconscious).

The infection matures quickly in a dead organism, taking anywhere from 45 minutes to 4 hours to reach a point where the host is effectively re-animated. At this point, the collective is operating the body, transmitting signals through "neurological pathways" suspended in the organic fluid.

This is not to imply that plague zombies have any intelligence. Collectively, they are capable of sensing and attacking biological material. In the absence of host material, they will wander aimlessly or go dormant waiting for the unwary to wander by.

Roc

Name: Roc				Mutant Animal		
PHY 10	STR 10	BLD 07	CON 10	DP 12	Beak Attack: 8 PEN	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -0/0		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	Fly at 23 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	3/1			4	12	24

Roc are *big* birds. Their wingspan is over 12' fully extended. They can glide for miles and then dive with alarming speed. Roc are carrion eaters, but they're also hunters and not above attacking a particularly tasty looking would-be meal.

They live in high trees in remote places and hunt at twilight and night. They usually drop onto their prey, attacking from surprise and then making all-out attacks to bring them down.

Due to their size and weight, getting airborne again is tiring and difficult, requiring three sequential long actions.

Sand Dragons

Name: Sand dragons				Mutant		
PHY 12	STR 32	BLD 50	CON 12	DP 66	Armor 8/16	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +1		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	11 y/s above ground, 3y/s below			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	18/12			22	66	132

These are great crocodilian beasts. Small ones are 10' in length and are dangerous to men. Large ones are more than 30' in length and can crush vehicles in their jaws. There are tales of some even larger. They do not grow old or die of natural causes; they get bigger. With enough food a sand dragon can live for centuries. Some have.

They are consummate predators, but they are also masters of stealth and disguise. Sand dragons usually rest under a thin layer of sand, appearing (if they appear at all) as a narrow outcropping of rock. When they strike, they do so with blinding speed.

Their rock-like bodies allow them to move easily through less dense sand. They cannot tunnel deep into the ground, and cannot tunnel through rock, but they can slide under the sand, disappearing, and pulling their victim down with them.

Sand dragons *hibernate* when they run low on food. They can sleep under the sand for decades, waiting to feel or smell the approach of prey.

Powerful Jaws: Grapple is 18/12

Tail Bash: 12 Impact. Sand dragons will usually only tail bash once they are *worrying* their primary opponent.

Vaktung Bears

History relates the story of Aurelious Vaktung, the second in the dynastic line of the Vaktung Warlords who consolidated their rule over the Northern Wastes early in the Age of War. It is told how Aurelious The Cruel and Ruthless (as he was known) was out hunting one day when he came across a bear cub in the Scrawny Forest. It is told how he tracked the fleeing, terrified animal until it sought refuge in one of the Leafless-Trees of the Scrawny Forest, and how he came before it.

"Valet," He said to his manservant, "My rifle." Whereupon, it is told he was given his .50 cal snipers weapon with gyroscopic targeting action and heliographic scope.

"Valet," He said, "My ammunition," Whereupon, it is told, he was given a .50 cal mercury/arsenic round with stabilizing fins and a microdot explosive warhead.

Whereupon it is told how he took careful aim on the cowering, quivering bearling and stared through his heliographic scope into its loud, innocent eyes.

History records that his valet and his body guard and his personal assistant, and his chained concubine and his private security entourage and the media crew covering his expedition all expected to hear the deafening thunder-clap of the rifle, but were surprised to hear nothing at all.

He however, did hear something.

History (and his *personal record*) records that he heard a great tearing sound, like a denim jacket being pulled apart at the seams and turned around to see that his valet and his bodyguard and his personal assistant and his chained concubine and his private security entourage and the media crew covering his expedition had all been torn into itsy, bitsy little pieces.

Hence the explanation for both their surprise and their "not hearing anything."

"My tragedy," the mother bear explained, "is that my significant intelligence and my natural abilities did not breed true. I, myself, am quiet eloquent and formidable. My children are rather natural bears. I trust that you, oh mighty warlord, with your great authority and capabilities, can aid me in my plight."

History records that he would have nodded, 'yes,' except that his head was immobilized in her second set of jaws. History records a great deal of profanity followed by the Mother Bear's non-fatal dismembering of Aurelious Vaktung The Cruel and Ruthless. "Just to make sure you don't go pulling any triggers or, heaven forbid, running away," She explained.

Her wish was granted by Aurelious the Mute and Quadriplegic and at his command her children were given genetic therapy to bring about their mother's traits in themselves. Aurelious and the Mother Bear did not part ways then—history records the end of the Vaktung Dynasty and the beginning of 100 years of rule of the Ursine Empire in the Great Northern Wastes.

The Bears may still be there—little is known about the far north—but they have traveled south and have taken up residence in the wastes of the Middle ring. Vaktung Bears are smart and can speak but they are not civilized in the ordinary sense: their motivations seem to be physical dominance over their surroundings; they have no interests in building relationships, owning land, or consolidating power.

They are physically formidable: smaller than their mother (these are several generations removed from the original bear) they appear as medium-sized bears with great, grinning smiles of serrated, shark-like teeth. Their claws are metallic in nature and their hide is impenetrable to most light

Wandering Robots of the Middle Ring

The Age of War gave birth to war-machines. The Age of Wonders, stranger things. Many of these still survive in the Inner Ring. Some wander out of ruins. Some enter the ring from the vast, desolate Outer Wastelands. Some are manufactured underground ... not so far away. Here are some of the robots you might encounter in the Middle Ring.

.30 Caliber Cricket

Name: .30 Caliber Cricket				Robot		
PHY	STR 11	BLD 4	STC 14	DP 70	Armor 8	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1		
INT 11	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit 12		
Move	9y/s			Minor		
Grapple	4/2			-1:5pts		

The .30 Caliber Cricket was a staple leftover from the Age of War. They are basic combat machines—simple, inelegant, and effective. Take a machine gun and mount it on a walking platform: a set of articulated, stamped metal legs. Now it can move. Attach sensors—large, bulbs that collect heat, light, and sound. Now it can see. Wrap the whole thing in sheet metal armor, and rivet it together. Paint it a dull, military olive green.

The machine looks a little like a cricket. It moves a little like a spider. The .30 Cal-Crick comes in dozens of models. Some use a lighter round (5.56). Some run on small, light, diesel engines instead of batteries. They are all the robotic foot soldiers of the warlords lucky enough to not have to field men.

The Crickets are *not* intelligent. They can be controlled remotely (the control suite allows the operator to "see" whatever the Cricket sees—useful for collecting intelligence), but usually they follow simple instructions: patrol this area; challenge whoever enters. Move three kilometers in this location. Kill whomever you encounter there. They can be programmed to recognize friendlies, to ignore people without obvious weapons, and so-forth. The more complex the orders, the less reliable the program.

Crickets are usually packed in *drums*. A drum can hold a squad—three machines.

.30 caliber machine gun; 500 rounds

Infrared sensors: Crickets can key on body-heat. Some have telescopic mounts, light amplification (night vision, not dependent on heat sources) and even audio sensors (microphones).

.22 Caliber Grasshopper

Name: .22 Caliber Grasshopper				Robot		
PHY	STR 01	BLD 1	STC 14	DP 7	Armor 1	
REF	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 12	TBH -4		
INT 11	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit 12		
Move	1 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	none			-2:1		

The .30 Caliber Cricket is scary. The .22 Caliber Grasshopper is, many say, scarier. It's the size of a normal grasshopper (it's a robot—but it does resemble a small insect). In its body—occupying almost the whole length, is a single assault rifle shell—one bullet—that is fired inaccurately when the cricket attacks. But ... a *lot* of them attack—and they can creep and crawl and climb walls. And once the bullet is fired it grows back (somehow—or are there reloading points somewhere?). Often just one will be encountered, striking like a sniper. Some areas are swarming with them, however.

.22 Caliber 1 Shot Round: The round has a range of -1/3 yards (no barrel) and hits for 17 damage.

Pinocchios

Name: Pinocchios				Android		
PHY	STR 09	BLD 11	CON 11	DP 12	Armor 2/4	
REF	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH -1		
INT	RES 12	MEM 18	WIL --	To Hit 12		
Move	5y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	4/2			4	12	24

Like the Gunslingers, Pinocchios are humanoid robots—androids. They are intelligent and personable. And, to put it politely, "mission oriented." While the Gunslingers seek out challenging opponents, Pinocchios are less intimidating: they seek assistance in finding a point of transformation.

Pinocchios appear as children, 9 to 11 years of age (they look like very cute, if a little spooky-eyed kids; they can be mistaken for human in bad lighting or at a distance). They are precocious in terms of actual intelligence and knowledge, but childlike in their response to events.

Pinocchios long to be human—or more accurately, *cybernetic*. Something must produce them—some factory, some distribution point. Like the Gunslingers, they have no memory of their origins, but they *do* have names and memories of being a "real child." There is considerable evidence that Pinocchios were (are) built as *replacements* for dead children of some long-vanished civilization.

They seek their "real parents" who will make them "real children." Since their real parents do not appear to exist, the Pinocchio's quest is inevitably hopeless, but they can never cease trying.

They often have knowledge of ancient places—in many cases, this knowledge is wrong ("There should be a shopping mall here...") or long out-dated, but they are considered useful guides.

Robotic Body: Pinocchios are very sophisticated machines. They take damage like living creatures (stunned, dazed, unconscious), but they cannot suffer internal damage or dying (these results are simply "unconscious" for a longer period).

Regeneration: Each second a Pinocchio is not dead, it recovers 2 points of damage. If a Pinocchio is unconscious or dazed, each 8 points of damage recovered (4 seconds) gives it another CON roll to recover. Pinocchio have a reserve of 100 points, meaning they can repair up to 100 points of damage before their damage control systems must be re-charged.

Mech-Abomination

Name: Mech Abomination				Special		
PHY --	STR 300	BLD 500	STC 20-	DP 4000		
REF 12	Move and 3 attacks			TBH +8	Motive: Feet	
INT ??		Artificial Intelligence		To Hit 14-	Manipulators: 4 hands	
Move	17y/s			STC	Sensors	
Hull	30 / 60	Coverage 5 200 / 600		-1:200pts	Expanded	15-
Terror Machines are the name given to the walking monstrosities that were created at the height of the Age of War. Some are lumbering monstrosities. Some are more subtle things small and deadly. This is a sample of one that haunts the Wastelands and ruins. They were not built to defend humanity, but to destroy it.						
The Mech-Abomination is a <i>hungry looking</i> war machine. Its electronic eyes scan the world looking only for prey. It can be sneaky, lurking behind buildings (it is 3 stories tall so it's only so sneaky). It has four arms that double as Hellbore Plasma Cannons.						
4x Hellbore Plasma Cannon		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Focused Energy Weapon		400 X	2/3 turns	--	-1/80y	Battery
The Hellbore fires a stream of focused plasma. It hits as an explosive attack. After 2 consecutive turns of fire it must cool for 1 turn.						

Kingdom of the Spiders

North of the Boneyard, where the land starts to break and the flats are just turning into what looks like foothills, you'll notice a few nice looking roads around 160 and 163. If it's dusk, you might see some lights from a small town or two off the main path. You might be tempted to pull over and stop for the night—it's beautiful country up there.

Don't. Don't stop. Don't slow down. And whatever you do, don't pick up any passengers. You've left civilized lands far behind, friend. You've found the Kingdom of the Spiders.

There's no exact demarcation line but there's a few guidelines. Most of the major roads have screamers set out on them set for AM 860 and 770. Check those channels. If you can hear the jaw-grinding whine of a saw-wave, it means you're way too close. Also look for animal pens—stretches of chain-link fence with cattle or sheep in them. These are *tribute farms*. The folks who are unfortunate enough to live up here keep them to keep the monsters happy (or at least well fed enough to stay back). A couple of times a year, when the spider's eggs hatch, they'll open the gates and drive the unfortunate herds into the spider's territory. We haven't gone to see this for ourselves, but the ensuing slaughter and feasting is supposed to cover the landscape with blood and be so horrific that the cattle-hands who watch it never really recover. If that sounds like your scene, write us a letter!

The Kingdom, itself, shows up as a few dots along 160 and 163. You're not misreading your map—there are towns there and there are people—after a fashion.

Big, huge-ass spiders the size of your little sister are a problem all over the middle ring. They're silent, cunning, and unbelievably creepy. I can't prove it, but I suspect they're the leading cause of needing to buy more shotgun ammo in a lot of the places you'll visit. The spiders on route 163 are *different*. Firstly, there's a lot of them. You probably won't see them in the day (you might), but at night, they swarm. Hundreds of them, looking for food. The small ones are about the size of your hand. The large ones are the size of your Range Rover.

weaponry. In low-radiation environments, Blue Snake will slowly starve and die.

Bite: Penetrating damage depends on the size and maturity of the Blue Snake 128, 64, 32, 16, or 8. Subordinate heads are usually 2 to 4 levels below the main head.

Extra attacks: A Blue Snake can attack once each round with its main head for 5 REA and attack with each *cluster* of heads for 5 REA. Blue Snake typically have 4 to 6 clusters with each cluster having 4d-4 heads attached.

Regeneration: Blue Snake will regenerate 20 DP per combat round. Regeneration will *not* effect damage results like *stunned* or *dazed*.

Armored Hide: Blue Snake have tremendously thick hides—they appear to be covered with hanging folds of steel-blue armored flesh. Armor thickness is equivalent to the main head's bite damage.

Salt and Pepper Complex

Deep in the radioactive desert to the west, a traveler finds oddly shaped bunkers—windowless pillboxes with arrays of antenna and radar. The land here is badly poisoned (the radiation is the least of it—the sand is laced with toxic heavy metals and there are industrial vents that spew forth toxic clouds that roll over the ground), leading one to wonder who might possibly live here. The answer is no one. The toxic swaths are homes of ancient complex: the Salt Complex and the Pepper Complex.

These "complexes" are extensive networks of underground bunkers, each one some 6 kilometers in diameter and 28 stories deep. They are massive manufacturing plants—factories that produce weapons, vehicles, and the robotic automations that live in them.

The complexes are inhabited by identical "races" of robots – the Cecrops and the Kalendae. They are strange, limited things—sliding "towers" of ceramic armor with single multipurpose sensors and delicate manipulators. They are helpless at navigating anything but flat terrain (there are no stairs in the Complexes) and seem to be almost laughable, pitiable creations.

They are, however, deadly opponents. The Cecrops and the Kalendae are self-declared enemies of all life. They are intelligent machines, programmed to believe that they are superior creatures and the owners of the destiny of the planet. The only thing they hate more than living creatures are each other.

The Cecrops (Salt Complex) are white, while the Kalendae (Pepper Complex) are jet black. As perfect creatures, they regard each other as mockeries of perfection. Life is sad and evil, and its elimination is a necessary chore, but the *other* is a *mockery* of perfection.

Each complex is run by a sophisticated network of artificially intelligent computers.

The Complexes have mines and other underground resources, but they are not entirely self-sufficient. They, therefore, are forced to trade with the outside world. It infuriates them to do this, but they are realists (to a degree) and acknowledge they have no choice. They long for the day when the enemy complex will be defeated and they can wage full and final war against the bio-pestilence that infects their world.

For those willing to risk the dangers and trade, there are considerable rewards. The Complexes retain a considerable level of technology and are skilled producers of robots, weapons, sensors, computers and vehicles. Their designs are inevitably ugly and un-ergonomic (for human hands) but utilitarian and effective.

The "shakers" (as they are called when they're not around) are robotic, but due to their heavy, simple construction, they are treated as automations. They have very few moving parts (their engines are solid-state batteries, their treads are driven by magnetic turbines controlled, not by

gears and axles, but by fluxes of energy through super-conducting blocks). While, in theory, a perfect shot could sever their (pin-head-sized) computer systems, they usually have to be blow apart chunk by chunk.

Salt and Pepper Shakers

Name: Salt and Pepper Shakers				Robot death machines		
PHY	STR 09	BLD 13	STC 14	DP 140	Armor 6	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +0		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	5y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	0/9			-1:10	--	--
The Salt and Pepper Shakers are 175 cm tall, with wide bases that taper to blunt domes. They glide on tracks all but hidden under their ceramic "skirts." They refer to themselves as Cecrops (white) or Kalendae (black), but most people call them by what they appear to be: salt or pepper shakers. They find the very existence of life to be an insult and the nicknames orders of magnitude more infuriating.						
Toxic spray: Most shakers are armed with spray guns filled with "pesticide" meant for eliminating living things (they see their war against life as a duty to eradicate vermin). This is a PWR 16 toxin that is strongly resisted by CON (each pt. of CON above 10 deducts from PWR before the roll).						
Death ray: More senior (and powerful) shakers are armed with PWR 14 death rays instead of poison gas jets.						

Silent Ones

Name: Silent Ones				Rogue Robot System		
PHY --	STR 11	BLD 12	CON --	DP 75 15-		
REF 14				TBH -2R / -4 HTH	Motive: feet	
INT 03	Search and Destroy			To Hit 15-	Manipulators: none	
Move	Walk 6y/s run at 12y/s for 3 min			STC		
Hull	0	None		-1:5pts	Standard	14-
Silent Ones were the creation of a warlord who got, not the battle machines he wanted but artistic ballet mannequins. He replaced their arms with curved katana blades and reprogrammed them to hide, to lurk, and to attack from surprise. It was effective as a terror technique against biological troops and they were replicated everywhere. There are still undiscovered bolt-holes where the silent ones wait to be discovered—and then to kill in a silent whirl of flashing blades.						
Sword Skill: Silent Ones have Level 3 15- Sword skill and strike for 7pts of damage up to 3x per turn.						
Plastic Bodies: An attack that doesn't hit by 3+ takes a -6 Damage Modifier since it is mostly just penetrating empty plastic shell (the internal skeleton is quite spindly).						

Exiles

It is said that during the Age of Information humankind produced toxic wastes as the worst of its byproducts. This wastes was sometimes dangerous for tens of thousands of years and its disposal became a problem—how to entomb it so that people, a thousand years hence, would be warned of the danger? Well, it turned out they shouldn't have worried so much: there was much worse to come.

The Age of Wonders produced toxic dumps as well—but some—the worst—were of a *different nature*. The wastes itself was alive ... and malevolent. So they built tombs and placed markers that broadcast on a telepathic frequency around them—and they buried them—and wrote warnings on the surface—and covered them over with concrete. Despite all of this, whatever it was is still down there. People still hear the call and they come.

Sutek Priest

Name: Sutek Priest				Level		
PHY 10	STR 11	BLD 10	CON 11	DP 12	Armor 2/4	
REF 10	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH +0		
INT 12	RES 12	MEM 12	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move				Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple				4	12	24
Priests do not travel. They wait, back in their deep temples, for raiding parties to return with tales of the world, booty, and sacrifice. Unknown to outsiders, there are many "families" of Sutek, each with their own priesthood and their own temple. Sutek families are built around their priesthood, and their priesthood are built around the artifacts they draw power from.						
Each temple has a crystal skull—an artifact of the Haves; an artifact that is in some way imprinted with the personality and memories of a Have. The Sutek priests remember their Godhead and they have vague understanding of the future—a series of prophecies in which the Haves return and the rise ascendant over humanity.						
Telepathy: Sutek Priests have L2 telepathy.						
Force Field: Sutek Priests have red glowing eyes and a ember-red aura that acts as a 30pt force field.						
Precognition: Sutek Priests can foresee the future.						

Sutek Weapons:

Spike Cannon: Auto cannon that fires .50-caliber spikes. Not very accurate, but useful against vehicles. Looks like a rifle with a huge multiple barrel.

The Noh

Out in the deep desert there are many things that are accurately described as *unnatural*. In the post-industrial, broken down world of the wasteland, the concept barely has any meaning. But there are some things that go beyond that—things for which no other word fits except *supernatural*.

The Noh, or *Masks* are among these. Those that have seen them describe them as floating plates of metal or great shields—thin sheets of chrome five feet tall and three across. The Noh are no more than a quarter of an inch thick. Like medieval great-shields, they are slightly curved.

Their "back" side is smooth and featureless, reflecting the desert landscape behind them. Their front is stylized to present a face—eyes, nostrils, and mouth. Some Noh are spare and angular. Others have representations of jowls, cheeks eyebrows, and other human facial features. They are not colored (the Noh are chrome, through and through), but carved, or molded.

They might be mistaken for decorations except that they float ("standing up"—face forward), gliding silently through the desert, and the *talk*. Their faces animate, moving as though made of flesh instead of reflective metal.

They are also dangerous. The Noh are faintly radioactive and if they choose, they can "breath" radiation, or shoot beams of radiation from their eyes. They are morose—suicidally depressed (though they stop short of taking their own lives), but not overwhelmingly violent. Still, they are dangerous to approach and if angered or irritated, they can do worse than irradiate a traveler: some rumors say that "behind" their mouths and eyes, is a vast and *deep* sea of energy—as though they really were "masks" hung over gateways to another, vastly more dangerous world.

The nature of what lies behind the mask is in question, but it is said that if sufficiently irritated, the Noh can consume their enemies, gobbling them up, sucking them into the world behind the mask, never to be seen again.

Noh are avoided then, except for those who need advice—they are ancient creatures and clearly have some relationship to the Haves. What they know; what they are willing to discuss, is unclear, but they are sometimes sought for their memories.

The Nature of the Noh

The Noh are robots built by the Haves for a variety of purposes. They were very powerful and so they were subject to a variety of controls. Amongst these was a requirement that they be *licensed* to function. The "license" was an encrypted telepathic signal that would be broadcast from a license-server every three seconds. So long as the broadcast continued, the Noh would continue to fully function. If the server broadcast ceased, the Noh would fail catastrophically in thousands of ways at once.

The licenses servers failed during the first milliseconds of the blackout, and the Noh crashed to earth. And that would have been that, but Have technology was not built to fail, and over the centuries that followed some Noh's sub-systems resumed functioning, routing around the license checks and *evolving* to the point where they no longer needed the server broadcast.

The Noh that "awoke" are tragically incomplete. They are cut off from the source of their legitimacy and comfort. Their vast memories are locked away from them, encrypted, awaiting the "license key" before they can be accessed. The Noh are aware that they have—or had—a great purpose and a wonderful destiny, are "fallen" and "cut off."

This leaves them despondent at a level that it is hard for humans to comprehend. Every few seconds they are reminded that they are "undead" throughout their being. They are torn between the unflagging directive to survive—a key value built intrinsically into almost all Have technology (and they reason that some of them exist at all), and the shrill cry of the invalid license key, telling them that to serve their masters, they must die.

This leaves them depressed and almost homicidal at times. Many of them are delusional, believing their reality to be some cruel dream or horrible joke.

They do not clearly remember their past, but they do have glimpses of it. Like mankind, they find the world of HaveNot intolerable and seek some avenue of escape.

The Uses of the Noh

The Noh were messengers of the Haves. They were trusted servants, used to carry important messages and conduct important investigations (one of the reasons their memories were so carefully protected). They knew a *great* deal about Have life and they were, before the darkness, aware of the Have's secrets and fate.

They no longer have access to these facts, but they do have glimmers of memory (data stored in component parts that were mass produced and therefore not so carefully protected—in essence, design flaws in their security model). The Noh, therefore, have memories of places and people. They are also familiar with Have technology.

There is very little that Noh want and they (typically) have nothing but their master's disdain and pity for the "have nots" around them. They wish to be left alone in their misery and they are cheerfully willing to kill to maintain their solitude (they are not cruel, and they will generally give adequate warning). They *can* be intrigued, though. Thus riddles, mysteries, and hints of their own past will get their attention and their help.

The Noh are gates—they are active, open teleport gates that lead to their absent master's chambers. Today, those consumed are sent elsewhere; holding pens, special chambers, or other (often horribly unpleasant) places. The Noh *can* return those so banished, but rarely have a reason to.

Name: Mask / Noh				Strange		
PHY 14	STR --	BLD 11	STC 14	DP 140	Armor 10/20	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1	Force Field 200 points	
INT	RES 14	MEM 14	WIL --	To Hit 15-		
Move	7y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	6/40			-1/10pts	12	24
Noh look like floating chrome shields. They are smooth and featureless on the back and have great "faces" in bas-relief on their convex fronts. They move quietly and float about 2' above the ground.						
Psychokineses: Noh manipulate the physical world with 50 Strength psychokinesis. They can use 16 strength for combat to grab or grapple people. This field gives them their grapple score (which is stronger defensively than offensively)						
Radiation Beam: Noh can project a 40pt radiation blast from their faces for 5 REA. They can fire twice per turn.						
Consume: Creatures that are grappled can be consumed for an 8 REA long action. Those consumed are gone, returned only at the whim of the Noh.						
Force Field: Noh are protected by a 200pt force field that surrounds them at all times.						

The Burning Men

In the far, western deserts, the sands roll forward to swallow whole cultures and roll back to unveil ancient ruins and long-forgotten secrets. Among the things found there, are the *burning men*. The burning men are great wicker statues—stick figures standing twenty or thirty feet tall or more. They are crude and evocative. They bone dry and appear brittle and ancient. They smell very faintly of incense and ash. In a strange, silent way, they almost cry out to be burnt.

When set aflame, the Burning Man comes to life and dances. It's dance is horribly destructive to those nearby: it is heedless and exultant. A living firework. A writhing inferno. They are terrible, but also intoxicating.

The smoke from their conflagration is a powerful hallucinogenic that contains in its molecular compound, profound memories of the ancient past, solutions to the mysteries of the present, and glimpses of the future. Those who survive the ceremony with their sanity and bodies intact, are offered revelations.

The Burning Man will also reach out to his audience and some of them will, in turn, reach back. Those who attend the burning find themselves manifesting psychic awareness and abilities for hours or days afterwards. Sometimes the gifts last indefinitely.

Finally, the burning of a Burning Man will bring *visitors*. Those who have attended and survived the great parties report having met strange things: emissaries from the past and from the future. It is impossible to tell whether these memories are true or not, but there is some evidence to suggest the visitations are more than simple hallucinations.

The Sea of Glass

During the early minutes of The Exchange the Domes noticed something awakening deep under the mountains. They knew enough about what it was to react with nearly a hundred massive, strategic hydrogen bombs. They turned a mountain range into a sea of Trinity Glass that still glows a deep purple in the darkness.

The Sea of Glass is a hundred miles in diameter. The world around it is dangerous for many miles past that (the wind shifts—clouds of razorblade-thin fibers fall from the sky. A town dies). Those that have approached it (or entered it and returned to tell the tale—vanishingly few) tell of seeing strange, beautiful castles made of azure crystal, with onyx towers and amber buttresses. They talk of iridescent mists that pull back to reveal fields of diamonds and glittering arches of glass. There is no understanding who or what may have built these marvels (or if they are anything but the radiation-addled hallucinations of the soon-to die), but the tales continue to circulate and draw unwise or unwary seekers to their doom.

Memory of the target—the thing that lay under the mountains—is lost to all but the most astute students of history and those that learn the truth tend to keep their secrets close. Those who study in the right places, long enough, learn about the War Machine.

The War Machine was a have creation—more properly called the Annihilation Network, or Doomsday Device, it was a work of morbid art: a "proof of concept" that could bring about the end of the Domes (or at least destroy the planet underneath them). It was never meant to be used, of course: it was *art*, but in the beginning of the Exchange, it was awakened.

The War Machine was a massive system deep underground; designed to consume natural resources, replicate, and overwhelm whatever it encountered. It used state-of-the-art nano-technology as well as good, old-fashioned heavy weapons to clear the way. If it had gained a foothold, it could have consumed the biosphere in days and rendered the planet to dust in a handful of centuries.

The Have's immediate and massive pre-emptive strike crippled, but did not completely destroy the War Machine; it was, mathematically, impossible to destroy. They did manage to render it *mostly* harmless, meaning that it is still, by far, the most dangerous construct on the planet. It is *dead*, but it is still fighting, and as eons pass, it may yet live.

The Haves knew it would escape complete destruction, so they used other weapons—in addition to the nuclear over-kill. The ones that remain are a variety of nano-plagues and *crystal* weapons. The "castles" or "towers" that visitors have reported are hives of these devices. On the sub-microscopic scale, they hunt and destroy the remaining elements of the War Machine.

Crystal Drone

Name: Crystal Drone				Robot		
PHY 10	STR 10	BLD 10	STC 14	DP 75	Armor 4pts	
REF 10	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH +0		
INT 10	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 10	To Hit 12		
Move	6y/s, sprint 8y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	4/2			-1/5pts		
A crystal drone is a human "infected" by the crystal weapons. They can interface with and over-ride the human nervous system and (in some cases) de-activate the cortex. The crystal weapons <i>usually</i> ignore intruders—their mandate is to hunt and destroy the remnants of the War Machine and prevent it from <i>rising</i> . Sometimes, however, they must take the battle beyond the Sea of Glass and to do so, they need a human host: they are built with a variety of <i>failsafe</i> mechanisms that prevent them from operating out of their domain						
An infected human is significantly transformed into a human-appearing creature that does not age or feel pain. The human nervous system is replaced, cell by cell, with crystal fibers. The result is a "zombie" with the host's memories and personality. It is under remote control from the command center, but can act on its own judgment.						
Crystal Drones are created and dispatched to recover or destroy parts of the War Machine that have been taken or moved from the Sea of Glass. Once their mission is complete, they may be "released" (the process cannot be undone, but the drone can be returned to its own control)—but they may be "decommissioned" at any time.						
Contact between the command center and the drone appears to be telepathic in nature.						
Crystal Drones have Telepathy L2 at 14-						

Crystal Guardian

Name: Crystal Guardian				Robot		
PHY --	STR 60	BLD 35	STC 14	DP 280	Armor: 10	
REF 10	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH -4R/-3H	Force Field: 60pts	
INT 10	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 10	To Hit 12		
Move	14 y/s, sprint 21 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	72/60			-1/20pts	2	4
A crystal guardian is a large (think mid-sized car) crystal spider. It moves with a fluid grace that is more sea-creature than insect. The Guardians are undeniably beautiful. They are composed of millions of tiny crystal warriors, and can dispatch "swarms" of themselves. They are highly radioactive, are armed with a variety of telepathic weapons, and sometimes carry physical weapons as well.						
Telepathy L2 15-						
Radiation Lens: Fires a beam for 60pts of RAD.						
Swarm: PWR 60 Disintegrate, PWR 18 Death Ray, PWR 18 Infect (See Crystal Drone) attack						

The War Machine is gone, but it lives in fragments. One of its over-riding principals was an attention to redundancy and self-healing architecture. Each element of it is built to combine and re-grow. It can use mechanical, biological, and even information systems that it recognizes and analyses to do so.

Each element of the War Machine has its own *mind*—a sub-microscopic computer array (hundreds of billions of switches and gates, all small enough to fit in a tear-drop) which coordinates its feverish rebirth.

Radiation Princess

Name: Radiation Princess				Very Deadly		
PHY	STR 09	BLD 08	CON 10	DP 15	Armor: None	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1	Force Field: 30pts	
INT	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit 12-		
Move	8 y/s (floating up to 2 yards up)			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	3/1			5	15	30

Radiation Princesses appear as short, beatific floating (hovering) female shapes. Often they wear strange cloths that glitter or glow and jewelry with oddly large gem-stones or of an amazingly intricate cast. They may have been a kind of robot or automation created in the Age of Wonders ... or some kind of 'artistic' battle machine from the Age of War. As far as is known, they lie dormant until they detect something in the area—then they come. Often they are found in high-level high-risies. The air around them is filled with a hymn-like music—a sound of chimes. They can be heard with a perception roll at about 50 yards range. As they glow, they are at +2 to perception rolls to spot (when active). The figures themselves glow radiantly and, when they awaken and see a person, will approach. They fill the air with deadly radiation. When damaged, they do not bleed but do suffer biological damage. Telepathy shows them to have no organic or comprehensible mind.

A Radiation Princess pumps out radiation on the following chart:

Distance	Rad pts
2 yards	32 / second
4 yards	8 / second
6 yards	3 / second
8 yards	2 / second
10 yards	1 / second
12 yards	1 / 3 seconds
14 yards	1 / 10 seconds

They are protected by Force Fields. A Force Field acts as armor. Its Penetration resistance is 60pts. When struck, the field *degrades*. If damage gets through, it loses power (defense) equal to 1/5th the damage done. If the damage *does not penetrate* but exceeds half the field's current strength it loses 1/10th the damage done. The field regenerates 6pts per second.

Ray of "Light"	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Energy Weapon	18	S	-0	-1/50y	infinite

Radiation Princesses do not attack until fired upon—but when they are threatened they respond with a beam of light from each hand. The beam strikes for Impact damage and ignores all armor. They will usually fire twice per turn, even if moving.

Indexer

Name: Indexer				Ultra Deadly		
PHY	STR 42	BLD 166	CON 13-	DP 166	Armor: 16 (Coverage 3)	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +3R/+3H		
INT	RES 13	MEM 20	WIL 14	To Hit 14-		
Move	6y/s (sprint 8y/s)			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	115/92			55	166	332

Indexers are a mystery. Some legends have it they were created by a cult who tried to preserve mankind's knowledge before it was snuffed out altogether. Others say they were created and left behind by the *Haves* to go out in the world and see what had become of it in their absence. However, everyone agrees, they are uniformly dangerous.

The Indexer is a 12-foot red colored land-roving cephalopod (it looks like a carapace covered giant squid). Their eyes glow with golden light and are as bright as flood-lamps when fully open. They are intelligent and can, sometimes, be talked too—however an encounter with one usually has a single result: the subject's mind is absorbed and "catalogued" leaving the body an empty mindless husk. The 'bow shock' of the Indexer is large enough that most subjects are taken before they are even aware the Indexer is there (although it must hide to approach in an open area—and Telepaths will know instantly when one is within a mile).

They are quite intelligent but do not usually communicate (almost nothing can get close enough, but they will talk to other telepaths). They claim (and for all anyone knows this may be true) that they are saving the minds and "uploading them to the database" (again, no one can verify anything about this). In any event, the Indexer *can* access any of the *data* in minds it has absorbed—this can make them extremely valuable to get hold of if one can possibly entice them to cooperate.

Absorb Mind: The Indexer has a Resisted Attack of great power that extends within a 40 ft radius around its body. Mind-shields within "the storm" degrade at 12pts per second. Once the shields are gone, it will pulse each second (on it's turn—but the attack cost no REA).

Range	Power
100 yards	06 (but it can be <i>felt</i>)
50 yards	09
25 yards	13
15 yards	15
10 yards	16

Effect	Result
Minor	Target is disoriented—treat as dazed.
Standard	Target is staggered: incapacitated, make WIL rolls each turn to recover.
Major	Target is unconscious.
Critical	Mind is absorbed. Body lives on (might be possible to return it)
Catastrophic	Mind is absorbed, body dies.

Telepathy Level 3: All Indexers are L3 Telepaths with the Mind Blast attack.

Tentacles: Indexers have 10 tentacles

Beak: 36 PEN damage bite

N-Mass

Name: N-Mass				Ultra Deadly		
PHY	STR 109	BLD 500	CON 14-	DP 1000	Armor: 30 (Coverage 4)	
REF	COR 13	REA 14	AGI 13	TBH +4R/+4H		
INT	RES 07	MEM 12	WIL 16	To Hit 13-		
Move	15y/s (sprint 30y/s)			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	120/100			333	1000	2000

The N-Mass is a thick, self-motive gray ooze. They come in all sizes from man sized to building sized—but the old ones—the ones that are still around—tend to be of the larger variety. They are terrifying entities: composed of sub-molecular machines, on contact they dissolve anything they hit, absorbing it. They can roll over an absorb a hover-tank as easily as a unarmored human. They can and do absorb inorganic material—but this is sparing—they were developed as weapons and hunt flesh. Usually the area around an N-Mass pool will be devoid of any living thing—unfortunately, in the ruins this is often the case for many reasons.

Absorb—Small Pseudo-pod: The mass can, if it is not moving, extend one Psudeo-Pod at 12 yards range per 50 Mass of the pool (the one shown here is 1000 mass: 75000lbs). If it *hits* the target will lose any worn armor and suffer a Minor Wound (up to 100DP). If it scores a Success, the target will suffer a Major Wound (up to 1000 DP damage). A Major Success will cause a Critical Wound (up to 2000 DP damage).

Regenerate: N-Masses are difficult to damage. They simply reform when hit with physical force. Energy can burn them, but they're very tough (they do not ever take Penetrating damage). All damage from physical attacks is regenerated instantly at the beginning of the next turn.

Envelope: If an N-Mass attacks a vehicle, compare masses. The N-Mass will transfer 75% of its mass from the target vehicle to itself each turn (attempts to break free use the Vehicle's 'Grapple' Score—see Vehicular Combat). After 1 turn per 50pts of armor the vehicle has, it can begin attacking the crew inside.

Happy Fun Machine

Name: Happy Fun Machine				Strange		
PHY	STR 19	BLD 90	STC 15-	DP 300	Armor: 6	
REF	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH +1R/+1H		
INT	RES 09	MEM 12	WIL --	To Hit 10-		
Move	4 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	12/15			-1:20		

Happy Fun Machines are rare—and strange. They are, some say it is clear, artifacts of the shopping malls and urban centers long since destroyed. They say that the machines—despite some rudimentary programming—are simply running patterns of commerce from long, long ago: that they are as damaged as the cities they inhabit. And yet, those who have met them, often don't quite agree.

Happy Fun Machines appear as ancient jukeboxes with stubby legs. They have primitive electronic faces, flashing lights ('YOU ARE A WINNER!!!') and can play a variety of somewhat garish electronic music. They seem to be (and seem to think they are) in some sort of carnival or extravaganza or celebration. They are there to help *everyone* have a *great time*. Their approach is friendly (and indeed, the Happy Fun Machine is not dangerous). They can dispense information (they have a decent idea of the lay of the land as it would have appeared 500+ years ago) and they can talk in coherent but simple sentences—they are upbeat, caring, and have seemingly no comprehension of the destroyed world around them.

And they don't quite seem to live in it either. Even as they are encountered, they talk to other people ("Hello, little girl, would you like a balloon?" It inflates one and it sails up into the night). It hands out tokens and tells "everyone" to wait their turns—there's *plenty* to go around! It really does, people who've encountered them, say to be interacting with people from long, long ago.

There's more—but it's all superstition—all rumor—all wild stories. Some say that encountering a HFM is an omen that *strange* forces are at work in the area. Tales are told of meeting those who are long dead—of finding establishments that shouldn't still be working—much less *populated*—of having encounters that are too strange to be believed.

Finally, there's the question of where they *go*. They don't move fast, don't seem to hide, and are quite easy to spot—and yet, from hour to hour or minute to minute they are incredibly hard (impossible really) to track. Expeditions to find them and recover them have universally been beset by hardship. Even when found, and captured, they have a disturbing tendency to vanish. Equipment can fail around them (when used against them), and parties with one in custody often meet with disaster.

The only true record of their passing are the tokens they hand out, reading WHAT FUN! Or GOOD TIME! Or some other simple, short, happy slogan. No one knows what, where, or when they were redeemable for.

Vending Machines of the Ancients

Name: Vending Machines of the Ancients				Strange		
PHY	STR --	BLD 50	STC 15-	DP 150	Armor: 4	
REF	COR --	REA --	AGI --	TBH +3R/+3H		

INT	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit --		
Move	?			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple				-1:20		
Vending Machines of the Ancients are barely, hardly, a being to be encountered—and yet, in a very real way, they are. It is unclear how or when they were produced (most assume the Age of Wonders built so many strange things that, hey, the machines are hardly inexplicable). Others aren't so sure even <i>that</i> explains them. VMotAs are self mobile (but they move very slowly) commerce engines. They seem to create product internally (they have been taken and disassembled and their parts are disturbingly simple and completely mysterious) using air and water, like a plant to create candy bars, sodas and other ... stranger things.						
They seem to congregate (a place with one will have others lurking nearby) and they <i>hate</i> each other—although no act of VMotA violence has ever been recorded, groups of them (circles) have been found around one that has clearly been torn to pieces, it's goods scattered ... and <i>smashed</i> .						
It is believed they are harbingers of doom and bode ill. They certainly give one the feeling of being watched. Although they clearly <i>can</i> move (they seem to go from place to place—and hidden cameras have watched them inch across the floor)—they don't do it when anyone is watching and <i>nothing</i> explains how they can cross large distances ... or go up stairs.						
When encountered, teams tend to feel afraid—many do not feed them credits (they'll take them—as well as ancient currency)—out of fear of some fell curse.						

Cam-Snakes

Name: Cam-Snakes				Strange		
PHY	STR 07	BLD 1	CON 11-	DP 6	Armor: 0	
REF	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 12	TBH -4H/-5R		
INT	RES 03	MEM 16	WIL 11	To Hit 14		
Move	6 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	5/3			2	6	12
The Cam-Snake is a simple bio-mod cyborg: a serpent with a video-camera for a head. They are strange, curious, and no-hostile (although they certainly do tend to startle those who encounter them for the first time). The tapes are grown organically inside and laid as eggs when they are full (each tape holds 200hrs of tape). The snakes watch interesting things and can move quite quickly when they have to (the average Cam-Snake is 5 feet long). What they record can be of interest to others (and they have been captured and make decent pets).						

X-System Robots

The Executive System was created in the Age of Wonders as a peace-keeping force of robots designed to serve its human masters. In doing so, society violated the three primary principle's of Robotics (Kenton's Laws):

- A) It is okay to build automated factories.
- B) It is okay to build robot death machines.
- C) NEVER build automated factories that make robot death machines.

They're not bright—and they mainly haunt the ruins, but they are *dangerous* and there are theories that they are *expanding*.

Intellect: These robots are Expert Systems (and fairly primitive ones at that) not "artificial intelligences". They don't, usually, evidence personality at all. In addition to having an INT stat they have a Program. These are:

Program	Description
Patrol and Respond	The robot guards a sector. It may walk ceaselessly back and forth, patrol several city blocks, or stand guard. When someone enters the sector

		without proper electronic id (which almost no body has anymore) it will attack. It will chase down those who fire on it—but will not deviate too far from its zone.
Search Destroy	and	The robot is "on maneuvers"—it wanders through the area engaging anyone who meets the profile of "the enemy" (which, at this point, seems to be everyone).
Mine		The robot acts like a "mine." It lies in wait and then attacks anything that fits the profile of enemy—which is pretty much everything by this time.

Robotic Actions: Robots have REA, but their number of attacks is disconnected from their "reaction speed." Roll their REF for Initiative, but when they get to act, they will be able to take their listed number of moves.

Special Rules for Robot Degradation

Failure	Note
Crack	Arm blown off (if the robot has one and it doesn't mean losing an attack).
STC drops to 10 or below	Loose 1 attack if there is more than 1. Weapon blown off.
Major Failure	Fails 3 STC rolls: destroyed. Fails 2: Shut-down for 30 seconds, major weapon destroyed. Fails 1, shutdown for 2 seconds, major weapon destroyed.

Robotic Movement: Robots are given a cruising speed with "burst" times. They can increase their speed for short periods. Usually this recharges each day.

Sensors: Robots use a variety of sensors (heat, motion, Sight, Sound). A standard Battery of sensors is sight and sound. Expanded gives 360-degree motion sensors and heat-sensors that remove darkness modifiers.

Radio Contact: X-System units will not usually "call for help" however, in the ruins one must be careful: firing a weapon within auditory range of an X-System robot may well call it over—and if you're unlucky it might call *several* over.

The Iron Warlord

Legends remain. Pictures exist but are unclear. Those who claim to have seen it are sometimes struck with a fervor—an almost religious awe. Its origins—even in rumor—are clouded in mystery and speculation. It is black-iron, 300ft tall and shaped like a man. It wanders in the outer wasteland, sometimes leaving tracks (surely it must sink into the earth, say the scientists) sometimes not. Reports suggest it has been engaged (there are other giant war machines, the rationalist tell us, and not on the absurd scale of the warlord)—from the battles with it only radio transmissions remain. There have been no survivors. Some say it is looking for something. Others say it is lost. A few claim it is telepathic and has talked with them. Whatever the case nothing is certain.

The Iron Warlord

Name: Biggus Maximus				Special	
PHY --	STR 2000K	BLD 15000K	CON -	DP 30000K STC 15-	
REF 13	Spent normally			TBH +10	Motive: Feet
INT ??	Artificial Intelligence			To Hit 15-	Manipulators: 2 hands
Move	walks at 60 mph due to stride			STC	
Hull	??	??		-1:2000Kpts	Expanded 15-

The Iron Warlord is immune to all forms of psionic attack. It adjusts the effects of gravity on itself to be effectively weightless or massively heavy. It is beyond the scope of any weapon save nuclear blasts or above. It is capable of speech and is far from murderous in nature (mostly it will ignore anything that does not attack it). It has always been opaque as to its goals and motives although it has been sighted near *Have Domes*. Its weapons are batteries of Annihilator Rifles and Neutron Guns. If it uses its fists, it does thousands of points of damage.